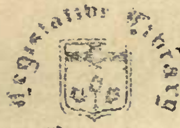
71291

BLACKWOOD'S

MAGAZINE.



VOL. CLXXXIV.

JULY—DECEMBER 1908.

Periodical

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1908.

All Rights of Translation and Republication reserved.

AP
4
B6
v. 184

257358

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCXIII. JULY 1908. Vol. CLXXXIV.

CONTENTS.

The New June. i.-ix. By Henry Newbolt, . 1
Missing Regimental Honours.—II., . . . 22
Mrs Battle's Opinions on Bridge.
By Algernon Cecil, 35
On an Indian Canal.—II.
By Colonel G. K. Scott Moncrieff, C.B., C.I.E., 39
More Leaves from the Diary of a Country Cricketer.—III., ... 49
The Temperament of the Ancient Egyptians.
By Arthur E. P. Weigall, 58
Saleh: A Sequel. xiii.-xviii. By Hugh Clifford, 74
Gaping Ghyll. By Reginald Farrer, . . 93
Reindeer-Stalking on the High Fjeld of Norway.
By C. M. B., 104
"Et in Arcadia Ego." By P. R. Butler, . . 114
Redvers Buller. By One of the Natal Army, . 123
The Victorian Chancellors, ... 129
Musings without Method, ... 144
The Tercentenary of Quebec—Samuel de Champlain—Soldier and Missionary—His Character and Achievement—The City which he Founded—Montcalm and Wolfe—A Chivalrous Campaign—Heroes in Life and Death—"Posh."

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,
And 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON,

To whom all Communications must be addressed.

The Right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine is reserved.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCXIV. AUGUST 1908. Vol. CLXXXIV.

CONTENTS.

The New June. x.-xvi. By Henry Newbolt, . 153
A Summer Venture. By X., ... 174
On an Indian Canal.—III.
By Colonel G. K. Scott Moncrieff, C.B., C.I.E., 191
Egypt. By Francis Coutts, ... 200
The Defenders of Kyonkadon.
By Major Morris Bent, 203
More Leaves from the Diary of a Country Cricketer.—IV., ... 214
Moose-Calling and Moose-Hunting in Canada.
By H. Hesketh-Prichard, 222
Saleh: A Sequel. Conclusion. By Hugh Clifford, 234
Found in an Old Bureau.
By Marmaduke Pickthall, 258
Musings without Method, ... 267
The Retirement of Sir John Hare—His Apprenticeship—The Influence of the French—"Dry Comedy"—His Skill in Stage Management—"The Olympic Games"—Excess in all Sports—The Fate of Cricket—International Competition—Athlete and Artist—The Franco-British Exhibition.
A Histrionic Policy, ... 277

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,
And 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications must be addressed.

The Right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine is reserved.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCXV. SEPTEMBER 1908. Vol. CLXXXIV.

CONTENTS.

The Hop Garden. A Modern Georgic in Two Cantos. By William John Courthope, . . . 289
Canto I.—Hop-Culture.
Sport and the Territorials. By "Syntagmatarch," 303
Life in Northern Nigeria. By Vagrant, . . 310
The Labour Member's Experiment. By Ulmus, . 319
Concerning English Avenues. By Dr J. Nisbet, . 338
The New June. xvii.-xxiii. By Henry Newbolt, . 349
An Extinct Race: The Bretteurs.
By Walter Herries Pollock, 371
More Leaves from the Diary of a Country Cricketer.—V., ... 376
A Criminal Case. By Lydia Miller Mackay, . 389
Musings without Method, ... 397
Autumnal Congresses—A Free-Trade Picnic—The Bellicose Apostle of Peace—The Indiscretion of Mr Lloyd-George—The Problem of the Road—The Highways of the Sixteenth Century—The Glory of the Mail-coaches—The Road and the Motor-car—A Theatrical Manager.
Persia in Decay, ... 408
Tabriz the Salubrious—The Ark—Hassan Ali Khan—A Diagnosis.
The Writing on the Wall, ... 415

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,
And 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications must be addressed.

The Right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine is reserved.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCXVI. OCTOBER 1908. Vol. CLXXXIV.

CONTENTS.

A Prisoner of Albuera.
The Journal of Major William Brooke from May 16th to September 28th, 1811, . . 425
The Limit, ... 449
Ports of Pilgrimage. By Frank G. Clemow, M.D., 460
Frances, Lady Douglas, ... 471
The New June. xxiv.-xxxi. By Henry Newbolt, . 483
More Leaves from the Diary of a Country Cricketer.—VI., ... 504
The Tail Girl of Krobo Hill. By W. H. Adams, 517
The Hop Garden. A Modern Georgic in Two Cantos. By William John Courthope, . . 535
Canto II.—Hop-Picking.
The Apocalyptic Style, ... 545
A Visit to Moulai el Hafid.
By E. Ashmead Bartlett, 558
Musings without Method, ... 572
The Rewards of Talent—*Sic vos non vobis*—The Treatment of the Proletariat—The Survival of the Unfit—Contempt of Science.
Sketches of Persia in Transition, ... 579
The Nemesis of Naib Mahamed—The Story of the Expert Artillerist—In the Shadow of the Blue Mosque.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,
And 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON,

To whom all Communications must be addressed.

The Right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine is reserved.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCXVII. NOVEMBER 1908. Vol. CLXXXIV.

CONTENTS.

SOME MEMORIES OF MY SPARE TIME, 1856-1885.
By GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY BRACKENBURY, G.C.B., ... 593
A HIGHLAND SCHOOL SIXTY YEARS SINCE.
By THE WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD, 610
SOME LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, . . 620
WALDEN. BY EDMUND CANDLER, . . . 631
THE HEROES OF PERTHSHIRE, ... 643
THE NEW JUNE. XXXII.-XXXVII. BY HENRY NEWBOLT, 652
BY ANCIENT ROUTES THROUGH THE UPPER EGYPTIAN DESERT. BY ARTHUR E. P. WEIGALL, . . 671
THE EASTERN DESERT AND ITS INTERESTS.
MORE LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY CRICKETER.—VII., ... 683
SPAIN TO-DAY, ... 691
MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD, ... 702
THE CHEAPENING OF GLADSTONE'S 'LIFE'—THE FIRST OF OUR DEMAGOGUES—84,840 WORDS—GLADSTONE'S PROLIXITY AND GUARDED CUNNING—THE LETTER TO COLONEL DOPPING—MR HALL CAINE'S 'STORY'—THE INDISCRETIONS OF A "FRIEND"—THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR—AN UNIMAGINATIVE RECORD.
SKETCHES OF PERSIA IN TRANSITION, . . . 713
THE WAGES OF SIN—THE OPINIONS OF RAHMAT KHAN, DUFFADAR—THE PASSING OF THE GEORGIANS.
MR ASQUITH, ... 722

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications must be addressed.

THE RIGHT OF PUBLISHING TRANSLATIONS OF ARTICLES IN THIS MAGAZINE IS RESERVED.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCXVIII. DECEMBER 1908. Vol. CLXXXIV.

CONTENTS.

The Dead Bones, ... 729

Some Memories of My Spare Time, 1856-1885.—II. By General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Brackenbury, G.C.B., ... 741

The Point of View. By "Ole Luk-Oie," . . 759

Monasteries in Mid-Air, ... 772

An Ancient Chronicler, ... 779

The New June. xxxviii.-xlvi. By Henry Newbolt, 789

The Territorialist's Position in Time of War, . 811

Leavened, ... 821

The Constitutional Caliph—The Philosophy of Hassan Ali—My Cook—Belteshazzer.

Holland House, ... 833

Musings without Method, ... 851

William II. and Mr Roosevelt—The Indiscretion of the Emperor—The President's Lack of Dignity—"A Little Stroll"—The Folly of Rulers—The Man in the Iron Mask—A Son of Charles II.—One Mask and Two Faces—A Fantastic Solution.

The Government and the House of Lords, . 862

To the Editor.—Persecution of Protestants in Spain: A Recent Trial, ... 875

Index, ... 879

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,

And 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

The Right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine is reserved.

// BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCXIII. JULY 1908. Vol. CLXXXIV.

THE NEW JUNE.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

I.—THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

A FLOOD of sunshine was pouring aslant John Marland's room; voices came up from the street below, and the air quivered with a sound of bells. They woke the sleeper, but did not rouse him: the dreams of night passed imperceptibly into the dreams of day, and for some time he lay motionless, looking through half closed eyes at the bright illimitable world that lay beyond the open square of his latticed window. The still blue radiance of the sky in that spring morning seemed to be an image of the life that lay before him—a clear and formless outlook, without landmarks or boundaries, without even a cloud to chequer it. It was almost too unlimited, too dazzling; John closed his eyes again, and turned back to the more solid picture-book of his childhood and youth, full of vivid scenes: some were in strongly contrasted colours, but all, as he saw now, consistent parts in a pageant of unbroken happiness. He saw the house of Gardenleigh, where he was born, with the steep down behind it and the tranquil mirror of the lake stretching below: on the far side loomed the big oak, under which he used to land for the invasion of France. Up the valley to the left lay his favourite primrose bank: to-day, in this warm lull of the March wind, the pale stars would be breaking out among the beech-roots; the faint sweet smell of the flowers and the earth floated round him for a moment, and passed as if a light breeze had carried it away again. He saw the day fade

in the great gallery where his sisters and he had so often, when dusk brought them indoors to their mother, drawn their little trefoil-headed stools close about her high velvet chair, and asked innumerable questions about their father: they hardly remembered him, but they always thought they did; they knew which of the cold stiff suits of armour had been his, and every year in September they crowned his helm with oak-leaves in honour of Poitiers. With that the scene changed: he remembered now the long ride into Cheshire, when his boyhood ended and he went, as he told himself, from home into the world. The world of Eastwich! that quiet remote northern valley, with its black-and-white timbered Hall, its bitter frozen winters, and the household discipline of old Sir William Mells, almost as cold and hard for the green buds of youth. How his heart shrank when his mother rode away south and left him to it! Well, he was a man now, and had filled his uncle's shoes these six months past: he could afford to smile at the severity of the training, the more whole-heartedly because the old man had been at last so proud of him. Chester and Stafford! those were jousts worthy of the best, Sir William said: and John had done well there. He had won no prize, but he had suffered no overthrow, and he had learnt both skill and confidence. His blood quickened at the recollection: he felt the eager pawing of the good horse beneath him, and the hot steam of his own breath inside the helm: he heard the muffled blare of the trumpets sounding the *laissez-aller*, and the swift beat of hoofs over the turf: his heart stood still again with the shock of the cope, and leapt again with the triumphant consciousness of his own strength as he passed on undefeated. So it had been, so it should be, and better, at St Inglebert, in the great match of England against France.

He was wide awake now, with little desire left for lying still: his eyes roved round the room as he raised himself on his arm. How warm and bright the sun was, how gaily those bells were ringing! St Inglebert! St Inglebert!—it was an omen surely that today, at his first hearing of them, the famous bells of Westminster should be singing to him of St Inglebert. He felt, rather than thought it; but he was certainly a little exalted by the sound and by the spring in his blood, and with the instability of youth fell immediately from that height of fancy to the lowest pitch of his whole meditation: he remembered his new clothes, and remembered them with pleasure.

There they lay upon the settle by the wall, neatly laid out by the silent swift decorum of his servant while he was still asleep, in readiness for his first day in London, for his entry, this time, into the real world: for to-day, beyond question, he was beginning life. There they lay, and now that the moment was come they gave him, he perceived

with relief, exactly the same satisfaction that they had been giving him at intervals ever since the day when he planned and ordered them. His eye dwelt critically but with cool final confidence on the fresh black and silver of the coat: the cut was elaborate without being fantastic, the colours were his own colours, the colours of his shield—they were well suited to the sober dignity of three-and-twenty; they made, as he had thought they would, a dress both modest and distinguished, and he longed to see himself in it among the rest.

He paused there and frowned: a small cloud showed upon the horizon. "Among the rest" was a touch of vanity, and brought its own punishment. Among the rest he would be but a greenhorn still, a new-comer from the outside: his colours might please himself, but they would not hide from the rest the uncouthness of his half-fledged quills. Well-dressed, well-born, well-educated, rich, and strong—yes, but none the less without experience of London or the Court. Give him time and he feared nothing—these were only tricks of fashion: but when youth holds the scales fashion weighs down all the virtues, and at the first blush, when every small mistake is a bitter humiliation, how was his ignorance to carry it off among the rest? The doubt pestered him: it circled round him like a fly, settling again and again on the same spot. If only manners could be learned like morals, from nurses and tutors and good plain country uncles: if only they could be practised, as he had practised his tilting, upon remote and solitary downs like that by Gardenleigh: if only his father's career had not ended suddenly in his own childhood,—but these were old regrets, and the old consolations soon dispersed them once more. After all, he had already taken his place among men, had learned to smile and nod and hold his tongue, to give hard knocks and take harder ones: after all, he knew very well that it was not every young man's luck to start life with two knight's fees for his portion, and the repute of three generations of good soldiers behind him.

So the sun still shone as he sprang out of bed, and the voices in the street sounded like the voices of friends and jolly fellows: and all the time that he was dressing in the black and silver suit, the bells continued their triumphant jangle of St Inglebert, St Inglebert.

II.—A FALSE START.

In little more than an hour's time he was riding through the city, attended by the best-looking of his grooms. It grieved him to appear with only one retainer on so important an occasion, but he had felt obliged to leave the others free for the business of packing up: they must be ready to start for

France at any moment after his return. As for his own errand, it had about it much of the vagueness, as well as the far-reaching ambition, that marks the plans of youth. It was ambitious to choose the great jousts of St Inglebert for his first appearance, and still more so to think of entering the field in the train of the Earl of Huntingdon, one of the best jousters in England, and half-brother to the King himself. The vagueness lay in the arrangements by which all this was to be brought about. When the news had reached him of the challenge issued by the French champions, he had ordered a new suit of armour and put his horses in training at once: but he had made no other preparation beyond writing to his friend John Savage, a young Cheshire squire in the Earl's service, to ask if he could inform him of the best means of reaching Calais and putting his name down for the contest. Savage, who was only a year or two older than himself, and had much less time at his own disposal, replied even more briefly that "everyone" was going and that everything would be all right: they were to start on the Feast of Gregory the Great, and if Marland would present himself on that day some time before dinner, he could take the road with them and get the advantage of the Earl's transport service for the crossing. But it was now some months since this invitation had been so lightly given, and Marland had not even troubled to accept it.

By the time the Tower came in sight he began to wish he had been rather more business-like, and the feeling grew stronger as he turned out of Harp Lane and saw the broader expanse of Thames Street to right and left of him. He hesitated for a moment, but a second glance showed him that "The New June," for which he was bound, was almost certainly the great house overlooking the river towards the western end of the street; and as he rode up to it he saw that he was right: the painted shields on either side of the gate bore the three golden lions, with nothing but a narrow bordure of fleur-de-lis to distinguish them from the royal arms of England.

The sight of so splendid a cognisance, and the sudden apprehension of all that it implied, almost took his breath: in one moment of panic he came to a full understanding of his own careless presumption. But it was too late to draw back: his horse had stopped of itself before the great door, and the guard had already turned out—two fellows in scarlet with tall bright poleaxes, between whom a smooth-faced porter advanced with an obsequious air.

John Savage was out of town: the Earl was out of town: the Countess was out of town.

Marland could have wrung his neck for the smooth indifference of his tone.

"You know, I suppose, where they are?" he said.

"The Countess is at Dartington; the Earl and all his gentlemen have gone abroad."

"So I understand," said John, "but I thought they were to start to-day."

"They start to-day from Dover."

The man bowed him out with the same impassive courtesy, and disappeared: John turned moodily from the gateway, signalling to his groom for the horses. The halberdiers watched him with some interest. "A day or two late for the fair," said one to the other with a nod.

"Aw, early enough," the fellow replied; "he'll be in plenty of time for a headache." He tucked his poleaxe under his arm, like a lance in the rest, and bent over it; then suddenly threw up his head and both hands in the attitude of a knight flung backward from his horse.

John mounted carefully, pretending not to see; but as he rode away he realised sharply that though he had reached the Court, he was still outside it.

III.—ALL HALLOWS.

After all there was no great harm done: embarrassing as his impudence had been, the man with the poleaxe was quite right. Since the jousting was only to begin on Monday week, and to continue for a full month, there was little fear of being late. It would have been easier for a novice, and pleasanter, too, no doubt, to make the journey in company, but for a man with his pockets full of money there could be no difficulty in making it alone. John remembered that all his people were to be ready for the start by midday: nothing was changed on his side, and not one of his arrangements needed to be reconsidered.

In the meantime he had some hours to spend as he pleased. He first rode straight to the Tower, and great as his expectation was, it was in no way disappointed. He had a strong feeling for the romance of history, and here in one long-anticipated moment, as he cleared the eastern end of Thames Street, it seemed to be suddenly embodied before his eyes. The broad moat, running east and north from the angle where he had halted, the long low curtain-walls, the massive river gate beneath, the drawbridges and rounded outworks above—all these, and the picturesque confusion of them, pleased him greatly; but again and again he turned from them to the central keep that dominated them. As he saw it under the still brightness of the March morning, with the high straight lines of its white quoins and the severe round arches of its far-up windows, shining clear through a faint haze of blue smoke from the buildings below, it seemed to him to be infinitely remote from the splendours and the trivialities of modern times: it was dreaming still of the grim methodical Normans and the long dead century of its first youth. He would have given

much to enter; but to be repulsed again, and here, was more than he could risk.

He tore himself away at last and began slowly to ascend the hill. To his left, on the slope of the high green bank above the entrance to Tower Street, stood a grey stone church, surrounded on three sides by a churchyard of unusual extent and beautifully kept: on the south side a finely carved porch with a flight of stone steps came right down upon the street. Here again was antiquity in its most attractive form, and breathing a spirit which had been wanting even to the White Tower; for the music of a psalm, chanted by trained voices without accompaniment, rolled in wave after wave from the chancel and laid a spell like that of memory upon the listener below.

John was fundamentally religious, like the great mass of his fellow-countrymen: he shared, certainly, some of the unorthodox opinions of his age, he had a general tendency to mistrust the clergy, and his boyhood had been one long rebellion against enforced attendance at church; but the power of association had all the time been binding him with imperceptible bonds, and since he had been his own master he had come to find a new pleasure in devotions practised when and where he chose. At this moment the choice was not in doubt; before the alternating roll of the chant had gathered itself into the unison of the *Gloria*, he had slipped from his saddle, climbed the steps, and laid his hand upon the iron latchet of the porch door.

The music ceased, and he entered. The interior of the church was massive and severe, simply an arcade of plain round pillars and a bare open chancel: the first glance traversed it from end to end, and to Marland's great surprise it was entirely empty. But as he advanced into the nave he heard faintly the sound of a voice reciting prayers, and perceived at the same moment a door in the wall of the north aisle. By this, too, he stood listening for a moment, and then opened it quietly during an interval of silence. He had no sooner done so than he stopped short in surprise: he seemed to have passed under some sudden illusion, so striking was the change from the monastic bareness of the church itself to the dim, rich splendour of the chapel in which he now stood. The roof was of white stone, and vaulted plainly after the Norman fashion, but the arch was lofty and graceful; the walls were covered with frescoes, and the roundheaded windows of the original style had been replaced by longer pointed lights filled with exquisite stained armorial glass: those at the east end were deeply recessed behind slender groups of detached pillars, rising at the head into quadruple mouldings of great beauty. The altar itself was invisible, behind the Lenten veil; but from the altar steps westwards the little building was pannelled with the finest

carved woodwork, now dark with age; and John saw as he glanced quickly to right and left of the door by which he stood, that the choir stalls, elaborate as they were, bore no comparison with the magnificence of those at the west end, which had lofty canopies, relieved with gold, and were furnished with gilt sconces and with cushions and footstools of the richest crimson velvet.

To-day the canopies were all unoccupied, but they seemed hardly to offer a seat to a chance visitor. On the other hand the nearest choir-stall was vacant, and one of the clerks made a sign of invitation. John took the place and began to look about him. The sense of splendour was heightened as his eye dwelt upon every detail in turn, and he was not unprepared for the discovery which he presently made, that the two central canopies facing the altar were inlaid with small plates of gold, on which the royal arms of England were enamelled in colours. No wonder the chapel was splendid, since it was evidently King Richard's own; but the pride of youth was hardly abashed by this reflection, and in a few moments the remembrance of his own birth and possessions was stirring John's thoughts to emulation, or at least to imitation, of his sovereign lord's magnificence: he resolved to enrich his own two churches by the addition of stained-glass windows, and decided that his own seats should be furnished with velvet. Perhaps, however, crimson was not the most suitable colour: he had a sense of proportion, and besides, he liked his sumptuousness to be visible at the second glance rather than the first: it seemed to him to make just the difference between ostentation and good taste. To be splendid for himself and those who could find him out—that was his desire, and he revelled in it, only mechanically sharing in the service which was going on around him.

But presently his reverie was dispersed and he found his eyes riveted upon a face opposite to him. It was that of one of the singing men, a tall, dark, handsome fellow, who sang with a concentration that marked him off from the rest, and whose features, when in repose, had an expression of very uncommon power and a kind of sad serenity. Clearly, as John saw, not the face of a man of his own class: it was too thin, too clever, too intent upon the work in hand: yet, whether he approved or no, he was held by the grip of a personality which, he had enough insight to suspect, was a rarer and a stronger one than his own. The man was older than himself, and his thoughts had probably nothing in common with those of a landed gentleman: but there were thoughts there, and John found himself again and again coming back to wonder what they were. The mere surmise of them was keeping two interesting churches out of window-glass and velvet hassocks.

IV.—COR RICARDI.

When the service was over and the procession left the chapel, John followed the bidding of a curiosity that refused to depart unsatisfied. He paced slowly up and down the church, keeping watch while the priest and choristers returned by ones and twos from the vestry and hurried out of the building. The tall, dark man came nearly last, and there was no one with him: he was dressed very plainly, with a weather-beaten cloak of dark grey hanging from rather round shoulders, and he carried in his hand a bonnet of cloth which had once been blue. Poor he evidently was, but of a class outside John's experience: for he seemed to have nothing about him of the noble, military, clerical, rustic, or servile elements of society. Presumably he was akin to the clerical, but there was an outdoor swing in his walk, and a turn of his head, that spoke of freedom and even of recklessness. He showed no surprise at seeing Marland directly in his path and evidently about to speak with him.

"You are looking for me, sir?" he asked.

"No," replied John, astonished at being spoken to first; "not originally, I mean. I came here . . . for a different reason."

The other looked straight at him with a smile of intelligence. "So did I," he said; "we are both disappointed."

John was still more surprised: the tone was courteous, but it might have been that of an equal.

"I do not understand you," he replied more firmly; "what is it that you and I have in common?"

"Speech," said the other.

"If that is all" . . . said John, reddening at the check.

"No," replied the stranger, "we both had hope."

"Hope?"

"To see the king."

John looked instinctively towards the door of the chapel: this man's voice had made the words so living that he felt himself for an instant almost in the Presence. The moment passed, and he turned back to his companion.

"But I came here by chance," he said.

"Then I am wrong," replied the other, "and sorry for it." He moved as though to take his leave.

"Why are you sorry?" asked John, "and what did you expect of me?"

The straight look met him again. "I no longer expect, but I always hope. I watch them come in shoals to the net: all young, all supple and shining,"—he seemed to glance at the new suit,—"but common herring every one—nothing big among them—so far."

John began to catch his meaning. "If you thought I had newly come to Court, you were not so wrong: only if I am to serve any one, it is not the king, but his brother."

"Ah!" said the stranger,

looking thoughtfully at him but speaking almost to himself. "A hard roe, not a soft one, this time: but are they not all the king's—every fish in the four seas?"

"Certainly I am the king's, if he will take me." John's head went up.

"Ay!" cried his companion suddenly with a kind of poetic fervour that embarrassed John but held him fast. "One more silver belly, if the net will take it! But where among all these is the dolphin for the day of shipwreck? It is smooth sailing now and pretty sport with the glittering little lords; but when the squall comes, which of them will carry the king ashore? I go up and down England looking for a man: I find none, there or here: Hollands and Mowbrays, Rutlands and Scropes, they take their pastime between their sleep, and their sleep between their pastimes, like the gay figures on a clock, whose only sign of life is to come out when every hour strikes, and ride their little round without change or meaning."

The tone was sad rather than angry, but John felt a bitterness in it that twisted his own tongue.

"A passage of arms means nothing to a clerk," he said, "but it means a good deal to a soldier."

"I have seen war," said the other, "and I shall see it again; but for what war do these lords train themselves? When they have spent the treasure their fathers won in France, they will seek more in England: when they have plundered the poor, they will scheme to sack each other: they live by getting wealth, not by making it."

"You don't touch me there," replied John with satisfaction. "My property is my own, well got and well kept: I do my duty to my people, and I will do my duty to the king when my time comes."

"Will you?" cried the other eagerly; "will you swear it? Come!" He turned towards the door of the royal chapel, which the sacristan was preparing to lock, and John followed him almost against his own will. He had the shamefacedness and conventionality of his age, but there were no witnesses here, and the stranger carried him away by the touch of romance he mingled with his earnestness.

They passed quickly and without a word up the length of the chapel, and stopped immediately under the Lenten Veil. The singing-man bent down and with great reverence pushed back the lower edge of the drapery: in the pavement close before the altar John saw a plain stone with a large Crusader's cross upon it, and in the centre of the cross a heart: to right and left were carved in bold letters the words, *Cor Ricardi Cor Leonis.*

"What is a king?" said the stranger in a low voice; "what but a sunrise and a sunset: a day in the life of a great nation. The Lion's Heart was a king once: but with him it has been night these two hundred years. It is morning still with our Lord Richard,—morning with the dew upon it: there has

been no such promise yet in any kingdom under the rainbow roof."

He spoke passionately, and John began to feel an answering emotion: he had been bred in the chief centre of English loyalty, where the king was always right, always adored. His companion laid a hand upon his shoulder, and he did not resent it. Then the stranger fell upon his knees, drawing John down with him.

"Make your vow here," he said, "that in whatever company you may be, henceforth so long as you and the king shall both live, never will you take rest by night or by day without this prayer first spoken aloud, 'God save Richard, King of England.'"

John, with his eyes upon the stone heart below, took the vow willingly enough: it was the first time he had ever done such a thing, but he had heard the like of Chandos and Audley and other heroes of the past. For a moment longer he remained kneeling, to collect his thoughts. When he rose he became aware that his companion had left him, and was striding rapidly down the aisle.

He followed more slowly, and when he reached the door found the church entirely deserted, except by the sacristan, who was still waiting patiently with the keys. He gave the old man a piece of money, and asked him who was that who had just gone out.

"We take him for his voice, sir, and he comes and goes as he likes. My lord the king has been pleased to notice him for his voice, and it is likely that sets him up a little, but he is an innocent creature, sir."

John frowned: the apology seemed inappropriate. "But who is he?" he asked, rather peremptorily.

"We call him William, sir, but I don't know if that be his name. He is quite harmless, sir, you understand."

Outside the horses were waiting: John rode away at a sharp pace, and was glad to be in the sunshine again, but his horizon seemed hardly so unclouded now. He felt as if he had something to forget.

V.—JOHN SAVAGE.

John made his journey slowly: he could not bring himself to part company with his baggage, for it contained, among other valuables, the armour which had cost so much and upon which so much depended. He slept at Dartford, Sittingbourne, and Canterbury; crossed early on the fourth day, and was in Calais before noon. His friend John Savage was expecting him, for he had sent an express messenger in advance, and every preparation had been made for putting up his men and horses: he himself was to share the house in which his friend and another squire were already lodged, close to the citadel where their master, the

Earl of Huntingdon, was staying with Lord Nottingham, the Captain of Calais. Dinner was ready, and Savage proposed that they should go to table at once without waiting for the other partner, who was late in returning from the training-ground.

"I don't think you know Roger Swynnerton," he said, "but I can assure you that you won't find his equal among the squires here: the fact is, that he is too good and too experienced to be a squire at all. He's as old as Huntingdon himself, and, man for man, his equal in every way."

"How is it," Marland asked, "that he has had to wait so long for promotion?"

"No money," Savage replied, in the light tone of a man of the world; "he is the son of a younger son."

"I wonder the Earl took him."

"He is a sort of relation, you see; his uncle, old Sir Thomas Swynnerton, married Huntingdon's aunt."

Marland laughed. "I don't quite follow the relationship," he said; "but since the Earl does, I should have thought he might provide for his kinsman."

"Well," replied Savage, "he has done what he could; he has suggested one or two good matches to him, but Swynnerton is obstinate, he prefers to choose for himself."

John nodded approval. "By the way," he said, "I thought I remembered the name: wasn't there a lady—a certain Maud Swynnerton—that you used to think a good deal about?"

Savage avoided his eyes. "You need not say 'used,'" he replied in a warning tone.

John took the hint. "I am glad to hear it," he said cordially; "tell me more."

"She is married," replied Savage, still with averted looks.

John had many ideas about love, but no experience. He saw that his friend was suffering, but had no salve for him beyond mere commonplace.

"My dear fellow," he began, "a woman's choice——"

"There is no woman's choice in the question," Savage interrupted; "she was married against her will—carried off by that old brute, Sir William Ipstones, and married by force to his own son, a mere boy, younger than herself."

"By force!" exclaimed John. "But what were her family doing to allow it?"

"She has no family: she was Sir Robert's only child, and he is dead. That is the whole point of it: she is sole heiress of the Swynnerton property."

"And what does your friend Roger say—he is her cousin, I suppose?"

"He says nothing—and he is quite right; there is nothing to be said for the present. The marriage is a hollow affair, by all accounts; young Ipstones is a boy and a weakling; if he lives to grow up I will call him to a reckoning one way or another."

The tone was resolute enough, but the plan seemed a little vague. "I suppose Swynnerton is backing you?" he said.

"He is not his own master,"

replied Savage, "but when the time comes he will need no persuading. You don't know Roger; he never lets go when he has once set his teeth. Besides, I am helping him in his own business."

"Is his business of the same kind as yours?"

"Worse—the lady is even more unhappy. You must have heard of the beautiful Joan Hastings, who married Sir John Salusbury? He was persecuted to death by Gloucester and his gang for being too loyal, and Joan, instead of waiting for Roger, has thrown herself away on a Frenchman named Rustine de Villeneuve. Of course she is miserable."

"There again," said John, "I suppose there is nothing to be done for the present?"

"For the present! for the present! how did we come to talk of these things?" cried Savage, rising abruptly and going over to the window. John looked after him very sympathetically, and with a glow of chivalrous enthusiasm. If anything could have heightened his esteem for these two friends, from whom he hoped so much, it would have been their devotion to their distressed ladies: his mind was full of knightly challenges and deeds of arms, in which he himself was to play a secondary but very honourable part.

Savage turned back to him from the window. "Look here," he said, "we must have no more of this; we have a stiff day's work in hand over here, and we must go through with it. Don't let Roger know I have told you anything, and don't speak of either affair again until we are back in England."

John held out his hand and gave his friend a reassuring grip.

"You can't forbid my thinking," he said; "I shall always be trying to devise a way out."

"The way out — there are only two possible," muttered the other.

"What are they?"

"Oh! death and divorce, I suppose," replied Savage sullenly, and as he spoke them John thought he had never heard two uglier words. He was relieved to hear a cheerful loud voice approaching. The door opened, and Roger Swynnerton entered the room.

VI.—ROGER SWYNNERTON.

The new-comer gave Marland a friendly greeting and sat down opposite to him. There was a short break in the conversation while the servant placed fresh dishes upon the table, and John spent the time in noting the marked contrast between his two companions. Savage was of his own age: he was ruddy, active, and well knit, but rather small made and fine for a man of arms; his jet black moustache and closely-cropped hair made his face somewhat conventional in type, but gave him what he most desired, an

undeniably military appearance; his spirits were usually high, his manner vivacious, and even jaunty. Roger, on the other hand, was a set thick figure of much heavier weight, and with no grace but that of strength; his features were blunt, and seemed more so from the entire absence of hair from the face; the contours were muscular and firm, and both forehead and jaw unusually massive. His eyes were frank and kindly as he spoke to John, and his voice had a manly matter-of-fact tone in it, but there was something forbidding in the lines of determination about the mouth: he was no stripling at the beginning of his career, but a soldier of thirty-six, who had long been hard put to it to keep pace with his wealthier companions, and it seemed by his appearance that he had thrown aside in the race a good deal of the poetry with which youth delights to deck itself at the start.

For some time he paid undivided attention to his dinner, and the meal ended without his having contributed more than a word here and there to the conversation. He then filled a small cup of wine for himself and each of his companions, and leaned back in his chair.

"We are in strict training," he explained as he pushed the wine-flagon farther away, "and we need to be. I hope you have come prepared to join us?"

John replied with as little eagerness as possible that he was there for that purpose.

"You have run before?" asked Swynnerton. "I don't mean in practice, of course."

"Oh, yes," replied John, "twice—at Chester and Stafford."

Swynnerton looked him over with a cool scrutiny that was hard to face without embarrassment.

"I daresay you did pretty well there," he said as his eyes came up to the level of John's; "but it will be much hotter work here. What's your armour like?"

"Milanese," replied John in a fine offhand tone, and then spoiled the effect by adding, "and brand new."

"Right! and the horses? You mustn't mind my asking questions."

"Not at all," replied John. "I have brought two chargers: one is a bit hard-mouthed, but neither of them ever refuses."

Swynnerton nodded. "We'll look at them to-morrow," he said. "It is the only day you will have for galloping, I'm afraid. Thursday we are to practise the grand parade, and again on Saturday. Sunday must be a day off for every one."

He finished his wine, rose a little stiffly, and stretched himself. "I must be going," he said to John, "but we've plenty of time before us." He gave him another nod of approval and went noisily down the stairs.

"Now," said Savage when they were left alone, "I'll show you your quarters, and you shall show me the Milanese harness."

VII.—KNIGHTS IN COUNCIL.

The trials came off successfully next day upon a training-ground outside the walls of the town; but they were not so easily accomplished as Marland had expected. He was quite unprepared for the immense crowd of would-be competitors, and spent a somewhat discontented morning waiting in vain for his turn in the enclosure, which had been measured and fenced in to represent the lists. Though the three French champions were to hold the field for thirty days, and the Earl of Huntingdon's party was probably by no means the only one which would take up the challenge during that time, there were already more than sixty knights and gentlemen in Calais, and on this, the last day of serious practising, they and their grooms, with chargers and hackneys, covered the downs in every direction, and almost choked the streets of the town.

By Savage's advice John went back early to dinner, and returned at a time when the ground was comparatively clear. Horses and armour both proved to be in satisfactory condition, and he was about to make his way home for the day when two horsemen, magnificently mounted, and followed by a dozen others, overtook and passed him at a canter. One of the party was Swynnerton: he made a peremptory gesture as he went by, and pointed to the two figures in front.

"They are going to make up the list," he explained when John drew level. "I'll try and find the moment to present you."

"Who is the other?" asked Marland.

"The Earl Marshal: the man nearest him is Baskerville, his cousin and chief squire, and the next one is Stamer, a kinsman of Huntingdon's just knighted."

John's heart beat: he felt as though he were already one of a splendid fellowship. Ten minutes afterwards he found himself following Swynnerton into the great chamber of the castle where the two Earls were to hold their council of war. They were talking together by the fire, and the squires remained at a respectful distance just inside the door, Swynnerton alert but with a well-trained air of indifference, John with eyes fixed openly on the great men. He had seen earls before, but these were famous jousters of almost royal rank, and he was prepared to admire without reserve. It was disappointing that at first sight both appeared to fall short of his ideal: Nottingham had the high-bred manner to be expected of a Mowbray, but his face was young and lacking in character; Huntingdon, on the other hand, though of a much stronger type, had a coarse look about his heavy eyes, and the corners of his mouth were drawn with a per-

manent curve of unmeasured, and even ferocious, pride. Still, he was grandly built, and moved with a grand air,—a fine figure, John thought to himself, but an uncongenial master to serve. Perhaps he hardly showed to advantage at this moment, for he was clearly impatient.

"Swynnerton," he said presently, "are these fellows ever coming?"

"It is hardly the hour yet," replied the squire with the self-possession of a confidential servant. "In the meantime, my lord, may I present to you my friend John Marland, who has come to offer his service to your lordship?"

The Earl looked at John, but did not acknowledge his bow.

"Well, Roger," he said as he turned his shoulder again, "I suppose you know your business? you generally do."

Nottingham saw John's flaming cheeks. "Marland?" he asked courteously. "I think I know that name: where do you come from, sir?"

"Cheshire, my lord," replied John, swallowing humiliation and gratitude together.

"There is no county more loyal," said Nottingham gravely, and Huntingdon himself half relaxed his frown and gave John another look over his shoulder.

At this moment the door opened and Savage appeared, ushering in Lord Clifford, Sir Piers Courtenay, Sir John Golafre, and several other knights, all of whom took their places at the long table: at the head of it sat the two earls side by side. Swynnerton stood at his master's right shoulder, and William Baskerville on the Earl Marshal's left; next to him was a herald with pen and inkhorn ready, and a list of names in his hand. No one took the least notice of Marland, who remained standing like one petrified, till Savage drew him down to a place by his own side on a settle near the door, and reassured him by a wink and a smile.

There was a buzz of conversation, which ceased suddenly when the Earl Marshal rapped upon the bare table. "My lords," he said, looking down at a memorandum handed to him by the herald, "our paper of agenda is not a long one; but I think you will agree with me that it is time we made out some kind of order for this contest."

"And remember," added Huntingdon brusquely, "that we are here to win, not to take riding lessons."

"My lord means," said Nottingham, "that we have no time to waste over rockets and boys' games: we are over here for serious business, and whoever runs must be prepared to run with sharp points and in war harness. I take it that we shall all be of one mind about that."

There was a general murmur of assent, but Huntingdon was not to be explained away.

"Spears, of course," he said scornfully, "that goes without saying; but I meant that these Frenchmen have defied us, and

it is for us to see that they pay for it."

Courtenay murmured something short to his neighbour. "My lord," he said aloud to the Earl Marshal, "I have not seen the terms of the challenge lately, but I understand it to be a general one to gentlemen of all nations."

"That won't do," said Huntingdon; "the field is pitched on our frontier."

"I think," said the Earl Marshal, "it must be allowed that the match is practically England against France. I have been asked to preside to-day on that understanding."

"And I am here," added Huntingdon, "in the place of the king, my brother."

A silence followed, during which Savage kicked John carefully, and caught his eye.

"Well, now," continued Huntingdon in a more genial tone, "the Earl Marshal will no doubt settle the list presently and arrange the order of precedence. What I want to hear discussed is the plan of campaign. The challengers leave it open to every one to take his choice between the three of them; but so far as my own company is concerned, I must know beforehand whom they intend to call out."

There was some demur to this autocratic proposal, but it was supported by the Earl Marshal.

"We must remember," he said, "that though we have three good jousters to deal with, one of them is far more formidable than the others. We must pick our best men to run against Reynault de Roye—men who can face even a—a possible reverse."

"Or else," said Huntingdon, "put out all our strength against Boucicaut and Sempy, and leave only the weaklings to de Roye: in that way we shall probably make sure of defeating two of them, and give the third nothing to boast about."

A moment of consternation followed this unknightly proposal, but it was quickly dispelled by the deep voice of Sir John Golafre, the biggest man in the room. "My lord," he said, "if the noble Earl's ingenious suggestion is adopted, may I beg that you will put me down as first weakling?"

Again Savage winked at John, who drew a breath of relief that was almost a sob. Smiles of discreet approval were passing between the knights at the table, and Huntingdon was looking round in vain for some one to second him.

"What do you say, Courtenay?" he asked. Sir Piers was his neighbour in Devonshire, and the most famous champion present. But he was at once too chivalrous and too diplomatic to fall into the Earl's snare.

"I say, my lord, that in my experience no one is irresistible—there is a deal of chance in these affairs: you may tumble to a Sempy, and yet have the luck to bring down a de Roye. I propose to try them all three: I should count myself beaten

by any man I dared not meet, and, as you say, we are here to win."

After some further discussion, too confused for John to hear very much of it, the Earl Marshal took the sense of the meeting, and Lord Huntingdon's proposal was lost. A compromise was then agreed upon; the choice of antagonists was to be left open according to the usual practice, but the names of nine first-rate jousters were definitely entered to run some or all of their courses against de Roye, three of them on each of the first three days. The herald then read the list aloud: at the head of the nine came the Earl Marshal, followed by seven knights and one squire—Roger Swynnerton—but to John's astonishment the name of the Earl of Huntingdon was not amongst them. He looked round at Savage with an indignant question written on every feature of his face, but Savage was already holding the door open for the departing council.

VIII.—TOO YOUNG.

The Earl passed out last, and Swynnerton with him: the two young squires were left alone together.

Savage closed the door carefully, and turned to his companion: he looked puzzled, but showed none of the indignation that was disturbing Marland.

"Strange folk, our masters," he said with an uncertain eye on John.

"Your master," replied John, "never mine."

"I was afraid you might say that; but you must not judge too soon. He has some reason for shirking de Roye: it can't be from any softness, for he is hard to the core,—his friends and enemies are all at one about that."

"But he planned for us to shirk too," growled John.

"Oh!" said Savage airily, "the devil take his plans: he's a bit too keen, that's all. I'm going for de Roye myself, but you needn't tell him so."

John's eye kindled. "Good man!" he said, "so am I—with every spear I have."

They shook hands on it; at that moment the door opened, and Swynnerton reappeared upon the threshold: to John's eye he seemed taller and of a more dignified carriage since the reading of that list, but the change was apparently not visible to Savage, who spoke to him in his usual light tone.

"Does he want me, Roger?"

"No," replied the other; "he has gone to supper with Clifford. But what were you two shaking hands about?"

"Agreeing to do my lord's duty for him and try de Roye."

"What good do you expect to get by that?"

Savage raised his chin. "We shall cover ourselves with glory," he replied.

"With dust, you mean," retorted the elder man.

"I hope," John was beginning deferentially, — "I hope you don't think——"

Swynnerton looked disapprovingly at them both. "I wish you were not so young, you two," he said, and turned away as if to go. But before they could move he had changed his mind and was facing them again.

"Look here," he said in a frank but peremptory tone. "I am going to tell you exactly what I do think. I don't approve of Huntingdon's plan, and I told him so at once when he first broached it: I don't believe in dodges — the man who rides hardest is the man for me. It is quite right for you young ones to take your risks, and I like to see you do it; but it is no business of yours to make rules and judge your betters by them. My lord is here as our captain: he is to open the game, and it won't do for him to lead off with a stumble, or any chance of one. We should have others going after him, like palings when a rot sets in, and in any case it would certainly put heart into the Frenchmen. It is all settled: Huntingdon will take Boucicaut—Boucicaut's own people think a good deal more of him than you do—and Nottingham will follow with de Roye. That's the order of the day, and if you are decent fellows you'll take my view of it and do all you can to see that others do the same."

He looked them both squarely in the face and then went out with a heavy deliberate step.

"Quite a long speech for old Roger," said Savage. "He doesn't altogether convince me, but I suppose we must do as he says."

"It seems hard to expect us to preach an opinion we don't hold," said John, "but if you think it your duty I suppose it must be mine." He spoke argumentatively, but Savage saw nothing to argue about.

"That's it," he replied cheerfully; "Roger backs Huntingdon, I back Roger, and you back me. You serve my lord after all, you see."

"No nearer than that, thank you."

"Well, don't look so serious over it," said Savage, and carried him off to supper.

IX.—JOHN MEETS HIS MASTER.

By Saturday afternoon all preparations were complete: the grand entry had been successfully rehearsed in full dress, and nothing now remained to think about except a possible change in the weather, of which there was at present no sign. Daylight was fading slowly in a clear sky as John sat in the window of his lodging. He was alone, for both his friends were away on duty, and after several hours out in the keen March air the warmth of the room

was beginning to take drowsy effect upon him. His eyes felt as though the Dusty Miller of his childhood had been powdering them with both hands, his chin was sinking imperceptibly towards his chest. He was not yet asleep; but of the fulness of life, past, present, and future, nothing was left to him but a deep dim sense of animal comfort.

"John! John! O-ho! John!"

Through this twilight world the eager young voice rang as clearly as a trumpet. John's mind awoke, but not his body: he remained motionless, wondering where he was and who was calling him.

"John?" The voice fell to a question this time, and was certainly now in the room. He opened his eyes and saw the figure of a boy of fifteen, tall and fair, standing with one foot forward as if suddenly checked in his impetuous entry: the pale sunset light met him full face, and seemed to baffle his eagerness as he peered at the sleeper beneath the window.

Marland rose. Something unfamiliar in the movement evidently struck the visitor, for he turned, as if for support, towards the open door, where at this moment a second figure appeared. This, too, was a boy, some three years younger than the other: he halted quietly on the threshold, put his hands in his pockets, and watched the scene without a word.

"I say," exclaimed the elder of the two, "this is some one else. I beg your pardon," he said, turning to Marland; "I thought you were John."

"I am John," replied Marland, "but apparently not the right one. If you want John Savage, he will be here directly. You had better wait."

"May I? Thanks," said the boy in the short eager manner that seemed to match his pointed chin and bright eyes. "Come in, Edmund, and shut the door. My brother's rather slack," he added apologetically, taking a seat upon the table, from which his legs swung restlessly as he talked. The younger boy closed the door and came slowly forward: he was silent, but quite unembarrassed, and stood leaning against the table by his brother's side, looking with large brown eyes at John.

It was clear from the manners of the two that they were unaccustomed to meet with rebuffs. Their dress, too, indicated rank; but John had no idea who they could be.

"Where are you staying?" he asked.

"At the Castle. We've just come. My uncle's there, you know."

John put two and two together. "Is your uncle the Earl of Huntingdon?"

"That's right," the boy nodded. "Do you know him?"

"I do." Unconsciously John's voice took an independent tone as he answered this question. The change was not lost on quick young ears.

"I say," exclaimed the questioner, "are you a lord?"

"Oh, no; only a squire."

"Who's your master?"

"I haven't one."

"I see. Well, if I were you, I wouldn't come to uncle John."

"I am only with him for the jousts," replied Marland, longing to hear more on this subject. But the boy was looking round the room, where along the wall the armour of the occupants was carefully ranged on wooden stands. The three shields, newly painted in silver and black, seemed to attract him especially.

"This is Savage's, with the six lions rampant," he said. "I should always know that, because it's like William Longsword's; and the big cross is Roger's; and this is yours—with a bend and three lions' heads of sable. I say, why are they all three the same colours? Are you relations? Are you all in mourning?"

John smiled at the crackle of questions.

"In our part of the country," he replied, "there are a great many coats of black and silver."

"What name does this one belong to?"

"Mells of Eastwich."

"Oh! John Mells: that's rather a short kind of name, isn't it?"

"It is not my name; I am John Marland."

The boy was mystified, as John intended he should be.

"But you said Mells," he began in a tone of remonstrance.

His brother here opened his lips for the first time, and gave his opinion deliberately, with a slight stammer.

"Tom, you're a b-bat."

"Shut up, Edmund, you stammering young cuckoo," said the elder boy; but Edmund went on unperturbed, his eyes fixed on John with romantic admiration—

"C-can't you see he killed Mells in a fight, and took his c-coat?"

"Not so bad as that," said John; "but Mells is dead, and I have inherited his lands."

Tom pounced again. "Then you had another coat for Marland?"

"Yes," John replied. "It is wavy gules and silver, with seven marlions of sable."

"I like that better," said Tom. "I love scarlet; I shall have scarlet myself when I'm a knight. Shall you be a knight?"

"Some day, perhaps," replied John, "if I am not killed first."

"I'll tell you what," said the boy, "if you like fighting you'd better come with me; I shall be wanting a squire."

"When will that be?" asked John, concealing his amusement.

"When my father chooses," replied Tom; "he can always get anything out of uncle Richard."

Voices were heard on the stairs; the younger boy gave his brother a warning look. "N-Nicholas!" he said.

Tom explained to Marland:

"It is only Nicholas Love; he teaches us Latin and French, and Psalms, and blazonry, and the kings of England."

"And p-poetry," added Edmund.

Nicholas came in with Savage, whom he had met outside. In the brief moment of a formal greeting, and beneath the fast falling twilight, he loomed but vaguely in John's eyes; a dignified and solid form—unusually solid for a man of thirty, and made more bulky by the thick white Carthusian habit which hung without a seam from his chin down to his feet.

"My young friends," he said presently to the boys, who were busy with Savage, "you have my leave to retire." He spoke with a noticeable turn of dry humour, evidently habitual with him.

The young friends seemed to be in no hurry. "We can't go yet," they said.

"I respect your scruples," replied Nicholas, "but you will probably be less missed than you suppose. I hope," he added, turning to John, "that they leave nothing owing?"

"I cannot quite say that," replied John, laughing; "there are my wages from my Lord Thomas."

"He is going to be my body squire," explained Tom, as his brother pushed him through the doorway. "You see, Nicholas, I like him."

"Get on, g-grab-all!" said Edmund.

(To be continued.)

MISSING REGIMENTAL HONOURS.—II.

In last month's 'Maga' the question of commemorating certain early achievements of our army upon regimental colours and appointments was discussed. The review of its history has still to be carried on to the date of the outbreak of the French Revolution. Farther than that there is no need to go. It is true that British troops have, during the period which has elapsed since that momentous event, fought on countless fields, and that they have sustained the reputation gained among the palisades of Namur in many far-off theatres of war. But we can only call to mind one single feat of arms accomplished since 1794, worthy of the honour, which does not appear among the distinctions recorded in the Army List.

The forty-three years intervening between the Peace of Utrecht and the commencement of the Seven Years' War scarcely call for comment. It is rightly accepted as a principle that only victories or successful campaigns shall be inscribed on banners and insignia. The undaunted battalions which thrust themselves into the heart of Saxe's mighty host at Fontenoy earned great renown, but when the sun set on the scene of strife they could not claim that their side had conquered. Notwithstanding the impetuous valour displayed by the British horse when dangers gathered thick, Lauffeld must be set down as a discomfiture. The operations of Stair and of Cumberland, taken as a whole, were not inglorious, but in their results they were unfortunate. Only one pitched battle, that of Dettingen tardily admitted to a place upon the colours some few years ago, can represent the campaigns of that generation upon scrolls intended to detail the triumphs of our army. To follow up the trail of missing regimental honours, the investigation must be taken up afresh at the opening of that tremendous conflict, in which ancient rivalries between England and France, and animosities aroused by the restless ambition of the Prussian King, combined to set half the world in arms, and from which this country emerged a mighty empire and mistress of the seas.

At the same time that Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet were, on the recommendation of Sir A. Alison's committee, accorded recognition, the names Louisburg and Quebec were also permitted to appear upon the colours. The reduction of those two formidable bulwarks of Bourbon dominion west of the Atlantic was in each case a military event of most signal import, and in each case it constituted an exploit shedding lustre upon the corps concerned. But the fall of its two chief fortresses did not by itself lead to the subjugation of New France.

The conquest of that great region was only accomplished after a struggle which lasted for six years,—a struggle in which the capture of Louisburg and Quebec figured merely as the most prominent and important incidents, a struggle of which the progress in its earlier stages afforded slender grounds for hope of ultimate victory. During three successive campaigns the cause of England failed to prosper west of the Atlantic. The combinations of her ill-chosen generals met with rebuff after rebuff. Her soldiers were slow to assimilate the nimble tactics of the Mohawks and the Iroquois who had allied themselves to what appeared to be the winning side. Her armies for a long time seemed incapable of adopting methods of war which a territory clothed in virgin forests imperatively called for. Braddock's column was trodden down upon the Monongahela. Oswego, that sequestered port upon which the maintenance of the somewhat precarious footing of the British pioneers beside the Great Lakes hinged, fell to a well-concerted and boldly executed hostile attack. Fort William Henry yielded to Montcalm. An imposing expeditionary force which had been charged with an enterprise against the enemy's great place of arms in Cape Breton, returned disheartened to its starting-place. Not till the fourth time of asking did fortune show any favour to the British troops; and even in that year, 1758, one of the severest and most mortifying reverses recorded in our military history was experienced, when a strong column launched against the adversary's important post at Ticonderoga recoiled in face of the murderous fire directed from its hidden breastworks.

The memories of Ticonderoga were, however, speedily wiped out by the brilliant success which crowned the efforts of Amherst and Boscawen before Louisburg. Nor did this triumph stand alone. The capture of Fort Frontenac restored British power on Ontario, and the occupation of Fort Duquesne, that remote fastness in the backwoods which had been Braddock's goal three years before, established redcoated infantry upon the headwaters of the Ohio. The year 1758 marked the turning of the tide, and thenceforward that tide set steadily against the cause of France. Three distinct sets of operations undertaken in the following year paved the way for the final triumph of our arms. While Wolfe, fortified by loyal and effective naval co-operation, was securing the key of eastern Canada, a firm grip was fixed on the Great Lakes by the seizure of Niagara, and the occupation of Ticonderoga opened up the strategic avenue leading from the settlements on the Hudson into the valley of the St Lawrence. 1760, the year made memorable in Asia by Coote's final overthrow of French dominion in the East Indies at Wandewash, saw the consummation of Pitt's ambitious project to conquer North

America. Three separate columns, coming from west and south and east, united before Montreal. Lévis, upon whom had fallen the mantle of Montcalm, had early in the year made a gallant attempt to wrest Quebec from the conqueror's grip ere the British armies mustering for the final stroke were ready to advance. Now, confronted by concentrated and superior forces and cut off from all hope of succour, the French general consented to a surrender so as to save useless bloodshed, and the vast territory won from the red man by sturdy colonists from Guienne and Languedoc was absorbed by right of conquest into the dominions of Greater Britain.

When we note in the Army List that a certain campaign in Asia, dating shortly before the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, of which not one educated gentleman in ten of the present day has ever heard, is perpetuated on the colours not only by the titles of the principal encounters which signalised its course but also by the name "Persia," it indeed seems strange that "Canada" should be absent from the roll of honours. The events by which the subjugation of that great region was brought about have left a mark upon the history of the Empire which is conspicuous and which is indelible. Regarded from the soldier's point of view, the operations lasting from 1758 to 1760 were glorious to the regiments which took part in them, quite apart from the taking of Louisburg and of Quebec. Four corps which fought in these campaigns have no inscription on their insignia attesting to their participation in this splendid conquest. "Flanders" and "Peninsula" alone have a better right to appear upon the colours than "Canada."

At the same time that one portion of the British Army was acquiring novel experiences in accomplishing its great task amid the primeval forests and the noble waterways of North America, another portion was earning laurels in warfare of a more conventional character on the continent of Europe. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick's campaigns have never, since their conclusion, attracted in this country the attention to which they are justly entitled, in virtue no less of the illustrations which his combinations afford of the art of war than of the eminent services performed in them by our troops. They added no new province to the realms of King George. They synchronised with an epoch when dependency after dependency was in far-off continents being conquered for the Crown. In their scope no less than in their military and historical interest they were dwarfed, in a sense, by the contemporary operations of Frederick the Great to which they were the complement. Towards their close the policy of lavishing blood and treasure on what appeared to be a foreign sovereign's quarrel provided an excuse for the

criticisms of the discontented. To these circumstances may be attributed the fact that in the present day, after the lapse of a century and a half, the exploits of our regiments in North Germany during the Seven Years' War are scarcely remembered but for the fight of Minden.

It was in 1758, after Duke Ferdinand had achieved a notable success with the German mercenaries in British pay over whom he had been set, that Pitt despatched troops from England to reinforce the army which was guarding Hanover and was shielding Prussia on the west. His action afforded them the occasion for proving their mettle under a leader of the very foremost rank. Their first general action was of the happiest augury, for, if the British cavalry were robbed of an opportunity such as has seldom been vouchsafed to horse in modern war, the infantry and guns from oversea were in the van in making Minden so brilliant and so memorable a victory. The recall of Lord George Sackville left Granby at the head of the British contingent in Westphalia, and the effigy of that tough fighter on the sign of many an old-world English inn tells us that, in his day at least, his countrymen took pride in the deeds of their soldiers battling under the orders of a foreign prince.

Ferdinand's next campaign established his reputation firmly as a master of the art of war. The circumstances were such as to demand from him talents of the highest order. Throughout the year he was constantly a prey to anxiety as to the progress of the contest in the eastern theatre, where, hampered by failing resources and girt around with foes infuriated by the humiliating reverses which they had suffered at his hands, his master, Frederick, now grimly stood at bay. He was confronted by forces numerically superior to his own. He laboured under all the disadvantages of a strategical situation which generally imposed upon him an attitude of defence. The serenity of his temper was ever being tried by the squabbles between rival contingents embraced in his command. Yet, of the four noteworthy engagements which marked the operations of the year, the troops serving under his banner were successful in two, while neither of the reverses which befel his arms was permitted to attain the importance of a serious misadventure. If at Sachsenhausen and Kloster Kampen the allies were borne down by numbers, a remarkable triumph was gained at Emsdorf, where the vanquished lost 2600 men and left nine colours and four pieces of artillery in the hands of a regiment of light English horse not yet twelve months enrolled, and Emsdorf was within a fortnight followed by a day to be numbered among the greatest in the annals of the British cavalry—the day of "Warburg."

There are two special reasons

why this name should be added to the distinctions borne by the regiments which overthrew De Muy. The encounter may be set down as the most decisive victory ever gained by a considerable body of British horse over a hostile force of all arms. Furthermore, inasmuch as all five of the corps which Sackville had refused to launch against the shattered legions of Contades were thundering at the heels of Granby when he rode against the ridge of Warburg, the stain left upon the reputation of one branch of the service by the events of Minden was effectively wiped out. The stirring story has been often told how, when one of the two separate columns detailed by Prince Ferdinand to assail the French position was unable to cover the distance in the time available, its cavalry and artillery pushed on alone and carried all before them. The enemy lost from 6000 to 8000 men, and left twelve guns upon the field. "The English," says Mauvillon, who did not love them, "greatly distinguished themselves by their bravery this day." Warburg does not perhaps bear comparison with Vittoria; but it was a spirited engagement between considerable forces terminating in a signal tactical triumph for the British troops, and it enjoys as good a title to be recorded among regimental honours as can be put forward to justify the inclusion of at least one-third of those episodes of the Second Peninsular War which have long since been granted recognition on the roll.

In 1761, as in the previous year, the forces commanded by Duke Ferdinand found themselves opposed by superior numbers. Nor were the conditions in other respects more favourable to their prospects of prosecuting a successful campaign. Anxieties as to the situation in the east had not diminished. The operations of 1760 had not welded the various contingents gathered together in the allied camp into one harmonious whole. The Court of Versailles, exasperated by the downfall of French sovereignty in Canada, humiliated by misadventures suffered in the East Indies, and dismayed by the collapse of the nation's fighting power on the high seas, was straining every nerve to retrieve the disasters suffered in five years of conflict by achieving some momentous victory east of the Rhine. But the vigour and dexterity of Ferdinand proved equal to the occasion, and his masterly dispositions in the only serious action which marked the year's proceedings ensured a favourable issue to his side. The battle of "Kirchdenkern" was not a desperately contested affray like Inkerman or like Albuhera. The assailants failed to display that dash and intrepidity for which the soldiery of France are held in such renown. The allies were drawn up in a naturally strong position. The rivalry between Broglie and Soubise proved fatal to the chances of the attacking troops. But the combat ended in a complete victory for the British and for those associated with them,—a victory

gained against considerable odds in an important general action deliberately entered upon by the vanquished host; a victory which cost the adversary 5000 men or more, and impoverished the hostile artillery by nineteen guns. The Duke spoke of the "indescribable bravery" of Granby's men. The tidings, arriving in London almost simultaneously with intelligence of fresh conquest in Hindustan, aroused the citizens to exultation scarcely less than that which had been provoked by the story of Quebec and of Quiberon.

"I am whisked to Pondicherri," Horace Walpole wrote. "Well, I take it and raze it. I begin to grow acquainted with Colonel Coote, and I figure him packing up chests of diamonds and sending them to his wife against the Queen's wedding—thunder go the Tower guns, and Broglie and Soubise are totally defeated; if the mob have not got stronger heads and quicker perceptions than I have, they will conclude My Lord Granby has become Nabob. How the deuce in two days can we digest all this?"

Mr Fortescue has followed Mauvillon in calling this important action by the name of Vellinghausen. But it was designated as Kirchdenkern at the time in this country, and it appears under that title in most regimental records. It was a fight in which the British troops present on the field bore a prominent and a distinguished part, a fight in which they were relatively speaking far more heavily engaged than were the contingents from this country either at Ramillies or at Oudenarde. The regiments which held their ground manfully in face of the efforts of far stronger forces on that day have a good right to claim that the name shall appear upon their colours.

The campaign which followed that of Kirchdenkern, and which proved the final one of the war in that part of the world, was remarkable for its vicissitudes. It is chiefly made memorable by that singular complicated encounter in broken country of hill and dale, where Duke Ferdinand proposed to overwhelm the enemy by the united action of several converging columns, which is known as the battle of Wilhelmstahl. Were that name not already inscribed on the insignia of a distinguished corps, we might have been tempted to suggest that so important a victory ought to be commemorated among the honours of all the regiments which shared in it. But the old "Fighting Fifth" on the day of Wilhelmstahl were credited with an exploit which rivalled the feat of the 15th Hussars at Emsdorf, and in appreciation of their valour the name of the encounter already heads the long list of distinctions recorded on the banners of the Northumberland Fusiliers. On that account we should deprecate the award of this honour to any other corps. With "Emsdorf" and "Wilhelmstahl" testifying to certain exceptionally brilliant achievements, and "Minden," "Warburg," and "Kirchdenkern" appearing on the colours generally of the regiments which fought so sturdily under Duke

Ferdinand of Brunswick, the operations on the Continent which brought the greatest credit to the British Army from the days of Marlborough up to the appearance of Sir A. Wellesley in Portugal will receive not wholly inadequate recognition.

The active operations engaged in by the military forces of this country during this epoch-making war were not limited to North America and the confines of the Hanover Electorate. Armaments, less imposing perhaps than the contingents which fought on the fields of Minden and Kirchdenkern, and not equal in strength to the concentrated columns which assembled on the plain in face of Montreal, were during these years of combat building up a mighty empire in the Indies, East and West. With the events in Asia we are not concerned,—the regiments which under Coote and Clive made British power paramount from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas can point to Masulipatam and Plassey and other inspiring names upon their colours; but the rich archipelago in the western seas, on which Cromwell had striven in vain to fix a grip a hundred years before, was at this time being made the scene of conjunct naval and military enterprises which have not received the recognition to which they are so well entitled. In the same year that the cross of St George was planted on the citadel of Quebec and that the memories of Schellenberg and Fontenoy were recalled by British infantry among the rose gardens on the Weser, began a series of operations of war among the Antilles which, interrupted thrice by periods of peace, endured for two generations.

By a happy display of amphibious force, during the progress of which the troops concerned bore themselves with fortitude and valour under circumstances of no common difficulty, the large and fertile island "Guadaloupe" was wrested from the grasp of France. The conquest was by no means an unimportant one. It added a prosperous dependency to the dominions of the Crown. It was the first notable achievement accomplished in the Mexican Sea since the days when the Lord Protector had adventured an expeditionary force against the possessions of Spain in those distant waters. It was the first incident in a series of events which, within the space of four years, was to transfer preponderance of power in the Carribees out of the hands of the two western nations of the Continent into those of Britain. The corps which effected the subjugation of the island can with justice point to West Indian names upon the standards of other regiments in commemoration of operations of offence and defence no more successful, no more brilliant, and leaving no deeper impression on the history of their country, than the taking of Guadaloupe in 1759.

"Dominica" was the next

to fall. The island was recovered by the French in 1778, in despite of determined resistance on the part of a weakly garrison: it was, however, restored to this country in 1783, and, but for that brief period of five years, it has remained a British colony since the entrenchments on the hillsides above Roseau were carried by storm on the 6th of June in 1761. The contest for its possession was not of a desperate character — the event indeed may be said never to have been in suspense; but the political results of the conquest have been appreciable, it was not by any means a bloodless victory, and the Cheshire Regiment appears to have a sufficient title to show the name upon its colours.

The reduction of Dominica was ere long followed by an enterprise conceived upon a more ambitious scale. Since an early date in the history of European ascendancy beyond the Atlantic, "Martinique" has proved a cornerstone of the power of France. A situation midway between the Windward and the Leeward Islands, a spacious haven well sheltered against the tempests of that sultry clime, a soil of rare productiveness, and a population fully sufficient to develop its considerable natural resources, have, notwithstanding the existence of subterranean fires which are ever threatening mischief, combined to make of this beauteous island a province upon which rival European nations have oftentimes cast covetous eyes. Nor have its possessors appraised their dependency merely as a source of revenue, and accounted it only as a colony imposing responsibilities upon the parent State. They have constituted it a bulwark of their maritime forces, and have made of it a place of assemblage and refreshment for their ships of war. A race ever in the van of engineering progress has not failed to strengthen by art the natural defences of a locality admirably fitted to become a place of arms. Fort Royal (now called Fort de France) has for generations ranked as the most formidable stronghold to be found in the Antilles. No distant harbour in the guardianship of France has offered security to prouder fleets. No foreign naval station, left of the heritage of Louis XV. after the loss of Louisburg, could compare with it in importance, or seemed more likely to prove the dexterity and to tax the fortitude of an assailant.

In the early stages of the war a British expedition had been entrusted with the reduction of Martinique: it had, however, failed to perform its task. The project was abandoned for the moment, but in 1762 an armament in the leadership of which Monckton, one of Wolfe's lieutenants, was associated with Admiral Rodney, appeared off its shores. The troops were landed and, after grappling with abnormal topographical difficulties and subduing a garrison which yielded only

after offering a strenuous resistance, they made themselves masters of the works dominating Fort Royal, compelled the defenders to haul down their flag, and having secured its principal fortress speedily subjugated the whole island. As an operation of war this exploit takes a high place in the roll of conjunct expeditions undertaken by our land and sea forces. The losses of the victors mounted up to over 500 killed and wounded. One hundred and seventy guns remained as trophies in their hands. Numbers of privateers which had been wont to prey upon the vessels from Bristol and the Thames trading with the Carribees, were boarded by Rodney's sailors when the commandant of Fort Royal delivered up the keys. "Martinique" already adorns the colours of several regiments, but not in commemoration of Monckton's well-earned success: the distinction was awarded for a triumph in a later war. We are aware of no reason why the conquest of the island in 1809 should be held in higher honour than its conquest in 1762.

The capture of this focus of hostile fighting power in the Lesser Antilles was not, however, to be the last great British conquest of the Seven Years' War on the far side of the Atlantic Ocean. The Court of Castille, prevailed upon by Choiseul in the closing days of the long-drawn-out struggle to plunge into the fray, was to learn too late what it meant to challenge the enmity of a nation flushed with victory and incomparably better equipped for the encounter both by land and sea. The flag of England enjoyed such undisputed supremacy in West Indian waters, that the transit of transports charged with troops and war material from port to port in that region could be effected in security and in secrecy. A considerable army was assembled in the archipelago to deal with the Spanish colonies. When all was ready the expedition bore up for the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, and the armada was brought to anchor near Havanna, which was then the greatest centre of wealth and commercial enterprise in the New World, and which at this very juncture was sheltering in its extensive and well-fortified harbour a squadron of fighting-ships, in itself constituting a guerdon calling for a supreme effort. The taking of this maritime city and place of arms is beyond question one of the most signal triumphs achieved by the fighting forces of this or any other country since the Standing Army came into existence in England at the Restoration of the Stuarts.

Ever since the event there has been a tendency to belittle the capture of Havanna as an episode of war, to enlarge upon the ineptitude of the chiefs on the attacking side, to point to the almost unprecedented preponderance of loss suffered from disease over loss suffered at the enemy's hands, and to depreciate the prowess of the Spanish soldiery who manned the ramparts of the fortress.

But the Moro Castle and the Fort of Puntal, which stood wardens over the entrance to the port, were deemed at the time to be wellnigh impregnable. In numerical strength the garrison was almost a match for the force which had come across the seas to bring about its downfall. Rocky soil rendered the fashioning of approach works unusually laborious. The defenders could count with confidence upon the fighting efficiency of their antagonists being sapped by those distempers to which white men are ever prone when living a life of exposure in tropical jungles. Nevertheless at the end of a campaign of only six weeks the frowning bastions of the Moro, constructed in masonry and protected by a gigantic fosse cleft in the solid rock, were rent by a mine, and the parapet was forthwith carried by storm notwithstanding a heroic resistance offered by the commandant, Velasco, whose name is held in just honour by Spaniards to this day. This event decided the issue. Fort Puntal was silenced by bombardment within ten days, whereupon the city capitulated, and the conquerors secured a booty such as had never before fallen to a contingent of the British Standing Army in war. A number of those stately ships of the line which the yards of Cadiz and Cartagena excelled in building became prizes to the navy, together with a goodly flotilla of lesser fighting craft. The land forces were able to boast of one hundred pieces of artillery among their trophies. Merchandise and specie estimated to represent three millions sterling—equal to a far greater sum to-day—were captured within the walls. We have been unable to satisfy ourselves that the services of the old 56th (now the second battalion of the Essex Regiment) were so conspicuous that that corps alone is worthy of having the exploit recorded on the colours. The 56th lost only 35 killed and wounded out of a sum-total of 500 casualties suffered by the besieging troops. We note that the colonel of the regiment was Keppel, that Keppel was in charge of the operations directed against the Moro Castle, that Keppel was brother of the generalissimo Albemarle, and was, like him, a prime favourite at Court, and we note that the distinction "Moro" was granted to Keppel's regiment with a promptitude almost unprecedented. The Essex should, of course, retain their special honour, but every other corps which participated in this momentous conquest has a strong claim to add "Havanna" to its roll of victories.

This final triumph in the Antilles was shortly followed by the close of the Seven Years' War, and with it the list of missing regimental honours is almost full. But the country was to be involved in one more world-wide conflict before the acts of the French Convention threw all Europe into a ferment, a conflict almost as disastrous as the prolonged struggle which has handed the names of Quebec and Martinique and War-

burg down to us had been successful, a conflict which is commemorated at the present time by only one distinction in the Army List—the device superscribed with "Gibraltar" and completed by the motto "Montis Insignia Calpe"; a conflict which cost us the North American Colonies, and in the course of which superior hostile fleets at one time ranged the Channel almost unopposed. In face of York Town, of Saratoga, and of the humiliating termination to the contest with the colonies which had cast the mother country off, even such meritorious victories as Brandywine and Guildford would obviously be out of place upon the colours. But there are two exploits standing to the credit of the land forces during this gloomy period which assuredly deserve to deck banners upon which events not one whit more creditable of a later date have found a place.

The strategical importance of Martinique has been referred to in an earlier paragraph. That island had been restored to France after the Seven Years' War, and, during the course of the contest between the ancient rivals which grew out of events at Lexington and in Boston harbour, Fort Royal became the principal base for the formidable armaments despatched from Brest and Toulon to uphold the standard of the Bourbons in the western ocean. Over against Martinique, to windward of it, and offering anchorages conveniently situated and well sheltered from prevailing winds, lies "St Lucia"; and that interdependence which in an archipelago exists between maritime power and military force in time of war, caused the indented shores and the scrub-clad declivities of this latter island to become the scene of striking operations at an early stage of the struggle for mastery in the Carribean Sea. The tale of how Admiral Barrington and General Meadows contrived to tear St Lucia from the enemy's grasp in defiance of the greatly superior naval and military forces of D'Estaing need not be told here. Suffice it to say, that the seizure and the retention of the island taken together rank under the circumstances as a singularly brilliant feat of arms. Nor did the incident constitute a mere ephemeral triumph; on the contrary, its results were conspicuous and far-reaching. Possession of the anchorages to windward of Fort Royal enabled Rodney four years later to mount guard over De Grasse, to pounce upon the great French fleet when it put to sea from Martinique, and to inflict upon the hostile armada a defeat of vast importance off The Saints. Several regiments already show "St Lucia" on their colours, but in commemoration of events of later date. That the operations of 1778 were to the full as creditable to the troops concerned as were those of 1803, and that they made a deeper mark upon the history of our country, admits of no dispute.

The Army List may be searched in vain for mention of "The Saints." A distinguished

regiment appears, nevertheless, to have an indefeasible title to record the name as a distinction fairly earned. The Welsh plume themselves on bearing "St Vincent" on their colours —did not a 69th man break the upper galley window of the *San Nicholas* and show the way aboard the formidable Spanish ship to Nelson himself? But already fourteen years before they helped to man the *Captain* during the fight of Valentine's Day, the 69th had represented the land service in a series of maritime encounters in which the British fleet acquitted itself to admiration. The regiment was with Hood's squadron during that admiral's adroit operations in the Lesser Antilles which preceded Rodney's appearance on the scene, and they were present fighting under the same flag in the greatest action which had been engaged in by our navy since the day of Velez Malaga. That Rodney's triumph over De Grasse was not tactically so decisive as it might have been, does not alter the fact that the victory was a more opportune and important one than many successes where the enemy has suffered worse disaster. For their services on this great day the 69th were awarded a wreath of laurel to encircle the number on their regimental colour. They were, moreover, included in the vote of thanks accorded by Parliament to the conquering admiral and to the sailors under his command. We believe that the grounds for "Copenhagen" adorning the appointments of the Rifle Brigade are that one company of that famous corps was with Nelson when he assailed the Danish batteries. In view of the presence of the whole of their second battalion at the memorable fight in the West Indies, where the enemy's line was broken, and towards the close of which the hostile admiral was forced to strike the colours on his own flagship, the Welsh can make out a strong case for placing its name at the head of their list of honours.

We do not propose to follow up the subject farther. The British Army has experienced many vicissitudes and has performed many notable feats of arms since the two mighty fleets contended for the mastery in the channel which divides Dominica from Guadaloupe. But only one achievement standing to its credit since the Battle of The Saints seems clearly entitled to inclusion in a list of missing regimental honours. That "Quatre Bras" should be ignored when such petty affairs as "Ali Musjid" and "Hafir" have not been denied recognition, will probably come as a surprise to those unversed in military matters. It is for the regiments which held the gate on that June afternoon in 1815, and which by their valour enabled one of the two associated armies to take up the ground at Waterloo unbroken and undisturbed, to explain why they have not asked to have the name inscribed on their insignia.

We have indicated fifteen names upon which the army

could look back with pride when it entered the lists against the levies of the French Directory, none of which appear on regimental colours. Enumerating them in chronological order these names are: "Tangier," "Namur," "Flanders," "Schellenberg," "Gibraltar 1704-5," "Barcelona," "Minorca," "Canada," "Guadaloupe," "Warburg," "Dominica," "Kirchdenkern," "Martinique," "Havanna," "St Lucia" and "The Saints." That the achievements which they represent are not all of like merit as military exploits, that they do not all possess equal historic interest, that they cannot all lay claim to the same national importance, is manifest. The campaigns of Marlborough reflect far higher glory on our arms than is derived from the facile victory of Kirchdenkern, just as the taking of Gibraltar has exerted much greater influence over the history of the Empire than the capture of Havanna. But every one of the names suggested recalls an operation of war bringing renown to the British arms. Every one of them stands for an incident or set of incidents as creditable to the troops and to the nation as are numbers of episodes recorded on the colours of corps which did not exist when Dumbarton's Regiment broke through the Bavarian breastworks above Donauwerth, nor when Amherst and Granby in two separate hemispheres were enabling the army to add to a reputation won on the fields of Steinkirk and of Saragossa.

The book, after all, is not a closed book. Quite recently three corps which accompanied Moore on his memorable incursion into Spain, and which fought under him in his final fight upon the coast, have been granted "Corunna" on their colours. There are soldiers of light and leading who think little of these things, but the army as a whole is ranged upon the other side. When its history since Lincelles has been so voluminously recorded on its banners and its badges, it is but right and fitting that that history in broad outline should be traced back upon its emblems step by step to the days when Monck marched its nucleus from Coldstream south to Hounslow Heath.

MRS BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON BRIDGE.

I WAS presented to Mrs Battle last year at an evening party, or, as she persisted in calling it, a rout. It was, if I recollect rightly, the second of November, and there were a number of pleasant people in the room, whom one did not meet every day. Among them I recognised a certain Mr Lamb, who appeared to have revived the obsolete *rôle* of master of the ceremonies, for his own especial benefit. He played his part with a ready grace which altogether delighted me. No sooner had I entered than he came forward, and after making me a quaint little bow and inquiring how I did, asked if he might make me acquainted with Mrs Sarah Battle. I replied that there was no honour of which I should be more proud, and without further ado was led into the presence of that redoubtable lady. Her looks in no way belied my anticipations. Her hair had a thin coating of powder, her nose was curved and well calculated to carry her spectacles, her lips were tightly compressed, and her chin was firm and prominent; but a shrewd kindliness lurked in her eye, and her cheeks were not so faded but that animation would bring a flush into them. In a word, she was a woman who, with the help of the snuff-box she held in her hand, played the game of life with as great a zest as ever she put into any game of whist.

"Madam," said Mr Lamb, "I have a gentleman here who is desirous to have the privilege of your acquaintance."

"Sir," said Mrs Battle, not, I thought, without a trace of irony, "I am happy to make the acquaintance of any gentleman who does me so great an honour."

Mr Lamb flitted away, and I was left to open the lists on my own behalf; for that I had a duel to fight, Mrs Battle had left me in no manner of doubt.

"Madam," I said, "your name has long been familiar to me and to my generation on account of some very valuable opinions which you were good enough many years ago to deliver on the subject of whist."

"And what concern, sir, if I may ask," said Mrs Battle, "have you or your fellows with anybody's opinions on whist? If I mistake not, you have never played a rubber for close upon ten years."

"Mrs Battle," I replied, "I play a rubber every evening of my life, and two of them."

"A rubber, sir!" and she cut me to the quick; "and do you apply that noble term to the ignoble pastime that I see" (and she pulled up her spectacles) "proceeding, yes, actually proceeding, in the adjoining room? Do you sup-

pose that I—Sarah Battle—will stand by and see a word filched from its uses to grace the tables of profligacy and chance? Have you forgot your mother-tongue, sir, or shall I send you a copy of Mr Johnson's dictionary? Do you call a shire-horse a hunter, or take a footman's livery for a gentleman's court suit?"

"Come, come, Mrs Battle," I said, "I will make so bold as to return you some of your own coin. Have you ever sat down to a game of bridge?"

"No," she said, "not stood up to cut, nor sat down to play, and proud to say so."

"Then, madam," said I, "craving your indulgence for saying it, you are a very rash warrior, for you are conducting a campaign in a country which you have never surveyed."

"Sir," she replied, "you have worsted me. I acknowledge myself beaten, and will immediately walk captive in your triumphal progress to the card-table."

When I had made it known who it was that hung upon my arm, opponents sprang from all quarters, armed *cap-à-pie* like Minerva emerging from the head of Jove. None so old but that he coveted to break a lance with Mrs Battle; none so young but that he must needs think himself entitled to sit at table with her. I took my time and picked my foes, for as to partnership I had given it out that that honour had been already appropriated by myself. The best that offered were a fine woman who earned her clothes by her play, and, for all I know, her bread too, and so was in the best of practice; and an elderly beau, whose solicitations were conveyed in a tempest of words that blew away the rest of his opponents.

I asked Mrs Battle what the stakes should be, and was proposing penny points, which tariff, as I said, was reputed, although erroneously, to have the sanction of a bishop, when she broke in upon me with an assurance that of points and tariffs she knew nothing; that she played half-a-crown on the rubber, and that wild bishops would not drag another farthing from her. So we made no bones about accepting her terms, and I sketched the game for her, and we set to work. She drew the deal and turned up the card at the end in true whist fashion, and said it was trumps, and would hear nothing to the contrary. But when I laid down my cards she protested loudly, and said that it was putting too much power into one hand; that she had always been of the mind of the Spartans and Romans, who understood human nature so well that they had two Kings or two Consuls; and that the temptation to abuse her opportunities would infallibly be the ruin of us both. I made light of this at the time, but the shrewd old lady had got the better of the situation; for if she won there was nothing but praise for her, and if she

lost she threw the responsibility on the constitution of the game.

She made very merry over Chicane. It was, she said, the greatest nonsense that ever she heard of. The old beau, indeed, who had claimed it, argued very gallantly that it was a kind of compensation or alms that a powerful adversary could well afford to concede; but Mrs Battle made short work of him, and said she thought nothing of a general that paid for the damages inflicted by his soldiery, and as for alms, that it was not proper to bestow them except upon beggars.

When no trumps were declared she changed her figure and compared us to a ship that had lost its rudder or thrown its helmsman overboard. She would sooner, she said, "sail a wintry sea" than risk so rash an adventure as ours.

To the method of scoring she took very decided objection. It was, she said, an unpardonable breach of international etiquette to establish a precedence among nations. Nor could she see any kind of reason why the red kings should take precedence of the black ones.

"But, my dear madam, we live now in the days of the new diplomacy, and call a spade a spade. In the comity of sovereigns it is mere blindness not to recognise differences of value, and King Edward is as much above the Kaiser as the Kaiser is above King Leopold. Again, in the comity of peoples we have Great Powers whom we obey, and Small Powers whom we coerce. As for the order in which the nations are placed, a member of the fair sex is surely the last that ought to argue against it. Do you not estimate your heart, dear madam, at a higher value than even the diamond which is set in your locket? And have not both these articles an incomparable advantage over the club which the lamented Mr Battle would carry in his hand when he escorted you along the highway, or the spade with which you would set him to plant your rose-trees? Bridge, madam, I will even venture to maintain, has restored among these pretty puppets of our leisure the natural distinctions and inequalities that obtain in the affairs of monarchs and nations."

Sarah Battle said no more, but already I had seen enough of her to know that her silence was an admission of defeat, a passing under the yoke of her opponent, a mental walking of the plank in respect of the argument. Yet it was in vain that I asked her to vouchsafe a few opinions for the edification of the public. An article from her hand would, as I assured her, secure an unexampled circulation among card-lovers, and be worth to her I was afraid to say what fabulous sum of red gold. She retained, even in her despondency, an attitude of defiance, and would say no more than

that she had not yet forgiven that little Mr Lamb for his impertinence in publishing her casual observations on Whist. Yet I learnt from a friend, who had some very particular business there the other day, that there has lately been a social revolution in Limbo, and that a new game has been introduced by a band of social reformers, with Mrs Battle at the head of them, which has proved so attractive that even Homer will sometimes make up a four, though no one, not Mrs Battle herself, can prevent him from nodding now and again. The configuration of the country and the disposition of the inhabitants are, I am informed, most favourable to the pastime. A volcanic soil provides abundant fuel; meadows of green enamel form natural card-tables; and the natives have unbounded time at their disposal. So that Mrs Battle is still able to secure "a clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game."

ALGERNON CECIL.

ON AN INDIAN CANAL.

II.

BY COLONEL G. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF, C.B., C.I.E.

THE province of India above all others which, from its natural configuration, is especially adapted to irrigation works on a large scale, is the Punjab. The work there of late years has been carried out under difficulties unknown to the engineers of the earlier days in the Ganges valley and elsewhere, because of the barren and uninhabited nature of the country; but it is an even greater boon to the people there, and it is more than in any other place remunerative to the State. The rainfall in the country watered by the Ganges and Jumna Canals is about 30 inches or more on an average in the year, whereas in the Central Punjab it is about 10 to 16 inches, and in some years falls as low as 4 or 5 inches. The State is the owner of huge tracts of waste land which can be cultivated if only water can be brought to it, and the whole province is divided into clearly defined sections bounded by the Indus and its five great tributaries. So we have in this province plenty of culturable land, but needing water for cultivation, plenty of water rolling down the great rivers, and a strong and hardy race of agricultural people willing to take up the work. The problem has been to bring them all together. Curiously enough, nearly the entire province is a great plain of alluvial and excellent soil overlying a water-bearing stratum. If a well be sunk anywhere on this plain, it will tap the water-level at no very great depth sooner or later. Indeed, if one travels by rail from the mouth of the Indus at Karachi to Lahore, and thence by Umballa and Allahabad to Calcutta at the mouth of the Ganges, one passes over this great alluvial plain from end to end. The railway does not pass through a single tunnel the whole way (about 2000 miles), and, except for a short distance in Bengal, does not even pass through a cutting deep enough to obstruct the view from the railway carriage. If the traveller is journeying in the months of June or July, he will not desire to see the view, and there will be little for him to see but a shimmering plain with a blinding glare. His one desire will be to darken his carriage as much as possible, and provide himself with iced drinks and refreshing literature. But if the journey is taken in April, there will be a sea of ripe golden wheat traversed for hundreds of miles, or in September the still more picturesque crops of maize, millet, or sugar-cane gladden the eye. These are largely due to the influence of irrigation, either from the great canals or from village wells.

These last are a most important feature in the Punjab. There are some 300,000 of them. Where the rainfall is from 15 to 20 inches, and in places where the water-level is not more than 40 feet below the surface, these wells are found in every village, and the water from them is raised by Persian wheels, whose not unpleasant drone is a familiar sound to every one who has been in North India. In the hot dry months of April and May the wheels are worked day and night, the water brought up in the tiny buckets falling into wooden shoots, and thence led through small channels to the thirsty ground. This goes on till the anxiously expected rain gives the tired bullocks or buffaloes a rest, and the farmer can wait till his harvest comes.

But as the ground rises gently away from the valleys of the rivers, the level of the water in the wells gets farther and farther from the surface, cultivation then ceases, and what is called the "Bar," or waste land, begins. The soil is smooth and shining, bare of grass, and dotted all over with shrubs of three different kinds, two of which are rough thorn bushes, while the third (called various names, *jàl* and *pilu* and *van*) resembles in leaf the mistletoe, and has a white wood, which, as well as the leaves, has a peculiarly disagreeable odour. These shrubs, like the gazelle and the camel, can live with impunity in long droughts. The people who inhabit these tracts are pastoral, owning large herds of cattle, buffaloes, and camels. The last-mentioned animal can live upon, and seems to enjoy, the thorn bushes and the malodorous *jàl;* but the cattle must have grass, and therefore the owners move about from place to place, like the patriarchs of old, according to the state of the country. The human inhabitants are a fine sturdy race, living almost entirely on milk and curds, with very little clothing either in summer or winter. They are men of simple tastes and habits. They know little of civilisation and not much of agriculture; but if you should chance to lose any of your baggage-camels, or lose your way (which is a very possible contingency in such a trackless country), you will find that these peasants have a knowledge which you do not possess and which is exceedingly useful. The other denizens of the Bar region are snakes and lizards, kites and vultures, occasionally an antelope or gazelle, a few partridges and blue rock-pigeons.

There have been for many years, in the neighbourhood of the great rivers, canals dug in such a way as to fill when the rivers are in flood—*i.e.*, during the summer months, when the snows of the mountains are melting, but empty during the cold weather, when the rivers are low. These inundation canals, as they are called, are very useful adjuncts to the prosperity of the country, and they pay the State a very respectable return on the capital invested in their construction. They have, however, many drawbacks. The rivers

constantly change their course, so that the position which has been suitable as a head for the canal one year may in the following year be far away from the water; while, on the contrary, the river may take a turn the other way and sweep away any small works devised to regulate the flow at a canal head. Then the water may fail, by the river falling, just at the very time the farmer wants it most; or it may come with a mighty rush at a time when he does *not* want it, and it cannot be turned away. The inundation canal, therefore, is far from being an ideal one.

It requires no expert knowledge to see that there must be some means of utilising the water when the river is low, and of getting rid of superfluous waters when rain has fallen or the need for irrigation has ceased. A canal devised to supply these wants is called a "perennial" canal.

The first requirement is met by a weir across the main stream. The construction of a weir is a task for a Titan, and yet when it is all accomplished there is little to indicate above the surface the mighty work that has been carried to completion. People sometimes visit the head works of a canal expecting to see something that will attract the eye like the Forth Bridge, or the great Vyrnwy Dam that has created in Wales an artificial lake to supply Liverpool with water. They are disappointed that, having come out to the wilderness to see a work that has taken several years to build, there is only a very low bank of masonry over which the water is placidly flowing, or furiously tossing, according to the season. But to the man who has built it, a weir is almost part of himself, a child of his brain that has cost much travail and care, a mighty proof of mind and a sign of victory. Day after day, month after month, ay, year after year, it has been uppermost in his thoughts. It has involved a warfare against a crafty and vigilant foe, a grappling with a wild and untamed monster, who has not yielded without inflicting at times heart-breaking loss, and who has developed unexpected powers of resistance at times when all precedent pointed to capitulation. To supply the food of the assailant, too, what gigantic efforts have been necessary. One, two, even three, train loads of stone every day are swallowed up in this conflict, and other materials in like proportion. The army of invasion has to be organised, managed, directed by day and night, in cold and heat. The work has to be subjected to the severest tests while it is yet fresh from the masons' trowels, and, while the materials must always be of the best, reliance must be placed rather on design than on workmanship, on strategy rather than tactics.

A weir is, in short, a broad and deep bar of stone and concrete across the shifting bed of a river. There are miles of training works which radiate from the ends and prevent the river outflanking it altogether, and the foundations

are laid so deep and so continuously that the water cannot undermine it. The river is, in fact, compelled to obey man's behests. The water must either pass over the weir or into the canal, the head of which is situated on one bank just above the weir. The river, too, must excavate a deep pool just at the canal head, so that the entrance to the canal may never be choked by silt. This is done by means of under sluices through the weir at the end close to the canal head, arranged so that the water is, so to speak, attracted to pass through them when it can escape nowhere else, and thus its current scours out a pool just at the place where such is needed.

When the country is dry and the river low, the weir prevents any water from passing over it at all, if such be the will of the canal engineers. Shutters along the top of the weir are raised, the under sluices are closed, the entire volume of the stream pours through the arched gates of the canal into the great artificial bed prepared for it. In the Chenab and Sirhind Canals nearly every cold weather the whole current of the rivers, Chenab and Sutlej, is thus utilised. But when rain has fallen, and when the farmer does not need the water, the shutters along the weir are dropped, the gates at the canal head are closed, and the river careers in foaming torrent over the weir down its ancient channel.

Superfluous waters in a canal are disposed of by "escapes"—*i.e.*, sluice-gates opening into some natural or artificial watercourse down which the water can be allowed to flow away.

In the case of the older canals, the water was brought to the villages which existed prior to the canal. But in the case of the Bar reclamations there were no villages worth mentioning, and so these had to be brought to the water. In other words, new villages were planned to be peopled by colonists from congested districts, and built in positions most favourable for agriculture.

The basis of the whole scheme was a square of about 27 acres in area, a suitable size for a peasant farmer. On paper the whole thing was delightfully simple. You have your tract of waste land, say, 100 miles long by about 30 broad, all of which has been proved, from the preliminary surveys, to be capable of irrigation, and which has formed the subject of many reports, and finally of the Secretary of State's sanction. You draw a straight line down the middle as a sort of backbone, and you draw other lines at right angles to this and parallel to it, until the whole area is divided up into a vast number of 27-acre squares.

Now go out and mark it on the ground. It is not quite so easy. To lay out an *absolutely* straight line on the ground for 100 miles may be possible, but to lay out hundreds of squares depending on this centre line with anything like scientific accuracy is hopeless. As one gets farther and farther away from the backbone, the squares become more and more lozenge-shaped, diamond-

shaped, and otherwise distorted. However, the Punjabi peasant is not very particular, and the actual area of the plot is not far out one way or the other. Every corner peg of each square has to be accurately levelled,—*i.e.*, to have its level accurately recorded to the hundredth part of a foot,—so that long before the detailed design for the works even can begin, a host of workers, European and native, must be busy each cold season, from dawn till dark, living in tents, and moving from place to place as the work develops.

By the month of April tents become unbearable, and the shimmering haze on the ground makes accurate levelling impossible. Looking through the telescope of your instrument, you will see the levelling staff, a very rigid piece of wood and brass, so distorted by the haze that it is apparently wriggling like a snake, or rather performing a feat no snake ever succeeded in accomplishing—viz., standing on its tail and dancing.

Now the accuracy of levels is a matter of vital importance where the flow of water in open channels is concerned. It is important, of course, in other branches of engineering, such as railway work, but if you do chance to make a slight mistake there (and I have heard of a case where a mistake of 10 feet was not discovered till two ends of a cutting were found to meet at a difference of that level), it is possible to make the gradient differ a little one way or other. But with water this is impossible; hence when the weather makes the levelling staves wriggle, it is time to stop work for the season and begin the paper work.

A long and arduous task is this: first the planning of the distribution system,—whether the gigantic leaf will be like that of the oak, with a central main channel and a series of distributaries branching right and left; or whether it will resemble the plane or the vine, with a bifurcation at the end of the stalk and a series of branches proceeding thence, each with its own system. In any case, these have to be settled according to the conditions of the ground, not forgetting, too, that where there is irrigation there must also be drainage, or the land will be waterlogged and the inhabitants unhealthy.

Then comes the settling of village sites and the channels leading thereto. The design of the falls, the regulators, the escapes, the bridges, the diversion of roads, the positions of inspection-houses, and probably the planning, or at least the selection, of the site for a new town to act as a headquarters of the new district, have all to be taken up, designed, and estimated—a stupendous task, and one which will be most carefully scrutinised by superior authority in its most minute details.

For it has always been a tradition in this department that no detail is too insignificant to be slurred over. Financial control is not understood merely to mean the authority to spend money on

a given work in any way you please, and then to examine the accounts. Examination certainly does take place with scrupulous exactness, but it is not there that economy comes in. It is recognised that economy must begin with the early stages of the work—scrupulous care in connection with the scientific planning, and the materials specified. This does not mean that these are inferior—on the contrary, no better workmanship is to be found in the country; but it must be so controlled in every detail that no useless expense is allowed anywhere. This means often long delay before a work is actually begun, but it is time well spent.

Here the reader will perhaps pardon me if I digress for a moment to give a personal testimony. I served for about three years, at various periods, in a varied career now of some thirty-four years, in the Irrigation Department, and was three times summoned away by telegram to go on active service from a canal. I found the experience I had gained there of infinite value to me in war, in the practice gained in organising masses of men and planning for supplies of all sorts. But I learned also, in a way that has proved of incalculable value, the lesson of practical economy on a large scale. I have served in every other branch of the Public Works Department in India, have carried out works under Government in various other parts of the world, and have a very fair knowledge of what is done in civil life at home on railways, harbour works, and water-supply schemes, but I have never come across in any place any large works so thoroughly and efficiently managed as those of the Punjab Irrigation Branch.

There are two results of this. One is, that one never hears of a large contractor making a fortune out of the canal works, as one does in connection with other engineering schemes; the other is, that partly due to this economy, and partly to the natural configuration of the Punjab, the canals pay an enormous profit to the State.

As regards the last point a few facts may be quoted. The immortal Mr Gradgrind, we may remember, was above all things desirous to obtain facts. Well, there is a report annually published by the Punjab Government, called the Administration Report of the Irrigation Branch, full of the hardest facts that the mind of man could ever be called to digest, and purchaseable at a cheap price from any Government publisher. It contains the exact area of every crop grown on watered land. The names of some of these crops will be new and strange facts to Mr Gradgrind, but this is a matter of detail. The lengths of all the channels, main and subsidiary, the cost of every canal, the maximum amount of water which it is capable of discharging, and the maximum that it did discharge at any second of the year, are all recorded in a manner so interwoven that one is reminded of the accounts of a mess, where it is said that in order to arrive at a balance-

sheet the secretary multiplied the butter by the potatoes, and divided the product by the honorary members.

From this mass of facts we learn that the Chenab Canal, the largest of the Punjab canals, so far, but still only one among several, has cost Rs. 28,227,748, that the gross receipts in 1906 were Rs. 8,762,061, the working expenses Rs. 1,961,473, leaving a net revenue of Rs. 6,800,588, or a percentage on capital outlay of 24·09. The interest charges on the capital, however, amount to Rs. 1,093,926, which, deducted from the net revenue, leaves a surplus of Rs. 5,706,662, or a net percentage of 20·22. The area irrigated is approximately two million acres, and the value of the crops raised in *one year* (from land which a few years ago was entirely waste) is given at Rs. 38,565,915, *—considerably in excess of the total capital cost.*

The canal discharges at a maximum 10,730 cubic feet a second. Its main line is forty miles long, its branches 387 miles, and its distributary channels 2308 miles. This takes no account of minor village channels.

To grasp these huge figures, let us take for comparison the water-supply of London with its seven million inhabitants. For municipal, trade, and domestic purposes thirty gallons per head per diem of the population are considered necessary, or 210 million gallons in twenty-four hours, for the entire city and suburbs. Now if all this quantity were obtained, not, as it is now, from several different sources, but in one large stream, it would be equal to a discharge of 400 cubic feet a second. Hence the Chenab Canal is designed to discharge water enough to supply twenty-six cities as large as London, with a population of 182 millions, or the entire domestic, industrial, and municipal needs of the British Isles, France, Germany, and Austria combined!

This is the largest of the great perennial canals, but there are four others (the Bari Doab, the Western Jumna, the Sirhind, and the Jhelum) which discharge each more than 4000 cubic feet per second. Setting aside the Western Jumna Canal, which is the reconstruction of an old native work, one may say that in this province of India the engineers of the Victorian era have devised and carried out a system of water distribution more than is needed for all requirements in respect of water-supply by the entire population of Europe.

Then as regards revenue, the direct returns only are put to the credit of the canals; but this means only the enhanced land revenue paid by the people over and above the ordinary rent paid for unirrigated land. Even in lands watered by wells, where the farmer himself supplies the labour for raising the water, a higher land revenue is paid than would be paid for land which had to depend on rainfall only for its moisture. It is therefore in accordance with the fundamental principle of land assessment—viz., that a percentage of the value of the crop is paid to the State—that canal-watered land should pay the highest revenue. The credit to the canal department

is useful enough, 20 per cent being considered by anybody a very satisfactory return, but after all it only represents a part of the benefit conferred by irrigation on the people. The crops, which in one year exceed in value the entire capital outlay, would never have grown at all on the Bar land but for canal water; and the millions of acres now under cultivation are no longer populated by snakes and lizards, but by a thriving class of vigorous peasants, in whose welfare is the real strength of the nation.

It is not the least part of the skill with which these works have been devised, that from first to last they are designed to be carried out by native labour and materials. It is safe to say that of the capital expenditure at least 90 per cent has found its way into the pockets of the people of the country. The excavation of the hundreds of miles of irrigation channels, large and small, has been effected by swarms of humble labourers, with their rude mattocks and baskets. Entire families are employed, the men doing the digging, the women carrying the stuff to the spoil heap, the children, according to their age and strength, carrying out some part of the work, either helping to lift the baskets or break up the clods in the spoil. So remunerative, indeed, is this simple labour that one tribe, who were originally employed on the Ganges Canal works some sixty years ago, have now abandoned agriculture, and go about the country from one canal work under construction to another. These people, who are locally called Odes, are skilful navvies and earn excellent wages, but they have become arrogant and troublesome, presuming on their superior skill. Hence they have been somewhat humorously described as "Odi profanum vulgus."

No doubt a modern digging machine, with its huge steel jaws taking at one bite as much earth as a whole family of Odes would do in a day, would carry out the work as cheaply, and probably more expeditiously, than the swarm of human ants above described. But such an application of modern machinery is unnecessary, because there are many other works on a canal to be constructed as well as the actual digging, and these always take most time. Besides, the rulers of the land are as much opposed to free trade in labour as any British workman can be, and the capital cost and the working expenses of such labour-saving machinery would not benefit the people of the land. Their comfort and advantage are studied everywhere, as indeed is only right. The bridges, falls, regulators, and other masonry works which occur so frequently over the canal system, are all designed so as to be made of materials either quarried or manufactured by native labour and built by native artisans.

In this, irrigation works contrast favourably with other public works. In railways, for instance, much of the capital expenditure goes to rolling-stock, permanent way materials, and signalling instru-

ments, all of which are of European manufacture. The working expenses on railways involve the employment of many Europeans, not only in the superior ranks, but also as guards, engine-drivers, foremen, &c. On canals nearly the whole of the establishment employed is native, with the exception of the few European officers. There is a whole army of *patwàris*, gauge readers, patrols, as well as clerks, secretaries, and other functionaries exclusively employed in office-work.

But, unfortunately, there is one dark shade across a very bright picture. The service of the Irrigation Department, lofty in its scientific aims and splendid in its results, is a most unpopular one among European engineers. The life, as we have pointed out, is lonely and exposed. A man, not unnaturally, desires some social or domestic relaxation from official cares, and in no branch of the Public Works Department does he get so little of these. There is practically no corresponding compensation in the matter of emolument. However skilful or scientific, the Indian civil engineer cannot command the price for his brain work that his compeer in practice in England can: I am speaking, of course, of those who are at the top of their profession in both countries. Nor is there any chance of the Indian civil engineer nowadays obtaining any of the rich administrative appointments open to the covenanted Civil Service. It was different in the case of the military engineers who were the early pioneers of this work. Sir Henry Durand, for example, rose to be Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and Lord Napier of Magdala became Commander-in-Chief in India, and subsequently Governor of Gibraltar. With these and other celebrated military engineers the case was somewhat different from that to-day of the civil engineers by whose skill these great canals have for the most part been built. They have practically no other career before them. A turn in fortune's wheel might take a soldier engineer away from his canal to a campaign where honour and advancement await him, but the civilian comrade with whom he has been working has to stay on at his steady work, with very little prospect before him, except that he knows he must retire at an age when his experience is most mature and his knowledge of the country most extensive. He knows also that, with the exception of Egypt and America, his skill and experience will not find a market in other parts of the world, and though he may be listened to with the utmost respect at the headquarters of the Institution of Civil Engineers at Westminster, he will find no scope in England for actual practice. Little wonder, therefore, that he endeavours to obtain a transfer from work so unremunerative, and to follow his compeers at Cooper's Hill or Roorkee into railways or some other less specialised branch of their profession.

There is also the feeling that the work is not appreciated,—that the very art which has concealed the art of scientific canal design has been so effectual that the lay mind has come to think there is no art at all. This feeling of bitterness may be unfair, but it unquestionably exists; and it must be admitted that there have been certain incidents which have given grounds for it. When a colossal work like the Chenab Canal was opened, one might have thought that the occasion was one for a little *éclat*, and possibly the bestowal of some marks of honour by the representative of the Sovereign. When the Glasgow Waterworks were opened in 1859, Queen Victoria, at some personal inconvenience to herself, graced the occasion with her presence, and gave proofs of her appreciation to those principally concerned. But no Viceroy of India went near the Chenab Canal for some six years after its opening. When at last one did visit the place, and there was a good deal of high falutin about the desert blossoming—which was true, if not very original,—the next Honours Gazette contained no reward whatever for any engineer. There was a decoration given, but it was to the colonisation officer who had arranged for the transplanting of families from the congested districts to the new area. Very probably this officer had done his work, and deserved his honour, most thoroughly. But to reward him only was, as the principal Lahore newspaper severely said, as though, in opening a large public building by the Sovereign, the architect had been ignored and only the lawyer who drew up the deed of occupancy had been noticed. It is needless to say that the private comments on this occasion were forcible and caustic.

That the rulers of the Punjab fully appreciate the loyal and conscientious service of the canal engineers is evinced by many public utterances of successive Lieutenant-Governors. It is understood that quite recently improvements in pay, &c., have been made, which will alleviate the bitterness above alluded to. No doubt the Government has carefully considered how best to put the matter on a more satisfactory footing, and that being the case, it would be impertinent for an onlooker, however cognisant of the facts from within, and however sympathetic, to suggest a remedy. But no account of canal work in the Punjab, however fragmentary, would be true without some allusion to this subject. In a work so interwoven with the welfare of the people, and involving such large sums of money, dissatisfaction among the workers is a serious national question. There are to-day in progress further schemes still vaster than any which have hitherto been accomplished, and to leave the working out of these in any but the best hands would be a national calamity.

(*To be concluded.*)

MORE LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY CRICKETER.

III.

ONCE again the village umpire. For, turning over in my mind the events of the days when I was young, I arrive at the conclusion that the old village umpire's ideas of the game were as crooked as his morality. On what principle was he commonly selected? I seem to fancy that superior knowledge of the laws of cricket was seldom taken seriously into the reckoning. Doubtless in those rare villages where the worship of the goddess Astræa — if that was the name of the patroness of fair-play — still survived, a man under authority, and therefore of supposed or implied respectability, might be called to stand,—the parson of the parish for choice, or if not the parson, the churchwarden, or the parish clerk, or the Sunday-school master. In my own primeval village the same man combined in his own person the two last-named offices, and I can distinctly remember that he was the recognised village umpire. For the parson, my own father, was generally to be found captaining the side, and was quite the canniest bowler in the district. A real good bowler of the old school, underhand, of course, medium of pace, a slight twist from the leg, and with bewildering accuracy of pitch. Our churchwardens, substantial farmers both, and that in more than one sense of the word, had other and more important fish to fry, and so were not available. For Saturday, our usual cricket day, was also market day in the county town. So, in default of higher dignitaries, the clerk, a cobbler by trade, was the man for the post.

Those pair, too, I take it, were parish clerks and Sunday-school masters rolled up into one, whom, as a tiny boy at school, I watched on a Whit-Monday officiating in a match played between Radley and some neighbouring village. My impression is that a stony-hearted matron—I was seldom without a cold in those days—must have laid an embargo on my playing on that Whit-Monday in the minimus game on the school-ground. For to pose as spectator when I might be playing myself never at any time commended itself to my fancy. I would rather play for Sharnbrook *v.* Barnbrook than watch an international match from the pavilion at Lord's. My companion for the occasion was no less a "swell" than the captain of our so-called second eleven—as a matter of fact it was the first eleven of the Junior Club,—a fine athlete, but a poor scholar. For though several years my senior, he was in my own form, and I commonly had the honour of writing his verses for him. It was he who, being

a person of varied information on other points than prosody, had got wind of the affair, and being temporarily incapacitated by reason of a vaccinated arm, he had made up his mind to go and see the fun, and was pleased not only to invite my company but to get for us both the required permission to go "out of bounds." Out of bounds we went accordingly, and arrived at our destination, not more than a quarter of a mile from the school-ground, even as the stumps were being pitched. The wicket, a mown patch in the middle of some pasture land, suggested the idea that the groundsman had prepared it by the simple process of inviting all the sore-backed donkeys in the neighbourhood to come and roll upon it; and some of the donkeys had apparently omitted to take off their shoes. There was the old familiar booth, with long table garnished by quart pots. There were the selected champions, easily distinguishable from the vulgar herd by the circumstance that the whole twenty-two of them were already stripped for the fray, guiltless indeed of flannels,—as indeed were the whole of our minimus game,—but in their shirt-sleeves, and sporting all sorts and colours of fancy caps. One gentleman, who affected a sort of oriental smoking-cap with a tassel hanging down behind, especially commanded our admiration. There, too, were the rival umpires, also by their dress easily distinguishable. *Prætextati?* Well, no! It was hardly my idea of holiday attire, even though it was worn on Whit-Monday. With tall hats, white ties, and black coats, the umpires rather recalled the idea of an Eton master or a well-to-do undertaker, except for the fact that each was carrying in his hand a long white wand, of which the more ordinary use—for I never on any other occasion saw the implement handled on a week-day—was for the rapping of the heads of unruly or sleepy boys in church on Sunday. At first we thought that these were carried by way of adding dignity to the office, but presently were persuaded that they were brought with an eye to business and for the better edification of recalcitrant batsmen. When the fieldsmen began to straggle out we managed to secure an excellent position for seeing on the top of two convenient ant-hills, of which there were many in that country. Our point of vantage had the drawback, to be sure, of being about where cover-point might have preferred to stand. But the ring was not too closely kept, the other thirty or forty spectators squatting or standing in groups pretty well where they liked, and the off-side fieldsmen were few and far between. It may be that the position of the field in cricket of that type is, or used to be, regulated by the position of the liquor tent. For John Hodge on Whit-Monday is apt to be a thirsty soul. Having chosen our seats, then, we sat down and waited for developments, and with the very first ball of the match

came a very startling development. The batsman, having demanded "block," hammered out a mighty grave in the pitch, assumed a defiant attitude, and had a lusty but unsuccessful mow at the first ball. This, rather to our surprise, was round-arm, not very fast, but tolerably straight,—at that date, let me say, wides were quite fashionable. The ball rose straight up off the pitch, and as the batsman stooped for the mow, hit him fairly and squarely in the eye. This, I regret to say, to our intense delight. For when were small schoolboys anything but brutal? The batsman flung down his bat and clapped both hands to his eye. There was no appeal. But the umpire, in exactly the same voice as I could imagine him leading the responses in church, first enunciated "Hout!" and then volunteered the further information "Leg afront!" My companion fell backwards off his seat, and fairly shouted with laughter. For a moment the batsman, still with both hands to his eye, appeared inclined to dispute the decision. But when the umpire, advancing majestically down the pitch, both by word of mouth and gesture with the wand showed himself ready to have recourse to compulsion, the injured innocent thought better of it, and retired to the tent, leaving his bat—probably one of the only pair on the side—behind him.

How good a weapon, by the way, was now and again one of those "club" bats! A result, no doubt, of constant hammering. I offered a sergeant down at Woolwich ten years ago thirty shillings for the bat with which I had seen him make some gorgeous drives in a match on privates' ground.

"If it was mine, sir, you should have it and welcome," was the civil answer, "but it belongs to the club, and I should have to ask the secretary." And the secretary declined to part with it at any price.

Alas! that I saw no more of that game. My companion's form of showing his appreciation of the performance—for he continued his inane cackling—evidently did not commend itself to the rustic mind, and the school was not always on very good terms with the village. So when we saw the two umpires, after a brief consultation, advancing in our direction, we thought it prudent to decamp.

Occasionally, too, without doubt, the choice of the umpire was influenced by considerations of a man's fighting-weight and capacity. An instance of this kind came very near home to me in the first "out" match I played for a village near Rugby.

"I was thinking, sir," said our secretary, the village baker, "as we'd do well to ask Mr 'Ho'"—the gentleman's name really began with a vowel—"to stand for us in our match agin B——."

As all that I knew about Mr "Ho" was that he had a very red nose, and was reputed to be bibulous, I was rather inclined to demur to the proposition.

"But does he know anything at all about the game?"

"Well, I ain't a-going to say as he's quite what you'd call not a Lillywhite's guide, like. But he's uncommon 'andy with his fists, is Mr 'Ho,' and we most in general counts on meeting some roughish customers at B——."

I at once withdrew my objection, but for some reason or another Mr "Ho" could not be prevailed upon to stand, and we had to go without him. Fortunately, perhaps, we were comfortably beaten, and so the affair did not resolve itself into a match of fisticuffs. Even so, the baker remained firm in his conviction that had we been lucky enough to secure Mr "Ho's" assistance the match might have ended in our favour.

Or again, a man with a reputation for having a Benjamin's portion of mother-wit, or the gift of singing a good song, might be the favoured candidate for the post. The bard, from the Homeric age even until now, has ever been a welcome guest in village as well as courtly circles. And a glib tongue and ready wit—be they seasoned with never so much vulgarity—have been found to carry great weight when a rustic audience is agape to listen. Certainly an intensely vulgar carpenter was an important factor of success in two football matches which I played for a certain village nigh upon thirty years ago. He was not a player, nor yet an umpire, but he used to prowl about the touch-line, and indulge in such truly awful reflections upon the personal appearance, performances, and general morality of the opposition side, that two of them were constantly employed in hunting him round the ground, while the game went on without them. As the obstreperous carpenter was fleet of foot, and the sympathies of our gallery of brickmakers pre-enlisted in his favour, he managed to elude the punishment he so richly deserved, and was wise enough to make himself scarce before the end of the match. After I heard him insult, in the most outrageous manner, a fine player and most excellent fellow on the other side, I drew the line, and refused to play again if he was admitted to the ground. But the villagers elected to retain the services of the carpenter, the more valuable auxiliary.

But to leave the matter of selection, and hark back to partiality. I played once in a match near Daventry, where it was the clearest case of pull devil pull baker that I ever saw in my life. The "baker" was on our side, and by virtue of his superior talent, or better luck in receiving more appeals, we won the match. But I am bound to say that the other party was bad to beat. It is well to be modest on occasion, and I will admit that my own contribution to the success of my side was worse than insignificant. The other side went in first, and I happened to be keeping wicket. One particular decision given by the "devil" was intensely aggravating to the bowler and myself at the time, though we could afford to laugh at it afterwards. The last ball of

an over, a straight and fast yorker or indeed full pitch, landed on the batsman's foot, which was actually in the block-hole.

"How's that?" simultaneously from bowler and wicket-keeper.

"Hover."

"But I appealed for lbw," explained the bowler.

"You says 'how's that?' and I says 'hover,' and hover it is."

Nothing more could be extracted from the umpire, and two at least of our side were inclined to chuck up the match there and then. But point, a wise man, and one who knew the ropes, came and whispered in my ear—

"Never mind, it's all right. Our man is worse!"

And when I glanced at the stout party who was moving up from the short-leg position, I caught his eye, and was not a little comforted. Comforted for the time only; later on I was equally disgusted with him and with myself. Bad as the wicket was, I had every chance given me of making a record score that day. For the bowling was by no means straight, and the feat of getting out at one end without being clean bowled resolved itself into an impossibility. What I actually did was to score exactly five runs in four completed innings. Forewarned that no mercy would be shown to me if I either left my ground or allowed the ball to hit my leg or to pass the wicket on the off side when the "devil" would have the decision, I amused myself by gently stopping every ball sent down from one end by a very short-pitched and simple slow bowler. Where the "baker" had his say, I was run out, caught at the wicket, and badly lbw before I retired clean bowled. Even then our umpire was not by any means satisfied. This he showed by giving vent to sundry inarticulate sounds, palpably intended to attract my attention, and by making a series of grimaces as I walked away. Just as I was leaving the ground in the evening he came up and volunteered to carry my bag to the cart.

"What sort of a game was that, mister, to walk away without giving a chap a chance? You might have lost the match by it. Why didn't you appeal, they chucking up the ball and all?"

This was Greek to me at the time, but in the following week came enlightenment, and I learned for the first time the fact that here and there were to be met with at that date "Rules of the Ground" as distinct from the M.C.C. authorised version of the laws of cricket. For I fell into conversation with a parson, who, like many other men of my acquaintance, was in full possession of a grievance. It appeared that he had been coaching his choir boys in cricket, and was not a little proud of their prowess. But playing their first match away from home they had been beaten.

"And I want your opinion," he concluded, in a querulous voice, of the type that drives me distracted when I hear it

from a pulpit, "for I don't think myself that it was quite fair."

"What was not fair?"

"Why, you see, my boys were only beaten by nine runs, and they had to get quite twenty of the other side's wickets down, and twelve or thirteen were clean bowled."

"But how many were playing on a side? The whole choir?"

"Only eleven."

"Two innings, then?"

"Oh, no; but it's a rule of the ground that we were playing on, that if any of the field either throws up the ball, or says 'out' before the umpire has spoken, it doesn't count 'out,' and—and my poor boys had never played that way before."

Poor parson! And was that what was in the "baker's" mind?

Curiously enough, many years later I knew in the flesh a thoroughly honest boy-cricketer, who must have imbibed from some unknown source a very similar idea of the game. Watching a match between two preparatory schools, I saw a simple catch held at cover-point.

"Poor old Jack!" I murmured.

But then? There was a momentary hesitation, and the bowler, to whom the ball had been returned, stared expectantly at the batsman. And the batsman stared into space. Finally the latter prepared to receive the next ball. And the bowler, after another brief period of hesitation, went on bowling.

"Great Scot!" I exclaimed to a man who was sitting next to me, "surely that was out!"

"Never saw a clearer case in my life!"

"Could it have been an optical delusion? Could it have——?"

"No; look at the umpires," he interrupted me. The umpires were masters of the rival schools, and each had set his heart on victory. We could see that the man by short-leg was shaking with laughter, and the other looking—thinking, too — daggers. Jack so far profited by his escape that he made nineteen more runs—his side eventually won the match by fifteen—before he was bowled off his pad. Even then he seemed inclined to stop, and the wicket-keeper had to appeal.

We intercepted the retiring batsman on his way to the pavilion, and I tackled him at once.

"I say, Jack, weren't you caught at cover-point?"

"Well, I thought so," he admitted.

"But don't you generally go when you're caught at cover-point? He isn't a boundary, exactly."

"I thought you ought never to go out till the umpire has given you out. And nobody asked him."

"A very good rule, too, Jack," struck in my companion. "Just you stick to it, and you'll do!" And then, dragging me away, he added: "Jack is very honest, but not over bright, and if you tell him to go out when he thinks he is

out, you will find him marching off and saying he is lbw some day."

The bowler, of course, when put on his defence, gave the ordinary answer of the modern preparatory schoolboy—

"Why didn't you appeal, you little donkey?"

"Please, sir, I didn't know I had to."

Right for once! But has not that stereotyped form of reply been called upon to play its part in reference to every duty and function of preparatory school life—except, perhaps, to the eating of sweet stuff?

Here are two stories, bequeathed to me as a legacy by one who was a good friend, whether on the cricket-field or off it. Both things happened in the same neighbourhood within a few days, and he wrote the stories down and posted them off to me. I little dreamed at the time that I was to see his face again no more.

On the first occasion, away from home on a holiday, he was taking a bicycle-ride with a view to seeing something of a country new to him. He had started after breakfast, and, riding along leisurely, presently came to a field in which there were evident preparations for a cricket-match. There were flags on the ground, red posters on the gate, and an old fellow was standing by the pitch which he had apparently just marked out. S—— dismounted, and leaving his machine inside the gate, strolled on to the ground and had a look at the wicket.

"Hulloa!" to the old man, "your crease is much too broad." For he had noticed at once that the popping crease was at least twice the usual width.

"You says as my crease is too broad, do yer? Well, I says it ain't, so there!"

As the old gentleman seemed inclined to be crusty, and the width of the crease was of no particular consequence to S——, he elected to hold his tongue.

Pleased, apparently, to have silenced criticism, the old fellow presently went on to impart instruction.

"You said as my crease was too broad, didn't yer!"

S—— nodded.

"P'raps you can tell I this, then. Who do it belong to? Whose proputty bee's un?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Then I tell 'ee. See here now." And with that the speaker planted a tolerably large boot lengthways in the middle of the crease, so that he was literally standing *on* the crease, with no part of his foot either inside or outside. "It's mine!" very emphatically. "I be umpire, and if I've a mind to say 'Hin!' I says 'Hin!' and if I've a mind to say 'Hout!' I says 'Hout!'"

The story rather reminds one of Bob the pedlar's thumb in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

"There are more things in heaven and
earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

A few days later S—— had promised to play in a match between two local teams.

Proceedings were to commence at 11.30, and he had to travel about five miles by a local train. Preferring to be an hour or so early rather than half an hour late, he left his bag at the station to be called for by arrangement, walked up to the ground, and sat down in the verandah of the empty pavilion to smoke a pipe. There he was presently joined by a stout party in a tall hat, who was inclined to be almost inconveniently conversational. After a few attempts to pump S——, who, being in mufti, might or might not be a cricketer, the interlocutor, or perhaps I should say Mercurius, apparently satisfied himself that the stranger had only come to watch the match.

"Now, who's agoing to win to-day?" he inquired at last; "M—— or N——?" naming the rival sides.

"M—— I suppose," replied S——, preferring to plump for the opposition.

"I knew," he wrote to me, "that we were pretty bad, and couldn't imagine that the others would be worse."

"Right you are, lad!" heartily responded the other. "M—— 'll win, sure enough. Them as is coming ain't no manner of count on, not one on 'em. A chap did let on as that there S——" (a sort of caricature of his companion's name) "onst got an 'underd down Lunnon ways or somewheres. I never saw the party myself, nor heard tell of him neither. But I'll tell 'ee this — he won't get no 'underd here, no, nor ten neither. Cos why, you says? Cos I'm umpire, and I'll take jolly good care to see as he shan't."

"Thanks!" said S—— drily. "And he'll take jolly good care to see that you 'shan't' umpire! Good morning!"

An objection was entered and successfully maintained.

"I didn't get 100," wrote S——. "There was just one 0 missing. But we won our match."

"Silence," runs an Eastern proverb, "is a wise thing, but they who observe it are few."

Placid and much-to-be-envied imperturbability of temper marked the paths of an umpire who years ago stood in a rustic match, where I was one of the players, in Northamptonshire. Either from ignorance or carelessness, or what was rather kindness of heart than partiality, he confirmed one too evidently wrong decision with a second, and in the end by reversing the verdict proved himself—if proof was wanting—to have been entirely in the wrong throughout.

"How's that?" shouted our wicket-keeper as he knocked off the bails of a yokel who had stepped beyond the crease to meet a slow ball and missed it.

"Not out," said the umpire, and the yokel, without moving his foot or putting his bat down, calmly looked over his shoulder and made a hideous and would-be derisive grimace at the stumper. He would have done better to have taken heed of his ways.

"How's that?" came the second appeal, as the wicket-keeper, ball in hand, pulled up a stump.

"Not out," in a louder voice from the umpire, backed by another hideous grimace from the batsman.

A man who, knowing himself to be in his rights, is having ugly faces made at him, is apt to wax short of temper.

"How's that, then, you old idiot?" and this time three stumps and two bails showered on the ground at the umpire's feet.

"Well," said the functionary, slowly advancing, and taking more careful stock of the situation, "I'm sorry, Bill, my boy, but you'll have to go now. I've give you two good chantses. But there, a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse,—ain't it, mister?"

The last part of the remark was addressed to the wicket-keeper, who threw himself on his back and fairly shouted with laughter, while Bill walked over, grinning horribly, and the umpire proceeded to collect and re-pitch the stumps.

It is a moot-point to this day who was meant to be the blind horse—Bill, the umpire himself, or the wicket-keeper. I had intended to question the umpire at the time, but found that he had left the ground while I was changing.

Here, in conclusion, is a story told me by a very eminent cricketer in the pavilion of Lords',—a tale of most dishonest practices, where the home umpire, if not primarily responsible, was evidently in the swim. A certain local club had almost a notorious reputation for invariably winning their matches in the home ground. And this was the way of it. Two wickets were prepared for every match, but the actual marking out of the crease was postponed till the toss had either been won or lost. It chanced that the narrator's brother, a gentleman who knew his way about the cricket world better, as our rustics say, "nor here a one or there a one," was taking an eleven down to oppose the club. Either suspicious beforehand of sharp practices, or desirous of examining the state of the ground, he went out to inspect the wicket on his arrival. And the circumstance that there were two wickets, either of which might be intended for the day's play, at once appealed to him as curious. Testing them both with his foot, he found that one had been quite recently watered and the other had not. So, when it came to tossing, he may be described as being "casum in utrumquo paratus."

He remained on the ground till the opposition captain came out of the pavilion. Presently they tossed, and the visitor won.

"Will you go in or out?" said the other.

"We go in—on that wicket," was the answer.

"Oh, but the other is our wicket for to-day."

"Then you can go in on it."

The home side went in, and naturally lost the match.

"The owner of the house," runs an Arabian proverb, "knows best what is in it."

So, too, of cricket-grounds!

THE TEMPERAMENT OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

BY ARTHUR E. P. WEIGALL.

A CERTAIN school geography book, now out of date, condenses its remarks upon the character of our Gallic cousins into the following pregnant sentence: "The French are a gay and frivolous nation, fond of dancing and red wine." The description would so nearly apply to the ancient inhabitants of Egypt, that its adoption here as a text to this article cannot be said to be extravagant. The unbiassed inquirer into the affairs of ancient Egypt must discover ultimately, and perhaps to his regret, that the dwellers on the Nile were a "gay and frivolous people," festive, light-hearted, and mirthful, "fond of dancing and red wine," and pledged to all that is brilliant in life. There are very many people, naturally, who hold to those views which their forefathers held before them, and picture the Egyptians as a sombre, gloomy people; replete with thoughts of Death and of the more melancholy aspect of religion; burdened with the menacing presence of a multitude of horrible gods and demons, whose priests demanded the erection of vast temples for their appeasement; having little joy of this life, and much uneasy conjecture about the next; making entertainment in solemn gatherings and ponderous feasts; and holding merriment in holy contempt. Of the five classes into which the dictionary divides the human temperament, namely, the bilious or choleric, the phlegmatic, the sanguine, the melancholic, and the nervous, it is probable that the first, the second, and the fourth would be those assigned to the ancient Egyptians by these people. This view is so entirely false that one will be forgiven if, in the attempt to dissolve it, the gaiety of the race is thrust before the reader with too little extenuation. The sanguine, and perhaps the nervous, are the classes of temperament under which the Egyptians must be docketed. It cannot be denied that they were an industrious and even a strenuous people, that they indulged in the most serious thoughts, and attempted to study the most complex problems of life, and that the ceremonial side of their religion occupied a large part of their time. But there is abundant evidence to show that they were one of the least gloomy people of the world, and that they took their duties in the most buoyant manner, allowing as much sunshine to radiate through their minds as shone from the cloudless Egyptian skies upon their dazzling country.

It is curiously interesting to notice how general is the present belief in the solemnity of this ancient race's attitude

towards existence, and how little their real character is appreciated. Already the reader will be protesting, perhaps, that the application of the geographer's summary of French characteristics to the ancient Egyptians lessens in no wise its ridiculousness, but rather increases it. Let the protest, however, be held back for a while. Even if the Egyptians were only rarely frivolous, they were always uncommonly gay, and the slight exaggeration will be pardoned in view of the fact that old prejudices have to be violently overturned, and the stigma of melancholy and ponderous sobriety torn from the national name. It would be a matter of little surprise to some good persons if the products of excavation in the Nile valley consisted largely of antique black kid gloves.

Like many other nations the ancient Egyptians worshipped their ancestors, and solid tomb-chapels had to be constructed in honour of the more important dead. Both for the purpose of preserving the mummy intact, and also in order to keep the ceremonies going for as long a period of time as possible, these chapels were constructed in a most substantial manner, and many of them have withstood successfully the siege of the years. The dwelling-houses, on the other hand, were seldom delivered from father to son; but, as in modern Egypt, each grandee built a palace for himself, designed to last for a lifetime only, and hardly one of these mansions still exists even as a ruin.

Moreover the tombs were constructed in the dry desert or in the solid hillside, whereas the dwelling-houses were situated on the damp earth, where they had little chance of remaining undemolished. And so it is that the main part of our knowledge of the Egyptians is derived from a study of their tombs and mortuary temples. How false would be our estimate of the character of a modern nation were we to glean our information solely from its churchyard inscriptions! We should know absolutely nothing of the frivolous side of the life of those whose bare bones lie beneath the gloomy declaration of their Christian virtues. It will be realised how sincere was the light-heartedness of the Egyptians when it is remembered that almost everything in the following record of their gaieties is derived from a study of the tombs, and of objects found therein.

Light-heartedness is the key-note of the ancient philosophy of the country, and in this assertion the reader will, in most cases, find cause for surprise. The Greek travellers in Egypt, who returned to their native land impressed with the wonderful mysticism of the Egyptians, committed their amazement to paper, and so led off that feeling of awed reverence which is felt for the philosophy of Pharaoh's subjects. But in their case there was the presence of the priests and wise men eloquently to

baffle them into the state of respect, and there were a thousand unwritten arguments, comments, articles of faith, and controverted points of doctrine heard from the mouths of the believers, to surprise them into a reverential attitude. But we of the present day have left to us only the more outward and visible remains of the Egyptians. There are only the fundamental doctrines to work on, the more penetrating notes of the harmony to listen to. Thus the outline of the philosophy is able to be studied without any complication, and we have no whirligig of priestly talk to confuse it. Examined in this way, working only from cold stones and dry papyri, we are confronted with the old "Eat, drink, and be merry," which is at once the happiest and most dangerous philosophy conceived by man. It is to be noticed that this way of looking at life is to be found in Egypt from the earliest times down to the period of the Greek occupation of the country. That is to say, it was a philosophy inborn in the Egyptian,—a part of his nature.

Imhotep, the famous philosopher of Dynasty III., about B.C. 3500, said to his disciples: "Behold the dwellings of the dead. Their walls fall down, their place is no more; they are as though they had never existed"; and he drew from this the lesson that man is soon done with and forgotten, and that therefore his life should be as happy as possible. To Imhotep must be attributed the earliest known exhortation to man to resign himself to his candle-end of a life, and to the inevitable snuffing-out to come, and to be merry while yet he may. There is a poem, dating from about B.C. 2000, from which the following is taken:—

"Walk after thy heart's desire so long as thou livest. Put myrrh on thy head, clothe thyself in fine linen, anoint thyself with the true marvels of God. . . . Let not thy heart concern itself, until there cometh to thee that great day of lamentation. Yet he who is at rest can hear not thy complaint, and he who lies in the tomb can understand not thy weeping. Therefore, with smiling face, let thy days be happy, and rest not therein. For no man carrieth his goods away with him; O, no man returneth again who is gone thither."

Again, we have the same sentiments expressed in a tomb of about B.C. 1500, belonging to a certain Neferhotep, a priest of Amen:—

"That which hath come into being must pass away again. . . . The young men and maidens go to their places; the sun riseth at dawn, and setteth again in the hills of the west. Men beget and women conceive; every nostril smelleth the breath of daybreak. The children, too, go to the places which are appointed for them. O, then, be happy! Come, scents and perfumes are set before thee; flowers and lilies for the arms and neck of thy beloved, the dweller within thy heart, who sitteth beside thee. Come, songs and music are before thee. Set behind thee all cares; think only upon gladness, until that day cometh whereon thou shalt go down to the land which loveth silence."

A Ptolemaic inscription quoted more fully towards the end of this article reads: "Follow thy desire by night and by day. Put not care within thy heart."

The ancient Egyptian peasants, like their modern descendants, were fatalists, and a happy carelessness seems to have softened the strenuousness of their daily tasks. The peasants of the present day in Egypt so lack the initiative to develop the scope of their industries that their life cannot be said to be strenuous. In whatever work they undertake, however, they show a wonderful degree of cheerfulness, and a fine disregard for misfortune. Their forefathers, similarly, went through their labours with a song upon their lips. In the tombs at Sakkâra, dating from the Old Empire, there are scenes representing flocks of goats treading in the seed on the newly-sown ground, and the inscriptions give the song which the goat-herds sing:—

"The goat-herd is in the water with the fishes,—
He speaks with the *nar*-fish, he talks with the pike;
From the west is your goat-herd; your goat-herd is from the west."

The meaning of the words is not known, of course, but the song seems to have been a popular one. A more comprehensible ditty is that sung to the oxen by their driver, which dates from the New Empire:—

"Thresh out for yourselves, ye oxen, thresh out for yourselves.
Thresh out the straw for your food, and the grain for your masters.
Do not rest yourselves, for it is cool to-day."

Some of the love-songs have been preserved from destruction, and these throw much light upon the subject of the Egyptian temperament. A number of songs, supposed to have been sung by a girl to her lover, form themselves into a collection entitled "The beautiful and gladsome songs of thy sister, whom thy heart loves, as she walks in the fields." The girl is supposed to belong to the peasant class, and most of the verses are sung whilst she is at her daily occupation of snaring wild duck in the marshes. One must imagine the songs warbled without any particular refrain, just as in the case of the modern Egyptians, who pour out their ancient tales of love and adventure in a series of bird-like cadences, full-throated, and often wonderfully melodious. A peculiar sweetness and tenderness will be noticed in the following examples, and though they suffer in translation, their airy lightness and refinement is to be distinguished. One characteristic song, addressed by the girl to her lover, runs—

"Caught by the worm, the wild duck cries,
But in the love-light of thine eyes
I, trembling, loose the trap. So flies
The bird into the air.
What will my angry mother say?
With basket full I come each day,
But now thy love hath led me stray,
And I have set no snare."

Again, in a somewhat similar strain, she sings—

"The wild duck scatter far, and now
Again they light upon the bough
And cry unto their kind;
Anon they gather on the mere—
But yet unharmed I leave them there,
For love hath filled my mind."

Another song must, for want of space, be given in prose form. The girl who sings is supposed to be making a wreath of flowers, and as she works she cries—

"I am thy first sister, and to me thou art as a garden which I have planted with flowers and all sweet-smelling herbs. And I have directed a canal into it, that thou mightest dip thy hand into it when the north wind blows cool. The place is beautiful where we walk, because we walk together, thy hand resting within mine, our mind thoughtful and our heart joyful. It is intoxicating to me to hear thy voice, yet my life depends upon hearing it. Whenever I see thee it is better to me than food and drink."

One more song must be quoted, for it is so artless and so full of human tenderness that one may risk the accusation of straying from the main argument in repeating it. It runs :—

"The breath of thy nostrils alone
Is that which maketh my heart to live.
I found thee :
God grant thee to me
For ever and ever."

It is really painful to think of these words as having fallen from the lips of what is now a resin-smelling lump of bones and hardened flesh, perhaps still unearthed, perhaps lying in some museum show-case, or perhaps kicked about in fragments over the hot sand of some tourist-crowded necropolis. Mummies are the most lifeless objects one could well imagine. It is impossible even for those whose imaginations are most powerful, to infuse life into a thing so utterly dead as an embalmed body; and this fact is partly responsible for that atmosphere of stark, melancholy sobriety and aloofness which surrounds the affairs of ancient Egypt. In reading these verses, it is imperative for their right understanding that the mummies and their resting-places should be banished from the thoughts. This, perhaps, will be more easy of accomplishment to the reader than to the writer. It is not always a simple matter for the student to rid himself of the atmosphere of the museum, where the beads which should be jangling on a brown neck are lying numbered and labelled on red velvet; where the bird-trap, once the centre of such feathered commotion, is propped up in a glass case as "D, 184329"; and where even the document in which the verses are written is the lawful booty of the grammarian and philologist in the library.

But let those who are untrammelled pass out into the sunshine of the Egyptian fields and marshes, where the wild duck cry to each other as they scuttle through the tall reeds. Here in the early morning comes our songstress, and one may see her as clearly as one can that Shulamite of King Solomon's day, who has had the good fortune to belong to a land where stones and bones, being few in number, do not endanger the atmosphere of the literature. One may see her, her hair moving in the breeze "as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead"; her teeth white "as a flock of shorn sheep which came up from the wash-

ing," and her lips "like a thread of scarlet." Through such imaginings alone can one appreciate the songs, or realise the lightness of the manner in which they were sung.

With such a happy view of life amongst the upper classes as is indicated by their philosophy, and with that merry disposition amongst the peasants which shows itself in their love of song, it is not surprising to find that asceticism is practically unknown in ancient Egypt. At first sight, in reflecting on the mysteries and religious ceremonies of the nation, we are apt to endow the priests and other participators with a degree of austerity wholly unjustified by facts. We picture the priest chanting his formulæ in the dim light of the temple, the atmosphere about him heavy with incense; and we imagine him as an anchorite who has put away the things of this world. But in reality there seems to have been not even such a thing as a celibate amongst the priests. Each man had his wife and his family, his house, and his comforts of food and fine linen. He indulged in the usual pastimes and was present at the merriest of feasts. The famous wise men and magicians, such as Uba-ana of the Westcar Papyrus, had their wives, their parks, their pleasure-pavilions, and their hosts of servants. Great dignitaries of the Amen Church, such as Amenhotep-sase, the Second Prophet of Amen in the time of Thothmes IV., are represented as feasting with their friends, or driving through Thebes in richly-decorated chariots drawn by prancing horses, and attended by an array of servants. A monastic life, or the life of an anchorite, was held by the Egyptians in scorn; and indeed the state of mind which produces the monk and the hermit was almost entirely unknown to the nation in dynastic times. It was only in the Ptolemaic and Roman periods that asceticism came to be practised; and some have thought that its introduction into Egypt is to be attributed to the preaching of the Hindoo missionaries sent from India to the court of the Ptolemies.

The religious teachings of the Egyptians before the Ptolemaic era do not suggest that the mortification of the flesh was a possible means of purifying the spirit. An appeal to the senses and to the emotions, however, was considered as a legitimate method of reaching the soul. The Egyptians were passionately fond of ceremonial display. Their huge temples, painted as they were with the most brilliant colours, formed the setting of processions and ceremonies in which music, rhythmic motion, and colour were brought to a point of excellence. In honour of some of the gods dances were conducted; while celebrations, such as the fantastic Feast of Lamps, were held on the anniversaries of religious events. In these gorgeously spectacular ceremonies there was no place for anything sombre or austere, nor could they have been con-

ceived by any but the most life-loving temperaments.

As in his religious functions, so in his home, the Egyptian regarded brilliancy and festivity as an edification. When in trouble or distress, he was wont to relieve his mind as readily by an appeal to the vanities of this world as by an invocation of the powers of Heaven. Thus, when King Sneferu, of Dynasty IV., was oppressed with the cares of state, his councillor Zazamankh constructed for him a pleasure boat which was rowed around a lake by the most beautiful damsels obtainable. And again, when Unu-Amen, the envoy of Herhor of Dynasty XXI., had fallen into trouble with the pirates of the Mediterranean, his depression was banished by a gift of a dancing-girl, two vessels of wine, a young goat of tender flesh, and a message which read—"Eat and drink, and let not thy heart be wearied with cares."

An intense craving for brightness and cheerfulness is to be observed on all sides, and the attempt to cover every action of life with a kind of lustre is perhaps the most apparent characteristic of the race. At all times the Egyptians decked themselves with flowers, and rich and poor alike breathed what they called "the sweet north wind" through a screen of blossoms. At their feasts and festivals each guest was presented with necklaces and crowns of lotus-flowers, and a specially selected bouquet was carried in the hands. Constantly, as the hours passed, fresh flowers were brought to them, and the guests are shown in the tomb paintings in the act of burying their noses in the delicate petals with an air of luxury which even the conventionalities of the draughtsman cannot hide. In the women's hair a flower was pinned which hung down before the forehead; and a cake of ointment, concocted of some sweet-smelling unguent, was so arranged upon the head that, as it slowly melted, it re-perfumed the flower. Complete wreaths of flowers were sometimes worn, and this was the custom as much in the dress of the home as in that of the feast. The common people also arrayed themselves with wreaths of lotuses at all galas and carnivals. The room in which a feast was held was decorated lavishly with flowers. Blossoms crept up the delicate pillars to the roof; garlands twined themselves around the tables and about the jars of wine; and single buds lay in every dish of food. Even the dead were decked in their tombs with a mass of flowers, as though the mourners would hide with the living delights of the earth the misery of the grave.

The Egyptian loved his garden, and filled it with all manner of beautiful flowers. Great parks were laid out by the Pharaohs, and it is recorded of Thothmes III. that he brought back from his Asiatic campaigns vast quan-

tities of rare plants with which to beautify Thebes. Festivals were held at the season when the flowers were in full bloom, and the light-hearted Egyptian did not fail to make the flowers talk to him, in the imagination, of the delights of life. In one case a fig-tree is made to call to a passing maiden to come into its shade.

"Come," it says, "and spend this festal day, and to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow, sitting in my shadow. Let thy lover sit at thy side, and let him drink. . . . Thy servants will come with the dinner-things—they will bring drink of every kind, with all manner of cakes, flowers of yesterday and of to-day, and all kinds of refreshing fruit."

Than this one could hardly find a more convincing indication of the gaiety of the Egyptian temperament.

The affection displayed by the Egyptians for bright colours would alone indicate that their temperament was not melancholic. The houses of the rich were painted with colours which would be regarded as crude had they appeared in the Occident, but which are admissible in Egypt where the natural brilliancy of the sunshine and the scenery demands a more extreme colour-scheme in decoration. The pavilions in which the nobles "made a happy day," as they phrased it, were painted with the most brilliant wall-decorations, and the delicately-shaped lotus columns supporting the roof were striped with half a dozen colours, and were hung with streamers of linen. The ceilings and pavements seem to have afforded the artists a happy field for a display of their originality and skill, and it is on these stretches of smooth-plastered surface that gems of Egyptian art are often found. A pavement from the palace of Akhnaton at Tell el Amârna shows a scene in which a cow is depicted frisking through the reeds, and birds are represented flying over the marshes. In the palace of Amenhotep III. at Gurneh there was a ceiling decoration representing a flight of doves, which, in its delicacy of execution and colouring, is not to be classed with the crude forms of Egyptian decoration, but indicates an equally light-hearted temperament in its creator. It is not probable that either bright colours or daintiness of design would emanate from the brains of a sombre-minded people.

Some of the feminine garments worn in ancient Egypt were exceedingly gaudy, and they made up in colour all that they lacked in variety of design. In the Middle and New Empires the robes of the men were as many-hued as their wall decorations, and as rich in composition. One may take as a typical example the costume of a certain priest who lived at the end of Dynasty XVIII. An elaborate wig covers his head; a richly ornamented necklace surrounds his neck; the upper part of his body is clothed in a tunic of gauze-like linen; as a skirt there is swathed around him the most delicately coloured

fine linen, one end of which is brought up and thrown gracefully over his arm; decorated sandals cover his feet and curl up over his toes; and in his hand he carries a jewelled wand surmounted by feathers. It would be an absurdity to state that these folds of fine linen hid a heart set on things higher than this world and its vanities. Nor do the objects of daily use found in the tombs suggest any austerity in the Egyptian character. There is no reflection of the Underworld to be looked for in the ornamental bronze mirrors, nor smell of death in the frail perfume pots. Religious abstraction is not to be sought in lotus-formed drinking-cups, and mortification of the body is certainly not practised on golden chairs and soft cushions. These were the objects buried in the tombs of the priests and religious teachers.

The puritanical tendency of a race can generally be discovered by a study of the personal names of the people. The names by which the Egyptians called their children are as gay as they are pretty, and lack entirely the Puritan character. "Eyes-of-love," "My-lady-is-as-gold," "Cool-breeze," "Gold-and-lapis-lazuli," "Beautiful-morning," are Egyptian names very far removed from "Through-trials-and-tribulations-we-enter-into-the-Kingdom-of-Heaven Jones," which is the actual name of a now living scion of a Roundhead family. And the well-known "Praise-God Barebones" has little to do with the Egyptian "Beautiful-Kitten," "Little-Wild-Lion," "I-have-wanted-you," "Sweetheart," and so on.

The nature of the folk-tales is equally indicative of the temperament of a nation. The stories which have come down to us from ancient Egypt are often as frivolous as they are quaint. Nothing delighted the Egyptians more than the listening to a tale told by an expert story-teller; and it is to be supposed that such persons were in as much demand in the old days as they are now. One may still read of the adventures of the Prince who was fated to die by a dog, a snake, or a crocodile; of the magician who made the waters of the lake heap themselves up that he might descend to the bottom dry-shod to recover a lady's jewel; of the fat old wizard who could cut a man's head off and join it again to his body; of the fairy godmothers who made presents to a new-born babe; of the shipwrecked sailor who was thrown up on an island inhabited by serpents with human natures; of the princess in the tower whose lovers spent their days in attempting to climb to her window,—and so on. The stories have no moral, they are not pompous: they are purely amusing, interesting, and romantic. As an example one may quote the story which is told of Prince Setna, the son of Rameses II. This Prince was one day sitting in the court of the temple of Ptah, when he saw a woman pass "beautiful exceedingly, there being no woman of her beauty." There

were wonderful golden ornaments upon her, and she was attended by fifty-two persons, themselves of some rank and much beauty. "The hour that Setna saw her, he knew not the place on earth where he was"; and he called to his servants and told them to "go quickly to the place where she is, and learn what comes under her command." The beautiful lady proved finally to be named Tabubna, the daughter of a priest of Bast, the Cat. Setna's acquaintance with her was later of a most disgraceful character; and, from motives which are not clear, she made him murder his own children to please her. At the critical moment, however, when the climax is reached, the old, old joke is played upon the listener, who is told that Setna then woke up, and discovered that the whole affair had been an afternoon dream in the shade of the temple court.

The Egyptians often amused themselves by drawing comic pictures and caricatures, and there is an interesting series still preserved in which animals take the place of human beings, and are shown performing all manner of antics. One sees a cat walking on its hind legs driving a flock of geese, while a wolf carrying a staff and knapsack leads a herd of goats. There is a battle of the mice and cats, and the king of the mice, in his chariot drawn by two dogs, is seen attacking the fortress of the cats. A picture which is worthy of Edward Lear shows a ridiculous hippopotamus seated amidst the foliage of a tree, eating from a table, whilst a crow mounts a ladder to wait upon him. There are caricatures showing women of fashion rouging their faces, unshaven and really amusing old tramps, and so forth. Even upon the walls of the tombs there are often comic pictures, in which one may see little girls fighting and tearing at each others' hair, men tumbling one over another as they play, and the like; and one must suppose that these were the scenes which the owner of the tomb wished to perpetuate throughout the eternity of Death.

The Egyptians took keen delight in music. In the sound of the trumpet and on the well-tuned cymbals they praised God in Egypt as merrily as the Psalmist could wish. The strings and the pipe, the lute and the harp, made music at every festival — religious, national, or private. Plato tells us that "nothing but beautiful forms and fine music was permitted to enter into the assemblies of young people" in Egypt; and he states that music was considered as being of the greatest consequence for its beneficial effects upon youthful minds. Strabo records the fact that music was largely taught in Egypt, and the numbers of musical instruments buried in the tombs or represented in the decorations confirm his statement. The music was scientifically taught, and a knowledge of harmony is apparent in the complicated forms of the instruments. The harps sometimes had as many

as twenty-two strings; the long-handled guitars, fitted with three strings, were capable of wide gradations; and the flutes were sufficiently complicated to be described by early writers as "many-toned." The Egyptian did not merely bang a drum with his fist because it made a noise, nor blow blasts upon a trumpet as a means of expressing the inexpressible. He was an educated musician, and he employed the medium of music to encourage his lightness of heart and to render his gaiety more gay.

One sees representations of the women in a rich man's harem amusing themselves by dancing and singing. In the tomb of Ay there is a scene showing the interior of the women's quarters, and here the ladies are shown dancing, playing guitars, feasting, or adorning themselves with their jewellery; while the store-rooms are seen to be filled with all manner of musical instruments, as well as of mirrors, boxes of clothes, and articles of feminine use. At feasts and banquets a string band played during the meal, and songs were sung to the accompaniment of the harp. At religious festivals choruses of male and female voices were introduced. Soldiers marched through the streets to the sound of trumpets and drums, and marriage processions and the like were led by a band. At the feasts it was customary for the dancing-girls, who were employed for the amusement of the guests, to perform their dances and to play a guitar or a flute at the same time. One sees representations of girls, their heads thrown back and their long hair flying, merrily twanging a guitar as they skip round the room. In the civil and religious processions many of the participators danced along as though from sheer lightness of heart; and on some occasions even the band footed it down the high-road, circling, jumping, and skipping as they played.

The words for "rejoice" and "dance" were synonymous in the literature of the Egyptians. In early days dancing naturally implied rejoicing, and rejoicing was most easily expressed by dancing. But the Egyptians of the refined periods more often danced to amuse themselves, regarding it, just as we do at the present day, as an exhilaration. Persons of the upper classes, however, did not indulge very freely in it, but preferred to watch the performances of professional dancers. At all banquets dancing was as indispensable as wine, women, and song, and it rather depended on the nature of the wine and women as to whether the guests joined personally in the sport or sat still while the dancers swayed around the room. The professionals were generally women, but sometimes men were employed, and one sees representations of a man performing some difficult solo while a chorus of women sings and marks time by clapping the hands. Men and women danced together on occasions, but as a general rule the Egyptian preferred to watch the movements of the

more graceful sex by themselves. The women sometimes danced naked, to show off the grace of their poses and the suppleness of their muscles; sometimes they were decked with ribbons only; and sometimes they wore transparent dresses made of linen of the finest texture. It was not unusual for them to carry tambourines and castanets with which to beat time to their dances. On the other hand, there were delicate and sober performances, unaccompanied by music. The paintings show some of the poses to have been exceedingly graceful, and there were character dances enacted in which the figures must have been highly dramatic and artistic. For example, the tableau which occurs in one dance, and is called "The Wind," shows two of the dancing-girls bent back like reeds when the wind blows upon them, while a third figure stands over them in protection, as though symbolising the immovable rocks.

But more usually the merry mood of the Egyptians asserted itself in a demand for something approaching nearer to buffoonery. The dancers whirled one another about in the wildest manner, often tumbling head over heels on the floor. A trick, attended generally with success, consisted in the attempt by the dancers to balance the body upon the head without the support of the arms. This buffoonery was highly appreciated by the audience which witnessed it; and the banqueting-room must have been full of the noise of riotous mirth. One cannot, indeed, regard a feast as pompous or solemn at which the banging of the tambourines and the click of castanets vied with the clatter of the dishes and the laughter of the guests in creating a general hullabaloo. Let those state who will that the Egyptian was a gloomy individual, but first let them not fail to observe that same Egyptian standing upon his head amidst the roars of laughter of his friends.

Dancing as a religious ceremony is to be found in many primitive countries, and in Egypt it exists at the present day in more than one form. In the days of the Pharaohs it was customary to institute dances in honour of some of the gods, more especially those deities whose concerns were earthy—that is to say, those connected with love, joy, birth, death, fertility, reproduction, and so on. It will be remembered how David danced before the Ark of the Lord, and how his ancestors danced in honour of the golden calf. In Egypt the king was wont to dance before the great god Min of the crops, and at harvest-time the peasants performed their thanksgiving before the figures of Min in this manner. Hathor and Bast, the two great goddesses of pleasure, were worshipped in the dance. Hathor was mistress of sports and dancing, and patron of amusements and mirth, joy and pleasure, beauty and love; and in regard to the happy temperament of the Egyptians,

it is significant that this goddess was held in the highest esteem throughout the history of the nation.

Bast was honoured by a festival which for merriment and frivolity could not well be equalled. The festival took place at Bubastis, and is described by Herodotus in the following words:—

> "This is the nature of the ceremony on the way to Bubastis. They go by water, and numerous boats are crowded with persons of both sexes. During the voyage several women strike the cymbals, some men play the flute, the rest singing and clapping their hands. As they pass near a town they bring the boat close to the bank. Some of the women continue to sing and play the cymbals; others cry out as long as they can, and utter mocking jests against the people of the town, who begin to dance, while the former pull up their clothes before them in a scoffing manner. The same is repeated at every town they pass upon the river. Arrived at Bubastis, they celebrate the festival of Bast, sacrificing a great number of victims, and on that occasion a greater consumption of wine takes place than during the whole of the year."

At this festival of Bast half the persons taking part in the celebrations must have become intoxicated. The Egyptians were always given to wine-drinking, and Athenæus goes so far as to say that they were a nation addicted to systematic intemperance. The same writer, on the authority of Hellanicus, states that the vine was cultivated in the Nile valley at a date earlier than that at which it was first grown by any other people; and it is to this circumstance that Dion attributes the Egyptian's love of wine. Strabo and other writers speak of the wines of Egypt as being particularly good, and various kinds emanating from different localities are mentioned. The wines made from grapes were of the red and white varieties; but there were also fruit wines, made from pomegranates and other fruits. In the lists of offerings inscribed on the walls of temples and tombs one sees a large number of varieties recorded—wines from the north, wines from the south, wines provincial, and wines foreign. Beer, made of barley, was also drunk very largely, and this beverage is heartily commended by the early writers. Indeed, the wine- and beer-bibber was so common an offender against the dignity of the nation, that every moralist who arose had a word to say against him. Thus, for example, in the Maxims of Ani one finds the moralist writing—

> "Do not put thyself in a beer-house. An evil thing are words reported as coming from thy mouth when thou dost not know that they have been said by thee. When thou fallest thy limbs are broken, and nobody giveth thee a hand. Thy comrades in drink stand up, saying, 'Away with this drunken man.'"

The less thoughtful members of society, however, considered drunkenness as a very good joke, and even went so far as to portray it in their tomb decorations. One sees men carried home from a feast across the shoulders of three of their companions, or ignominiously hauled out of the

house by their ankles and the scruff of their neck. In the tomb of Paheri at El Kab women are represented at a feast, and scraps of their conversation are recorded, such, for instance, as "Give me eighteen cups of wine, for I should love to drink to drunkenness: my inside is as dry as straw." There are actually representations of women overcome with nausea through immoderate drinking, and being attended by servants who have hastened with basins to their assistance. In another tomb-painting a drunken man is seen to have fallen against one of the delicate pillars of the pavilion with such force that it has toppled over, to the dismay of the guests around.

In the light of such scenes as these one may picture the life of an Egyptian in the elder days as being not a little depraved. One sees the men in their gaudy raiment, and the women luxuriously clothed, staining their garments with the wine spilt from the drinking-bowls as their hands shake with their drunken laughter; and the vision of Egyptian solemnity is still further banished at the sight. It is only too obvious that a land of laughter and jest, feasting and carouse, must be situated too near a Pompeian volcano to be capable of endurance, and the inhabitants too purposeless in their movements to avoid at some time or other running into the paths of burning lava. The people of Egypt went merrily through the radiant valley in which they lived, employing all that the gods had given them, — not only the green palms, the thousand birds, the blue sky, the hearty wind, the river and its reflections, but also the luxuries of their civilisation,—to make for themselves a frail feast of happiness. And when the last flowers, the latest empty drinking-cup, fell to the ground, nothing remained to them but that sodden, drunken night of disgrace which shocks one so at the end of the dynastic history, and which inevitably led to the fall of the nation.

One need not dwell, however, on this aspect of the Egyptian temperament. It is more pleasing, and as pertinent to the argument, to follow the old lords of the Nile into the sunshine once more, and to glance for a moment at their sports. Hunting was a pleasure to them, in which they indulged at every opportunity. One sees representations of this with great frequency upon the walls of the tombs. A man will be shown standing in a reed boat which has been pushed in amongst the waving papyrus. A boomerang is in his hand, and his wife by his side helps him to locate the wild duck, so that he may penetrate within throwing-distance of the birds before they rise. Presently up they go with a whir, and the boomerang claims its victims; while all manner of smaller birds dart from amidst the reeds, and gaudy butterflies pass startled overhead. Again one sees the hunter galloping in his chariot over the hard sand of the desert, shooting his arrows

at the gazelle as he goes. Or yet again with his dogs he is shown in pursuit of the long-eared Egyptian hare, or of some other creature of the desert. When not thus engaged he may be seen excitedly watching a bull-fight, or eagerly judging the merits of rival wrestlers, boxers, and fencers. One may follow him later into the seclusion of his garden, where, surrounded by a wealth of trees and flowers, he plays draughts with his friends, romps with his children, or fishes in his artificial ponds. There is much evidence of this nature to show that the Egyptian was as much given to these healthy amusements as he was to the mirth of the feast. Josephus states that the Egyptians were a people addicted to pleasure, and the evidence brought together in the foregoing pages shows that his statement is to be confirmed. In sincere joy of living they surpassed any other nation of the ancient world. Life was a thing of such delight to the Egyptian, that he shrank equally from losing it himself and from taking it from another. His prayer was that he might live to be a centenarian. In spite of the many wars of the Egyptians, there was less unnecessary bloodshed in the Nile valley than in any other country which called itself civilised. Death was as terrible to them as it was inevitable, and the constant advice of the thinker was that the living should make the most of their life. When a king died, it was said that "he went forth to heaven having spent life in happiness," or that "he rested after life, having completed his years in happiness." It is true that the Egyptians wished to picture the after-life as one of continuous joy. One sees representations of a man's soul seated in the shade of the fruit-trees of the Underworld, while birds sing in the branches above him, and a lake of cool water lies before him; but they seemed to know that this was too pleasant a picture to be the real one. A woman, the wife of a high priest, left upon her tombstone the following inscription addressed to her husband:—

"O, brother, husband, friend," she says, "thy desire to drink and to eat hath not ceased. Therefore be drunken, enjoy the love of women—make holiday. Follow thy desire by night and by day. Put not care within thy heart. Lo! are not these the years of thy life upon earth? For as for the Underworld, it is a land of slumber and heavy darkness, a resting-place for those who have passed within it. Each sleepeth there in his own form, they never awake to see their fellows, they behold not their fathers nor their mothers, their heart is careless of their wives and children."

She knows that she will be too deeply steeped in the stupor of the Underworld to remember her husband, and unselfishly she urges him to continue to be happy after the manner of his nation. Then, in a passage which rings down the years in its terrible beauty, she tells of her utter despair, lying in the gloomy Underworld, suffocated with the mummy bandages, and craving for the light, the laughter, and the coolness of the day.

"The water of life," she cries, "with which every mouth is moist-

ened, is corruption to me, the water that is by me corrupteth me, I know not what to do since I came into the valley. Give me running water; say to me, 'Water shall not cease to be brought to thee.' Turn my face to the north wind upon the edge of the water. Verily thus shall my heart be cooled and refreshed from its pain."

It is, however, the glory of life, rather than the horror of death, which is the dominant note in the inscriptions and reliefs. The scenes in the tomb decorations seem to cry out for very joy. The artist has imprisoned in his representations as much sheer happiness as was ever infused into cold stone. One sees there the gazelle leaping over the hills as the sun rises, the cocks flapping their wings and crowing, the wild duck rising from the marshes, and the butterflies flashing overhead. The fundamental joy of living—that gaiety of life which the human being may feel in common with the animals—is shown in these scenes as clearly as is the merriment in the representations of feasts and dancing. In these paintings and reliefs one finds an exact illustration to the joyful exhortation of the Psalmist as he cries, "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; . . . let the field be joyful, and all that is therein." In a land where, to quote one of their own poems, "the tanks are full of water and the earth overflows with love," where "the cool north wind" blows merrily over the fields, and the sun never ceases to shine, it would be a remarkable phenomenon if the ancient Egyptians had not developed the sanguine temperament. The foregoing pages have shown them at their feasts, in their daily occupations, and in their sports, and the reader will find that it is not difficult to describe them, in the borrowed words of the old geographer, as a people always gay and often frivolous, and never-ceasingly "fond of dancing and red wine."

SALEH: A SEQUEL.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

XIII.

THE month wore to an end at last, this month which had held for Saleh so many startling experiences; and presently word was sent to him by Baker that a steam-launch was in readiness to carry him up-river to the administrative headquarters of the State. Saleh, who had seen his father almost every night so long as it was a question of playing cards with him, found it curiously difficult to arrange a meeting for the purpose of formal leave-taking; but as soon as this had been accomplished, and his farewells to his mother had been said, he started upon his journey. He did not go alone, for Râja Pahlâwan Indut and half a dozen other men, retainers of his mother's household, attached themselves to him after the frankly parasitic Malayan fashion. Râja Pahlâwan, by virtue of his rank and past prowess, drew a monthly stipend from State funds, but the rest of the party had determined, after due deliberation, but without consulting the person principally concerned, to live for the future with and *on* Saleh.

Kuâla Pĕkâra, the administrative capital aforesaid, lies some two hundred and fifty miles up the Pĕlĕsu river from its mouth, close to which the Court of the King is situated. The river flows grandly from the interior through magnificent forest country, receiving on either bank the frequent tribute of other great streams, and its banks are now marvellous cliffs of jungle—tangles of giant tree, crowding underwood, clinging vine, and festooning parasite—rising sheer from the water's brink, now long clusters of villages deep in the shade of palm and fruit-trees, now wide expanses of grass-grown meadow, where the grazing-grounds dip to the river, and the banks are cut into huge, trampled clefts by the passage of the kine trooping down to drink. Occasional wooded islands broke the monotony of the river, or yellow sand-spits and big wedges of granite ran far out into its course; and over all by day smiled the joyous Malayan sunshine, while at night the tropical moon turned all this riverine world to the likeness of a fairyland.

Saleh, lying in a long rattan chair at the bow of the launch, drank in the scenes which succeeded one another in bewildering succession, and felt himself thrilled by an almost fierce appreciation of their beauty. This faculty of enjoyment he owed to his English training, for Malays set little store by the loveliness of inanimate

nature, but the thoughts which crowded his mind were not sympathetic to the white men and their works. This miracle of beauty, he told himself again and again, was the country over which his family had ruled from time immemorial; it was his, his, *his*, — his inalienable right and heritage! The folly of his father, who was content to barter so glorious a birthright for empty days wasted among his women, his decoy doves, and his trivial pleasures, appealed to Saleh now as sheer madness. The King, perhaps, was constitutionally unfitted for rule, but he, Saleh, was cast in a different mould. This country was his country, these people were his people: Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate, had dowered him with high estate. Was it not iniquitous, shameful, that his authority and his responsibilities, both equally the gift of Allah, should be suffered by him unresistingly to be usurped by white men who were infidels?

If the English had "left him alone," he, too, would have grown up in a Malayan Court content with such paltry pleasures as such places can afford to a prince, and inclined as little as was his father to take an active part in the administration of his country. But the English in their wisdom had decreed that Saleh should not be left alone; wherefore, having robbed him of a taste for such things as are wont commonly to keep young native râjas quiescent, they had inspired him with cravings and ambitions which the whole practice of their administrative system rendered it impossible that he should ever adequately gratify. Saleh did not fully understand this as yet, nor did the white men; but the former, as he journeyed through the land of his fathers, was torn by discontent and resentment because the old order changing had given place to the new, and because the reawakened Muhammadan within him whispered that in this way of transformation God surely was *not* fulfilling Himself.

Here and there the riverine landscape was set with a trim British station,—a cluster of bungalows in well-kept grounds, a police barracks, court-house, and hospital, each putting the seal, as it were, upon the administration of the country, Saleh's country, by the white men. In each of these stations there were one or more fine-run young Englishmen, lean from much hard work, who were "in charge" of so many hundreds of square miles of country, and responsible therefor, not to Saleh or to his father the King, but to the Resident at Kuâla Pĕkâra. They came on board the launch, greeted Saleh courteously, generally, he noticed, in the vernacular, invited him up to their bungalows while the launch took in firewood, and introduced him to hosts of grave-eyed chiefs, village headmen, and elders. It was an added humiliation to Saleh that he should have to be made known to these men—men who by birth and im-

memorial tradition were vassals of his house — by white men; but what hurt him far more shrewdly was the position which he found himself to occupy in regard to the chiefs, as compared with that held by the white District Officers. From the great territorial chiefs, who of old had had power of life and death in their hands, to the meanest villager, every one treated him with the same marked and ceremonious respect, saluting him as a royalty with uplifted hands, declining to be seated in his presence otherwhere than on the floor, and styling themselves "thy slave" in conversation with him; but it was not to him, but to the young white men, Saleh noted, that these men turned instinctively for instructions or advice. Again the tawdry husk was his: all that it had once cloaked had passed into the keeping of the English!

XIV.

Kuâla Pĕkâra is one of the most beautiful places in the world. It is situated on a high, flat promontory at the point where the Pĕkâra river falls into the Pĕlĕsu, both streams being of about the same size and volume, and measuring at this point a matter of a hundred yards from bank to bank. The British Residency stands high upon the point, with great terraced gardens falling like a giant's staircase to the river's brink. Behind it is the European quarter, bungalows in big compounds, separated from the numerous Government buildings by a wide savannah. Beyond that again, occupying an area of flat land some twelve square miles in extent, is the town, laid out with the regularity of a chess-board, and filled with shops owned by Chinese, Tamil, and Bengali traders. The unsightly tin-mines, which make the wealth of the place, lie farther inland still, and are mercifully hidden from view by the masses of town buildings.

From the Residency lawn you look first down a noble reach of river, on the banks of which the forest has not been suffered to be touched, and so over miles and miles of seemingly primeval jungles to a blue amphitheatre of hills. From the forest at night-times come the plaintive musical notes of the tree-frogs, the hoot of little owls, and the occasional strident scream of the argus-pheasant. Turning upon your bed in the darkness, you are tempted to believe that you are far away in the heart of the untouched wilderness. Pass inland, however, and you find yourself first in a well-ordered British station of the East, with its clubs, its cricket-fields, its lawn-tennis courts, its stone bungalows, and its solid Government buildings, all designed to endure the ravages of time,

and so to the town, which, on a smaller scale, is a replica of the Chinese trading quarter of Singapore. The whole place, rightly judged, is a miracle, for Kuâla Pěkâra had been conjured out of the wilderness by the energy and administrative ability of the white men, aided by the enterprise and commercial genius of the Chinese, in a matter of a couple of decades, yet for once the work of man has not been suffered quite to mar the magnificent handiwork of the Creator.

Kuâla Pěkâra, coming upon him after days spent in steaming up-river through Malaya, the unchanging, the seemingly inviolate, fairly took Saleh's breath away with astonishment; yet his first impressions were uniformly painful. The British Residency was the first palace that he had seen in this land, of which his father was the reputed King! He could not know that the Sultan, obstinately conservative and a deep hater of new ways, had refused absolutely to allow a proper palace to be built at his Court for his accommodation. His objection, if the truth were known, had really been based upon a fear lest an army of imported workmen should interfere with the monstrous regiment of palace women. This, however, was a detail; but what struck Saleh with a species of despair was the thought of the energy and of the genius for organisation and government which had gone to the creation of such a place as Kuâla Pěkâra. Beside these things, in contrast with them, the futility of life as he had seen it lived at the Court of Pělěsu was presented to his imagination as something so paltry as to be at once vile and degrading. And men of his race and house (the persecuting thought *would* obtrude itself) had possessed this land, to have and to hold, to do with what they would, from time immemorial! They had had the same chance as the white men; they, too, might have made of it what these strangers had made. They had had their opportunity; they had had centuries to devote to the work where the English had had only as many years; yet they had accomplished nothing, nothing, where these aliens had wrought miracles! The old torturing doubt anent the inherent weakness of himself and of his race, the which, perhaps, lurking at the back of colour-prejudice, furnished its justification, rose up in Saleh's mind anew to daunt and harass him. And there was nothing to show that Kuâla Pěkâra was a town of Malaya! The bungalows and the great Government buildings were designed by Europeans; the trim grounds, everywhere in such spick and span order, had been produced under the direction of the race which, as Saleh knew, boasted that it had mowed and rolled its own lawns in the Homeland these five hundred years; the shops were Chinese or Indian; everywhere the Malay, the native of the country, had been quietly eliminated, forced out of existence by superior energy,

superior ability to compete successfully in the struggle for wealth and power. Again the doubt assailed him, but now it was hardly to be called a doubt: it was rapidly being transformed into a conviction.

And the very solidity of everything appalled and paralysed him. Of late he had dreamed dreams of what might have been if he had been his father's heir in the old days before the coming of the white men, and the task of administration had seemed to him a simple affair while he journeyed up-river through the sleepy Malayan villages. But here was something with which he could not cope, something too vast and complex for his powers; and the alien rulers, he felt, knew this, and were, withal, so firmly seated that nothing could ever dislodge them. Let him strive as he might to convince them of his desire, his passionate desire, to rule this country, the throne of which must some day be his by right of inheritance, to rule it wisely, justly, moderately, as a country should be ruled, these strangers would greet his aspirations with a smile. The semblance of authority, and perhaps some measure of personal influence, might some day at the best be his, but the real power would remain in the hands of the Resident. They would not tell him here that he was "a nigger," and the thought, stated in that crude fashion, would not even present itself to their minds; but the disparity between the white and the Malayan races was, he felt, an article of faith with the rulers of Pĕlĕsu—an article of faith fortified, as all things around him attested, by a thousand convincing proofs. These devotees of administrative efficiency, it was certain, would never permit a Malayan râja, even a man of Saleh's upbringing, to be his own British Resident, and when all was said and done, the British Resident for the time being, and no other man, was the only King of Pĕlĕsu!

Once again poor Saleh found himself confronted with the crushing, paralysing, heart-breaking injustice of Fate.

XV.

He was met at the private landing-stage at the bottom of the Residency grounds by a young Englishman, who introduced himself as the Resident's private secretary, and was driven in a high mail-phaeton up the beautifully graded road which led to the summit of the hill. The Resident was waiting to receive him in the great cool hall, and, after shaking him warmly by the hand, threw himself into a big leather-covered arm-chair, and bade Saleh seat himself in another opposite to him.

"Well," said the Resident cordially, "I'm very glad to see you. I hope you had a pleasant time at the Court,

and that Baker looked after you all right."

"Yes, thank you," said Saleh shyly.

The Resident lit a cigar, and examined Saleh curiously. He was a man of some seven or eight and forty years, sun-dried, and with a firm, hard nut of a face. His grey eyes were quick and piercing, his nose prominent and the tip blistered by the sun, his chin square and resolute, his clean-shaven lips thin and straight. He had the indefinable air of mastery which comes to a man who, during long years, has said, with the Centurion, to one "Go!" to another "Come!" to a third "Do this!" while he has stood a little aloof watching them work obedient to his will. His name was Ralph Craster, and he had some five and twenty years of Malayan experience at his back. He had succeeded Jack Norris as Resident of Pĕlĕsu, and had carried on the latter's work, with the same devotion to efficiency, but with something less of the deep sympathy with Malays and knowledge of them and of their character, which his predecessor had possessed.

"Mr Norris saw you off from London, he tells me," Craster said presently. "He has written me a tremendous long screed about you. He's a good deal interested in your future. So am I."

"Thank you," said Saleh.

"My wife and I—I'll introduce you to her presently—want you to stop with us for a week, and after that I shall put you into harness. You'll have to begin at the bottom of the ladder, of course, like one of the cadets, but we shall be able to push you on more quickly than we can any of them. You see your knowledge of the language will be a great pull. You have not forgotten your Malay, I suppose?"

"No," said Saleh. "I had forgotten it a good deal, but it came back to me wonderfully."

"Quite so. Well, now I'll show you your room."

"There is one thing," said Saleh, faltering a little in embarrassment. He still had the Englishman's reluctance to make any display of religious scruples. "You are kind enough to say that I am to stay here for a week. About my food. . . . You see, I'm a Muhammadan. I cannot eat anything that is *hâram*—sinful."

"By Jove, yes, of course," said Craster. "Oh, we'll manage all that, I daresay. I'm glad you are particular about such things. A Malay râja should always remember that he is a Malay and a Muhammadan."

So Saleh spent a week at the Residency, as he had previously passed a month at the Court of Pĕlĕsu, and the sudden return to a life modelled so closely upon that which he had known in England was to him, by turns, pleasant and distressing. Mrs Craster was kind and motherly; the Resident, deeply immersed in work, was also kind whenever he could

spare time to give the lad a thought; and the machine-like precision of a well-ordered English household was grateful to Saleh after the strange mingling of dirt and squalor and tawdry magnificence which had prevailed in his mother's establishment. The half-dozen parasitic followers who had attached themselves to Saleh when he left the Court declined to abandon him, and were the cause of some discomfort. They camped upon the verandah of his bedroom, and reduced it in no time, as Mrs Craster told her husband in semi-humorous despair, to as near a likeness to a dirty Malay interior as circumstances rendered possible. They despised, too, and were in their turn despised by, the Chinese servants who moved so noiselessly about the Residency, and the feeling quickly developed into an open feud. They quarrelled about the rations served out to them in a manner which shocked Saleh, who remembered that he and his party were guests in the house; they almost came to blows with the Chinese cook, whom they accused of attempting to put unclean things into the dishes served to them and at the Resident's table for their master's consumption. Once they even brought *dûri-ans* into the house, and stank the place out with that most delicious and malodorous of fruits, and this, it must be confessed, did cause more than a momentary commotion. When the week was over and Saleh moved into a bungalow set apart for his use, Mrs Craster said that the verandah of his room was in worse case than Lady Macbeth's hands. All the perfumes of Araby, she laughingly averred, would not sweeten that little plague-spot!

Saleh's own bungalow was presently reduced by the parasites to a very similar condition. He fought against the growing disorder and uncleanliness, but he fought in vain. His followers had no eyes for such things, and it passes the wit of any single individual to keep a house neat and trim if he shares it with half a dozen men, no one of whom has the remotest inkling of what neatness and trimness are. Very soon Saleh abandoned the vain struggle, and his bungalow speedily became as untidy and disordered as the interior of any ordinary Malay house. Presently, too, he lost all sense of discomfort in such surroundings.

He was attached to the Secretariat, and was set to learn the office routine daily from ten o'clock to four. Routine of any kind is a weariness of the flesh, and to Saleh, who had always hated books, the sedentary life would in the best of circumstances have been highly distasteful. Now, however, he felt resentful because he was chained by the white man's will to the task of mastering such gross details. What cared he about the system by which official papers were indexed and registered, about the formalities of correspondence, about which heads of departments must be allowed to note certain decisions when they had

been recorded, and about other similar trivialities? What had things such as these to do with the science of government? It was not for him to realise that work of all kind, if it is to be done to perfection, depends largely upon attention to, and acquaintance with, a multitude of tiresome details. He only knew that he was badly bored, and that he resented the drudgery as a wrong. He was surprised that his fellow cadets, young Englishmen of much higher educational attainments than his own, accepted the dull work allotted to them with complete contentment, took a keen interest in it, seemingly, simply because it chanced to be their work, and made no complaint of the drudgery imposed upon them. But then, he remembered, these men were not as he, the son of the King of the State. Yet any one of them might rise to be a British Resident and *de facto* ruler of the land, while he . . . !

For six months Saleh was kept in the Secretariat, and I fear that no very satisfactory reports of his work reached the Resident. Then for six more months he was mewed up in the offices of the Audit Department for the purpose of learning the details of the whole elaborate system of public accounts. The permanent staff were up to their eyes in work and could not waste time upon a would-be pupil. Other cadets, by applying themselves resolutely and learning with eagerness everything that could be learned by personal endeavour and occasional questions, obtained in some fashion or another an intimacy with the system which Saleh found perfectly dazzling, but the thing was altogether beyond him. It did not excite his interest, and he could not apply himself to anything so wearisome.

Meanwhile the other cadets were racing one another in view of the periodical examinations in language and law. The language presented no difficulties to Saleh, of course, and his examinations in this branch of knowledge were purely formal, but law meant drudgery again, and here once more Saleh failed. It was all like going to school for a second time, and he had always detested book-learning; also he could not convince himself of the necessity, of the utility, of the knowledge which was being instilled into him. As a ruler, not by mere profession but by right divine, he resented the tyranny that bound him to such galley-work.

For the rest, he lived during this year at Kuâla Pĕkâra a sort of dual existence—one half native, the other half European, —like the hybrid which the Fates and English blundering had made of him. His bungalow, as I have said, became rapidly transformed into an integral portion of the Malaya from which in the beginning it had been rescued. Native chiefs, on a visit to headquarters, camped on the verandah, as a matter of course, without permission sought or given. They and their followers contributed to the accumulations of dirt, and made

the already prevailing confusion worse and worse confounded. Loafers from all parts of the State straggled in, and were made welcome by the parasites. Everybody who could do so, as already said, lived with and *on* Saleh. Many of them borrowed money of him, which he found it impossible to refuse. All of them plundered him when the opportunity offered, and if detected smilingly quoted the Malayan proverb, "Where should the lice feed if not upon the Head?" The white men might have robbed royalty in Pĕlĕsu of many things, but the inestimable privileges of keeping open house and supporting all and sundry at his sole charges were not to be counted among the duties of which a prince of the blood had been relieved. Saleh's allowance — he was paid from the Civil List as a native chief — was more than double the salary of any of the English cadets, but his people spent it for him, as a Malayan râja's money should be spent—royally! Saleh found to his distress that it went a surprisingly short way, but the motto *noblesse oblige* forbade economy or retrenchment.

He frequented the club occasionally and played billiards there, what time the parasites, of whom he could never even momentarily be rid, squatted in a picturesque group round the door, making him, and in some sort the race to which he belonged, ridiculous in the eyes of the white men and ladies. The card-room was practically closed to him, and being a Muhammadan he had no use for the bar; wherefore he usually returned to his bungalow, the parasites stringing out at his heels, with the feeling that he was in the white men's club something of a fish out of water. His very horse and trap, he felt, speedily became unlike those of his English companions. The parasites were a hopeless set of loafers and inefficients: they would admit no strangers to their company, so Saleh had very soon to dismiss his Boyanese horse-keeper; and the grooming of the horse and the washing of the trap were thereafter home-made affairs, desperately amateurish and slovenly.

Saleh dined at the Residency not infrequently, and on such occasions he always took Mrs Craster down to dinner. He also attended such balls as were given, but though all treated him with kindness and courtesy, many even with distinction, he quickly learned that the close intimacy which he had enjoyed with Englishwomen in Europe was something to which in Malaya he could not hope to be admitted. The men of both races met on terms of friendship and much equality, but the womenkind of each was something which, by mutual consent, both tacitly agreed to ignore.

Saleh, too, was gradually, almost insensibly, imbibing many of the sentiments of his people. It is a mistake to suppose that colour prejudice is a feeling confined to white men. Every one who knows his Asia is aware that the Oriental regards the familiar

association of his own women with Europeans with a disgust as passionate as any that is excited in ourselves when the position is reversed. Saleh, from time to time, had listened to much casual talk among his own people on this and kindred subjects, and as old instincts and sentiments revived within him, he learned to perceive that the barrier of difference—the question of inferiority or superiority does not enter into the matter—was held by the Malays to divide them from the white men with a wall which they regarded as a rampart of defence, and which they would not for any consideration suffer to be laid low. The determination to keep the race unsullied by mixture with an infidel strain was as much present in the Malays as was the fixed resolve to keep their blood untainted a deeply-rooted instinct of the white men. By both alike was the half-breed despised. Only—and here, Saleh felt, lay the whole difference—the Malays did not try to transform white men into Malays, while the white men had essayed in his case to work a miracle equally impossible, equally undesirable in its results.

And so, as the months rolled by, Saleh found himself more and more distinctively a Malay, less and less an approximation to a white man in point of view, in sentiment, in affections, in his ambitions and his aspirations. As Jack Norris long ago had foretold, the East was holding out her arms to her wandering child, was drawing him closer, ever closer, to her gorgeous, tattered bosom, and slowly, but very surely, was reclaiming her own.

XVI.

After Saleh had been some twelve months at Kuâla Pĕkâra, the Resident decreed that he should be transferred to Bandar Bharu, as the station situated on the right bank of the river opposite to the Court of Pĕlĕsu was called. This decision was arrived at after the Resident had had a conversation with the Secretary to Government, Mr Dennis Drage, under whose immediate eye Saleh had been acquiring his official education.

"The youngster is doing very little good where he is, sir," Drage had reported. "He's a nice little fellow, but he's a regular Malay. Work—real hard work—is hateful to him. I've tried to keep his nose to the grindstone, but it's no sort of use. He hasn't got it in him."

"Most boys are inclined to shirk grinding at dull routine," said the Resident. "Young Mat Saleh is not peculiar in that."

"In a way, no," assented Drage, thoughtfully. "All boys shirk at times, sir, as you say; but with Saleh there is a difference in kind rather than in degree. His indolence when he is not interested—and I am beginning to think that the

sort of things which we can teach him in our offices can never interest him—gives one the impression that concentration is with him an impossibility."

The Resident now was thoughtful in his turn.

"That's curious, you know, isn't it?" he said. "That's clearly inherited. I've never known a Malayan râja of the old school who did not create precisely the same impression every time one had to discuss business with him in which he did not chance to be personally interested,—the impression, not that he *wouldn't* give his mind to it, but that he simply *couldn't.* In spite of the English education and training, this boy is, after all, a Malay râja. The fact can be seen sticking out all over him, like the plums out of a pudding. They tell me that his bungalow is a disgrace, and no one who was not by birth a Malayan chief could tolerate that 'tail' of scallawags who devour his substance and trail about at his heels."

"Quite so, sir," said Drage. "And therefore I think we must try him upon different lines."

"If he were an ordinary cadet, we should have to set him back for failure to pass his law exams., and for want of application to his other work; but this is a cadet whom we cannot set back or get rid of."

"Precisely. My proposal is that we attach him to Baker at Bandar Bharu. The work in the Court District may, perhaps, interest him a bit, and it is just possible that he may be useful. Anyhow, it seems to me to be his best chance, and it can't do much harm."

"All right," said the Resident. "Attach him to Baker. Send him to me before he goes, and I'll give the young man a good talking to."

The "talking to" was duly administered, and Saleh came away from it with a sore heart. He had been made to understand very clearly that, so far, he had failed; and yet he knew with an absolute certainty of conviction that the kind of things which had been required of him demanded the possession of qualities and abilities which he did not possess. As the Resident had said to Drage, his shortcomings were due, not to a refusal to apply his mind to the mastery of dull and uninteresting matters, but to an inability to concentrate when his interest was not aroused. The transfer itself, however, presented prospects which elated him. At last, he thought, he would take his share in the work of practical administration, and that in a district inhabited, not by Chinese or other foreigners, but by men and women of his own blood. Baker was considerably less contented when he learned of the Resident's decision.

"I've been begging for a competent Assistant for ages," he said to his friend the Medical Officer, "and now the mountain, having been in labour, has brought forth *ridiculus mus!* They are sending me young Tŭngku Mat Saleh. From the

wisdom of all Residents, good Lord, deliver me!"

Saleh, accompanied by the jubilant parasites, journeyed down the Pĕlĕsu river in a launch, the distance being covered this time in a couple of days, for the current now was in his favour; but again Malaya, the inviolate, cried her appeal in his ears. After a year spent at Kuâla Pĕkâra, a place from which the combined efforts of the white men and the Chinese had contrived to eliminate almost all traces of its Malayan origin, Saleh felt that he breathed more freely when he found himself once more among the sleepy, sun-steeped villages, the spreading rice-fields, yielding full crops in return for a minimum of expended energy, the broad grazing-grounds over which buffaloes and peasants wandered with much the same indolent content, and the sombre masses of forest, which from the beginning of things had remained unmarred by the disfiguring works of mankind. This, he felt even more strongly than he had a year ago, was his native land, his proper, his natural environment. He drank in the sights that crowded his vision, snuffed lovingly at the scents borne to him from wood-fires, from spicy fruit-groves, from village and from forest, and was conscious of an exquisite feeling of freedom, of release. Kuâla Pĕkâra and the miracles which human ingenuity had wrought in that portion of the State possessed for him no sort of attraction: rather they repelled him. In his mind they were connected now with the never-ending, monotonous, spiritless toil and grind of administrative routine. The reaction resulting from his year of servitude was strong upon him. Never before had he felt himself more completely, more passionately, more enthusiastically a Malay,—a member of that race in whose eyes, be it remembered, the thing which we call "energy" is as naturally repulsive as is vulgarity to the refined European.

His first few days at Bandar Bharu, too, were to him sheer delight. The disorder to which the parasites had reduced his bungalow at Kuâla Pĕkâra had blunted his senses in many directions, and things which had offended his fastidiousness when he came to the Court of Pĕlĕsu straight from an English home passed now almost unnoticed. Besides, had not the Malay in him been growing and gathering strength all these months, and was not this place the proper environment for a Malayan râja? Nightly he passed across the river to chat and gossip with old friends and acquaintances, to play at *chĕki* at Che' Jĕbah's house, or to gamble at dice in his father's audience-hall. The parasites, gaily clad in silks purchased with his money or looted from his wardrobe, followed him everywhere; and Saleh, more in tune with his surroundings than ever before, enjoyed the distinction which was his by right, the deference shown to him, the flattery lavished upon him as the

eldest son of the King. There was here no question, at any rate, of being tolerated, of being "a fish out of water," and his bruised self-conceit found balm in the knowledge that the interest which he excited, the loyal affection which he inspired, the ceremonious treatment which he received, were things personal to his Malayan self, in that no white man could ever occupy at the Court of Pĕlĕsu a position in any degree similar. It was all so different to what had been on the occasion of his first visit. Then he had been in a manner aloof, adrift, separated by impalpable barriers from his own people: now they recognised instinctively that he had identified himself, thrown in his lot, with them, and they welcomed him—home.

XVII.

But at the end of the first ten days untoward events began to occur. Baker had silently determined to give his new assistant so much law,—so much and no more. You cannot spend the hours of the night in high Malay society on one bank of a river and next day attend office and do the work required of you satisfactorily upon the opposite bank; and Saleh, naturally enough, had devoted himself more successfully to play than to toil. On a certain day Baker called him into his office.

"Look here, Tŭngku," he said. "I want to speak to you. This place is a work-producing machine, and every one of us is a cog in the wheel. Each cog has got to take its share of the strain. At present you are sagging loose. That's not the game. Understand?"

Saleh did understand, but he was not pleased either with the matter or the style of Baker's address. During the past few days he had become more deeply impressed than ever before with the fact that he was the son of the King, the heir to the throne, and a person deserving of a full measure of consideration. All these things were true; and Baker, who was well used to dealing with Malayan royalty,—the ordinary unadulterated brand,—would have been the first to recognise their force, had not the whole issue been confused for him. When a sensitive Malay râja, of all but the very first rank, occupies the anomalous position of your junior assistant, and speaks to you in English almost as perfect as your own, you are perhaps hardly to be blamed if you regard him primarily as your junior assistant, and treat him as such small fry are treated in the cub-chastening Civil Services of the East.

"Yes, I understand," said Saleh sulkily and resentfully.

"Therefore, my son," Baker continued, "I am going to put

you on to a job that will give you something to do, mentally and physically, — principally physically. I want you to go up the coast—it's a matter of fifty miles—to Kuâla Bûyong. You can annex a boat of sorts there, and make your way up the river. There are a lot of arrears of land rents to be recovered, the jungle produce collections to be taken over from the village headmen, and one or two complaints to be inquired into. The work will take about a fortnight or three weeks, and I haven't got the time to spare myself. You had better start to-morrow."

Saleh had no alternative but to obey. It took him and the parasites nearly a week, however, to make their preparations, and during that time there was much talk in and out of Saleh's presence about the indignity which Tûan Baker had put upon him.

The journey was an abominable experience. Saleh and the mob of followers who had decided to attend him made their way up the coast, sometimes along endless stretches of burning sand against which the sea lapped with a sleepy monotonous whisper, sometimes along the narrow footpath which threaded a tortuous course beween the gnarled trunks of the *casuarina* trees that fringed the shore; now floundering through evil-smelling mangrove-swamps, again wading breast - deep through rivers, or tight-roping along logs felled across narrower streams. To Saleh it was all a labour of Hercules,—the merciless sun, the plodding toil of monotonous exertion, the drenching sweat that trickled into his eyes, the sand into which his feet sank, the swamps which stained his clothing ink-black, and at the back of all the memory that he, the heir of the Kingdom, was enduring these miseries at the bidding of a white District Officer in order to collect coppers from a reluctant peasantry to help to fill the overflowing Treasury.

"*Ta' pâtut!* It is not fitting!" said the parasites at every turn, as, wrung themselves by the unaccustomed exertion, they witnessed with keen sympathy, and even keener disapproval, the labours and the sufferings of their prince; and the phrase found a ready echo in poor Saleh's heart. It was not fitting, it was abominable, outrageous, that he, *he*, Iang Mŭlia Râja Muhammad Saleh, a scion of a Royal House, should be called upon in any circumstances to perform "coolie work" such as this! The whole idea of the thing was inexpressibly offensive.

Young English District Officers, men like Baker and his fellows, were wont to welcome the chance of similar expeditions as a delightful release from drudgery in office. The interests of the District and its people usually became with them a species of monomania, and they were never happier than when travelling through it, giving a word of advice here, a word of warning there, admonishing a village headman, sanctioning a remission of taxes where crops had failed, listening patiently to long-tangled

stories told by men little skilled in the use of words, who yet had some real grievance to disclose, helping in half a hundred ways to advance the material, and in a measure the moral, welfare of the countryside which was their charge. Baker, Saleh learned, had done that tramp from Kuâla Pĕlĕsu to Kuâla Bûyong, that fifty miles of unspeakable sand and swamp, often and often in a couple of days,—five and twenty miles to the march,—and afterwards had been a better and a sounder man in body and mind therefor. Yet Saleh and his people loitered over the same piece of country during a five days' journey, and every member of the party, far from deriving enjoyment from the experience, saw in each additional furlong, in each new obstacle, a fresh indignity to their prince.

The trip up the Bûyong river, though this was accomplished by boat, was hardly more inspiring. The place swarmed with mosquitoes, who greeted Saleh, not as a seasoned native, but as a new-comer from Europe, and feasted upon him with much satisfaction. The people were obsequious to their prince, and allowed his followers to pillage them at pleasure. The parasites, declining to regard the expedition as a visit paid to the District by a Government officer, transformed it as nearly as possible into a royal progress, and clung closely to the tradition that such peregrinations should result in much loot. Unknown to Saleh, they rifled the hen-coops, made open love to the wives and daughters of the villagers, and slaughtered goats at every halting-place. They also compelled the terror-stricken people to bring buffaloes and other gifts to Saleh, who had no notion that these were not voluntary offerings which could not be declined without offence. It seemed to the parasites and to the villagers that the "good old days" or the "bad old times"—the description depended upon the individual point of view—had returned once more!

As for the work which Saleh had been sent to perform, that he left to Krâni Uda, his principal follower, for he could not bring himself to squeeze arrears of taxes out of these indigent people; and Krâni Uda, secure in the ignorance of the peasants, took care that payment was made in full, with something over for the benefit of the tax-collector. Of all of which things Saleh remained in perfect innocence, for the natives, who would have approached a white man with their complaints with the utmost confidence, were held dumb by their inherited fear of a prince of the blood. Besides, royal progresses in the District, as every old man could tell them, had always been conducted upon similar lines.

When Saleh got back to Bandar Bharu,—he had been absent for some seven weeks, to the unspeakable disgust of Baker,—he was speedily followed by a host of complaints from the inhabitants of the stricken valley, and Baker had to rush off to Bûyong on his own account to prosecute the

necessary inquiries. On his return he had an interview with Saleh, from which that unhappy scion of royalty emerged livid, limp, and weeping. The conversation had this time been conducted in the vernacular, which lends itself to pungent and forcible expression, and Baker, on occasion, had a tongue to raise blisters. He brushed Saleh's tearful protestations of innocence and ignorance of his followers' actions aside with a curt "Then thou must be a person lacking all intelligence!" and the quotation of a rather coarse vernacular proverb anent pupils outdoing their masters. He concluded by saying that Saleh's allowance would be docked of an amount sufficient to pay ample compensation to those who had suffered, adding that, as a lesson to Saleh, he had computed the damage done on as liberal a scale as possible.

Saleh for the moment was cowed and crushed, but later resentment was the sentiment to which the incident chiefly gave birth. Who, after all, was Baker? What earthly right had he to interfere between the people of Pĕlĕsu and the râjas to whom they owed hereditary loyalty and allegiance? What business had he, an alien, an interloper, a man who made his living out of a country upon which he had no possible claim, to use language such as he had held in his interview with one of that country's hereditary rulers? The expedition had been forced upon him, Saleh felt, not sought by him, and most of the offerings made to him, he was still convinced, had been voluntary tokens of fealty. From this time onward Saleh found himself more than ever *laudator temporis acti*, more than ever discontented with the present, daily in conflict more and more acute with the dominion of the white men in the land.

"And by all that's impossible, this is what the Resident sends me when I apply for an Assistant!" stormed Baker to his friend the Medical Officer. "A pretty Assistant, upon my soul! Of all the lunatic businesses that I have ever struck in this Bedlam of an East, this is the most insane! Still, here he is, and here, I suppose, the young man has got to bide; but I shan't send him on any more out-district work. I shall put him on to the accounts, and I can only pray that the devil won't move him to rob the till."

So, as one of the results of his fiasco, poor Saleh was presently condemned to the most uninteresting of all branches of Government business, the management of a small Sub-Treasury: but the expedition bore other fruit. Saleh brought back with him from that mosquito-haunted river the seeds of malarial fever,—not the mild, chronic malaria to which most Malays are more or less subject, a disease that for the most part works little harm, but the virulent, pernicious tertian, which is generally reserved exclusively for the entertainment of Europeans. Once more the English were to blame. The denationalisa-

tion of Saleh they had attempted: the declimatisation of him they had achieved. In the former case the success attained had been only very partial, in the latter it was far more complete; yet those responsible for the insensate experiment, it seems to me, were only less to be congratulated on their achievement than their luckless victim.

XVIII.

Malignant malaria of this particular type, it is popularly supposed by the natives of the distracted heat-belt, is sent as a special dispensation—by that Providence which notoriously tempers the wind to the shorn lamb—for the chastening of the otherwise insupportable energy of the white man. Lacking some such salutary check as this imposes upon the European's morbid appetite for toil—which includes a desire to make all mankind partake, in equal measure with himself, of a full share of work,—the tropics, it is thought, would speedily be rendered unfit for habitation by the races whom Nature has taught from the beginning to live by her aid, and so living, to idolise Ease. But malignant malaria is one of Nature's watch-dogs, set to guard her shrine and to punish intruders upon its peace. It seizes the strongest in its jaws, shakes him till his teeth chatter, and when it has had its will of him, casts him aside, spent, shattered, feeble in mind and body, and whimpering like a little child. Some—and their number is past all counting—are broken once and for all; others gather themselves together after a space, and carry on the struggle, albeit with a certain new sobriety and caution; but let the victim be ever so energetic, ever so full of vitality and force, he bears the scars and the memory of that encounter with him to his grave.

Saleh, in the natural course of things, ought not to have been exposed to any such ordeal, and Nature, in mistaking him for a white man, showed something less than her usual perspicacity. The lad, in truth, had no great store of superabundant energy and vitality of which to be purged. None the less, he suffered, not like a Malay, but like any other newly imported stranger. Nature, ruthless as is her wont, milked the manhood out of him with both her busy hands, racked him with aches and pains, shattered him with chills, scorched him with the fever fires, pursued him with despairing visions, and hag-rode him without mercy. All the men and women whom he had known in life, all the stories and legends that he had ever heard, all the sensations which he had experienced, all the facts which he had learned,—but each one of these things contorted and distorted wonderfully,—danced through his mind in a tangle of combina-

tions, intricate, incongruous, inconsequent, monstrous, but informed throughout by a deadly but elusive logic. At times it would be Alice Fairfax, hideously transformed, her personality subtly interwoven with a Complaint from a Native Chief, a severe Pain in the Head and Back, a Rudeness of Baker's and the *Pons Asinorum*, proving with clarion din that the angles at the base of the Colour Question are a Pair of enormous Boots in which two microscopic feet wander and lose their way. At other times the vision would change to some combination even more intricate, even more harassing,—people, places, facts, inanimate objects, and even sensations welding together in ghastly, brain-stretching conglomerates, instinct with individuality and personality, strikingly human, yet torturingly inhuman and impossible. The barriers which divide the worlds of idea, sensation, and reality seemed to have been thrown down. The mind had become a wilderness overrun by hordes of unruly imaginings, masterless, panic-driven, maddened, and maddening; but under all, trampled upon by all, spurned by all, tossed hither and thither restlessly, abided the agony of the fever-rent body, the travail of the fever-haunted soul. Also, through all the visions two arch-persecutors asserted their supremacy, — the Horror of Effort and the Futility of Endeavour.

To the immense disgust of the Medical Officer, the parasites insisted upon carrying their master across the river, where they lodged him in his mother's house. A crowd of women filled the stuffy sick-room and re-breathed the exhausted air. They plastered Saleh's body with yellow turmeric and other messy concoctions. Prayers, charms, simples, and incantations were called into request, with a fine catholicity of faith, to aid the resources of the British pharmacopœia. There was also a very general belief entertained at the Court of Pĕlĕsu that Saleh's illness—the virulence of which demanded explanation—was due to the evil magic of a certain wizard of great repute who chanced to be among the number of the aggrieved peasants of the Bûyong valley. Many and bitter, too, were the murmurings against the white men—for in the good old times, men recalled, the wizard would have suffered various and evil things until he had thereby been compelled to exorcise the Familiar by whom, at his bidding, poor Saleh was manifestly possessed. This aspect of the case was discussed so frequently in the hearing of the patient that he got the idea interwoven with all the other inconsequences running riot in his fever-wearied brain, and more than once he called aloud upon the wizard by name, or in his ravings confused his own with the identity of the Familiar. After this, what further proof was needed? The worst suspicions were confirmed; and Baker began to have much ado to keep the King, Tŭngku

Ampûan, and the courtiers quiet, and had to send word to the police at Bûyong to guard the wizard closely, since at this time his chances of dying a violent death were extensive. Even chill-blooded Europeans are apt to wax wrathful when the superstitions of others frustrate the action of common-sense; and to the Malays of Pĕlĕsu the refusal of the white men to accept the proven fact of the guilt of the wizard appealed as the grossest and most mischievous piece of superstition of which they had had any experience. If Saleh had died, I think that the wizard would have died too with surprising celerity, even though one or more loyal people had to swing at a rope's end as the price of their devotion to duty.

Saleh, however, did not die, —and for this, perhaps, the clean life which had been his for years may have been partly responsible; but instead he crept back into existence, still haunted by the twin demons which had so possessed him while the fever held, — the Horror of Effort and the Futility of Endeavour.

Saleh had always been "slack" at the best of times, but now all that there had ever been of energy in his composition had been dredged out of him; and for this, be it remembered, the race which puts Energy shoulder to shoulder with Courage in the forefront of the manly virtues, not Saleh, was responsible. It was surely no fault of his, poor lad, that the white men, in the course of the experiment of which he had been the hapless victim, should have robbed him, among other things, of his natural immunity to the climatic influences of his native land.

(*To be continued.*)

GAPING GHYLL.

Above the placid valley of Craven, in the uttermost corner of Yorkshire, stand the three mountain-masses of Ingleborough, Penyghent, and Whernside. Ingleborough holds the central position, and, thanks to his isolation, achieved long ago the reputation of being the highest point in England. From Whernside on the one hand, and from Penyghent on the other, Ingleborough is cut off by two deep valleys, which form his basis into a vast rough triangle, of which one line is made by the infant Ribble, flowing beneath Penyghent, and the other by the Greta, perpetually disappearing underground, like Arethusa, as it makes its way down towards Ingleton. The third side of the triangle, and the broadest, is the lowland of Craven itself, along which gently goes the Wenning in search of the Lune.

On this great triangle, as on a pedestal, stands the mass of Ingleborough, built, like his two neighbours, of shale and grit, with one narrow belt of mountain limestone appearing about a hundred feet from the summit in an abrupt cliff, on which grow the rare plants for which the hill is celebrated. But the statue, like Flaubert's Salammbo, is too small for its plinth: splendid as are the proportions of Ingleborough, the pavement of limestone spreads out far and wide beneath the last steep slopes of the gritstone giant himself, so that on surmounting the lower fells one finds oneself on a perfectly flat even floor of white boulders stretching away to the foot of the mountain. And it is in this white pavement that are found all the famous water-sinks that feed the streams far below, in the unknown caverns through which they run. For in his magnificent solitude Ingleborough gathers all the clouds of heaven, and their rains streaming down his slopes have so fretted away the limestone of the levels that, here and there, the waters disappear into some secret chink or narrow terrible shaft between the rocks. It is practically certain that all these chasms ultimately have connection with the caves from which the rivers of Craven issue into the valleys far below at the cliff's foot; but there now seems little hope that any practicable passage will ever be effected, or that, as was once hoped, the pot-holes and the caves will all be found part of one enormous system of caverns ramifying throughout the heart of Ingleborough. So far as has been yet discovered, each water-sink conveys only its own stream, and never joins it with that from any other hole. Rift Pot alone has been connected with Long Kin East, a modest little winding crack in the white limestone, a yard across or less, that drops nearly four hundred feet to the abyss be-

neath. Round Long Kin East are gathered a little knot of immature pot-holes, twenty to thirty feet in depth or so, and filled with fern and lily-of-the-valley, where the silence of the hills is only broken by the sluggish drip of water, draining away to unsuspected depths. These open shafts, however, with their water-fluted walls of limestone, and their clear pools below, are mere *bruta fulmina*, beguiling obviousnesses in the labyrinth of death-traps. For it is the unsuspected, meek-looking cavities that hide real danger. A tiny opening, an apparent rabbit-hole, will drop a stone, echoing dimly, three hundred feet or more; and Rift Pot itself, obviously an hour's work for its explorers, and only four dozen yards or so in depth, gave full occupation for a day and a night, and carried the seekers four hundred feet down, in drop after drop.

With such deadly dimples the smiling face of the upper limestone is studded all over the base of Ingleborough, from the mild open holes above Weathercote, right round the western, southern, and eastern faces of the mountain, to the grim and aptly named Helln Pot, close above Selside. But the deepest and the most awful of the water-holes is Gaping Ghyll. The chasm comes upon one by surprise, and, unlike the others, does not disguise its horror. Following the stream from its source high up on the eastern face of Ingleborough, its meanderings lead one at last to the lower sedge-clad levels of the moor, and there, after disappearing several times beneath its limestone bed, in the manner of the mountain streams, it ends abruptly in a deep, basin-shaped depression. On three sides falls a steep bank of heather and moss; on the fourth, far down under the converging slopes, the stream disappears over a smooth white lip of rock into an open rounded well of darkness, up which floats a faint wraith of spume. The shaft itself is dank and wet; a dull light shines from the rock, and strange livid lichens grow in lines and patches as far down as the last rays of daylight will permit. Above, on the upper ledges, delicate ferns and wood anemone balance in the ascending reek of the pot-hole; and higher still, where the smooth slope above breaks sheer off in the precipice, hang the last tufts of heather and sedge and hawkweed that offer so delusive a handhold to any unwary victim of the bank. And yet, horrible as the place is, deadly and evil beyond expression, it has absolutely no record of tragedy,—and this, too, though red-tape and manorial complications have always forbidden it to be railed in, and left it an open peril in the moor. Further, Gaping Ghyll, for all its terrors, has no legend, no ghost, no supernatural reputation in the country-side. About two miles away, in the narrow valley beneath the fells, the great Ingleborough Cave opens into the Ingleborough Woods, and from a subsidiary mouth flows that stream which, after feeding the lake above Ingle-

borough House, drops in a series of waterfalls towards the Craven lowlands, where it becomes the Wenning, and ultimately joins the Lune at Wennington on its way down to Lancaster and the sea. And this stream which emerges from the cave under the cliff is, beyond doubt, the same that plunges into Gaping Ghyll on the moor five hundred feet and more above, and about two miles away.

It was thus known, long since, that of all the pot-holes, Gaping Ghyll was the one that held out the finest prospects of a big cave-system, and even of some practicable passage out into the daylight once more. The first descent of the great Ghyll was made by M. Edmond Martel, the French spelæologist, who, with practised intrepidity, went down alone into the darkness, and after several hours returned with the news of an enormous hall beneath the main shaft. He, however, found no outlet from this hall, and it was left for the Yorkshire Ramblers in subsequent descents to discover passages leading from either end of it towards farther halls and corridors and abysses.

When I first gazed upon the frail-looking little rope-ladder that swayed and wobbled away out of sight beneath my feet, I was not disposed to flatter myself on my prudence in having persuaded the Ramblers to let me accompany them on their latest exploration in the depths of Gaping Ghyll. And when, from that vacillating Brig o' Dread, a Rambler emerged once more into the upper air, wearied and wet, I found it necessary to take my determination into both hands and squeeze it vigorously back into firmness. In point of fact, one cannot possibly be afraid, for there is nothing on earth to be afraid of. For not only has one the rope-ladder to grip, but also a stalwart life-line, attached to one's middle, with half a dozen equally stalwart Ramblers holding it firm on the bank above, lowering it step by step as you descend, and hauling with a will as you come up. Thus it will be obvious that, even in the most timid, there is no room for any sort of fear. For, unless all your pullers were simultaneously stricken with apoplexy, nothing could conceivably go wrong with you as long as you keep your head and your hold. And yet, though one is in no sense afraid, there is an awe and a ghostly horror about that Avernus which sinks deep into one's bones, while one lingers shivering on the brink, not yet wishing to launch away and go down out of the blessed daylight. To save me fatigue the Ramblers started me from the lowest ledge of all; and thus, despite my protests, I was able—if I had chosen—to look down and see clearly to what I had committed myself. However, I tried to see and think as little as possible, and so stood with my feet on the ladder, awaiting the signal. The stream, dried with spring droughts, had been dammed off above with a bank of grass

and stones, and this added a whimsical touch to the situation. For my latest novel had concluded with the destruction of most of my characters in just such another pot-hole, by the rupture of just such another dam, while the heroine contemplated the situation with complacency. I could not but feel with what a poetic justice some similar fate might befall me in my turn, and, as I began the descent, almost expected to see the well-known phantom of Lady Gundred Darnley among the spectators on the bank above.

At last the signal came, and blindly I began to lower my feet from rung to rung of the ladder. Of course the process was easy and pleasant. Expected difficulties generally are. So down I went, and down, and the daylight began to glimmer ghostly overhead, with wild pale reflections from the gleaming rocks of the chasm. Soon I had passed beneath the sphere of the last lichens, and only bare grey stone, glossy with cold moisture, shone around me while I descended as mechanically and rhythmically as possible. For, if you keep step with the lowering movements of the life-line, your descent is rapid and easy as the descent to Avernus has every traditional right to be. Unfortunately, however, the depth of the shaft is far too great to admit of a single rope-ladder serving the whole length. Therefore many have to be spliced together, and, where these splices occur, the thickened twisted ropes are hard to seize for hands that are rapidly becoming numbed with the deadly cold. And so one gets out of step, and the earliest anguishes begin. At this point it is that I make my first discovery. I cannot blow the whistle. Nothing but a feeble splutter results, like the pipe of a bird with a quinsy. And on the whistle hangs all my happiness. For the holders of the rope have a code of signals by which they regulate their movements. One shrill with the whistle stands for "Stop"; two for "Haul up"; three for "Lower." Now, if you cannot whistle you have no way of communicating your wishes to them, and when you want them to lower they cut your body piteously in two by hauling up, till your feet are pulled off the ladder and float wildly in the dark; and when you want them to haul up or let you rest, they lower, until the slack of the rope is bellying away below you, and you know that for a few minutes at least your only hope of safety is to hold fast to the ladder. And this becomes no easy task, for the cold soon becomes so agonising that from the elbow downwards neither of your arms has any feeling whatever, and though you clutch, it is only automatically, without conviction or any real sensation of holding.

Suddenly, at this stage, the worst moment of all begins. Hitherto the ladder has been descending against the sheer

rock, and thus has been firm and good for the feet to grip. But now the line of the shaft sags inwards, and the ladder hangs slack and independent for fifty feet or more, until the rock slopes outward again and supports it. And the instant that the rope-ladder is left free it develops vagaries. Before you know where you are, or have any idea beyond the passionate wish that you weren't there, the ladder begins to gyrate, and suddenly swings round altogether. In the paralysing unpleasantness of that moment one has to bend all one's will to remember that nothing can possibly go wrong so long as one clings to that delusive ladder, — which, as a matter of fact, has, of course, not swung completely round, being too securely fastened, though its manœuvres are quite as disconcerting as if it had. Now it flops and staggers as you go, and the going becomes an agony. To and fro it swings you, lurching this way and that, and at the same time falling sheer beneath you, except when your tread forces it outwards at some horrible angle. The secret of negotiating these bad passages is, I am told, to hold on with the right hand to the right rope of the ladder, and to pass the left arm completely round the ladder till you grasp the right-hand rope with both hands. For the closer you keep your body to the ladder the less it sways. These are wise counsels; but unfortunately the ladder is just too wide for the crook of my arm to slide over its rungs with any ease, and how can any one execute manual manœuvres on a jumping rope with hands that have long lost any power of sensation? And yet, though my mind does not know it, my hands are gripping the rope with a mechanical frenzy that soon, combined with the cold, threatens to produce writer's cramp or some analogous complaint. And still I descend with a sort of automatic passion, the light waning as I go, and the grey, wet darkness gathering thicker every moment. A sound of many waters is in my ears. Luckily, in all stresses of effort, the mind seems to hypnotise the body, and then to go off on a holiday, while the body continues blindly doing what the mind commanded before it departed. So, as I go, dully clinging, dully descending, without stop or conscious action, my mind, confident in the body's ability to grip a rope and find a rung, is roaming strange fields, and accompanying old blind Œdipus down that *καταῤῥάκτης ὀδὸς* in Kolonos. Was it more *καταῤῥάκτης* than this? Poor Œdipus! No wonder he lingered till that ghostly voice called him to hasten. Suddenly I awake to the knowledge of human propinquity. Voices strike through the roar of water. I have arrived at the ledge.

For half-way, about a hundred and ninety feet down Gaping Ghyll, there exists the one amenity of the pot-

hole, a broad triangular ledge of smooth water-worn limestone, on which, so broad it looks to my imagination, excited by the sight of level ground, one might almost give a dance. And here two Ramblers are waiting to help me from the rope, and offer me a rest. Indeed one needs helping from the ladder, for both my hands are absolutely paralysed by now, and incapable of force or feeling. How I held on for the last fifty feet will always be my wonder. It shows yet again what one can do when one must. So I crawl on to the ledge and lie down under the shelf on one side of it, to be safe from any stones that may fall. And now I know that my Œdipus-preoccupied mind has really been at home and noticing all the time. For that last fifty feet I have been descending the shaft with my back to the wall and my face turned outwards to the column of darkness down which I was going, and every detail is clear to me as I remember,—the rounded well, the grey glistering rocks, and the spume of water that fills all the air and rises for ever like a faint cloud. And above everything, across the fluctuating, steaming darkness down between my feet, the white whirling apparition of the waterfall. For out of an unsuspected opening in the wall comes roaring a great mass of water, the main body of the stream from up above, which, instead of descending as originally over the lip of the Ghyll itself, now has wormed its way among some big boulders at the pot's mouth, and rejoins the main shaft about half-way down by a side-passage.

The Ramblers, I find, seem to think I have done enough, and should now be content to go tamely up again. As if one had braved such toils in order to leave the job half done and the glory unattained! They represent to me the formidableness of the undertaking, and tell me that if I go down the whole way I shall probably be unable to come up again; to which I answer that when the only alternative is staying at the bottom of Gaping Ghyll for the rest of my natural life, they may rely on my getting up again somehow by hook or by crook. There are very few things one cannot do if necessity offers no other choice. And believing that one can always do what one has to do, I have a strong tendency to burn my boats and so make achievement certain. Accordingly, after ten minutes on the ledge, I creep back on to the ladder again and continue my descent through the cataclysmal noise of the waterfall.

But the last part of the descent is far better than the first. Though the cataract yells in your ear, and though the spray of it leaves you without a dry rag, yet the ladder is so hung that the volume of water does not harass you as you descend, and for about fifty feet of the hundred and fifty you have still to go the ropes hang firm and fixed on the face of the rock, so that one leaps down swiftly and surely, hand over hand. They gave me whisky, too, on the ledge, and

sensation accordingly has flowed painfully back into my limbs. So I go cheerfully onwards, not heeding the difficulty which I have every moment in dragging my soaked sleeve over the projecting left rung of the ladder. And then suddenly there is nothing in front of me but blind, black night, only made more dense by the pale light of the shaft above. The rock has ceased utterly, and now the rope is falling sheer through the roof of the Great Hall at the bottom of Gaping Ghyll. As one goes the sense of its awful vastness leans heavier and heavier on one's consciousness. Every step makes one more infinitesimal in the enormous primeval gloom of the cavern. The strands of the rope dwindle, it seems, to a frail thread, and one feels like a spider spinning dizzily down from the Dome of St Paul's. And the descent is incredibly long. Very far away overhead now hangs the blackness of the roof, and very far away below one can dimly discern the gleaming rocks of the floor. Thus one goes, and the rope, contrary to my expectations, has so proper a sense of the scene's solemnity that it gyrates and jumps no longer, but continues soberly and straightly on its sheer way. Then at last it seems that the rocks made a sudden leap upwards, and you are standing on solid earth again, nearly four hundred feet beneath the moor.

The Great Hall at the foot of Gaping Ghyll must be the original dwelling of Aiolos. For all the winds are at home here, and a hundred conflicting eager draughts welcome one to the Underworld. And a dim, awful world it is. Feet and yards give no impression, even when numbered by hundreds. But this cave is terrifyingly vast,—so high and so broad and so long. The eye loses itself in the distance of darkness after darkness. Almost in the middle, pale and ghastly, falls the daylight, in one round blotch of greyness. And through the daylight, in an avalanche, falls the crashing whiteness of the waterfall, which, long before it touches earth, breaks like the Staubach into a never-resting cloud of spume, drifting down in slow wraiths or breaking in little bombs of snowy smoke. Its end is in a small pool, into which you can scarcely see it merge; only across the brown surface of the water sweeps for ever a whipping, shifting sheet of spray, perpetually varying from shape to shape, lashing the tormented shallows with the semblance of a hundred hurrying ghosts. And then, impregnably high against the white cataract and the grey sky above, looms, ominously hard and sharp and black, the broken line of the roof, from which the ladder hangs, a tiny reminder of one's own minuteness, leading up and up and up, unbelievably straight and far, towards the ledge. The cave itself is so vast that even across the pool one man looks to another like a pismire, and, as he wanders back towards the glooms, almost shrinks from sight altogether. Only under the shaft itself is there light. The rest

is velvety blackness. The wall of the cave, though, as it skirts the waterfall, has small projecting buttresses that take the pale dusk, and by it are turned into phantoms. Of less than human height they are, but vaguely human in shape, those blurs of greyness. Sometimes they stand linked, as it were, arm in arm, and here and there alone—peering out suspiciously from the dark upon the invaders of their immemorial territory. Under the spray of the fall, too, gleam shining pebbles in the bed of the pool, and round it, where the spume washes them. The stream, however, is heard no more of, but sinks through the stones into unguessed profundities, so that the rest of the cave is dry and solid. As one roams round its enormous area one comes upon a great sand-bank, flat and hard and even; but for the main part the floor is of rounded shingle or broken rock.

At the northern end, or that which leads up towards Ingleborough, the cavern narrows, and then is suddenly closed by a steep, high bank of *débris*. Climbing this, one comes upon a needle's eye between two cliffs, and so, straddling perilously out, with either foot on a precipice and nothing below, sees, far beneath, and stretching out indefinitely beyond, another cavern, floored with broken boulders. Magnesium wire shows darkness beyond darkness, and possibility behind possibility. But this passage, they say, is sterile, so we return towards the southern extremity of the Great Hall, whence lead on the corridors by which the Ramblers still hope that they may establish a connection between Gaping Ghyll and the Ingleborough Cave below,—of whose system Gaping Ghyll has undoubtedly been a part at one time, and whose water, it is known, is still received from Gaping Ghyll.

Crossing the enormous length of the main chamber again, we come to the southern end. Here, too, a towering rampart of broken, unstable boulders leads us upwards towards the outlet. No wonder that Martel never suspected these exits, thus masked by hopeless-looking slopes of rubble. All here is dry and warm. It is many thousand years, in every probability, since water last flowed in these caverns. A couple of bleached planks half-way up the bank shows the high-water mark of the heaviest floods, but into the passages themselves there is no doubt that water never flows now. At last we delicately surmount the last toppling boulder and look back at the main chamber stretching far away below us, and away into the indefinite distance. I can only compare the sight to some midnight view of a vast cathedral wrecked and pillaged, with pale moonbeams falling through a great rent in the dome. And then we turn to the passage. For a few yards it is a case of wriggling, of playing sandwich between a million-ton slab of rock above and the floor of the world beneath. So, at last we writhe ourselves clear, and are standing in a long shallow corridor,

triangular in shape, with the broadest side of the triangle sloping overhead in a slanting roof. Candles are fixed in our hats, and shoot vain, vulgar, little reddish darts against the invulnerable darkness. And all around us, now that the sleety whistle of the waterfall is left behind, broods an infinite silence.

As we go, bending and doubling, suddenly the stalactites gleam into sight. They are almost startling in their abrupt, vivid beauty. For they are of the purest white, like molten wax, pouring down everywhere in sheets, in billows, in curtains, in tapestries, in countless thousands of inverted snowy spires and steeples. Along each wall they crowd in dense clusters, in stately velvet hangings, in grotesque bossy convolutions. Here and there from some rift in the roof falls a fold of drapery, pure and glistening, as it were the trailing robe of an angel let carelessly down through a crack in the floor of heaven just above. Here, again, a great mass forming from above has met a great mass rising from below, and an ivory column has resulted. Or down some slope of the rock a frozen cataract of white comes pouring in a race of arrested ripples and eddies. Everywhere whiteness undefiled, a ghostly, warm, transparent whiteness,—except, indeed, where one great mass of a hundred hanging pinnacles is banded and streaked and flushed with crimson, as if the sad heart of the world had broken, and the blood from its veins trickled down into the fabric of the stone. They range from every size, these growths, from huge buttresses and pillars to tiny thread-like pipes, frail and diaphanous, which sometimes reach four feet and more in length. And everywhere they are gathered, big and little, in every nook of the wall, and from every crack of the roof, along whose lines they make a delicate tracery, Gothic and elaborate and fanciful, like the diapered daintiness of some old forgotten chapel. They take strange shapes, too, these white children of the darkness,—far different from the soiled regularity of their poor smoke-grimed cousins in the Ingleborough Cave. Here they are a-bristle with thorny excrescences, weirdly bowed and bent, mopping and mowing this way and that; or, as they hang in folds of drapery, perfectly transparent, their edges are elaborately scalloped, with a drop of clear water lodged in each rounded notch, held close by the furred edge of the forming stone, — until the whole effect is of some broidered trimming, toothed along its hem, and jewelled with diamond between the denticulations. As you touch them the hanging needles ring and sing; the old, great, ponderous pinnacles give a deep and bell-like note; the younger, daintier points have a light joyousness of tone, as their music breaks out across the black silence. And if you hold the light behind them you see all the lovely radiance of their flesh,—the warm flush, the veins, the

suffusing rose of their translucent substance. It is hard to believe that they are not alive,—that they do not hold their Sabbaths down here at midnight in the everlasting dark.

And so past city after city, past hanging after hanging, our corridor convoys us onward, now arched and lofty, now low and tortuous. Underneath our feet are stretches of damp cave-mud or pebbles, and then, at last, great broken boulders, so long fallen that, though now they are dry, their surfaces are marbled and warted with an aged growth of stalagmite. Then, between two mighty blocks, the way brings us out upon an embankment of earth, and beyond —nothing. Even in the impenetrable night we can hear mysteriously that we are in some enormous holy place. Very far away, from moment to moment, falls a drip of water, echoing and echoing along immeasurable depths. Then a flare of magnesium stabs the blind void, and for an instant we see, and, seeing, know how much more we have to guess. We are, as it were, in the gallery of a huge cathedral, the mud-rampart serving for our protecting ledge. Below that, in slope after slope of mud, the ground drops sheer away so deep that no light can pierce it. On either hand rise shadowy cliffs of darkness, frescoed here and there with white crusts of stalactite. And high above all, unseen but divined, the shadowy weight of the vault hangs over us. But this huge hall, with its shaft of unplumbed obscurity falling away beneath our feet, is but the chancel to more terrific transepts. For far beyond, where the titanic walls end abruptly in the blackness, our flashes of magnesium show us another and a vaster cavern still stretching out at right angles, on either hand, to distances unguessed. In the vacillating glow the remote vacancies waver and fade into night again. No one speaks; and we hear at last the Great Silence—that crushing, fulminating silence which has been since the beginning of time, that must last to the unimaginable end. For nothing has ever been here since the Waters died away. No living creature, man nor ancestor of man, nor even the wriggling things of the primal ooze, can ever have pierced this stronghold of quiet. Bedded in the walls lie the sea-shells that lived while the world was building, but since their day nothing alive has ever had any share in this temple of wonder and terror. In such a place one cannot speak. There is no room for the voice of man. And so, with the silence pressing heavily on our heels, we turn and make our way back again towards the Hall.

It had been my ambition to achieve the whole exploration with the explorers. But they were evidently determined to have none of it, and represented to me that the passages would lead them on for two difficult hours to the subterranean pot-hole, which, so far, is the end of the Gaping Ghyll cave-system, and that once

there it would be very many hours before they could hope to return, by which time they evidently concluded that I should be *hors de combat.* Therefore, having seen, like Balkis, such wondrous things that there was little more spirit in me, I yielded to their pleadings, and concluded that I would not make myself a nuisance by any insistence. As it was, when I arrived at the base of the ladder and looked up that awful sheer ascent, only a few feet less than that of the Roman Catholic Cathedral's tower by Ashley Gardens, I must admit I quailed before that rigid prospect. However, there was no use in quailing, and as I had no choice but to climb, I set to work. And the pullers above pulled with so excellent a will that I sailed up through that enormous dome again with unexpected ease, my only anguishes occurring when the thickening of the spliced ropes caused me to grope for hold, and thus lose step. When this happened the hearty pullers jerked my feet from the ladder, and I spun agonising in the inane until I could scramble up a rung or two with my hands, and so get straight with my helpers again. As before, though, it was the last slack bit of the ladder above the ledge that made my purgatory. By the time I reached it my hands and my feet were so tired that they could but plod mechanically upward with occasional halts, especially as I was carrying over my shoulder nearly four hundred feet of loose guide-line that had been left below by mistake, and now had to be taken up to the top. However, at last the blessed daylight began to grow clear, and, far sooner than I had ever dared to hope, I landed in the upper world once more, wet to the skin, as cold as a bone, bountifully scraped and bruised all over, weary in wrist and ankle, and with a large hole burned in the top of my head by the premature and unexpected guttering of the candle in my hat. And yet, now that all was said and done, glorious with triumph, and prepared, if need be, to achieve it again; for had I not stood where few have stood, and where fewer still will ever stand again? As for the explorers below, they made their perilous way onwards, I heard later, through crevice and cranny, up cliff and down abyss, carrying more ropes and ladders, together with provisions, until at last they reached the anticipated beginning of their real work. And there, a mile or more from the base of Gaping Ghyll and about four hundred feet beneath the moor, they found that subterranean pot-hole, dropping another hundred and fifty feet towards the centre of the earth. And in its depths lay a gulf of quiet water that no plummet could sound, though a fifty-foot lead was used. Nor could any movement or outlet be anywhere discerned. So there, in that pit of dead black water, immovable for ever in the depths of the earth, ends, so far as we yet know, the great cavern under Gaping Ghyll.

REGINALD FARRER.

REINDEER-STALKING ON THE HIGH FJELD OF NORWAY.

To find reindeer in the true wild state the hunter must go to the highlands of Ryfylke, Hardanger, or the Dovrefjeld, in the southern half of Norway: there at high altitudes they still roam, gaining surely a scant and precarious living on the barren mountain-sides, but enjoying a freedom denied to their brethren of the north—the tame herds of the Laps.

The wild deer had been absolutely protected by law for five years,—a step which was taken just in time to save from extinction one of the few remaining big game beasts of Europe; and with the knowledge of the success achieved by a similar restriction some time previously in the case of elk, there appeared to be every chance of finding some good heads on the high fjeld.

The stalking season, limited to fourteen days, commenced on the 1st of September, and in order to be on the ground by that date I sailed one night in the last week of August from Hull for Stavanger in the *Eldorado.* The romantic name seemed to be an omen for good, and I crossed the North Sea with highest hopes. My friend, J. L——, was to follow two days later. We had secured neighbouring tracts of country, —forests I suppose they might be called,—our intention being to hunt as much as possible from one camp. Two courses are open to the hunter in regard to this matter of ground: either he can acquire the exclusive right of stalking on private property by paying, in addition to the ordinary 100-kroner licence, a rent to the proprietor or proprietors; or he can obtain an extra licence which entitles him to hunt—and, if he is lucky, shoot three reindeer—on Government ground without further payment. The objection to the latter plan is that the right is common to all such licence-holders, and while in the case of foreigners the cost is 200 kroner, for the Norwegian it is a merely nominal sum, the consequence being that sport is apt to be of an interrupted nature. Having no desire to compete with the natives, we chose the more unsociable method, and nothing we heard later gave us reason to regret our selection.

A season of fourteen days seems a very meagre allowance for a hunter who may have to undertake a journey of half that time or more to arrive at his ground, but there appear to be justifiable reasons for the restricted period. The fact that horns are not clean until the beginning of September, and that even then velvet is common, clearly points out the 1st as a suitable date for the commencement of stalking; and no doubt the 14th was chosen for the close on account of the rutting season, which, accord-

ing to the information I was able to gather, starts about the middle of the month.

At Stavanger I met my landlord, who was going to stalk on another beat close to mine, some final orders relating to stores were given, and after luncheon we went together to a small village at the head of one of the fjords that run inland, a five hours' journey by boat. The rain descended in torrents all afternoon, and gave me a foretaste of the weather I was to enjoy for a week.

It was in a land of valleys, with a misty vaporous roof, that I set out next morning with two men and two pack-horses for an eight hours' tramp to a hut near the boundary of my ground. The tops of the mountains were left to the imagination, and I had as little knowledge of what was above me as that hero of early childhood, Jack, possessed when he commenced to climb his wonderful bean-stalk. There are days when the scud drives along the hillsides with breaks that afford fleeting glimpses of what lies beneath the wrapping, but when I started on my way at an early hour that morning no breath of wind stirred the dense mass, and there were no loopholes to give peeps of the heights aloft.

A rough path took us about a thousand feet up the mountain side, then lost itself amongst the rocks, and we were guided by splashes of red paint that formed the equivalent of a blazed trail. Four hours of collar work brought us to the summit, 3800 feet above sea-level, as shown by my aneroid. A breeze had by that time sprung up, dispersing the mist, and I looked out on a grand but desolate scene: bare tops, formed for the most part of great slabs of granite, split and divided up by ravines, some packed with snow, others filled with huge boulders covered with moss that bore resemblance to black velvet. Then in heavy showers of cold rain a descent was made into a valley comparatively rich in grass, the hills rising out of it showing good feeding-ground for deer, especially where there was a southern exposure.

A herd of fourteen reindeer was seen in a corrie running at right angles to our track: my telescope was turned on to them, and they proved to be all hinds and calves with the exception of two small stags. The horns of the entire band —for the hinds carry them as well as the stags—were still in velvet, but the first sight of the object of my journey was good.

At last I reached the hut: the hunters from Saetersdalen arrived half an hour later, and plans were made for pitching camp next day on my ground. Shortly after 5 A.M. on the 1st of September I came out of my tent to find the promise of a good day after a night of wind and rain, which had threatened the stability of my abode; but no sooner was breakfast cooked and eaten than down came the mist again, with showers of rain,

varied occasionally by sleet and snow. I started for some high ground with Knud, my hunter, who had taken shelter through the night in what was nothing more or less than a hole amongst the rocks. The other men, three in number, two with pack-horses and my friend's hunter, I had sent back to the hut with instructions to wait there for him. Spying was no easy task that morning, owing to the rain, but in the occasional fine blinks I examined to the best of my ability, though without success, the places my hunter pointed out as likely haunts of deer.

About three o'clock, on coming over a ridge which opened to view a large amount of ground, I suddenly saw nine deer, some five or six hundred yards away; a whispered word to Knud, and we were crouching behind a rock watching the deer with eager eyes. Fate was, however, to be reckoned with: at that moment, when the game seemed to be in my hand, a blinding snowstorm came on, and under such conditions to follow reindeer amongst those rocks was an impossibility. It was hard; but as the Mugger said to the Jackal, "Against his fate no one who swims, or walks, or runs, should say anything at all."

For an hour Knud and I sat shivering behind our rock, taking comfort in tobacco and the hope that the storm would pass: the distance from camp eventually forced me to give the word to retire, and reluctantly we made our way back through the snow to the tent. I had expected to find J. L—— on my return, and when I came in sight of the camping-ground I anxiously looked to see if a second white dot denoted the pitching of his tent; but there was no such sign, and with the covering of snow around it was not easy to make out even my own tent with the glass at the distance.

We lit a fire amongst the rocks, the smoke from which was driven in all directions by the wind, which seemed to pierce every nook and cranny, and when the water boiled I was never more grateful for a cup of tea. By eight o'clock the snow was lying deep round the tent, and dry clothes and the reindeer-skin sleeping-bag were the orders of the day, or rather of the night.

Like the famous sleeping-bag that the goaded Modestine bore through the Cevennes, mine was used as the receptacle for a variety of articles, amongst them a complete set of dry garments, so that however wet I got through the day I always had the assurance of a change at night: putting on wet clothes in the morning is unpleasant, but not harmful. To reveal some of the delights of that night, it is sufficient to say that water froze solid in a tin basin within a few feet of my head, and snow drifted into the tent at the place where I used to crawl in and out of it: the wind had blown from the opposite direction when it was erected. Boots, stockings, anything I

could reach from the sleeping-bag, were thrown to block up the part where the snow was coming in. I determined to come out of the bag to do repairs only as a last resort, for once dry keep dry is a maxim of importance, subject of course to the possibility of such a condition.

On returning to camp the following afternoon, after another day of unproductive spying, I found J. L—— had arrived: he had come up from the fjord the day before in the snowstorm, but had found shelter for the night at the hut. Our meal was taken that evening to the accompaniment of rain instead of snow, a decided improvement after my experience of the previous night. The glass was still falling, though it seemed impossible for it to reach a lower point, and continuous heavy snow-showers the next morning made a retreat to the hut a necessity. We were prepared to "see it through" in the tents ourselves, though, except for the precious garments in the sleeping-bag, I had nothing dry left, but the plight of our men in their wretched caves was terrible, and more than we could ask them to endure. In the hope that an improvement in the weather would soon admit of a return, our tents and most of the stores were left behind: we were disappointed, however, and two days later an expedition was made for the rescue of all our baggage. This meant the loss of valuable time in a fourteen-day season, especially as it took the best part of two hours to get on to my ground from the hut,—to hunt on my friend's beat and return the same night was impracticable,—but what could be done when the weather was fighting so hard against us?

Vain attempts at hunting were made, and there was only one day on which we did not go out at all. Spying was well-nigh impossible, owing to the snow and rain day after day, and deer were very scarce on my beat, or on so much of it as we could reach from our quarters, so the want of success was not to be wondered at. Two fellow-countrymen and best of hunters had joined us at the hut, from which they could more conveniently work one end of their ground. They had been successful, and the sight of some heads hanging on the walls of the hut filled me with jealousy—let me frankly admit it! Fortunately there is some truth in the saying that perseverance will ultimately be rewarded, and the turning of the lane came at last, a week after the opening day.

On the 8th of September I left the hut about 7.30, and three hours later was at the top of a glen in which a river gathered its harvest of small streams that trickled, clear as crystal, from the patches of snow on the mountain-sides, and bore the fruits to a wide-spreading lake that formed one of my boundaries. A daily row across that lake was included in the programme when we were living at the hut.

Knud had departed to get bread for himself and the other men. Whether it was on account of the bad weather or not I cannot say, but apparently they had consumed in one week the supply they had brought for two. The journey meant his absence for a couple of days, and so Olaf, whose ordinary duty was the charge of my pack-horse, carried my rifle. The sun shone out in all his glory as I scanned the hills around with my telescope, and with delight my eye rested at last on a herd of about forty reindeer. At the distance I could not judge the heads accurately, but I could see that three or four stags, as they moved about in the sunlight, carried long clean horns. The deer were grazing rapidly towards the top of a range lying on the other side of one of the many lakes that nestled in amongst those hills, and our first move was to go round the end of the lake to a spot whence I could obtain a better view of the ground that lay between me and the deer. The wind was favourable, a deep gully running up the hillside seemed to form an easy approach, and things looked good generally.

Further spying from the point I had made for showed that the ground was clear except for that one herd, but it also showed that the deer had moved quite four hundred yards in the short time that had elapsed since first I had seen them. I had read that reindeer covered a great deal of ground while feeding, and certainly the fact had not been exaggerated, and this rapid changing of positions made anxious work for the stalker. Up the hill we went, and when the top of the gully was reached I took the rifle and binoculars from Olaf and told him to wait there for me. Powerful binoculars, I find, are more handy than a telescope for the later stages of the stalk, when rapid glances have to be taken as ridges are passed, bringing more ground into sight, and for the last scene of all — the choosing of the best head.

The deer had crossed the ridge, feeding straight up wind, — their tracks in the snow, of which there were many patches, showed me the direction, and cautiously I made my way from rock to rock. On peering over the ridge I saw the deer less than three hundred yards away: they were grazing round the foot of some rocks that separated them from me, and were fairly well bunched together except for three stags that fed a short distance behind the rest. The binoculars disclosed the three to be "shootable" beasts, but on examining the herd I saw a head that surpassed my fondest dreams. Never had I looked on such a pair of horns before. Not only were they long and of wide span, but as the stag tossed his head up and down I was struck by their perfect symmetry. A trophy worth much hardship was before me, and my hands could scarcely keep the glasses steady for excite-

ment. To a ledge jutting out below me I gradually slid on my back, taking the greatest care not to dislodge any of the small stones of whose presence I was painfully aware. I raised my head inch by inch to look over the ledge, and could not resist one more gaze with the glasses at the big head. The deer had fed in closer to the rocks, and were nearer to me than I had dared hope to find them—only a little over a hundred yards away.

The stag collapsed at the shot, and the herd dashed off down the hill in a regular stampede. I had been so intent on securing the big beast that I had not prepared myself for a second chance at one of the other stags; and as they were almost immediately in the midst of the general throng, I did not fire a second shot. I went back to the top of the ridge, shouted for Olaf, and then scrambled down to where the beast lay.

With the most honest intentions in the world on the part of the hunter, heads are apt to look larger through a telescope than when they are secured, and the estimated measurements of some heads that have been seen and missed would out-record all records; but I experienced no feeling of disappointment on this occasion. The horns, which after measurements proved to be 52 inches in length, with an inside span of fully 50 inches, and with 32 points, 8 of which were on the snow-scraper, were a real prize. Olaf soon joined me: he pronounced the stag to be the "Kong" of reindeer, and insisted on shaking me by the hand. As his knowledge of English was a minus quantity, and mine of Norwegian scarcely worth a plus, I suppose his manner of offering congratulations was after all the most simple. The Norwegian, if you do not watch him, commences skinning a beast by making a cut in the side of the neck that would break the heart of a taxidermist; so, as I wished to preserve the head skin, I superintended the manœuvres of Olaf's knife.

When that performance was completed, we partook of an early lunch, and started homewards with the head. Fortune was to deal with me in no niggardly fashion that day, for when less than half-way down the glen through which we had passed in the morning, I saw deer ahead of us close to the river. My telescope was immediately levelled upon them, and I recognised, by the three stags, the herd out of which I had taken the big beast. I was surprised to see them feeding so quietly there, for the place was less than two miles from the scene of my first stalk, and I had believed reindeer to be great travellers when disturbed.

Oliver Goldsmith, in his delightful manner, wrote about the animal, "Its pace is rather a trot than a bounding, and this it can continue for a whole day"; but then he also stated, "Reindeer are troubled with vertigo, and turn round often till they die. The Laplander judges of their state by the

manner of their turning. If they turn to the right he judges their disorder but slight, if they turn to the left he deems it incurable,"—a remarkable theory, no doubt, but a statement which causes doubts to rise in regard to his authenticity.

Olaf was again left behind, and I was amused, on looking back to make sure that he was obeying instructions, to see him transformed into a Herne-the-Hunter-like creature, the big antlers, below which he was sitting, appearing to grow out of his shoulders. To approach the deer I had to wade for a short way down the river, a high bank affording cover. It was cold and deep, and I was glad to reach a bend where the stream was turned to the side by a rocky mound, which I had fixed upon as the place for the shot. With the water dripping from my lower garments and oozing out of my shoes, I climbed up the knoll and peeped over the top. The deer were moving farther away from my position every minute, so there was no time to be lost, and I looked hurriedly for the best of the three stags. After the one I had already shot their heads seemed poor, but I fancied a heavy beast that carried long horns without many points. I heard the thud of the bullet, but to make sure fired the second barrel at the stag as he made for the hill with the rest of the herd. That stopped him, and I reloaded and fired two ineffectual shots at long range at one of the remaining stags. Olaf arrived on the scene with the other head, and then more knife-work took place.

With a feeling of perfect contentment I finished what remained of my luncheon, and lit a pipe. How good the tobacco tasted, sitting there beside that river, a towering mountain snow-capped and streaked with rivulets opposite, and the two heads lying at my feet. The snow and cold, the long miles of walking, the days of failure and disappointment, all sank into oblivion, and existence was concentrated in a vivid present.

We were still a considerable distance from the hut, so we had to get under way at last with a reindeer's head apiece on our shoulders. They were no light weight, and it was a relief to reach the lake and the boat. The glen was a mass of boulders, and the extra burdens made themselves felt when long steps almost amounting to leaps were necessary. J. L—— had gone up to ground at the far end of the lake that day, and I had indulged in the hope of meeting him and his hunter and obtaining assistance with our loads, but, alas! on arriving at the lake I found he had returned before me, and his boat was safely beached for the night.

We left the smaller head in the boat, to be sent for next morning, and eventually reached the hut just before dark with the big one. I was determined to bring it in that night, but my shoulders were aching long before our destination came in

sight. I was the last to arrive, and though it was the hour of the evening meal, every one turned out to see the head. A tape was immediately sent for, and measurements were taken. It was a day to be marked in red, and never forgotten; and apparently my hunting did not even end there, for I was told next morning that I had disturbed the slumbers of the rest of the party — we four hunters slept in one room— by giving my man instructions for some desperate stalk from dreamland.

Two days later our little company was broken up. One of the two hunters who had joined us at the hut left for England, taking along with his own trophies the head skin of my big beast, which he had most kindly prepared for me, and J. L—— went north to follow the elk trail. The time allowed for hunting those gigantic monsters extends from the 10th to the 30th of September, and so overlaps the reindeer season by a few days, but by dint of some perseverance and activity in the matter of travelling, and a little kindness on the part of fate, it is possible for a hunter to secure within the month trophies of both the fjeld and the forest.

With a rising glass and the promise of fine weather, I set out once more with my tent for the few days that still remained for reindeer-stalking. The wind, however, never left the quarter from which it had been blowing since the beginning of the month, save, I think, for two days at most, and, of course, that terrible night of the 1st, and my ground was practically clear of deer. In four days' hunting I only saw some twenty deer in all, and the two stags included in that number were not worth a shot.

On more than one occasion I came across the skulls and horns of reindeer which Knud admitted had been carried by beasts that he had shot the previous year—so much for the long close time! The question of meat had been, and ever was, more prominent in his mind than in mine, and I cannot say that I viewed with jealousy any of the heads he had left to rot on the mountain-sides. Shed horns, or what remained of them, I generally found bore the marks of having been gnawed by deer. A sense of decency or respect seemed, however, to prevail when the skull was there too, for on those occasions they had been left untouched.

Reindeer I believe to be affected by wind even more than our red deer at home, and as they continually travel up wind it stands to reason that if that guiding current remains in the same direction for many days on end, ground will soon be clear, unless there is an unlimited supply on the ranges to leeward to take the place of those that have been drawn off beyond the boundary to afford sport to a neighbouring hunter. I could not understand at first why I did not fall in with fresh arrivals from adjoining ground,

but at last I managed to discover what I feel sure was the truth. A broad valley, some ten or twelve miles to the eastward, formed a barrier across which, according to my hunter, deer would not travel, and the wind, which clung tenaciously to the west and south-west, was therefore most disastrous for me, as my ground was cut off from obtaining fresh supplies of deer, if that expression may be employed on such a subject.

In order to cover as much ground as possible, I had taken J. L——'s disbanded men with me as well as my own. With two pack-horses my tent, baggage, and stores were easily moved from place to place, and it was a comfort on arriving, tired after a long day on the tops, at the site chosen for camp, to find the tent erected and the kettle singing its welcome tune on the crackling fire.

If sport was poor, there were other recompenses at hand,—for four days I revelled in glorious sunshine and almost cloudless skies. I was astir with the first flush of dawn, and saw the hills gradually take shape, the rugged lines of the tops standing out black and distinct against the sky when the valleys were still wrapped in haze; and at nights, sitting beside my tent, I watched them fade away into the darkness while the men smoked and chattered round the camp fire.

Under such perfect conditions, to be out on the roof of that country, day after day, bare tops with rocks and patches of snow in the foreground, and range upon range of mountains extending away beyond into the far distance, was wonderful. There was something impressive about the grand scale of the whole scene—something that made a mark to endure. In the bright light the hillsides were brought close by the telescope, and every rock and boulder was sharp and clear. How I used to long for some of those rocks to take shape and be turned by magic into deer! At places the wild and lonely surroundings seemed to warrant the appearance of some wild-visaged wizard to utter the necessary incantations, but no such tutelary genius came to my aid, and night after night I returned to camp without having fired a shot.

At last the day came when the tops were traversed for the last time, when the last glimpses were taken of corries that had grown familiar, and the last voyage was made across the lake upon which we had so often embarked full of hope in the morning, to return at night empty-handed and with spirits depressed for the time, though never entirely extinguished, by our many disappointments.

My tent had been pitched the previous night at the far end of the ground, and as a very long detour to avoid some high ranges had to be made for the pack-horses, I caught up the little band by the way before reaching the hut. It

had been arranged that we should spend the last night there: the men from the village at the head of the fjord who had brought my baggage up to the ground in the beginning of the season were coming to take it down again the next day.

A sad procession we formed as we wound our way from the lake to the hut that evening, and silence took the place of the usual brisk and noisy conversation of the men. The memory of the discomforts of the first few days had been effaced by the brilliant weather of the second week, and I believe their regret that the end of the hunting had come was as true and genuine as my own. After the days and nights I had spent alone with them, a sort of understanding or means of intercommunication, without actual knowledge of each other's language, had sprung up, and I was able to comprehend that the questions they asked me bore upon the subject of my possible return another year. How hard it is to give an answer on those occasions. Recollections of good days—for it is the good, not the bad days that live longest in the mind—would draw us back to the scenes of former successes, and to return to old haunts is nearly as good as to meet an old friend, but opportunities for trips abroad do not come every day, and the call of other lands and other trophies is strong.

C. M. B.

"ET IN ARCADIA EGO."

THANKS to Lord Kitchener, the "strenuous life" has swept the board in India; and in the country where, 'tis said, an Army Order once requested officers not to attend parade in pyjamas, one would not now be surprised to hear of their falling asleep, exhausted, in khaki.

Of a certainty the only thing that renders soldier-humanity equal to its peaceful task in India is the fact that, with ordinary luck and a kind Commanding Officer, three consecutive months of the hot weather may be spent on leave. This is the oil that smooths the working of a many-wheeled machine.

Leave obtained, the choice of spending it need not be long in doubt. There is a country near at hand which offers inducements to every taste, and where expense, that ever-growing worry in Indian life, may easily be curtailed. Kashmir—shrine and pilgrimage of our early dreams—suffers nothing in the realisation, forming an exception to an all too common rule. No railway whisks us through it before we have become attuned to our surroundings, no smoke-grimed terminus smuggles us into its capital, nor do crowds of trippers force themselves upon our view; but in the good old style an excellent staging system brings Srinagar—Venice of the East—within three quiet days of Rawal Pindi, days full of the charm of road-travel and panoramic with sublimest scenery.

The first drive, from Rawal Pindi to the hill-station of Murree, a very steep climb, occupies about six hours. It is April, and the annual exodus to the hills has begun. Camels, carts, and coolies, scores of them to every mile, lurch along over the dusty road. A regiment of servants escorts the *lares* and *penates* of the migrating sahibs, and the pet fox-terrier and dachshund — precious darlings that must not be left to risk the heated Plains —have each a swarthy retainer to conduct them with all state to their summer quarters. I marvelled that the musical summons of our driver, sounded on an old infantry bugle, as each new obstacle intervened, was obeyed with such alacrity and ease.

Pindi, as we left it, was showing signs of what it would do in the stoking line later on, and the contrast of the cold of the hills was very pleasant. Murree, and the various scattered summer stations for which that name stands, had just emerged from its covering of snow. The little town itself has nothing except the view to recommend it. On one side the Plains stretch away as far as the eye can reach; on the other, great, wooded spurs and deep-toned valleys open up vistas of wild and enthralling scenery. Murree in another month will be full to overflowing, and the

"season" in full swing. Mrs Jones will be paying her round of calls — upon Mrs Smythe, who is renting Esher, and Mrs Snooks, who this year has taken Cleremont; Oakdene, Viewforth, and Ivybridge will be leaving cards on The Pineries, Snuggeries, and Rookeries, or cutting them, as the case may be; and strangers passing by the way will be thrilled with the appropriateness of the nomenclature, equally with the patriotic fervour which discovers that the beauties of the Surrey Hills have been clumsily parodied by mere vulgar offshoots of the Himalayas.

From Murree to Kohala, at which post a bridge over the Jhelum connects the Punjab with Kashmir, is a four hours' descent, along a road literally cut from the side of an abyss. On the one hand a mass of earth and rock goes sheer up to where "the mountain pines wag their high tops" against a cloudless sky; on the other the first impression is of limitless space — until the eye, startled by this immensity, stoops dizzily upon some mist-emerging crag, or soars to the skyey summits of the Pir Punjál.

Your conveyance is a *tonga*, a wide, low, two-wheeled cart, strongly built, and with a large hood to protect you from the sun. There are seats back and front, and it is best to sit behind, both for comfort's sake and because it is easier to "nip" out should the whole concern be precipitated into the depths. Your kit is strapped on over the mud-guards, and bestowed as cleverly as an Irish jarvey packs a side car, which says a great deal. As a rule, the ponies are evenly matched and very willing. At one of the most difficult stages, however, we had two animals of widely different dispositions. One was quiet and speedy; the other had the temper of a mule, and would not pull. Our driver touched him up with the whip, with the result that the brute aimed a vicious kick at him, and got his near hind hoof caught on the splash-board. The Kashmir road is a marvel of engineering, but at times, when the rains have done their worst, it is hampered by landslips. We were about the first up after one resumption of traffic, and the point where the pony made his demonstration hardly left room between cliff and precipice for us to squeeze past. Luckily, after hopping in an absurd fashion for some distance upon three legs, while his willing comrade still continued to canter, he managed to extricate his hoof, and we proceeded in a less alarming way. But I noticed that the driver did not hit him again. Instead, he vented his rage on the more willing animal, whenever the pace became unnecessarily slow. How often, I thought, does not a parallel little comedy occur in the world official!

At Kohala is one of those excellent *dâk* bungalows which are to be found along the great roads of India, and in which you can get a hot bath, a good square meal, and sleeping accommodation if necessary, at

quite reasonable cost. During the long descent from Murree you will have caught glimpses far below you, to the right, of Kashmir's great river Jhelum: a deep, muddy torrent here, different indeed from what it is to be when another day's journey will have brought you clear of the narrow gorge through which the road is cut. At Kohala the river thunders along just below the roadway, filling the air with spray. It is difficult to think of navigation in connection with such seething wildness. Yet nothing in the way of rivers could be found more placid than this great affluent of the Indus before it has reached the point where, in bygone ages, the pent-up waters of an inland sea first clove their way to freedom.

As your journey proceeds the air becomes soft and balmy as that of an English spring, for April in Kashmir resembles that which Chaucer sang of in ancient merrie England. The hawthorn greets you with that scent you never thought to know so far afield, and the trees, clad in their mantles of vivid green, are full of birds and melody. After the aridness and glare of the Plains, the dust, sweat, and eye-straining, all this makes "Paradise enow."

At Baramulla the gorge comes to an end, and here the river widens out into the valley of Kashmir. Here you may board the house-boat that is to be your home for the next three months, and a convenient movable base from which to explore the remoter valleys. On the way up to the capital you cross the beautiful Wullar Lake, only the tenth part, perhaps, of the great prehistoric sea that once pressed against the now broken barrier, and still the largest sheet of water in India. The native boatmen dread the squalls that come without warning, racing down from the heights, and it is often hard to induce your crew to quit the shelter of the shore.

The house-boat proper of Kashmir is much like that of the Thames, except that its stem and stern are raised to facilitate landing on the low banks of the rivers and canals. Your servants are chosen from among the boatmen. In their own intensely conservative way they are good boatmen, but exceedingly primitive servants. The man whom we chose for our personal attendant insisted to the last upon laying out the whole of our modest service when we took tea,—soup plates, carving-knife, and all. Our cook (an excellent fellow) always brought in the principal dish himself, and would listen at the door to hear how we received it. Our meals were prepared by this worthy in the little cook-boat which always accompanies a house-boat; and whether we tied up to the bank, or elected not to stop, was all one to this uncomplaining *chef*, who would bring his little boat alongside and serve up an appetising and varied meal, all prepared on a little mud-grate, in an absurdly narrow compass. One thing we would not allow

on the menu was a hash, for on coming out earlier than usual one morning we had surprised the cook employing our one-and-only toasting-fork for the purpose of immersing in the river an unfortunate and extremely obese rat.

Srinagar is a city that conforms to none of our conventions, while fulfilling all that intangible something that our nature craves. It cries aloud for the artist. At every turn, in every nook and corner, along each stretch of its river, there is a feast of beauty. And to think that London is crammed with men who prate of Art, know all its tricks and limit it with rules, who claim a very monopoly of æstheticism, and yet have never seen scenes such as these, nor wished to see them!

Here we have Nature unspoilt, and Nature moulding the artificialities of man to her behests. As you pass slowly up the river the city's aspect is uniquely beautiful. On either side the houses are crowded in picturesque confusion, one seeming to support the other, and all apparently standing in spite of every law of gravity. Those which abut on the river are supported by massive baulks of timber, or reared upon piled-up masonry, where, strangely in contrast to the unsubstantial-looking structures above, huge quarried stones, relics of long-past temples, are doing the work of buttresses. Here and there between the houses dank passages occur, whence part of the 150,000 beings who form the city's population peer out upon slow-moving time. Every house possesses carved lattice windows, often exquisite in their tracery, carving being an art well adapted to the unchanging East. The prevailing tone is brown, for the water is muddy and the houses unpainted, save that Nature has adorned their sloping roofs with grass, interspersed with flowers. These are at their best in early spring, and long-enduring will be the effect on us who witnessed it of green roofs flaunting scarlet tulips—the large red tulip of the English flower-bed showing scarlet against a radiant Eastern sky! Many a visit did we make to this wonderful chief waterway of the city, where the vendors of cunningly-wrought carvings and the famed Kashmir embroideries have their abode.

The sunny midday hours are full of charm, with their wondrous effects of light and shade, the dazzling reflections from mosque and temple, the scintillating play from rustling trees, the restful, leafy back-canals, where merry groups of bathers splash on the great submerged steps. And far away, where a broad stretch of river clears the view, gleams the great mountain barrier.

As for the sunsets: given such a task as this,—to better the day, as sunset ever must,—what a demand upon the resources of Nature! Yet they rise to it, and in doing so carry us, hopeless and helpless in that sweet-bitterness that is the fruit and penalty of appreciation, out of ourselves, away

from our interests, our past and our future, incorporate us for a space with the atmosphere of heaven, then buffet us back to earth with a reminder of our smallness. On moonless nights the afterglow makes the day linger on the salient features, while all else fades imperceptibly into night. Twinkling lights begin to glimmer in the shrines and high up in the mysterious dwellings, as quietly this crowded city of the East sinks to rest. And amidst it all how little true appreciation is there, what almost impious disregard! Nature and Time conspire together to produce their choicest marvels, and across the way, in the English visitors' club, a couple of retired colonels, day in day out, discuss their golf handicap, and a bevy of fair dames and maidens, threatened with the awful fate of boredom, strive none too sweetly for the latest crudity in novels. Oh for a Ruskin or a Turner, who with pen and brush would render homage to this charmed city of a charming land!

The English quarter, separated from the rest of Srinagar by the river and canal, is laid out on a lavish scale, and has a beauty all its own. Besides the club, there is a large hotel, and several churches. A wide expanse of springy turf, level as the proverbial billiard-table, and wholly delightful to weary travellers from the Plains, provides ample space for polo and cricket, while—far more popular than either—a first-rate golf links is thronged throughout the day.

Alas, alas! With greater facilities for travel have come the dress-basket and hat-box. One would not for the world wish the fair sex away, but 'twere excusable to prefer beauty not too much adorned. Frocks, frills, and furbelows, triumphs of Lutetia, amazement of the guileless Kashmiri, make the local tea-fights rival the scene at Ascot. For there are tea-fights and visiting lists, dances and theatricals, and Heaven knows what besides, in this remote preserve of Nature, scandal and tittle-tattle enough to put West Kensington or Brixton to shame! Already the rate of living is going up; and it is only by resolutely leaving your society garb behind, and taking nothing but what is required for "roughing it," that you can benefit in a monetary sense, or hope to become acquainted with the country. Luckily the great majority of men (and many women too) do not go to Kashmir to drink tea and toy with muffins.

The Chenar Bagh — a picturesque stretch of canal that takes its name from the plane-trees that shade it—is reserved for bachelors, and is much patronised by subalterns. Each house-boat has its own station, with pleasant camping-ground, covered in as with an awning by those densely foliaged trees. All through the day this canal is a busy scene of traffic: not traffic that detracts from the quiet and beauty of the scenery, but a kaleidoscopic succession of groupings and incidents that is never out

of harmony with the surroundings. Graceful *shikaras* —the little boats that carry the sahib when he wishes to get anywhere by water—glide up and down, dodging the barges that, loaded to the water-line with earth and stones, are being poled heavily along. Each of these unwieldy hulks has its rear end covered by a species of rude shelter, the only home and dwelling-place of an entire family, besides a cow, a goat, and dozens of chickens. The available space on deck swarms with babies—little brats that are always in the way, and doted on by their parents. It is pretty to see how the Kashmiri water-folk love their children. The harder the work, and the harder to bear in consequence the teasing of these urchins, the more cheerful do the parents become. I saw an old man, perspiring under his task of poling a heavy barge, stop for a moment to disentangle his two little ones from round his legs, place them chortling with joy on top of the hen-coop, and then return good-humouredly to the guiding of his boat, which, taking advantage of the diversion, had swung across the stream.

Though as a general rule the Kashmiri peasant cannot be accused of neglecting his children, yet he, in common with the natives of all eastern nations, shows undue preference for the boys over the girls. In all cases, if it is a question of one sex suffering, the latter have to go under. One pouring wet day we saw a mite of about five years shivering under her old, much-worn blanket. The mother, miserably clad herself, was standing near with her boy. Suddenly this little imp espied his sister, and, rushing to her, he snatched the blanket and wrapped himself in it, leaving her naked. We expected a prompt chastisement to follow and a restitution of conquests, but there was nothing of the sort. In spite of all this, however, the girls grow up into very fine specimens of womanhood, handsomer than the men, and every bit as hardy.

Within easy reach of the English quarter are the only two heights of Srinagar—the Fort, and the Takht-i-Suleiman or Solomon's Throne. Though of little practical use, the Fort constitutes a splendid adjunct to the view. It is garrisoned by a handful of native troops, and from its crumbling battlements wave the silken folds of the many-coloured flag of Kashmir. A few obsolete cannon look sleepily out through the embrasures, and announce in turn the dawn, the middle, and the dusk of days that must mark the tally of their century of life. The other height is a forbidding-looking rock, the only slur on the beauty of the lake over which it frowns. It is crowned by an ancient temple, dedicated to Shiva, the door of which is so placed that on one certain day in the year the rising sun throws its first ray upon the huge polished

stone within. Ugly though this hill is, it commands a view of unsurpassed beauty. Below one the vast plain stretches to the foot of the encircling ranges, while the blue river curves and bends in its patient course, tracing across the smiling landscape the famed "shawl-pattern" of Kashmir.

Apart from the sport that the country affords, and which would require a paper to itself to do full justice to, there is no lack of variety in one's life there. Your house-boat is your floating castle, and at any moment you can change the man-made picturesque for that contrived in the great vaults of Nature, and cruise in leisurely fashion towards the vast mountain-ranges, along valleys that seem to rise and open out direct from fairyland. The Vale of Kashmir recalls in turn every country that stands for a type of the picturesque. Lift your eyes no higher than your own level and you behold a broad, placid stream moving between banks that are clothed in the richest verdure. A double line of poplars, stretching out of sight, marks the road that leads to the outer world; patches of cultivation, with their quiet contented workers, vary the uniform level of the plain; and small rambling villages, looking as though growing trees assisted in their fashioning, dot the landscape. In places the banks sink almost to the river's brim; and for miles round there stretches a shimmering fen, streaked by the scurrying course — half swim, half flight—of brilliant-feathered wild-fowl. Here and there floating gardens—masses of tangled sedge, water-logged, and fastened with deeply driven stakes — alternate with reedy channels through which the quiet Kashmiri drives his boat. Again the banks rise, and the eye may roam across stretches of pastureland full of dreamy cattle — a chosen race, surely, among the beasts of earth. Droves of absurdly frisking colts, followed demurely by their dams, come down to drink in the river, where they splash and gambol like schoolboys.

The midday hours, though hot, have none of the merciless here, for water has conquered fire; and instead of a sun fierce, dominating, and supreme, its province seems to be to make each tint of blue or white or green more exquisite, and the sum total of majestic scenery realise perfection. Far away across the plain a puff of smoke from the ancient fort tells the hour to lazily watching shepherds, but distance permits no sound. Only the song of birds and the lowing of cattle break the stillness.

Then raise your eyes, and they will meet the clouds,— clouds clinging to the lower slopes of mountains in whose joyous stages you are rapt to peaks of eternal snow. Giant headlands rear themselves above the billowing vapours, or, shrouded for a space, wage each its solitary warfare with the storm. It

is these contrasts — vast, yet all within the compass of one glance — that make Kashmir supreme.

On one such day of changes we floated down the Jhelum from Srinagar to the mouth of the Sind river. As we left the city clouds obscured the view, rain fell in torrents, and wraith-like mists rose from the water. Within an hour the sun had pierced the darkness, "the valley lay smiling before us," and, around, each mountain-range had become the scene of a mighty struggle. Great banks of cloud rolled sullenly away into obscure valleys and ravines, the echo of their warfare reaching us across the sunlit plain.

It is among the kindliest of human promptings which makes us long for the company of our nearest and dearest to share with us some great event or scene. Childe Harold feels it when he ends a stanza with the assurance to an absent sister that the glories which he has witnessed

> "Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
> With double joy wert *thou* with me!"

It is the "incommunicable thrill of things," that hopeless striving of the soul to speak to its fellows from behind the bars of its earthly prison, —a yearning which mere words can never satisfy, which in the whole history of our literature they have almost satisfied but once — when Shakespeare wrote his way into the mysterious heart of Nature.

What hope, then, have we that our poor words will convey a distant impression of scenes and feelings we would fain share with our absent friends? Of what use attempting to describe those Kashmir evenings — evenings that caused the day to end in a very frenzy of beauty? The sunsets came, and endured for a spellbound space, and then went; and as they faded from the sky death seemed to succeed to what had just been wondrous life. Gigantic ranges that, catching the sun's last rays while the shadows were hurrying up from the valley, stood forth in redoubled splendour, seemed, in a moment, to have forsworn the earth and all its works. Far-off, inaccessible, cold, unreal they were; and we, witnesses of their mighty isolation, might by some strange process have been exploring the world at its creation.

Night came on as we reached the Sind river and tied up to the bank. Above a dark mass of mountain that lay ahead the sky was growing bright, and conversation ceased as we waited for that coming. The dark water reflecting the lustrous stars — their images lengthened by the ripple to the semblance of the sprays of some great laburnum; the long, low line of shore, with its ghostly poplars against the sky; the little village near by, whence sounds of primitive revelry floated to us across the river; and then over all the waning

moon, turning all the scene to silver,—everything tended to produce silence and to foster reverie.

What, I thought, of the people that inhabit this strange paradise, whose native land and home it is, and to whom there is scarce a world beyond: simple, poor, unwarlike people, preyed upon through generations by unruly neighbours, taxed to poverty by their rulers; now enjoying peace and a measure of prosperity under our guidance? Into what were they destined to develop? Did they ever entertain vague yearnings for mastery? Did the uneasy feeling that men spoke of throughout the East, did it find an echo in their breasts? Hardly possible to believe it: and yet there are not wanting English men and women ready and anxious, with a restless pervert zeal, to warp these untutored beings with dreams of power. In the days of Clive and Hastings the stay-at-home busybody could not keep pace with events that happened on the borders of empire. The strong man did his work, secured the results for the nation, and then as like as not went home to face hatred and falsehood. His policy may at times have erred, but it was always firm. And the work was done. But now, cable and luxurious liner scatter foolish interferences throughout the length and breadth of India, and no man dares gainsay them. Was India to point the moral of the new policy of insensate leniency, and to suffer once again the punishment that is now all but forgot? And would these people—children, who should be ruled as such, firmly and fairly—bow again to their hereditary position of dependence?

Or was it that the East was one day to put in motion legions before which our Western civilisation would go down with scarce a struggle? Was the religious zeal and firm belief of the Infidel to prevail over a Christianity that had largely fallen into disbelief and mockery? The barbarians laid Rome in ashes; but they saved the precious seed of the Church, and gave it to the world. Might not the process be repeated, but on a scale mightier, as the issues would now be mightier?

Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts! Into what labyrinths of fancy may one not be led by the quiet aloofness of a Kashmir night? All too soon this pleasant holiday will be behind us, and we ourselves journeying the little space allotted to our lives, along one or other dimly-outlined path. How often, in the retrospect of scenes and old environments, wherein all are optimists, will the glad thought recur

I, too, in Arcady have dwelt!

P. R. Butler.

REDVERS BULLER.

BY ONE OF THE NATAL ARMY.

WHAT is it that makes the eminent and successful soldier? Is it knowledge of the art and principles of war? Is it that gift of observation and power of deducing facts from appearances which is summed up in the expression "eye for country"? Is it the equanimity amid the tumult and confusion of a critical fight which ensures that a firm finger may be on the pulse of battle? Is it the gambler's bent for taking risks? Is it peradventure luck, that attribute on which Napoleon set such boundless store?

The name of Redvers Buller will not be handed down to posterity as that of a great commander in the field. His warmest admirers would not assert that his dispositions of the superb force under his orders on the Tugela at any time gave evidence of a master hand. The tone adopted during the weeks of bitter stress and trial in Natal, both to the comrade patiently awaiting succour and to the superior manfully grappling with difficulties in the west, suggests an absence of that buoyant spirit which is almost an essential in the chief of an army when engaged in war. An organiser of rare capacity, his adherence to a system of supply and transport unsuitable to the exigencies of operations on the veldt against a foe so mobile as the Boers, manifested a want of that ability to fit means to circumstances which stamps the administrator of the highest class. But the burly, taciturn, unemotional squire from the land of Drake and Hawkins possessed a quality which no British general of this generation has possessed in like degree, the quality of commanding the love and confidence of the rank and file. Thousands of soldiers and ex-soldiers, scattered far and wide over the face of the Empire, when they heard that the grim veteran under whom they cleft their way to Ladysmith was dead, realised that the man whom they looked up to as they looked up to no other man had joined the great majority.

The story of Buller's career has been told in numbers of appreciative obituary notices in the public press. Coming early in his services under the eye of Wolseley, he straightway attracted the attention and won the regard of that remarkable judge of men, with the result that he became associated with Colley, Greaves, Evelyn Wood, Brackenbury, and other rising officers who have since helped to make history, and that he was received into what soldiers outside the charmed circle used in those days to call the "Wolseley gang." Even the born leader of men

cannot, however, make his mark as a fighter without the aid of opportunity, and it was not till the ambitious green-jacket had served in China, in the Red River Expedition, in Ashanti, and in the Kaffir War of 1877, that a great opportunity came. When the Zulu War broke out, he found himself in command of a corps of irregular horse, and at its head he speedily proved himself a singularly daring, resolute, resourceful leader. No living soldier has performed a finer feat of arms than his retirement off the Inhlobane Mountain, when, beset by hordes of savage foemen on a precipitous hillside, in presence of an approaching army threatening to cut his line of retreat to a distant camp, and hampered by wounded who could not be abandoned to the fury of bloodthirsty antagonists, he extricated his imperilled force out of a situation that seemed well-nigh hopeless, and gave at the same time a signal illustration of that personal bravery, a bravery amounting as it seemed to a total insensibility to danger, which was to distinguish him on many a later hard-fought field. His genius for handling mounted troops shone out conspicuously at Kambula, where his scallywag band performed most gallant service; and in subsequent episodes of the campaign he was constantly adding to the extraordinary reputation gained at a stage of the war when disaster almost seemed to dog the footsteps of our troops. But the most remarkable feature about their rugged, silent, seemingly unsympathetic, leader's relations with the Frontier Light Horse, was the influence which he acquired over the strange assortment of adventurers — Boers, sportsmen, Natal farmers, and bar-loafers — of which the corps was composed. It is difficult to account sometimes for the mastery which officers will gain over irregulars of the swashbuckling type,— the kind of mastery gained in the late South African War by men so dissimilar in their temperament and in their methods as the "sleuth-hound" Plumer, and the well-known brigadier of whom the "Intelligence Officer" gave so truthful a portrait when following "On the Heels of De Wet." Buller possessed this knack of attaching his motley following to him in a quite exceptional degree, and twenty years later he was to show that he could exert his magnetic influence as potently over thousands of stolid, barrack-trained troopers and infantrymen and gunners of the regular army, as he had exerted it over his light horsemen during their exciting tussles with the gallant subjects of Ketchwayo.

Arriving too late to take active part in the unfortunate campaign of Majuba, and employed on the staff during the short and decisive contest of 1882 in Egypt, Buller enjoyed no fresh opportunity of proving his powers as a leader of men until he found himself chief of an infantry brigade operating

against the fanatic Hadendowas under Osman Digna. The affray at El Teb was not of a nature to severely test a strong force of British troops; but the combat of Tamai, a few days later, was to be an experience of a sterner kind. The fortune of war decreed that, of the two squares into which Sir Gerald Graham divided his army on that day, the one under Buller was to be that least heavily engaged; but its share in deciding the issue of what proved to be one of the most desperate engagements which marked the years of struggle against the followers of the false prophet Mohamed Ahmed cannot be estimated by its casualty roll alone. When the other square, shattered by an infuriated dervish rush and hustled back in serious disarray, was hard put to save momentary defeat from ending in disaster, Buller's deft manœuvring of his half of the army afforded to the stricken troops just the support which they felt they needed. His personality dominated the situation, and the intrepid leader of irregular horse proved his capacity for commanding men in battle under conditions totally different from those in which he had made his name in the Zulu War.

A high reputation as a commander gained in South Africa and in the eastern Sudan was raised still higher by the events of the memorable expedition which so nearly rescued Gordon. Appointed Wolseley's Chief of Staff, the accident of both Sir Herbert Stewart and Burnaby falling during the severe fights in the Bayuda Desert afforded Buller a fresh opportunity of displaying his aptitude for commanding troops in times of peril. The Desert Column being without a suitable commander, Wolseley despatched his trusted subordinate to Abu Klea wells to take it in charge, leaving him to a certain extent a free hand, but intimating that an advance on Berber was still in contemplation; and at no stage of his career were Sir Redvers' force of character and soldiership more signally demonstrated than when he rode into the bivouac surrounding the precious waters on which so much depended.

The Desert Column had suffered heavy losses, and it had experienced no small measure of hardship and anxiety. Its transport was a wreck. The enemy, roused to enthusiasm by intelligence of victory from the south and eager for the fray, was mustered in great strength and near at hand. The isolated position of the force was recognised by every individual composing it. The evil tidings from Khartum had bereft the troops of that stimulus which a few days earlier would have nerved them to attempt the most hazardous enterprise without a qualm. The lack of a controlling hand was manifest to all. But the appearance of the new commander transformed the situation in a moment, and he had not been an hour in camp before the column was itself again. A

short survey, however, satisfied Buller that the condition of the camels forbade a forward movement, that nothing would be gained by clinging to a remote post in the desert, and that retirement had become imperative. He retreated, and by his happy dispositions he managed to withdraw the force with its impedimenta out of its exposed position without making the swarms of Jaalin and Baggaras, who were on the watch, aware either of his intentions or of their execution. This third achievement marked him out at the age of forty-six as the foremost leader in the British Army, Wolseley and Roberts alone excepted.

For fourteen years the man of Inhlobane, Tamai, and the Abu Klea wells was to see no further active service. They were passed for the most part in civil employment in Ireland and in high appointments in the War Office, and they enabled him to demonstrate his capabilities as an administrator and as an office man. Almost unrivalled at the desk for rapidity of decision, incisiveness of diction, and quickness in appreciating the main points of an intricate subject, he so impressed the statesmen with whom he came in contact that, if common report be true, he only missed the highest position in the army owing to an unexpected change taking place in the Government of the day. Then came the crowning of what had come to be a great military career, in his appointment, with the full approval of the country and with the general concurrence of his comrades in the army, to the command of the forces proceeding to South Africa to try conclusions with the Boer republics.

For his general conduct of the operations in the early months of that momentous struggle, Buller has perhaps been too severely judged. A fickle and uninstructed public contrasted the situation at the end of December 1899 with that in the early days of March 1900, and forgot that the conditions had entirely changed during the interval. Soldiers all now realise that with the forces available at the time of Magersfontein and Colenso, conquest of the Orange Free State and of the Transvaal was out of the question, and that it indeed is a subject of congratulation that the situation after two months of combat was no worse. The vast reinforcements poured into the theatre of war when the nature of the task that had been undertaken came to be fully understood, makes unprofitable any comparison between the period of reverses and the period of greatest triumph. But if the strategy which left Methuen helpless within two marches of Kimberley, which permitted the enemy for weeks to threaten the eastern provinces of Cape Colony, and which planted down the bulk of the available forces on the Tugela, has been too harshly criticised, it must be admitted that in his handling of the troops serving under

his own immediate control, the commander of the army in Natal did not justify the high opinion which was generally entertained of his capacity when he took the field.

To triumph on the battlefield, there must be no undue husbanding of strength. To succeed in war, losses must be accepted as an unavoidable feature of the game. At Spion Kop, at Vaal Krantz, on one or two occasions even during the fourteen days of fighting which culminated in the victory of Pieters Hill, an army was looking on in idleness, while one fraction of it, heavily engaged, was making no impression on the enemy. The abandonment of the guns silenced at Colenso can only be accounted for on the assumption that their recovery was not considered worth the sacrifice which it would have entailed in life. There is, perhaps, no more essential quality in a commander than determination to push home success. Nelson deplored in his admiral, Hotham, that frame of mind which makes men thankful for small mercies: Rodney's "We have done very well" infuriated Hood. The failure to pursue after Monte Cristo, no less than the course of action adopted a few days later when the Boers were breaking up their laagers and were flying north, have been condemned in strong terms, and not without some justice: in a later period of the war, moreover, when the remnants of the burgher forces were retreating beaten through a difficult and broken country, the same want of vigour which seemed to paralyse the army of Natal when fortune smiled on it, proved that its leader lacked one of the most valuable attributes which a general in the field can be endowed with.

So much for the debit side of the account. What of the credit side? Buller may not have wholly deserved the implicit confidence which was so freely accorded him by his men, but he gained that confidence when things were at their blackest, he retained it in evil and in good report, and as the months wore on it developed almost into veneration. Those who did not participate in his trials, who had no responsibility in his failures, and who bore no share in his triumphs, must find it hard to understand the sentiments entertained by the non-commissioned officers and men of the Natal army for their chief. After signally failing thrice to pierce the enemy's lines, after succeeding in the end only when events in the west already indicated that the tide had turned, after having been superseded in the chief command in South Africa, Buller marched into Ladysmith at the head of twenty thousand men who adored him. "The men are splendid," he had written a few days before, when the result was still in doubt; but it is no disparagement to those men to say that some, at least, of their splendour is to be attributed to the

remarkable influence exerted over them by the personality of their general. Under Buller, Thomas Atkins never knew when he was beaten. Nor was this mutual understanding merely the outcome of the parties to it having been associated for a season in the execution of an exceptionally arduous enterprise, and of their joint efforts having been crowned ultimately with complete success. The troops which, launching out from Paardekop, made their way north to Bergendal, and hunted the wreck of Botha's forces by devious hill-tracks on to Pilgrim's Rest, were drawn almost entirely from what had been the garrison of Ladysmith; but their bearing on that morning, when the tall and well-known figure with the heavy shoulders, mounted on the big bay horse, rode homewards out of Lydenburg, and turned along the road between the lines of cheering, crying soldiers, amounted to a demonstration of affection and regard such as few British commanders have had extended to them.

When next our army takes the field against a formidable foe, may there be at its head a general whom his men believe in, as the rank and file of the Natal army believed in Redvers Buller.

THE VICTORIAN CHANCELLORS.

It was a happy inspiration to bring Lord Campbell's 'Lives of the Chancellors' down to the end of the century. That light-hearted nobleman, when, about the year 1841, being for the moment out of office, he bethought himself of writing a book, created a new biographical form. England had seen many lives of eminent lawyers before his day, but they had been written by hacks or dull brother-lawyers, and found few readers for their three-volume ponderosity. Lord Campbell aimed at short lives, critical rather than biographical, picturesque rather than conscientious,—a portrait-gallery instead of a mausoleum. He had great gifts and great failings. He was habitually inaccurate, incurably slipshod in style, and steeped to the eyes in prejudice. But he had the supreme merit of being always interesting. He turned names which had hitherto been the thin ghosts of legal literature into full-bodied men. He has left us one of the most fascinating books in modern English, and we are very willing to forgive his blunders. Mr Atlay[1] has rewritten the lives of Lyndhurst and Brougham, who, being too near Lord Campbell's own age, suffered much at his hands, and he has added the lives of that notable succession of Chancellors who made the later Victorian age an epoch in our legal history. No great lawyer could ask for a more competent biographer. He can appreciate from the professional standpoint a career at the Bar and on the Bench; he is an admirable historian of politics; and he is a keen and kindly student of character. Like Lord Campbell he is always readable, and unlike Lord Campbell he is conspicuously fair and accurate. It is a book which we can recommend to all in search of good entertainment.

A Chancellor stands in a different class from an ordinary judge. He is at the head of the administration of law, but he is also a great political figure,—the Speaker of the House of Lords, a member of the Cabinet, and a weighty voice in all Government measures. It may happen that he is mainly lawyer, and that his doings are writ in the law reports rather than on the ampler page of history. But he may be as much statesman as judge. Like Lyndhurst or Cairns, he may be the leader of his party in the Upper House and have the Premiership at his command. Or he may be neither lawyer nor statesman, but only a figure, like Brougham, of tireless vitality and bravado. What-

[1] 'The Victorian Chancellors,' by J. B. Atlay. Smith, Elder, & Co. Vol. i., 1906; vol. ii., 1908.

ever his performances on the Woolsack, he must have had a strenuous and distinguished career before he reached it. A cipher or an unknown quantity may enter the Cabinet, but he cannot hold the Great Seal. The man who has reached the professional eminence which makes the Woolsack possible must already have made some kind of name in both law and politics. We can, therefore, presuppose a certain level of distinction. In the Victorian era especially, when policy was in transition and the judicial framework in the melting-pot, there was no Chancellor who did not in some way stand out beyond the mass of his contemporaries. That some are forgotten and others still remembered is due more to personality than to attainments. A highly competent but colourless figure passes soon into the dusk of legal tradition. To survive, a man must have either abnormal talent or an abnormal personality. He must in some way strike the imagination of his age, for the popular imagination is the best preservative of fame.

We may group the Victorian Chancellors into those whom our generation is beginning to forget: those whom we remember as great lawyers: those who will live by statesmanship as well as by law: and those who survive as exceptional personalities. In the first class we should place Cottenham, Truro, and Cranworth, and, with some hesitation, Chelmsford and Hatherley. The first two are already little more than names. Cottenham was born with every advantage, and had an easy path to success. He was a profound lawyer, an excellent judge, and the best of husbands and fathers: and there we leave him. Truro deserves remembrance, along with Lord Hardwicke, as an encouragement to the sons of solicitors. He made a large fortune, sat peaceably on the Woolsack, and, as his second wife, married a king's granddaughter. Cranworth, as some one tactfully told him on his resumption of the Woolsack after Westbury's disgrace, is a shining instance of how much wiser it is to be good than clever. He was perfectly conscious of his limitations, for once in the hearing of Crabb Robinson he thanked God for them. His early years at the Bar were remarkable for nothing but his popularity. Every one who met him fell under the spell of his kindly simplicity. He was making scarcely £500 a-year, when, to his amazement, he was offered the Solicitor-Generalship. After five years of modest service he became a Baron of Exchequer, which was more than he had ever hoped for. His seat in Parliament was shaky, and he had no practice to return to. In his new capacity he presided at the Rush murder case, and won many laurels, for it was precisely the kind of case where his gentleness, his patience, and his high conscientiousness were seen at their best. He found himself famous for the first time, was created Vice-Chancellor and a peer, and was talked of for the highest office. His Whiggism was unimpeachable, and, on the formation

of Lord Aberdeen's Coalition Government in 1852, he received the Great Seal with general approval. He was not a great Chancellor, and he was a very bad debater in the House of Lords, so in the Palmerston Ministry of 1859 he was passed over and Campbell appointed in his place. But in 1865, at seventy-five, he received the Great Seal a second time, and held it for a year. Lord Selborne has left it on record that "in steady good sense, judicial patience, and impartiality and freedom from prejudice," he was surpassed by no Chancellor he had known. A more famous dictum is that of Lord Westbury, who, when asked why the Chancellor always sat in the Court of Appeal with the Lords Justices, replied that it arose from a childish indisposition to be left alone in the dark.

Chelmsford was a splendid creature, physically and intellectually. He began life as a midshipman, and bore throughout his career something of the bluff geniality of His Majesty's navy. Then he thought of the West Indian Bar, but, like Cairns in a similar situation, was persuaded to try his chance in England. For £2000 he bought a place in the old Palace Court—the object of "Jacob Omnium's" crusade,—which made a good crutch for the young lawyer. His first great case was a brief for the defence in the Weare and Thurtell murder trial, but for long the wheels of his chariot drove slowly. Brougham, at the request of Lyndhurst, gave him a silk gown when he was forty, and next year he was engaged in Daniel O'Connell's famous election petition. In subsequent cases of the same type he made a great reputation by the vigour with which he denounced the partisanship of the House of Commons Committees. He entered Parliament for Woodstock, became Solicitor-General in 1844, and, since Mr Attorney was a cipher, bore the brunt of Government business. In his new capacity he won high praise, and being a staunch Conservative of the old school, he was a *persona grata* to Lord Derby. When Palmerston went out in 1858, Lord St Leonards was too old to resume the Chancellorship, and it fell naturally to Thesiger. He took the title of Lord Chelmsford, a title made illustrious by his descendants in other spheres of action. He would have made an excellent Chief-Justice, but he was too little the born lawyer to be able to make up for the lack of knowledge of the equity side of his business. He held the office a second time in 1866, and in 1868 when Lord Derby resigned found himself quietly shelved. Disraeli, whom he detested, wanted the office for Cairns. He was long remembered at the Bar as a very witty and kindly judge, who never fell below the high traditions of his office. He made jokes, as Hood made puns, from a natural inability to refrain. "Halloa," a man once asked in the robing-room, "whose castor is this?" "Pollock's, of course," was Thesiger's reply.

Hatherley is not a romantic figure, but he began life in the atmosphere of courts and intrigues. His father was the famous Alderman Wood, Queen Caroline's champion, and one of the trustees of the Duke of Kent's estates. It was due to money advanced by him personally that the Duke and Duchess were able to return to England in time for the Princess Victoria to be born at Kensington Palace. Young Wood, having been expelled from Winchester, went to study at Geneva, whence he made a journey into Italy to help to collect rebutting evidence in the Queen's divorce case. After some years at Cambridge he was called to the Bar, and began his profession with a variety of experience behind him which no contemporary could lay claim to. He married early, and his wedded life was a model of happiness. If Wood's career is somewhat unfeatured, it was very happy and desirable. His sincere piety and kindliness made him, like Cranworth, one of the best loved men of his generation. In politics he was an old-fashioned Liberal, who adored the Church of England, thought Kingsley a Jacobin, and looked on the co-operative movement as a "ferocious monster." He disliked all field sports, and his recreation was theology. "He is a mere bundle of virtues," said Westbury, "without a redeeming vice." He was successively a law officer, Vice-Chancellor for sixteen years (where he was very good), a Lord Justice of Appeal for nine months, and Lord Chancellor in Mr Gladstone's 1868 Ministry. Roundell Palmer would have had the place had he not refused to follow Mr Gladstone in his Irish Church policy. Lord Hatherley, as Wood had become, was a docile Gladstonian, and he had need of all his docility, for he had to defend some of his chief's least defensible jobs. He resigned in 1872, and died as recently as 1881. Lord Selborne's eulogy in the House of Lords was not undeserved. "He was a man who had as much purity and simplicity, as much conscientiousness and energy and sound judgment, as, taking into account the infirmity of man, any of us could hope to attain to."

Of those whose reputation will ever be green in the law reports, but to whom the ordinary man will scarcely do justice, St Leonards is the chief. The qualities which make a great judge are not always those which make a man eminent at the Bar. An advocate is carried to fortune by the natural gift of the orator, by endowments of presence, manner, or voice, by a peculiar insight into human nature and a ready sympathy, or by some pre-eminent skill of intellectual force. But the judge is concerned with none of those things: he may have them all, and be a signal failure. The meticulous interpretation of statutes, the orderly balancing of precedents and the deduction of principles, need none of the showy en-

dowments of successful advocacy. Of the three Victorian Chancellors who will be remembered mainly as great judges, none won exceptional fame at the Bar. There is no such tradition of their power as attaches to Erskine, or Loughborough, or Scarlett, or, in a later day, to Charles Russell. Indeed St Leonards, the greatest of the three, seems, apart from vast learning and a clear mind, to have had scarcely any of the conventional qualities of the advocate. Like Lord Tenterden, he was the son of a barber, and went to neither of the universities. Amazingly precocious, and the author of standard law books while still in his early twenties, he came rapidly to the front through sheer competence. Once, after dining early, he got through thirty-five briefs before going to the House of Commons at eleven—which shows how complete was his mastery of his profession. He was respected by all parties,—by the Radicals for his efforts towards law reform, by the Tories for his unbending Toryism in all other matters, and by the Bar for his learning and his formidable temper. He was Lord Chancellor of Ireland before succeeding to the English office, and no doubt has ever been cast upon his value as a judge. He knew every case in the books, he went straight to the heart of the subject, and woe betide the counsel who tried to fob him off with irrelevancies. The reading of his decisions produces the impression of a powerful intellect working joyfully on the driest material. There has probably never been a greater judge, so far as the mere satisfactory decison of complex cases goes. What he seems to lack is that formative intelligence which we discern in men like Mansfield and Cairns, which codifies the law as it goes along and leaves behind it not judgments merely but principles of illumination. In St Leonards the old Chancery mind, with its powers and limitations, reached its highest level. He is not such a hero of tales as some of his brethren, but there seems no doubt that his was the bitter saying of Brougham — that if he knew a little law he would know a little of everything.

The General Election of 1895, and his sudden death four years later at Washington, prevented the world from fully tasting Lord Herschell's quality as a judge. Undoubtedly he must stand in the front rank. He administered the pure law, as it was his duty to do, leaving considerations of expediency to the Legislature, and at the same time there was no trifling or pedantry in his decisions. In quickness of mind and masculine robustness of understanding he had much in common with the great Chancellor who still survives. Lord Halsbury seems to us to stand with St Leonards as the greatest purely legal mind of the nineteenth century, and in his influence on English law he is not to be paralleled since Mansfield

sat at the Guildhall. He made his first reputation at the Old Bailey rather as a "bonny fighter" than as a lawyer. He has always had a certain contempt for mere learning. "Too much reading and not enough thinking" he has announced to be the source of many legal failures. He made a brilliant law officer, for never was man more combative and tenacious in debate. A Conservative not far removed from the Eldon type, Lord Salisbury leaned on him as Disraeli had leaned on Cairns. He went to the Woolsack in 1885, mainly owing to the representations of Lord Randolph Churchill; and his three chancellorships have covered a total of seventeen years,—a record exceeded only by Eldon and Hardwicke. Such a tenure of office means that the shaping of modern law as well as the appointment of the modern Bench have been in his hands. His legal influence has been solely for good. A master of the common law without a rival, he has clarified and enunciated its principles, and enforced common-sense methods of interpretation. His supreme merit is that he always applies to a case the appropriate method. In a subtle matter he can be as subtle as Westbury, but no man has ever been quicker to clear the ground of false subtleties and get down to the simple problem. With his mingled boldness and conservatism—the true temper of a great judge—he has kept the law of England adequate to the increasing needs of the modern world.

From the pure lawyers we pass to the men who were both lawyers and statesmen,—the figures which must rank with Peel and Gladstone, Disraeli and Salisbury, in the history of the century. The first, and the most fascinating, is Lyndhurst. The son of Copley, the portrait-painter, he settled down, after a brilliant career at Cambridge, to make a living in the most uncertain of all professions. His rise was slow, and for years he shut himself off from the world. His chance came when he forswore the Whig principles of his youth and entered the House of Commons as the legal champion of the Tories. Thereafter his career was one long triumphal progress. He thrice occupied the Woolsack, and it is possible that, like Mansfield, he might have been Premier had he pleased. If he was not one of the greatest of English lawyers, he was certainly one of the greatest minds that ever applied itself to law. His intellectual vitality was such that no subject came under his cognisance which he did not master. He was earnest in the cause of law reform, however Tory might be his views in politics; but the truth is that he probably did not care enough about political problems to trouble to have opinions. He shaped his course from day to day, asking only one thing—the chance of exercising his superb powers of mind. "He played the game of life," wrote Bagehot, "for low and

selfish objects, and yet, by the intellectual power with which he played it, he redeemed the game from its intrinsic degradation." He was a typical exponent of the "grand manner"—a great judge, who liked to look like a cavalry officer, and preferred smart to legal society. He was completely successful, and for long he and his wife were the most brilliant features in the fashionable world. In his attitude towards enemies and rivals in the Press and in Parliament he never lost the air of the *grand seigneur*. He disregarded abuse, and when fate put an opponent in his power, went out of his way to treat him magnanimously. To the end of a long life he retained a boyish gaiety, and bore his honours with the same lordly ease with which he had won them. His last words were: "Happy? Yes, supremely happy." To such a man the world cannot grudge success, and jealousy among his contemporaries was soon lost in admiration. He was so overwhelmingly competent that his colleagues both on the Bench and in the Cabinet habitually deferred to him, and for long he was the real centre of the Tory party. Lord Westbury, a man not lavish in praise, once told Jowett that Lyndhurst's was the finest judicial intellect he had ever known. To the earnest world of Reformers and Chartists and Benthamites he remained a mystery. They could not comprehend the mind which, seeing all sides of a problem, had no impulse to any particular solution. The "pure" reason is not popular among devotees of the "practical." Hence, save by his intimate friends, he was never trusted. The man who made no concessions to popular sentiment, whose mind cut so cleanly through confused popular dogmas, could not be expected to win the adoration of the public. Lyndhurst's defence might well have been that which Stevenson put into the mouth of another judge. "I have no call to be bonny," said Weir of Hermiston; "I'm a man that gets through with my day's business, and let that suffice."

Lyndhurst was unpopular, but human. Cairns, equally aloof from common popularity, had something inhuman in all his greatness. The precocious boy became the brilliant young man, and in a very short space of time the first lawyer of the day. He never looked back in his career; he never even stumbled. Member for Belfast at thirty-three; a law officer at thirty-nine; a Lord Justice and a peer at forty-seven; and Lord Chancellor at forty-nine,—no man had ever a swifter or smoother rise to power. He was fortunate in many things, and not least in his political convictions. Far too clear-sighted to be a Tory of the Eldon school, his acute, closely reasoning mind distrustd every popular emotion and saw the fallacies in every popular cry. There is no more typical Conservative in English history. Before his entry into Parliament it would have been difficult to prophesy political suc-

cess. His impassive manner and his weak voice seemed ill-suited to impress a popular assembly. But opposition kindled him, and his very impassivity put his tremendous dialectical powers always at his command. He tore arguments to pieces with a fierce and yet icy vigour. Lord Blachford has left a note of the effect he produced:—

> "It seems as if you had never done with him. He makes a case against you—a clear, incisive case—and then when that is worked out, and you are thinking how to get out of the scrape, you begin to find that what you have heard is not the scrape, but only the beginning of it; the foundation of a series of aggravations and misfortunes which sink you deeper in the mire and close all avenues of escape."

Like all great debaters, he never mixed good and bad arguments: he went straight to the key of the opposition and battered it with horse, foot, and artillery. In the House of Lords he was perhaps less effective. He needed rousing, and when he had a polite and somnolent audience he was apt to be dull and to labour his case. Yet we question if the Upper Chamber has ever listened to a more passionate and moving eloquence than the famous "Peace with Dishonour" speech after Majuba. As a judge he must stand among the greatest. He was the philosophic lawyer, with an instinct for principles as well as a keen eye for facts. For him the law was always the real world in its formal aspect. His judgments convinced as much from their grip of reality as from their logical weight. As a statesman, his chief success was the compromise over the Irish Church, where the part he played was both wise and courageous. As a legal reformer he has, along with Selborne, the credit of the Judicature Acts. "Lord Cairns," said the late Lord Salisbury, "united qualities not often granted to one man: he was equally great as a statesman, as a lawyer, and as a legislator." Political opponents called him partisan, but unless Conservatism is to be held a bar to statesmanship, Cairns deserved the first of Lord Salisbury's titles as well as the others. One interesting trait should not be left unnoticed: he belonged to that considerable class of Victorian Chancellors who were not only virtuous but pious. The coldest of men must have somewhere a fount of emotion, and Cairns found his in evangelical religion. The earnest Nonconformist, who worshipped Mr Gladstone and identified godliness with Liberalism, was amazed to find the Tory Lord Chancellor, hymn-book in hand, on the platforms of Messrs Moody and Sankey. Members of the Bar, desirous of rising in their profession, used to attend assiduously at religious meetings, in the hope of catching the Chancellor's eye. There was no ostentation with him, and no concealment. From his first day at the Bar he refused to work on the Sabbath, and in the stress of his busiest years he rose every morning early for an hour's prayer and Bible-

reading. His intellect — the greatest pure intellect of his day—accepted and was happy in the simple faith of his childhood.

Selborne, though to our mind intellectually less masterful, is a more gracious figure than Cairns. The difference between their temperaments is the difference between the hard Calvinism of the Ulster Scot and the gentler creed of Oxford Anglicanism. Roundell Palmer was in type the best product of the public school and university system. The stamp of Oxford was always on him, and, save Westbury and Bowen, his culture was the widest of any Victorian lawyer. When such a man gives himself wholeheartedly to law, it means a sacrifice of inclination which is a salutary discipline for character. The day comes when the stony places are past, and the forgotten interests return to embellish and illumine the legal attainments. Hence we find in Selborne a harmoniousness and grace of temperament which were wanting in his great contemporary. A few years of journalism on 'The Times' did him no harm, and he was soon in so good a practice that he could think of Parliament. In everything but Church questions he was mildly Liberal: there he was an unbending Tory, and his views were later to bar for a moment his professional advance. Like Bowen, he spent himself on his profession, and admitted once having worked from 2 A.M. on Monday till late on Saturday without ever going to bed. In 1861, when Bethell became Chancellor, he was made Solicitor-General, and many wished him to become Attorney. But Lord Westbury declined to promote him over the head of Sir William Atherton, saying genially that it was impossible, since Sir William had no head. He made his mark in the House as an advocate of Parliamentary reform, and did much to enlarge the bounds of the Conservative Reform Bill of 1867. So distinguished a Parliamentarian did he become, that he was coupled with Gladstone as the protagonist of the Opposition, and in some quarters was considered the future Prime Minister. He differed, however, from his chief on the Irish Church question, and when Gladstone returned to power, he without hesitation declined the Woolsack—an act of self-denial which was later to be repeated by the present Lord James of Hereford. The incident brought him great popular prestige, and for the rest of his life he enjoyed a reputation for high-mindedness such as falls to the lot of few lawyers. He was senior British Counsel in the *Alabama* Arbitration at Geneva, and it was surely the irony of fate that the best advocate living, Sir Alexander Cockburn, should have sat as arbitrator, and the most judicially-minded of men appeared before him to argue the British case. On Hatherley's resignation in 1872 he became Lord Chancellor, and for the next year or two was busied with the immense labour of the Judicature Acts. There may

be some dispute as to the value of some of the changes he effected, but there can be no question as to the industry and ability which he showed in the elaboration of the scheme. As a judge he was quick, clear, admirably impartial, and unfailingly courteous. There was always a touch of Oxford precision in his speech, and a slight primness, which made Bowen dub him "the pious cricket on the hearth." Like Cairns, his main interests were theological, but with a difference! The forms of worship attracted him, and he was the chief living authority on hymns. He was an old-fashioned High Churchman, who wished to preserve a beautiful ritual, and revive the old synodical organisation; but he had no more patience than Lord Westbury with the high-fliers who claimed a divine mission to break the law. His party label was Liberal, but his mind was Conservative; he thought Mr Gladstone's Mid-Lothian campaign "a precedent tending in its results to the degradation of British politics"; and over the Home Rule question he broke finally with his leader. It was a new Selborne who spoke with such vigour on Unionist platforms, and no adherent lent more weight to the cause. He died at the age of eighty-three, retaining to the last his vigour of mind and body. It is pleasant to contemplate a career so strenuous and useful, so nobly sustained, and so crowned with due rewards.

There remain three figures aside for the succession of dignified and decorous chancellors. All three were men of great ability, but each had some core of eccentricity, some twist in character or taste, which puts him in a class apart from his fellows. Of the three Brougham is the strangest. It is the habit of Chancellors to live long, but Brougham outlived his reputation. That "surest and most voluminous among the sons of men," after a rise which, for meteoric brilliance, makes other careers pale, saw himself the most disliked, suspected, and disconsidered of public men. Few characters were more strangely compounded of strength and weakness. His mind was without critical and logical power. His reach perpetually exceeded his grasp, and he became that most trying of spectacles, an inaccurate polymath. All his qualities neighboured on vices. His courage became impudence, his impressive eloquence was on the edge of bathos, his industry was scarcely distinguishable in its results from indolence, and his immense knowledge had often from its curious gaps the effect of ignorance. The first impression he made on acquaintances was overwhelming. "The first man the country has ever seen since Burke's time," wrote Grey as early as 1809. And bitterly as he offended every man who worked with him, there must have been a strange charm about his personality, for people like Grey and Melbourne and Queen Adelaide, who had every reason to hate him, all came under his

spell again before their death. To a later generation he is a pure enigma. We have no materials to judge him by, since his judicial decisions are worthless, his writings reveal little but laboured inaccuracy, and his speeches, like most republished oratory, are, in Sir James Fitzjames Stephen's phrase, no better than "mouldy wedding-cake." He will be remembered best as the hero of insane pranks and the subject of good stories. It is almost forgotten that he founded London University, inaugurated the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and did much to reform Chancery procedure. His solid work is cast into the shade by his colossal impostures. A man who circulated the story of his death in order to find out the view his contemporaries took of him, and having scarcely a smattering of Greek published an edition of Demosthenes' "Upon the Crown" with *variæ lectiones*, had no common share of audacity. From his royal progress through Scotland to his speech on the Reform Bill, when he flung himself upon his knees and, having consumed much port, was unable to rise again, his career is starred with every form of absurdity. Once at Buckingham Palace he offered to carry to his friend the King of the French any letter with which her Majesty might entrust him. He told Cabinet secrets to 'The Times,' and circulated amazing tales to his own credit, which he must have believed, for they appear in his 'Memoirs.' According to Charles Greville, he once conducted a party over Hanbury's Brewery, explaining minutely every detail of the operations, and causing the hair of the Scotch foreman to stand on end as he heard the words of the Lord Chancellor, without "one word o' truth frae beginnin' to en'." Yet, with all his faults, he is a figure of superb vitality, and behind his self-seeking burned a hatred of wrong and a love of his fellow-men which do much to redeem the follies of his life. In the circle of doctrinaire Whigs who were his contemporaries he moves like a panther among seals—a dangerous, uncertain creature, but with a fierce life in him beyond his associates.

Lord Campbell has to the present writer an air of Sir Andrew Wylie in Galt's novel. He is one type of successful Scotsman, immensely proud of having risen from nothing, and yet inclined to forget his beginnings; vain, kindly, and innocently snobbish. Devoted to his family, and in a sense to his birthplace, he yet deplored that nothing could rid him of his Scotch accent, and as candidate for Edinburgh his wild efforts towards Anglified speech were the delight of his constituents. His was not a character with much elevation. Place, power, and comfort were his honourable, but pedestrian, ambitions. His vanity was insatiable, but it was the vanity of Boswell, and lacked neither intelligence nor humour. And like all such vanity it provided for the treasuring of every

detail in his life. His diary and autobiography are as good reading as his 'Lives of the Chancellors.' We know "Jock Campbell" in every circumstance of life, in his loneliness and in his success, in the Pepysian undress of his innermost thoughts and in the rhetoric of his public utterances, till the very intimacy to which he admits us inspires a kind of affection for so human a soul. We see him in his early London days, very poor and rather friendless, writing dramatic criticisms for a living. Being possessed of an iron frame and indomitable self-confidence, he slowly works his way into practice, filling up his time with law-reporting, and keen as a hawk for the chance which should lead to success. The law is a hard mistress, but she never denies a single-hearted votary. By the age of thirty-five he is making £2000 a-year, and dining out in society. He marries Scarlett's daughter, and, his place being assured, goes into Parliament. Very soon he is a law officer, and is counsel for the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, in the action brought against him by the husband of Mrs Norton. He was also in the famous Stockdale *v.* Hansard case on Parliamentary privilege, a case which is never out of his letters. For a short time, like St Leonards, he was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and when relieved of office proceeded to write his 'Lives of the Chancellors,' and to discuss in a curious brochure the probabilities of Shakespeare having been bred a lawyer. Campbell suffered a little from Brougham's complaint of desiring to be thought a universal genius, but, wiser than Brougham, he confined his attempts to provinces where he was more or less qualified to speak. After a short term as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, he succeeded Denman as Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. Here there was no question of his merit, for he was an admirable common-lawyer, and had a strong masculine understanding. He worked incessantly, wore down his puisnes, and has left thirteen solid volumes of still-quoted decisions. His contemporaries may well have thought that he had reached his highest point, but his luck never deserted him. When Palmerston formed his last Ministry he was in difficulties for a Chancellor, and Lyndhurst suggested Campbell. He received the Great Seal when he was over eighty,—a record, he tells us, unparalleled since St Swithin. For two years he sat on the Woolsack, a docile and venerable figure whom no one wished to criticise. His best-remembered achievement was the raising to the Bench, in spite of the clamour of the Bar, of the future Lord Blackburn, who was then a law reporter, with neither a silk gown nor a practice. Campbell was not a judge of the first order, but his personality, in the life of his age, was certainly one of the first importance. It is easy to criticise him, for he was the most fallible of mortals. In matters of good feeling he was like a

bull in a china shop, and the decencies and conventions of life go crashing as he moves. At one moment his note is false humility, as is the famous dedication to his volume of collected speeches; at another it is robust braggadocio. He had the astounding bad taste to republish in the said volume his speech in the Melbourne case. The same lack of breeding is apparent in his 'Lives,' for, as some one said, he treats his most eminent predecessors as if they were "waifs on a manor." His feelings had become blunted in his long struggle for place, and his one criterion was success. Yet, with it all, there is much to be grateful for in the author, much to admire in the judge, and much to like in the man. He was very human in his failings, and the same humanity carried with it the virtues of courage, optimism, and a ready kindliness.

It is a pity that Mr Meredith, that mighty analyst of strange souls, was never moved to portray in fiction the character of Westbury. It would have repaid the study of a master. Like Selborne, Bethell was a devoted son of Oxford, and his Oxford manner never left him. Let it be remembered, for the encouragement of undergraduates, that his rendering of a passage in Pindar during his oral examination for his degree led afterwards to his first important brief. But there was no Attic grace, no classic mellowness, in his soul. Despising mankind, especially that portion of it which embraced his colleagues, be became the foremost scourge of fools in his generation. He was born with a gift of English style which might have made him a great man of letters. Exact, appropriate, and adequate sentences flowed easily from his lips. With this appalling clarity of thought and deftness of phrase he joined a gentle voice and a lisping, mincing accent, so that his sarcasm had the piquancy of gall in honey. His early years at the Bar were years of unremitting toil. He dined habitually in chambers off a mutton-chop and a glass of water. Passionless lucidity was the mark of his advocacy, and no man was ever more fertile in resource, more wholly self-possessed, or more contemptuous of an adversary. He could so state his own case that any opposition seemed to involve the lunacy of the opponent. He entered Parliament as a Conservative, but he was as scornful of political principles as of other things, and calmly went over to the Liberals when their prospects seemed rosier. With his usual courage he faced alone an angry meeting of the Conservative Club while his name was being struck off the books. An Erastian in Church affairs, and of no persuasion at all in secular policy, a passion for law reform and better modes of legal education, and a deep love of Oxford, were almost his only interests beyond himself and his household. He was soon made Solicitor-General;

and with Cockburn as Attorney smote Amalek hip and thigh. He bought a country estate, and became an assiduous if indifferent sportsman, occasionally peppering his friends and upbraiding some one else for the blunder. In 1861 he received the Great Seal in succession to Lord Campbell, and ascended the Woolsack followed by the admiring dislike of the whole Bar and most of the public. We know from the recently published Letters of Queen Victoria that her Majesty shared to the full in the popular view.

As a judge he gave general satisfaction, for he had Lord Halsbury's knack of getting through verbiage to facts, and through subtleties to principles. Like Lord Young, he detested precedents, and wished that all the law reports could be burned. But his career as Chancellor is more remarkable on the political than on the legal side, for his Erastianism found full scope in his struggle with what he regarded as clerical usurpation. In his judgment in the 'Essays and Reviews' case, he "dismissed hell with costs, and took away from orthodox members of the Church of England their last hope of everlasting damnation." It was not so much what he did—for other lawyers and even prelates agreed with him—as the way he did it. His conflicts with Bishop Wilberforce were characterised by an asperity which is happily rare in English public life. He treated the Episcopal Bench, to adopt a famous metaphor, as the Almighty might treat refractory black beetles. He was sometimes in the right on the merits and sometimes in the wrong, but he was always in the wrong on the methods. The result was that when his disgrace came, few felt any compunction at his fall. It is needless to repeat a story which is not wholly to his discredit. Though a great lawyer, he was far from being worldly-wise, and he fell into the hands of people more cunning than himself. He bore his misfortune with a stoical dignity, and his farewell speech to the Lords reconciled many an old enemy. It did not reconcile Bishop Wilberforce, and we are bound to say that if the Chancellor was deficient in Christian charity he had more of that scarce commodity than the Churchman.

Mr Frederic Harrison seems to be right in attributing the bitterness of Westbury's tongue less to direct malice than to an uncanny gift of ready epigrammatic speech. Everyone thinks hard thoughts, but Westbury was bound to utter his in polished English. He was inclined, like many clever men, to be intolerant of fools, but his intolerance at once took the form of stinging and unforgettable sarcasms. He was quite impartial in the distribution of these favours. An Irish junior asserted himself in consultation. "Really," said Bethell meditatively, "this loquacious savage appears to know some law." A timid junior once congratulated him

on a speech and said, "I think you have made a strong impression on the Court." "I think so too," was the answer; "do nothing to disturb it." A fellow-silk, who had a loud voice, finished his argument and sat down. Bethell arose: "Now that the noise in Court has subsided, I will tell your honour in two sentences the gist of the case." The judges were not spared. Lord Justice Knight Bruce, for example, was apt to be impatient. "Your lordship," said Bethell, "will hear my client's case first, and if your lordship thinks it right your lordship can express surprise afterwards." Once he turned to his junior in Court—"Take a note of that: his lordship says he will turn it over in what he is pleased to call his mind!" The Lords fared little better. "I perceive that the noble Duke is not listening—indeed I perceive that the noble Duke is asleep. The subject before your Lordships is an intricate one, I admit, but if the noble Duke will lend me his attention I do not despair of making the matter clear even to his intellect." As for Bishops, he walked round their tent with a club, like the Irishman at Donnybrook, "looking for heads." "I would remind your lordships," he once said, "that the law in its infinite wisdom has already provided for the not improbable event of the imbecility of a bishop." Many of his gibes are merely rude, but we must remember that they were delivered in a dulcet voice, with a prim and measured accent, which greatly increased the effect. It is awesome to think that he once addressed a Young Men's Christian Association on the virtue of benevolence and charity, to which qualities he attributed the success of his career. Certainly he was a terrible old gentleman, and yet his bark was much worse than his bite. Hating sentiment and moral protestations, he leaned too far to the other extreme. But the virtue at which he publicly scoffed he was apt to practise in private, and many a man had to thank this rough-tongued cynic for advice and help. Whatever his faults, he was a splendid clean-cut figure, with something antiseptic and bracing in his air. One such man is no bad tonic for a generation. "From my youth up," he once said, "I have truckled to no man, sought no man's favour." His courage never failed him to the end. He died in harness, sitting as arbitrator, with a bag of ice on his spine, on the very eve of his death.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE TERCENTENARY OF QUEBEC — SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN—SOLDIER AND MISSIONARY—HIS CHARACTER AND ACHIEVEMENT — THE CITY WHICH HE FOUNDED—MONTCALM AND WOLFE—A CHIVALROUS CAMPAIGN—HEROES IN LIFE AND DEATH—"POSH."

THE ceremonies which will mark the tercentenary of Quebec are a double tribute to France and to England. The oldest of our great colonies owes as much to its French origin as to its English rule. Its changing history has given it a character which is separate and its own. And in celebrating the prowess of the heroes who gave their lives freely to the making of Canada, we are uniting two ancient rivals more closely in the bonds of friendship. We have heard much of late concerning *ententes cordiales.* An interchange of visits is replacing the old-fashioned methods of diplomacy. Courtesy and sentiment seem to achieve as much as once was achieved by cunning and suspicion. But the pageantry of Quebec will symbolise far more than is symbolised by fireworks and flags. It will be an eloquent recognition of France's grandeur, and England, in honouring Champlain, honours herself.

Samuel de Champlain's is the first great name on Canada's roll of fame. The real founder of Quebec wears the laurel without dispute or challenge. But for his intrepidity and forethought the beautiful city which looks down upon the St Lawrence might never have been built; but for his genius in colonisation the history of North America might have taken another, and a sinister, turn. Born at Brouage, a small town on the Bay of Biscay, in 1567, Champlain grew up a soldier and a venturer. He was from the first fit for high enterprises and ready for difficult emergencies. Fearless in battle, a zealot in religion, he was worthy to carry on the tradition of St Louis, and he found the best field for his ambition in the pathless forests of Canada. From the time of his first voyage until his death in 1635 he never wavered in loyalty to the country of his adoption, and it may be said with truth that he lived and died, like the crusader that he was, to carry what was for him the one faith across the seas. Nor was the adventure upon which he embarked in 1603 as simple as it seems to-day. The land for which he sailed was a land of mystery and gloom. The early travellers had brought back to France vague rumours of unearthly as well as of earthly dangers. Strange beasts, griffins and winged devils, were the least of the perils. Far more horrific to the superstitious mind were the disembodied

voices which sang in the air, and which filled the pioneers with an unknown fear. But Champlain's courage was indomitable, and he possessed, what is still rarer than courage, a quick sympathy with savage races. He seemed at the very outset to understand and appreciate the Indians of North America. He applauds their daring and endurance as much as he deplores their love of vengeance and their contempt of truth. He confesses them ignorant of many things, but, says he, "I think if any would teach them how to live, and to learn to till the ground, and other things, they would learn very well." These were the lessons which he himself was presently to teach them, and if they learned them not always well, it was not the fault of Champlain. What he did not approve was their religion, and he speedily set about the task of conversion. The argument which he held with a great chieftain, and which he faithfully reports, does equal credit to his zeal and to the chieftain's intelligence. With those, however, who spoke visibly with the Devil, and obeyed his instructions in all things, and who believed that the dreams which they dreamed were true, he would not dispute. He was content to call them "brutish and bestial," and to let them go their own way.

A greater contrast to the Spaniards, and even to Drake, who admitted that what he wanted was the "dew of heaven," you could not find than Champlain and his friends. Their own profit was the last thing they looked for. Gold was not the end and aim of their ambition, and when Lescarbot condemned the search for the precious metals, he spoke for Champlain and all his companions. "The first mining and working," said this excellent pioneer, "is to have bread, wine, and cattle. Our felicity consisteth not in mines, especially of gold and silver, the which serve for nothing in the tillage of the ground, nor to handicrafts' use. Contrariwise, the abundance of them is but a charge and burden, that keepeth men in perpetual unquiet, and the more he hath thereof, the less rest enjoyeth he, and his life lesser assured unto him." Here, indeed, was a new theory of colonisation, a theory which in the days of Queen Elizabeth and King James must have seemed absurd, and which is not always accepted in simple faith by our modern syndicates. But the desire of Champlain and his friends was to encourage agriculture, and to persuade the original inhabitants to make the best of their country's soil. He planted wheat and barley; contrived a vineyard of native grapes; and as he was not of those who despised the amenities of life, he grew roses in Quebec, and did his utmost to convert what had been a desert into a garden. Above all, he was never surprised nor overcome by circumstances. As Lescarbot says, "he was not a

man to be idle," and, like all colonists of practical genius, he had a very keen eye for detail. Nothing escaped him. Nothing seemed too small for his watchful care. He learned how to combat disease with native remedies, and how to make the best of a country which, as one of his companions sadly admitted, was without inns. For the hardships of the winters the travellers were not prepared, and they felt acutely the gloom and the cold. Yet never did they yield to depression, and their thoughts wandered back to the good fare of Paris with an amiable longing. There is a genuinely human touch in the following passage of Lescarbot's narrative, which might easily be matched in other travellers' tales, or in the account of some recent sieges. "I will relate," writes Lescarbot, "that, for to keep us merry and cleanly concerning victuals, there was an order established at the table, which was named 'l'ordre de bon temps,' the order of good time (or the order of mirth), at first invented by Monsieur Champlain, wherein they (who were of the same table) were every one at his turn and day steward and cater. Now his care was that we should have good and worshipfull fare, which was so well observed, that (although the belly-gods of these parts do often reproach unto us that we had not La Rue aux Ours of Paris with us) we have ordinarily had there as good cheer as we could have at La Rue aux Ours, and at far lesser charges." So have we heard of modern voyagers keeping up their starved spirits by promises of banquets to come. Champlain and his friends chose a wiser path. They compared their savage fare with the luxury of La Rue aux Ours, and declared in all cheerfulness of spirit that they were not discontented.

Every glimpse we catch of Champlain is of a serious, sedate, and easy-mannered gentleman. He had a perfect way of treating those whom he called "Savages," and the Hurons and Algonquins regarded him as the father of their tribes. His enthusiasm for Canada never cooled. The farther he travelled the fairer he found the country. And his ambition was not limited by the task before him. He looked beyond to larger schemes and longer routes. In his eyes Quebec was but a fortified post on the highroad to China. "Champlain promiseth us," says Lescarbot, "never to give over until he have pierced as far as to the Western Sea, or that of the North, to open the way of China—in vain by so many thought for." Time has proved Champlain a wise prophet. What he dreamed, the Canadian-Pacific Railroad has accomplished. The way of China is open, and if Champlain failed to turn his imagination to practical use, it was because his imagination outstripped the practice of the world by three centuries. And at the very time in which Canada proudly acknowledges her debt to him, another of his prophetic schemes

approaches completion. Before he set foot on the rocky height where Quebec stands to-day, he had sailed to the West Indies and visited Panama. Instantly his quick brain saw the advantage of a canal cut through the isthmus, "by which," says he, "the journey to the South Sea would be shortened by fifteen hundred leagues." He was, indeed, a man of wide horizons, in whom thought outstripped action, who, in the words of Lescarbot, was "astonished with nothing," and who believed that all ambitions were within the reach of human courage and human enterprise. But he did what lay at his feet with the same enthusiasm wherewith he dreamed his dreams of pacific conquest, and he overcame the difficulties which always beset the colonist with perfect policy and tact. He was indifferent equally to intrigues at home and to the plottings of his subordinates. Though he played too great a part in the dissensions of the Indians, he buckled to him those whom he supported with hoops of steel; and when he died in the city which had sheltered him for many years, it was with the consciousness that he had planted what he deemed the true faith in a foreign soil, and had demonstrated the blessing of agriculture to a horde of savages.

The work of Champlain, then, has defied the assault of time. Quebec, his creation, is still French and still Catholic. It wears upon its face the impress of an alien past. The spirit of the town is foreign, like its speech. Walk down the Escalier of the Rue Champlain, wander through the old streets and past the trim convents, and you may easily imagine yourself in an old French town. There is something comfortable and unkempt in the aspect, which reminds you not at all of Anglo-Saxon prosperity. And then at the turn of a corner you are confronted by such plain and formless buildings as accord with practical utility, and which suggest that the fierce ambition of the United States is not without its influence upon the simpler folk of Canada. But the impression of age prevails in the end. The leisurely gait of the inhabitants, the fantastic little carriages which ply for hire, and which take the steep ascent of the streets with an easy carelessness, are signs that Quebec is not wholly disloyal to the past. There in the Fort you may picture Champlain surrounded in his last days by "black Jesuits and scarfed officers," listening to the lives of the saints demurely read, and extending his forgiveness to repentant soldiers. On every ancient wall, in brief, history has written some broken words, and far below the rocky heights of Abraham flows the unchanging river, once, in Jacques Cartier's day, the Hochelaga, now the St Lawrence. As you look across the narrow strait to Point Levis you may see the path taken by the ancient gallies of France, by the stealthy boats which carried Wolfe's

little army to victory and its leader to a glorious death, by the giant steamers of our own time, whose passengers follow "the way of China" imagined by Champlain. Such are the links in the chain of tradition which unites to-day to many yesterdays; and as Quebec is as rich in memories as any city of the New World, it is but just that the whole Empire should unite in doing her honour.

Nor could any happier method be found of paying respect to the past than the purchase of the sacred ground where Wolfe and Montcalm fell. If Champlain represents for us the dark age of the pioneers who cleared the ground with their axes, it is Wolfe and Montcalm whose names call up the spirit of romance. Never will the fame of these two heroes be dimmed. Their glory is not measured by what they achieved only, but also by what they were. They were true knights, born long after the death of chivalry, and they set the seal of grandeur upon their lives as upon their deaths. Who would not shed a tear for the misfortunes of Montcalm? Surrounded by men who understood his temperament as little as they admired his talents, calumniated at home and ill-served abroad, he wished nothing more ardently than his recall. Those who scrupled not to find fault with his every action, insisted that he should remain at his post and face other and less open antagonists than the British. For many years the French rule in Canada had been a byword of reproach. There had been those who did not hesitate to follow the example set in Acadia by the infamous Le Loutre, and to arm the Indians against their enemies. What atonement might be made for the past was made most generously by Montcalm. A magnanimous opponent, he would have scorned to take a mean advantage, or to calumniate his adversaries. His last act, when he had ceased to give orders or to control his ruined garrison, was to write a note to Townshend which breathes a sincere confidence in the justice of his enemies. "Monsieur," he wrote, "the humanity of the English sets my mind at peace concerning the fate of the French prisoners and the Canadians. Feel towards them as they have caused me to feel. Do not let them perceive that they have changed masters. Be their protector, as I have been their father."

If Wolfe were a match for Montcalm in comity and high-mindedness, he was more than his match in statesmanship and military genius. From the moment that Pitt's judgment chose him to command the English forces in Canada, Wolfe's career was like a brilliant fairy-tale. He was young, he was romantic, he asked nothing better than a chance of death or victory. Illness and disappointment had no power to depress him. Fragile in health and strength, he seemed a thing of air and fire; yet he could inspire others to energy and courage by the vibrant tones of his voice. The writer of a journal, preserved

at Washington, gives us a sketch of Wolfe which brings him most vividly before us. "While the French were moving on the English lines," he writes, "General Wolfe stood at the head of the Louisbourgh and Bragg's grenadiers; his excited spirit was pouring itself forth in animated exhortations and fiery eloquence, which springs from that deep emotion which none but warriors can feel, which, when the noise of battle hurtles in the air, and contending nations are about to grapple in mortal fight, none but heroes can utter." It sounds like a rhapsody sung by the Prince de Ligne, and it gives us a clear and quick vision of Wolfe's tireless activity. Concerning his eloquence there is no doubt. He was a statesman as well as a soldier, and there was nothing in his style of the bluntness of the camp. His proclamations and his orders were always touched with a fine distinction. Though he wrote as though a sword were in his hand, he chose his words like a poet. What could be nobler than his proclamation to the Canadians? "We are the masters of the river," he wrote; "no succour can reach you from France. General Amherst with a large army assails your southern frontier. Your cause is hopeless, your valour useless. Your nation has been guilty of great cruelty to our unprotected settlers: but we seek not revenge; we offer you the sweets of peace amidst the honours of war. England in her strength will befriend you. France in her weakness leaves you to your fate." Briefly, he was of those whose lightest utterance is authentic and his own. The message which he sent to his army on the day of battle was the message of Nelson: "The officers and men will remember what their country expects," and officers and men proved abundantly how just was his confidence.

And while Wolfe was romantic in character, he was romantic also in achievement. In capturing Quebec he accomplished the impossible. If the journey from Point Levis to the foot of the heights is short enough, it was made within sight of the enemy, and the alarm of a single sentry would have been sufficient to bring destruction upon the British force. And even when the force was landed, it still seemed a task beyond the reach of human ingenuity to scale the heights. Yet Wolfe and his men knew no check. They drifted darkly up the river; a Highland officer, replying to a Frenchman in his own tongue, removed a possible suspicion; and Wolfe, as the boats passed beneath the cliffs, quoted with a sort of premonition the stanza of Gray's which begins—

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power."

The surprise of the gallant French was complete. Montcalm, opposed by the Governor and unsupported by his colleagues, chose the policy of the brave rather than of the prudent man. He went instantly to the attack, was repulsed,

and perforce retreated into Quebec. With Wolfe, he received his death-wound on the field of battle, and earned with Wolfe the nobly simple epitaph which celebrates the common fate which gave them a common glory.

As they had lived like heroes, so they died without thought of self. The last act in the career of each proved his sublime courage. Wolfe, dying, heard a soldier exclaim, "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" he asked. "The enemy, sir. 'Egad, they give way everywhere." "Then," replied Wolfe, "I die contented." The closing scenes of Montcalm's life were touched with the sadness of defeat. Wolfe died, conscious of his country's triumph. Montcalm forgot his own suffering in grief for the humiliation of France. As he rode back, wounded to death, into the city, a woman cried out: "O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le Marquis est tué!" "Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien; ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies," replied the intrepid Montcalm. And presently, when he heard the worst news of all, that Vaudreuil had deserted the city, Montcalm asked how long he had to live. Twelve hours, he was told. "So much the better," said he; "I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." Is it surprising, then, that the exploits of these two heroes should still be seen in an atmosphere of romance? Is it surprising that their memories should still move our hearts more poignantly than the memories of greater men? Of either may it be said—

> "He nothing common did or mean
> Upon that memorable scene."

They were fitting rivals both in dignity and heroism.

Wolfe's was the better fortune, and not only in the field of battle. He at any rate did not know the despair which comes of neglect and aspersion. Upheld at every step by the Minister who had appointed him, confident in the goodwill of the people, he fought more happily for the conviction that his policy would be understood at home. The enmity wherewith Montcalm was pursued by Vaudreuil and others did not end with his life. No sooner had he yielded to his wounds than the Governor, who had dogged his steps with intrigue, insulted his memory. As always, the rascal's malice defeated itself. The slanders, leaving Montcalm untouched, have covered Vaudreuil with shame. And to-day Montcalm shares an equal glory with Wolfe in the minds of Canada and of the world.

With Montcalm and Wolfe we are at the topmost height of heroism. Nothing less heroic can be imagined than the aberration of a distinguished man, coldly set forth in 'Edward FitzGerald and "Posh," Herring Merchants,' by Mr James Blyth (London: John Long). The book would not be worth mentioning on its own account. It is only as a symptom of a prevailing disease that we deplore its publication. Edward

FitzGerald, as all the world knows, was a poet who spent his life in a dignified retirement. He was never what is called "good copy." His name was not familiar to the journals, or to those who meet in clubs to exchange advertisements. And by a sad irony of fate he has been involved ever since his death in a hopeless spider's-web of publicity. His delicate poetry has become so common by repetition, that not for another generation will it be understood at its proper worth. The trivial incidents which made up his tranquil life have been displayed by indiscreet biographers with a wealth of inapposite detail. But this latest experiment in revelation is the worst affront yet offered to FitzGerald's memory. The experiment was made in all good faith. Mr Blyth seems to think that in some strange way FitzGerald's patient submission to a fisherman redounds to his credit. Even if it did, it should have been left unrecorded. What right have we to penetrate these secrets of a dead man, or to hear the babblings of an insensitive clown?

The truth is that neither Posh nor FitzGerald cuts a very fine figure in Mr Blyth's book. Posh, no doubt, was glad enough of the beer and profit which the friendship of FitzGerald meant for him. It is not so easy to explain the poet's enthusiasm. Posh was too fond of half-a-pint, as his patron was constantly reminding him, and, as far as we know, was endowed with no striking qualities of heart or head. Yet FitzGerald writes to him and of him in a strain of sentiment which is wholly unintelligible. To say that Posh shared with Tennyson and Thackeray "a certain grandeur of soul and body," might have been what the French call *une bonne blague.* With FitzGerald it was no *blague* at all. He praises Posh with a simple sincerity; he declares that "the man is of a Royal Nature." He acknowledges with a certain pride that he is "the Hare with many friends," and that he is exposed to one danger—"so many wanting him to drink." If Posh were in question, FitzGerald seemed incapable of a cool judgment. He sailed with him; he drank with him; he played all fours with him. Nor did his interest end with these sympathetic and harmless pursuits. Presently he went into partnership with him, built a herring-lugger which he called *The Meum and Tuum*, and set out to make the man's fortune. The fortune was never made. The unequal partnership ended in disaster; the lugger was sold; and FitzGerald quarrelled with Posh, whom he presently addressed as "Joseph Fletcher," with the cold dignity of anger. The whole episode is trivial enough, and might have been passed over, even by those devout souls who call themselves "Omarians." Perhaps it should have been passed over by them in the sternest silence of all. It is an odd worship which holds the deity up to ridicule.

Mr Blyth essays his task with all solemnity. He tells

us how he tracked the heroic Posh to his lair, by what means he overcame his proper shyness of literary gentlemen. His first chapter is called "The Meeting," and therein he explains without a smile by what intricate paths Posh and FitzGerald first came together. Now, Tom Newson was skipper of the *Scandal*, a fifteen-ton schooner built for FitzGerald by Harvey, of Wyvenhoe, and Tom Newson was known to Posh and his father. An introduction, therefore, was easily contrived, and thus began a friendship, which, for Mr Blyth, appears a thing of historical importance. With a superb gravity he traces the rise and fall of this friendship. He writes as though Lowestoft were the real heart and kernel of the world. He mentions the market-gardeners, the builders, the makers of agricultural implements, who cast a lustre upon Suffolk, with an interest which is generally reserved for monarchs, statesmen, and poets. And he does it all with a bland lack of humour, and at FitzGerald's expense. Posh, he tells us, was fond of small beer. It is evident that Mr Blyth shares Posh's taste. But was it worth while to fill two hundred pages with so trivial a confession?

The indiscretion of Mr Blyth is but another proof that some limit should be placed by law or habit upon the folly of biographers. There is no reason why the private affairs of distinguished men should be thus rudely uncovered. To pretend that such episodes as the episode of Posh throw light on anything is to misunderstand the purpose and practice of polite letters. Edward FitzGerald's work is shrouded in no mystery. His translation of "Omar Khayyám" is plain for all to understand. It is by its inherent clarity that it has survived its burden of commentary and adulation. It is not in the version of "Omar Khayyám," then, that this chatter of Posh finds an excuse. And if it finds no excuse there, it will look in vain elsewhere. Had FitzGerald not turned the Persian's quatrains into English, we should have known nothing of him, and it does not appear from Mr Blyth's discoveries that Posh bore a hand in that work. But a wanton curiosity has attacked the fame of FitzGerald, and FitzGerald knew Posh, and Posh is henceforth capped by a halo in the eyes of the worshippers, and Posh is asked his opinion of what Posh cannot understand, and nobody is better for all the talk, except Posh, and Posh is regaled at intervals with tips and small beer. And the memory of FitzGerald is grievously insulted, for which insult not even the occasional refreshment of the thirsty Posh sufficiently atones.

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

// BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCXIV. AUGUST 1908. Vol. CLXXXIV.

THE NEW JUNE.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

X.—ST INGLEBERT.

MONDAY, the twenty-first of March, dawned at last. Early in the morning, though not so early as they had intended, the Earls of Nottingham and Huntingdon left the gates of Calais at the head of a large and confused company of horsemen. A short distance outside the walls they halted, called over the roll of names, and marshalled their following in two orderly columns. Of these the first was much the larger, and contained the armourers, grooms, and spare horses; the second was composed of the combatants and other gentlemen of rank, riding on a narrower front to make the more imposing show.

The spot which had been chosen for the encounter was a level extent of plain, about halfway between Calais and the Abbey of St Inglebert, where the three challengers had their headquarters. The ground, however, was as new to them as to their opponents, for their training had all been done at Boulogne, and the lists had been prepared independently by the two judges, the Earl of Northumberland on one side and on the other the famous Jean de la Personne, known invariably throughout France by the name of Lancelot.

When the barriers were reached, the leading column halted and parted to right and left, making a long lane down which passed the more splendid company, in order to take the place of honour in the grand entry. The Earl of Huntingdon entered first, riding between the Earl Marshal and Lord Clifford; they were preceded

by six trumpeters sounding a challenge, and followed by six body-squires in their liveries. After them came the other combatants, eighteen knights in one company and eighteen squires in another, each man in full armour, bearing his own arms and colours, and with his body-servant in attendance, unarmed, but even more brilliantly apparelled. Last came a troop of distinguished spectators, some twenty in number, who, though unable for various good reasons to play the game themselves, found it worth their while to come from England in great state to assist their friends with advice and applause. Some of them indeed were men of vast experience, and, though they never rode in a match, had been present at every first-class meeting for twenty years past: all were dressed with a splendour worthy of the privileged enclosure from which they were to view the contest.

The whole cavalcade made the tour of the lists from left to right at a walking pace, and John, as he passed in his turn through the barriers and saw the whole pageant before him at a glance, felt that only the voice of trumpets could express the triumph that was rioting through his heart. The pangs of doubt and disappointment, sharp enough at the time, which had troubled him more than once since he heard the Westminster bells, were now forgotten utterly, as though they had been but thorn pricks; to-day and here, as he saw the procession winding round the long curve of the lists ahead of him, the figures of the two Earls seemed the embodiment of dignity and stately courage, and he felt that he could follow them anywhere.

At this moment the trumpeters were wheeling round to approach the spectators' balcony on the far side: it was hung with blue and gold cloth, and surmounted by the lilies of France, but was at present empty. John's eyes instinctively turned from this to the left-hand side of the ground, which it faced, and he found that he was on the point of passing before the quarters of the challengers. Their three pavilions were all of crimson, but each was distinguished by the device of its owner, embroidered in large letters on a golden scroll. That of Boucicaut, which was close to him, bore the words "*Ce que vous vouldrez,*"—a motto which the young champion had but newly chosen, but which he ever afterwards retained in memory of St Inglebert.

After passing the pavilions, and the crowd of gaily dressed French gentlemen drawn up between them, John found himself abreast of a huge elm-tree, which had been purposely included in the circuit of the high outer fence. On the wide-spreading branches near the ground were hung the shields of the three challengers: of these there were six, one set painted with their owners' arms as in ordinary warfare, the other set also in the owners' different colours, but all three with the same impress—three hearts, two above and one

below, — a bearing specially devised for this occasion. Beside each shield five spears were ranged: those by the shields of war had sharp steel points, those by the shields of peace were tipped with rockets or blunt heads, shaped like coronets. At the end of the nearest branch hung a golden horn, and as John marked this unusual item of the ceremonial furniture he felt that it added the last touch of romance to the most chivalrous contest of the age.

By this time the leaders had completed their circuit, and were taking possession of the enclosure allotted to their party, near the gate by which they had entered: the servants were crowding into the space which the procession had just traversed, between the inner rail and the high outer fence. From the centre of the balcony a herald cried aloud the terms of the challenge to all comers, and ended by declaring the lists open in the name of God and St Denis.

Before the last note of the trumpet had died away the English ranks opened, and the Earl of Huntingdon was seen advancing towards the pavilions, followed by two squires bearing his shield and helm. He rode with a slow, majestic pace, and to the onlookers it seemed long before he reached the great tree and took the horn in his mailed right hand. A loud and fierce blast followed, caught up and redoubled by a tremendous cheer from every Englishman on the ground. The French cheered in return, and the noise continued for some minutes while the Earl's helm was being buckled on by his attendant squires. He then with a light rod touched the war shield of Boucicaut, and a fresh burst of cheering drowned the voice of the herald who was crying to summon that champion forth from his pavilion.

The call was quickly passed on, and Boucicaut appeared in full armour and with helm already fastened. He took his place at the far end of the lists, and John, from where he sat in his saddle directly behind Huntingdon, fixed his eyes like one fascinated upon the red eagle on the young Frenchman's silver shield. With the first note of the trumpet he saw it begin to move: nearer and nearer it came, the long bright lance gleaming above it; a sudden shock, a noise of splintering wood, and the two riders had passed one another, and were trying to rein in their excited chargers. The red eagle came on within a few yards of John, turned gracefully, and went back up the ground: at the far end Huntingdon also was wheeling, while his squires were examining the fragments of his shield, which had been completely pierced and broken by his opponent's spear.

It occurred to John that it was not a very fortunate omen for the lions of England to be thus defaced at the first onset, but he joined in the cheer which greeted the announcement that the Earl himself was uninjured, the spear having

glanced harmlessly over his arm. Again he watched the red eagle, this time without such tense anxiety: the course was uneventful, and his hopes rose. But at the third attack both the chargers refused to cope, and a murmur of disappointment went round.

The Earl came to his place, and made ready to start again. He was hot and angry, and could be heard swearing under his impassive mask of iron. His anger turned to fury when he saw that Boucicaut was returning to his pavilion: no reason was offered for this withdrawal, but none was really needed, for the judges had announced that no challenger was under obligation to run more than three courses against any one opponent. Huntingdon, however, was beside himself with rage, and so far lost his head as to roar out a boastful and violent order to one of his squires to strike the shield of Sempy, the least formidable of the French party.

The French, however, — if they heard it, — had the good taste to ignore this breach of manners, and Sempy responded without delay. The first course was a failure, the horses crossing before they met: in the confused shock which followed, Huntingdon was unhelmed, more by accident than design. When he returned to his place to be re-armed Swynnerton moved forward as if to see that the new buckle was well secured, and John guessed that he had seized the opportunity to offer a word of advice to his infuriated lord. The Earl seemed mollified by his suggestions, which were probably administered in the disguise of admiration and encouragement: he made ready with more self-control, and levelled his spear deliberately for the body-stroke, a difficult form of attack but one more likely to be decisive.

Sempy adopted the same tactics, and the result was a fine encounter: each of the combatants drove his lance fair and square into the centre of his opponent's shield, and both men and horses reeled with the shock,—the riders barely saved themselves by sheer leg-grip from rolling over.

After a short breathing-space the Earl again presented himself. The judges had already agreed that though five courses was the number mentioned in the proclamation, six in all should be allowed to those who wished to run against more than one of the challengers. Sempy accordingly took his station once more. This time both men chose the high point, and each struck the other on the helm with sufficient force to make the sparks fly out; but the Earl's spear held the better of the two, and to the delight of his party he unhelmed his opponent very smartly.

This was the first clear point scored by either side, and the English partisans showed a natural but disproportionate exultation. Huntingdon himself was so elated that he sent Swynnerton with a herald and a trumpeter to challenge Sempy, for the love of his

lady, to run one more course. This, however, was disallowed by the judges, and the Earl was unhelmed by his squires, both parties applauding him so generously that he had no further temptation to ill-humour.

His place was taken by the Earl Marshal, who sent to touch the war shield of Reynault de Roye. It was already known to every one on the ground that he would do so, but the moment was an exciting one, for the French champion had a great reputation, and there were few on the English side who had ever seen him in action. It was the more disappointing that the first course entirely failed, through the shying of both horses. At the second attempt Mowbray had a slight advantage, for he struck his enemy fair and broke his spear. But the third course went against him, for though both helms were struck, and apparently with equal certainty, de Roye passed on and made his turn, while the Englishman was unhelmed and dazed by the blow.

Lord Clifford, who followed him, was greeted warmly by the French, for they had heard that he was a cousin of their old enemy, the famous Chandos. He was successful in unhelming Boucicaut at the second attempt, but in his next course suffered the same fate at the hands of Sempy.

Boucicaut was somewhat shaken by Clifford's stroke, but recovered in time to take a signal revenge on the next English champion. This was Sir Henry Beaumont, who had the misfortune to cross ahead of his opponent, and so close to him that Boucicaut was able by a brilliant shot to catch him full as he passed and drive him headlong over the crupper. An overthrow such as this counted more than double the points given for unhelming an adversary. The first decisive success had fallen to the French, and the English party was considerably sobered by it. But there was one at least among them whose spirit nothing could affect. Sir Piers Courtenay had seen and felt too many hard knocks in England, France, and Spain to care overmuch whether it was upon his own head or his opponent's that the next would fall. His young squire Dennis cantered gaily up to the elm-tree, and with the breezy confidence of a true Devonian struck the war shield of all three challengers in succession.

This all-round defiance seemed to astonish the French as much as it delighted the English party, and Sir Piers was invited to explain what meaning he wished to be put upon his challenge. He replied that if the judges allowed three courses against each of two antagonists, they might as well allow two courses against each of three; and they had in fact proclaimed the extra allowance to any one wishing to run against "more than one" opponent. The claim was held to be as reasonable as it was spirited, and all three of the French champions appeared

at the entrance of their pavilions accordingly.

The first match was against de Roye, who dishelmed his man at the second attempt. Courtenay, however, took this misfortune with supreme good-humour, and as he cantered off with his helm dangling down his back, he called out to his victorious enemy, who was also an old friend, "Mind yourself, Reynault; there are bigger men coming!"

He took Sempy next, and had an ample revenge: the Frenchman missed, and though his spear took Courtenay crossways on the breast it did not spoil his stroke; Sempy's helm flew off like a Turk's head from a post. The last match was the most even of the three: once the combatants staggered each other with a full point in the shield, and in the second course they unhelmed each other precisely at the same moment.

Sir Piers then begged hard for one more chance, against any one of the three challengers; but he was refused, as a matter of course, and made way for the next comer. This was Sir John Golafre, one of the "bigger men" of whom Courtenay had spoken, and the same who had desired to be entered as "first weakling." The joke was passed round again as he rode out, a gigantic figure topped with a bush of red, white, and black plumes, and the hopes of all his party beat high, for he was to run a single match against the great de Roye.

The first course showed the determination of the combatants, for they rode at a pace that no one had yet approached; but it was indecisive, each striking the other fair on the helm without scoring. At the second attempt the horses were both out of hand, and refused to cope: the sight of their wild swerve only raised the excitement of the spectators to a still higher pitch. In the third course both men chose the body-stroke, and the shock was tremendous; both spears splintered to the truncheon, and it seemed a miracle that de Roye could have borne up against the weight of such an avalanche of steel. The fourth course was taken so fast that both spears missed; in the fifth they came together still faster, amid the wildest excitement, and John's heart bounded as if he had been struck himself, when he saw the two helmless champions parting in their padded coifs. The best match of the day was over, and it had ended in a draw.

There remained only two English knights to take their turn that afternoon, and neither of these was strong enough to try de Roye: one —Sir John Russel—ran level with Sempy; the other provided a surprise, for he defeated Boucicaut, unhelming him so sharply as to draw blood, and then fell from his saddle before the less formidable Sempy.

The day was over, and the points were twenty-four to

fifteen against England: at least so said John's friends, Tom and Edmund, and they had kept the score minutely. John only knew when he reached his lodging that he was as tired as he had ever been in his life: and yet he had been sitting still for more than five hours out of seven.

XI.—REYNAULT DE ROYE.

John found the second day much less fatiguing: as he had no grand entry to make and no chance of jousting till the Thursday, he was able to discard his armour and attend in comfort upon a hack. He also got a far more ample meal in the big dining-tent which Boucicaut had erected behind the pavilions for the use of all comers: and now that he had to some extent worked off the feverish excitement which had at first kept him on the stretch, he enjoyed himself a good deal, and would have done so still more if the game had gone less steadily against his own side.

It was evident almost from the beginning that the disadvantage, which looked so great at first sight, of having to meet a continual succession of fresh opponents, counted in practice for very little when weighed against the superior training and experience of the French champions. They rode as well as if they had been resting for a week past; and whereas on the Monday Boucicaut had been worsted by Clifford and Shirburne, and Sempy by Courtenay and Huntingdon, on Tuesday only four out of eleven Englishmen succeeded in even making a drawn match.

The interest of the meeting centred more and more in de Roye, who was to-day summoned only three times, while his two companions had each to meet four antagonists. Sir William Stamer, the new-made knight, showed more courage than prudence in attempting him; but he was ambitious of proving to his kinsman, the Earl of Huntingdon, that his honours were deserved. In the first course he lost his spear; in the second he made a bad swerve, and was all but thrown in spite of it. The third was a good encounter, but at the fourth he was dishelmed and again driven back almost to the ground.

Sir Godfrey Secker, a Kentish knight, fared even worse, though he was a more experienced jouster. In his third course he actually succeeded in dishelming de Roye, but the Frenchman, with the determination which seemed never to fail him for a moment, drove on through Secker's targe and through his armour as well; the spear broke half-way up, and the end remained fixed in the shield and in the knight's forearm. With such a wound the Englishman did well to make his turn and come to his place in good style; but the match was drawn, and there was no more running for him.

The last of his side to-day was Swynnerton, and though he certainly was not de Roye's equal in skill, his great strength and weight gave his friends some hope of a success. He came through his first course well, in spite of a shield-stroke that almost unseated him and would have broken the back of a weaker man; at the second encounter both riders took the high point, and the spears flashed finely; but the third was fatal,—the Frenchman unhelmed Roger with a stroke that seemed to stun both man and horse.

The day was over, and once more the points were against England. "Twenty-six to eight!" said the boys ruefully, as they rode home among the squires.

"Wait until to-morrow!" replied Savage with his usual gaiety: to-morrow was his day, and he was still sanguine.

Edmund thought the matter was being treated flippantly, and remonstrated. "N — no, but I say, why do they beat us like this? we always win the b—battles, don't we?"

"No, my friend," growled Swynnerton, whose head was aching; "the archers win them for us."

"But they're not gentlemen," said Tom.

"Good God!" said Swynnerton with an angry snort, "when a man wins, who cares what he is?"

XII.—COCKS OF THE GAME.

Wednesday was warm and fine, and the combatants, as they came away from mass in the new English church, talked hopefully once more. The three knights on Huntingdon's list who still remained available against de Roye were all first-rate men, and there were one or two squires to run who had promised well, though it was admitted that none of them could be expected to fly at such high game. Savage, however, knew better than that, and it was hardly his fault if the rest of the world did not know it too, for he talked and laughed in his most excitable manner, unrepressed even by Swynnerton's downright rebukes.

"Because you've a black eye yourself, Roger," he replied, "you see every one else all over bruises."

"Well," retorted the damaged champion, "there are plenty more where I got mine."

The good-humour in his growl touched Savage. "I know," he said,—"I know I'm not fit to fasten your galoshes, Roger, but hope must count for something, and I'd give my whole bag of bones to see how de Roye looks t'other way up."

"So would I," added John with equal fervour.

Swynnerton laughed his loud short laugh. "T'other way up! So you will," he said, "one or both of you!"

John repudiated this dismal prophecy for himself, but

privately he felt less confident about his friend. Savage was certainly fearless, but he had no great experience, and was not yet come to his full weight. Moreover, he was first on the order of running for the day, and would have to face de Roye at his freshest, if he persisted in trying him after all.

Two hours later these misgivings were all falsified. Savage did not achieve the miracle he hoped for, but he ran a very spirited match with his great antagonist, and came off upon equal terms with loud applause.

He had noted the Frenchman's methods, his great pace, his more frequent choice of the shield-stroke, and his trick of bending suddenly forward at the moment of the cope: all these he adopted in his first course, and brought off an encounter which was voted second to none that had yet been seen. Both men struck fair, and at such a pace both must have been thrown if their weapons had not given way. As it was, the spears splintered right up to their hands, and each left his point firmly embedded in his opponent's shield: the shock was so loud that every one on the ground feared lest one or both had been seriously injured, and Savage's friends, when he came back to his place, tried hard to persuade him to be content with the danger and the glory of one such encounter.

"Not at all," he replied airily; "I did not face a Channel crossing to run only a single course."

The words were repeated to de Roye, who had sent to hear his decision: he declared the answer most reasonable, and two more courses were arranged. Of these the first was a failure, for the horses crossed; but the final one was again astonishingly good, both men being unhelmed in the best style.

The two Holland boys, by John's side, were jumping with excitement. "I would rather be Savage than any one on the ground, wouldn't you?" Tom asked.

John smiled at the young enthusiast. "Not I," he replied; "what's past is past."

Tom looked quickly at him and seized the point. "If you do as well to-morrow," he said, "I shall think as well of you."

"Weather-cock!" remarked Edmund in his breathless way: he was hugging Savage's damaged shield, with the spear-head still in the centre of it.

Savage himself now joined them on his hackney, and the game went on.

Baskerville lost to Boucicaut; Stapleton drew with Sempy; Scott tried the same champion and unhelmed him at the second course, but was himself rolled headlong at the third. These were but chickens, and expectation rose higher when a full-fledged cock of the game rode out to meet de Roye. This was Sir John Arundel, a well-known dancing man and always good for a song, but his popularity did not rest only upon his social gifts, for he rode straight and hard.

Of his five courses four were

brilliant, and he parted on even terms.

Two more squires fell an easy prey to Boucicaut, and then came the turn of Sir John Clinton, an ambitious young knight in fine armour: he bore the blue chief and silver mullets of his famous house, but to distinguish his shield from that of his kinsman Sir Nicholas, the white field of it was fretted with azure. His reputation was good, and de Roye greeted his summons with a courteous word of welcome. The match was a splendid one, but the six courses ended in a draw, each having at last succeeded in dishelming the other.

And now, after Sempy had defeated young Roger Low, the supreme moment of the day was reached. The last combatant officially told off to meet de Roye was moving forward amid loud cheers: d'Ambrecicourt his father and grandfather had been called in their day, for they belonged to Hainault; but Sir John was English born and bred, by the name of Dabridgecourt, and differenced the red bars on their ermine shield with escallop shells of silver. He wore a coronet on his helm with towering plumes, like a prince; and there was something princely too in the simplicity with which he rode to the elm-tree himself to deliver his summons, as if he had been no more than a squire.

The first course of this match was run in breathless silence: fire flashed from both helms as the spears glanced off them, and a low murmur went round the ground, for the pace was terrific. The second course was even faster, and the spears were splintered like glass. The spectators drew in their breath sharply, and looked at each other with a kind of awe: the atmosphere seemed to have suddenly changed, and the game to be greater than they had known; they felt that the men before them feared neither pain nor death.

A third time the thunder and the crash came: it seemed to John that he himself was stunned; but a moment afterwards he recognised the sound of his own voice as if it had been a stranger's, shouting madly with the rest. Dabridgecourt was turning at the far end of the lists, and in the middle, among the wreckage of the spears, de Roye sat dishelmed and beaten upon his motionless charger.

XIII.—THE FORTUNE OF JOHN MARLAND.

The boys overtook John on his way to the field next day. They were brimful of his secret and bubbling with excitement. Tom gave advice with an air of proprietorship, to which Edmund listened with undisguised impatience.

"St-tiffen your wrist, and your b-back,—st-tiffen everything except your n-nose," was his parody of his brother.

"Children don't understand

these things," retorted Tom; "my uncle and I have been discussing them this morning."

John pricked up his ears: "Discussing what?"

"Well, he said there would be no dogs for the big bear to-day, and I said I knew of one,—of course I didn't say the name."

"Anything more?" asked John.

"Yes; he said he was sorry for the dog, because the bear had a sore head."

John laughed, not altogether comfortably; but he reflected that after all even de Roye could not do better than his best, and he had probably been doing that already.

There he was wrong, as he soon discovered.

The day began tamely with a couple of drawn matches. Then a third Englishman rode out, but he too chose Boucicaut, and was beaten. He was followed by Herr Hansse, a Bohemian knight in the Queen's service: a big man this one, but he too contented himself with summoning Boucicaut. It seemed evident that de Roye's work was over, now that the official list of his opponents was exhausted, and both sides openly regretted it.

But the day was not destined to end as tamely as it had begun. In his first course the Bohemian rode right into his opponent and struck at him with his spear after the collision was seen to be unavoidable.

In the opinion of the judges the action was deliberate from beginning to end, and they decided that Herr Hansse had forfeited armour and horse, according to the rules.

This incident caused a long interruption of the sport, for though Boucicaut at once refused to take advantage of the forfeiture, he was opposed by the majority of his own side. They urged, with much good sense, that the utmost severity should be enforced against an unfair trick, which might easily have caused the entire defeat of the challengers by putting one of their number out of action for the rest of the thirty days. The English, too, were divided: many were anxious to save the credit of one who, though a foreigner, was a member of their team; but others feared still more lest the Bohemian, if pardoned, might doubly embarrass them by snatching a victory after all.

This last argument came to the ears of the French and touched their pride. They agreed at once to renounce the forfeit and let the Bohemian do his worst. Herr Hansse, in his turn, was stung by this, and when asked with whom he wished to continue the contest, he defiantly named de Roye.

Such unexpected good-fortune restored the interest of the combat at once, and when the Bohemian was rearmed, and the two champions took their places, the silence was as intense and breathless as it had been the day before.

The suspense was soon over: de Roye was in no mood to strike twice. The big Bohem-

ian seemed to be but a straw before him as he swept him from the saddle, bent him across, and tossed him broken from his path.

"Dead, by God!" said Huntingdon. No one else spoke a word: the sight was too much like an execution.

Fortunately Herr Hansse proved to be not dead, nor even seriously injured, though he was completely disabled. A buzz of eager talk broke out, every detail of the stroke was discussed, and no one paid any attention to the next match, in which Sempy defeated a squire of average merit.

"John Marland, do you run?" said the quiet business-like voice of a herald.

John replied with icy calm, and, indeed, he felt as if he were all turned to ice except his heart, which was beating like a hammer upon a red-hot anvil. He made a little jest as Savage buckled his helmet, and was sure his voice had quavered: when the spear was put into his hand he shook it in correct professional style, and wondered if the others saw the trembling that he felt. But he had never been more alive, never more keen-eyed or tightly strung.

"Remember," said Savage in a low voice, "the high stroke first; then the shield; and come forward sharply at the cope."

A moment afterwards a loud shout went up from all parts of the ground: the squire, whom nobody knew, was seen to have passed by the targes of Boucicaut and Sempy; amid a hurricane of applause his spear touched the war shield of de Roye.

The noise came dimly to John's ears inside his padded nutshell of steel; but he saw hands and caps waving, and as he came back to his place his charger seemed to be stepping on a lonely height above the clouds. Then the muffled trumpet-note took all sense from him for a moment: he woke to see his adversary's helm so near and clear that to miss it would have been impossible: not till he had struck it and passed on did he feel or remember to have felt a sharp blow upon his own vizor. He made his turn with perfect ease; everything seemed easier than it had ever been before. All round him the waving and far-off noise continued.

He levelled his spear again—for the body-stroke this time: he saw that his opponent was doing the same. He fixed his eyes upon de Roye's shield: "Gules with a bend silver," he repeated to himself to pass the time, for it seemed long before the trumpet sounded.

At last he was off, quite wide awake now, and spurring his charger. He came forward smartly for the shock, and felt that he had saved himself by doing so: the horses reeled apart, the spears vanished without breaking, and John found himself pushing a half-stunned charger into a canter for the turn. A moment later half a dozen hands were on his bridle, his helm was off, his coif laid back, and the full roar of cheering broke on his ears.

"He owes me one more, doesn't he?" he asked.

"One more," replied the Earl's voice, "and I owe you a gold chain if you win."

But knighthood and gold chains seemed as little now to John as any other of the small affairs of life: he was concerned with states of being, not with things.

"Thank you, my lord," he said, and felt his mouth stiff and salt as he spoke: he was breathing hard, too, and losing that delightful keenness of the senses. He took a deep chestful of air, mounted his second charger, and put on his helm. There was the red and white shield again, but it was less bright now, and the spear, which they had picked up and brought back to him, seemed a little heavier than before.

At what a pace that shield was coming: he must get forward — forward — ah! — late! He knew it, and knew nothing more till he felt cold water splashing over his face.

"I was late," he explained as they raised him.

Above him the Earl was looking down from his saddle with the unmoved expression of one who handles a dead rabbit.

"So the crock is not broken this time," he said, and presently added, "You wished to enter my service, I believe?"

John tried in vain to collect his senses: he had but one feeling left—the desire to escape the presence of those eyes. He saw the boys by their uncle's side: any shelter seemed better than none.

"I am pledged to my lord Thomas," he said.

"It is the same thing," said the Earl, turning carelessly away: and John was left to the congratulations of his friends.

XIV.—THE AIR OF THE NEW JUNE.

"John, do you remember St Inglebert?"

The question brought no reply. Nicholas turned with the least possible exertion which would serve his purpose, glanced at his companion, and, seeing that he was comfortably sleeping, lapsed again into the deep waters of reverie.

The scene before him was one of rare and unsurpassed loveliness: even in England, the land of homelike sylvan beauty, even in Yorkshire, with all its far vistas and innumerable hills, there is no place of delight that dare boast itself above the Arncliffe woods, nor any with a prospect wider or more enchanted than that which they look upon towards the hour of sunset. From the curving edge of their high terrace, where he lay in a chance gap among the oak-trees, Nicholas could see close under him the Hall, the garden, and the tiny church of Arncliffe: in the sheer space between, a hawk

was poised in mid-air, swinging now and again either up or down, to left or right, as if to sound like a living plummet the incredible depth of so tranquil an abyss. Beyond, upon the plain, lay Ingleby, nestling among its meadow-elms; beyond that again the manor of Irby, and the great grange of Rounton. Due west his eye travelled on over the Vale of Mowbray, from Harlesey and Morton towards Danby Wiske and Hutton Bonville, tiny specks of red roof, imagined rather than seen, in a pattern of long shadows; and then moved farther and farther yet into the infinitely distant world of the sunset, where range beyond range of hills glowed with the soft clear outlines and ethereal colouring of dreamland.

Presently his companion stirred and sat upright. Nicholas showed no sign that he had been waiting; he repeated his question, perhaps a very little more deliberately, but with exactly the same manner and intonation as before.

"John, do you remember St Inglebert?"

Marland was staring at the far-away glory. "I do," he replied in a dreamy tone, which proved that he certainly did not.

Nicholas was patient but caustic. "You'll remember it better before long," he remarked; "let me remind you that after your disgrace——"

"After what?" asked John, suddenly roused.

"After your disgrace at the hands of that young Frenchman," continued his friend quietly, "my lord of Huntingdon was good enough to offer you a refuge in the New June."

"Which I did not accept," retorted John.

"Which you accepted on the spot, and have enjoyed ever since," said Nicholas in a tone of courteous assent.

"Oh, look here!" John remonstrated, "you know all about it: I thought . . . that is, I expected . . ."

"I see, and then it all turned out quite differently from what you thought or expected."

"You needn't ask me how it turned out," said John; "you've been living cheek by jowl with me these five years: what are you driving at?"

"I neither drive nor am driven."

"*I* am driven, I suppose you mean."

"You and the rest," replied Nicholas in the same quiet and cheerful tone, "down a steep place."

John laughed. "You've started this argument before," he said; "but it is the first time you've called me a swine."

"An oversight," replied Nicholas; "let us say sheep: it is nct the herd but the devils that matter."

"Well?"

"The devils of this age," said the monk, "are the familiar spirits of the rich: their names are Spend, Get, and Ruthless."

"If it is a devil that possesses me," replied John, "it is a different one from those: in five years I have only once spent more than I had to spend, I have never made a penny, and I have certainly not been ruthless,—I wish I had." He ended with a tinge of bitterness.

Nicholas looked kindly at him and his voice changed. "What you say is true enough, dear sheep; your demon is another, and you call him Loyalty."

"What now?" John retorted; "you are a king's man yourself."

"I am," said the other, "so long as the king holds of his overlord, no longer." He crossed himself, and his eyes sought John's with an unmistakable challenge. There was a moment's silence, John looked uneasy, but seemed finally to decide on resistance.

"I don't understand you," he said in a still more combative tone. "I never know what you religious people mean. I am bound to the king by the tenure of my lands, by my duty to my natural lord, and by a vow made before the altar of Our Lady of Barking, as you know very well: how do you propose that I should stifle these obligations? Under a cowl?"

Nicholas bent his head; a deep flush dyed his massive neck and temples, but he made no reply. John continued his argument.

"I know you think Richard high-handed, but what would you have? A king must be a king."

The monk lifted a perfectly serene face. "Certainly," he said, "a king cannot be less than a king."

John did not miss the meaning in his voice, but he ignored it. "Very well, then; we help him to his own."

"In the language of the New June," asked Nicholas, "what does 'his own' mean? Does it include his revenge?"

John seemed to feel the net closing round him, and he struggled the more fiercely. "Look here," he exclaimed, "I'll tell you how it is: I play the game of life, and you stand by and claim to criticise though you have never taken a hand yourself. What would you do if you were one of us? When Richard was young he was at his uncle's mercy; high-handed was no word for Gloucester in those days, and Arundel and Warwick were as bad. As for ruthlessness, if ever any one was ruthless,—have you forgotten how John Salusbury died, and old Sir Simon Burley? And why must Oxford go?—driven out like a dog! Is a man to have no friends because he happens to be king? You speak as a preacher of peace, but you seem to forget on which side peace lies. What king of England has ever thought less of war or conquest and more of the prosperity of the country? Why, his unwarlike character is made a continual reproach to him, and by whom? By these same princely bullies whom you would save from the punish-

ment they have been earning for years. I tell you that if you don't know the truth about Gloucester you are the last man left to hear it: he hasn't even the decency to keep his treason to himself; he bawls aloud for war, war, war with France, war on any pretext and in face of any obligations to the contrary. Perhaps you remember, when we had war with France in '86, how this noble warrior and his gang behaved. While the enemy were planning invasion they blocked all business in both Houses, to get poor Suffolk out of office, and then, when for all they knew the French fleet might be in the Thames at any moment, they talked openly of dethroning the king himself. You don't need me to tell you these things, Nicholas—you are older than I am, you were in London all through. Who was it that moved for the record of Edward the Second's deposition to be read aloud in Parliament, to acquaint honourable members with the forms of the Constitution in certain cases made and provided? Who was it that invented on the spur of the moment an ancient statutory right for Parliament to remove a king and to put in his place some other member of the royal house? Some other member! I tell you that the country is unsafe while such a ruffian is allowed to be at large: the safety of the country is the king's first duty, and if we can help him to secure it, why are we swine or sheep?"

Nicholas listened with grave courtesy to this harangue, as though he had never heard any of the points before. He replied in a tone so simple and yet so cool that no one could have divined whether his mood was one of candour or of irony.

"My dear John, I have nothing to say for the Duke of Gloucester: I was anxious for your own soul, and you have convinced me. If your conscience is on guard, mine may sleep in peace."

John looked a little uncomfortable. "I don't say that," he began.

"But I do," replied his friend; "I am sure of it. Now let us be getting homewards."

He rose to his feet and moved away along the green terrace path to the south: John followed him more slowly and with a dissatisfied air. At the entrance of the first short cut to the right Nicholas plunged down the steep hillside, and kept his lead till they reached the lowest track of all, which wound between the edge of the wood and the boundary-fence of the cultivated land below. When John overtook him at last they were both hot and breathless.

"Too steep for August," said the monk genially, as they halted, "and it was I that drove you down that."

John took his arm, but without a smile: he still looked preoccupied, and they walked on in silence.

XV.—IN ARNCLIFFE WOODS.

The forest path along which they were now moving formed a natural gallery or cloister; on their left the steep bank of oakwood rose like a solid wall, on the right a hedge with frequent gaps let in the last fading shafts of sunset: above them the roof was groined with overhanging branches, and the massy foliage of its vault was already dense with the gathering twilight.

John, as he leaned moodily upon his friend's arm, saw little of all this beyond the green floor at his feet; but he was conscious of a slackening of the pace at which he was being led, and when Nicholas stopped altogether he looked suddenly up.

Forty yards ahead of them, at a point where the path began to curve, two girls were gazing eagerly through the hedge into the field below. Their hunting-dresses of green cloth made them one with the sylvan background, into which it seemed that they might at any moment fade again as silently as they had appeared: they were moving mysteriously upon tiptoe, and with intense precaution. An instant later they stepped forward out of the shadow, and John saw that they carried bows: they raised their hands together, and drew their arrows to the head with the grace that belongs to no sport but that of archery. Then, almost before the bolts could reach their mark, they both ran forward into the gap through which they had aimed, and peered through it to see the effect of the volley, still keeping silence with the self-restraint of practised shots.

Their search was apparently fruitless, and Nicholas thought his time had come for moving on. As he did so his white dress caught the eye of one of the archers: she uttered an indignant exclamation, and said something to her companion which was not quite so audible. The second lady, who was less tall and of a slighter figure, laid her hand gently upon her arm as if to hold her back, but she broke away and came quickly along the path towards the two men. They halted again as she approached, and greeted her with a rather confused bow, for they had some inkling of who she was and what she was about to say.

There was anger in every stride that brought her down upon them, and in the curt nod with which she brushed the monk aside and turned abruptly to speak to John.

"Good evening," she said; "my name is Margaret Ingleby: I need not ask yours, but perhaps you will tell me how far you have come along this track."

"I don't know," he replied; "we have been over to Arncliffe."

"Then you have spoiled what little chance we had left, as your Holland friends have spoiled our hawking all day."

The scorn in her voice stung John the more because of the rare beauty of its tone: the words were petulant enough in themselves, but the sheer music of them vibrated among his heartstrings, and roused in him a kind of answering passion.

"Madam," he said, "I regret that anything should anger you; but those who pluck another man's tree can hardly complain if the owner has been before them."

"The owner!" she cried indignantly; "I am on my father's manor of Bordelby."

"My young lord," retorted John, "uses the same words with better right."

Her grey eyes flashed straight into his. "A claim," she said, "is not always a right, sir."

"But in this case," he replied, "there is both: the Earl inherits from the Stutvilles."

She turned upon him again like lightning.

"That may be an answer for the lawyers: for the rest of us, a wry neck is none the less ugly for being hereditary."

He glanced instinctively at the slender and shapely neck before him, and then up again to the grey eyes. The angry sunset fire had gone out of them, and a faint light like that of the first stars seemed to be twinkling in their depths. After all she was very young, and her adversary was clearly at her feet. In another moment they were both smiling. "This really cannot go on," she said, and her gentler voice moved him no less than before. "My father says you do it every year."

"I have been here five times now," he replied, "by the Earl's order, of course, to keep his claim alive."

She smiled again at the earnestness of this plea. "Five wrongs don't make a right—and never will, however long you go on adding to them."

She looked round and saw that her friend was now standing at her side. Her face was grave again as she turned to John.

"You are on your way home: we will not keep you any longer."

The sudden coldness of this dismissal paralysed John: he bowed mechanically and turned away to follow Nicholas, who was already some way ahead. But before he had made up half the distance he became aware of a light footstep behind him. He turned in astonishment and met the grey eyes once more.

"I have something to tell you," said the lady a little breathlessly, considering the short distance she had run.

"Yes?" said John as she hesitated, but he wished that it might be long before the something was told.

"It is not the sport that I care about—and in any case my own pleasure is nothing; but this is not a very large place, and I was afraid, after what has happened the first day, that we may be constantly meeting some of your party."

John was silent: he could not say that he hoped not.

"I must tell you why it is so impossible—so utterly im-

possible," she said; "the lady with me is Lady Joan Stafford."

John's face fell: he knew that there was a bitter feud between the Hollands and the Staffords, and though he had never had an opinion of his own upon the quarrel, which arose long before his time, he had heard enough to feel sure that the fault lay with Lord Huntingdon, whom he had never ceased to mistrust since he first flinched from his cruel eyes five years ago at Calais. It was on the tip of his tongue to say that Tom and Edmund were not in the least like their uncle, but a better inspiration came. "I think," he said, "that I can do something; at any rate, I will do my best. How long will Lady Joan be with you?"

"A week at least, and we meant to go out every day."

His own thought made him flush guiltily. "If you could be on the moor early to-morrow," he said, "I would try to keep them away from the Arncliffe end, at all events."

"Thank you," she said warmly, and gave him her hand.

Nicholas was waiting for him at the gate, but John was not communicative. "I'll tell you about it later on," was all that he thought necessary by way of apology for his delay.

XVI.—MANORIAL RIGHTS.

If John had not seen them since the days of St Inglebert he would hardly have recognised his boyish friends Tom and Edmund in the two young men who met him on his way back this evening. Time had done much for both of them, and had taken but little toll in return. Edmund had grown into a tall youth of seventeen: he had almost lost his charming stammer, but the poetry had not yet died out of his brown eyes, and he still combined a faculty of going abruptly to the heart of a matter with a love of romance which often appeared oddly inconsistent with it. Tom seemed at first sight to have gained even more: he was a man now, almost twenty-one, and on the verge of knighthood and a separate establishment. He took a more serious view of life than was apparent from his manner, which was still boyishly quick and eager. To those who knew him as intimate friends there was some weakness, some pride, some wilfulness to be regretted; but these faults were redeemed by a warmth of heart which often put them all three into the background. In the presence of Nicholas Love he never lost his grip: to John he was never anything but an equal and a reasonable being. His real danger lay not so much in his own character as in that of his uncle Huntingdon, who held him in the collar of old habit and affection, and had learned only too thoroughly how to lead him easily at will.

To-night the elder brother was in a silent mood, very unusual with him, and as they sat at supper it was Edmund who gave John an account of the day's sport. They had spent some nine hours on the heather, the hawks had done well, and the grouse had been plentiful. But the great event had been their meeting with the two ladies who had come up to the moor in the afternoon, and been quite as much astonished, though not, as it appeared, so openly indignant, at the encounter with them as at their second interruption by John and Nicholas in the evening.

John found himself taking the side of the ladies when it came to the argument about rights.

"After all," he said, "we haven't very much to go upon: I felt that myself."

Tom looked up quickly at this, but said nothing. Edmund was loud enough for both.

"I don't know what you mean," he remonstrated; "we're in our own house here, on our own manor."

"The house," said John, "is a hunting lodge, and a small one at that: it has been the custom of your family to call it a manor house, in order to lend colour to their claim. But that doesn't settle the matter. Sir John Ingleby has a set-off to your house—he has a private chapel on the place: there's something very seigneurial about a private chapel."

Tom growled: the conversation seemed to displease him.

"There's something very seigneurial about Tom to-night," said his brother. "I suppose it is the cold wind just before the sunrise. Another year, you know, we shall not be sitting here like this, all four together; Nicholas will have a side table, and you and I, John, will be waiting on Sir Thomas."

"Quite right," replied John, laughing; "that's what I'm for: happily I'm used to it."

Tom looked reproachfully at him. "In London," he said, "I can't alter the rules there; but you don't wait on me here, and you never will."

"Pardon me," said John, remembering his promise to the archers, "I shall attend you to-morrow on the moor."

"There will be no hawking to-morrow," replied Tom.

Edmund exclaimed loudly.

"Well," said his brother, "at any rate not in the morning. It's no use making a row, Edmund—the matter's settled. I've sent to Ingleby to say that if his daughters like to go out first they shall not be disturbed by us."

"They're not his daughters," retorted Edmund; "he's only got one daughter."

"I'm aware of the fact," replied Tom, "but as I don't know the other young lady's name——" He looked at John: but John pretended not to see, and turned the subject.

"I'm glad you've done that," he said. "I had thought of suggesting something of the kind myself."

"The fact is," remarked Edmund severely, "old Ingleby's been too much for

you both; he has put his women and children in front, and you can't shoot."

Tom was not above scoring, however irrelevantly.

"The children are just your age and size," he retorted.

"One of them was," replied Edmund, "the tall one—she's Margaret Ingleby. I remember her in short frocks. But the little one was quite different—she spoke to me as if she was my aunt: she was almost as seigneurial as you, Tom."

He delivered this as a parting shot from the doorway, through which he was following Nicholas, candle in hand. After a moment's silence John, too, rose to go, and stood waiting for his young lord.

Tom raised his eyes and looked him straight in the face.

"John," he said, "who was the other girl? I'm certain you know."

"I do," replied John. "Her name is Joan Stafford."

Tom winced and looked dazed, as if some one had struck him unexpectedly, but the quick pride of youth saved him.

"Stafford?" he said. "Who cares?" But from that word till his squire bade him good-night there was no more conversation between them.

(*To be continued.*)

A SUMMER VENTURE.

Mr James Wells was engaged with sandpaper and glass on the under sides of a small yacht which was standing rather precariously upright on a slipway. She looked as if the least thing might cause the friendly balks of timber that butted into her sides to slip, when down she would come with a crash, possibly on to James Wells's head.

Doubtless it was this consideration which caused him to go about his task so gently and to relinquish it without any apparent regret when we accosted him.

"Why, I could sail you 'most anywheres," he said in reply to our question.

"Across to France?"

He looked round with a bitter smile at, as it might have been, a large and sympathetic audience, raising its imaginary eyebrows at the mere idea of any one supposing that James Wells did not include France amongst the generic term "'most anywheres."

There was then no further need to harass James Wells by probing any deeper into his qualifications as a navigator, and wounding an honest heart. Remained only the question of our navigator's remuneration.

He paused a considerable time over the offer of thirty shillings and find himself. He appeared really to be making an honest endeavour to make it do. But no, of course, it wouldn't do. He answered almost sullenly, for it is disappointing to have an honest effort at saving another man's pocket at the expense of your own baffled.

"No, I couldn't do it at thirty—nor yet thirty-three—no! nor yet thirty-five." Here he again consulted an imaginary audience.

"Where'll he get a competent sober hand under forty?" We finally fixed it at the "No! nor yet thirty-five," and that I knew was at least five too much.

Now as James Wells eventually did not sail with me, I might as well have left him out. But as he is rather a common type of an innocuous marine growth to be met with in the Channel, he is better recognised at once. A "competent" hand may mean one who can find his way about when out of sight of land—and who is paid rather higher than the fellow who depends on familiar land-marks and can never leave them.

A "sober" hand may mean one who keeps sober. Observe, please, my emphasis on the word "may."

A few days later James Wells met me at the railway station, and took me on board the little *Dreadnought*. She boasted herself as being the smallest vessel properly entered at Lloyd's, owned to 4½ tons "register," possessed ship's papers made out in due form, and had a perfect right

to signal her number when passing any Lloyd's signalling station, though whether the signalman on duty would have noticed her is another matter. While I was taking inventory of things on board, James Wells appeared with a preliminary cough, and asked what my intentions were as regards the cruise. "Might I now be going down West? Nice cruising down West, especially for ladies: lovely scenery, plenty of good harbours."

I replied that my fixed intention was to get across Channel to France, to which country he had a few days previously undertaken (with a pitying smile) to conduct me.

Another cough and a pause. I produced a roll of charts. James Wells looked at them with a watery smile.

"I don't hold by them much," he said, "I trusts to memory. Now down West I knows every rock and stone—with my eyes shut."

I murmured commendations, but added that as I was going south and not west, the charts would enable him to find his way with eyes open. He shook his head drearily—but refused to come out of the West. "Down far's West Bay," he continued, "I knows every pebble — night time: as for charts—why——!" He left the sentence unfinished, with a slight wave of a hand—indicative of the fact that he did not hold by charts.

As time was pressing, and we had beaten about the bush sufficiently, I asked him to cut it short and make any aspersions on the coast of France he liked, — to which he replied heavily that he could not undertake to take us over to France,—and he was veering Westwards again, when I said, with a lightsome air, though my heart was heavy within me at the idea of having to procure a new hand within sixteen hours, that in that case we could no longer be shipmates, and that the sooner he got ashore the better. In half-an-hour he was gone, this competent hand who had undertaken to sail us "'most anywheres," and had smiled at the mention of France, only two days before. I had no time to inquire into the reasons for this *volte-face.* I have no doubt that there were reasons, but I doubt whether Mr James Wells would ever have divulged them. I think, however, he saw business toward, some work, perhaps nights up, instead of easy short day trips to familiar places where beer was always reliable.

A man at a yacht yard (indeed the very one where I first made acquaintance with James Wells) indicated a cottage nestling some miles inland under a green down as the abode of one, Cap'n Peters, who was believed short of a job, and who was also stated as being "competent." An urchin was despatched to the Cap'n's abode, and in a few hours' time returned with him. The Captain's appearance alarmed me: he was venerable and saintly to look at, but chiefly venerable. With a halo and a net he might have figured

as St Peter in any stained-glass window; and, indeed, he bore so strong a resemblance to the Apostle that he was later always alluded to as Peter. As he had sailed as master of yachts of about 300 tons, with large crews and very wealthy owners, Cap'n Peters appeared quite unsuitable to my requirements. I told him so. He denied it. He denied having any objection to any sort of hard, if honest, work in any form: I begged him to consider how he would like cooking and housemaid's work after what he had been accustomed to. He waved all objections aside with a saintly hand, and would take no denial whatever. Finally he trudged away on a lovely summer evening back to his cottage under the hill, to appear next morning with his dunnage and his references. As the latter spoke in glowing terms of his sobriety, there was clearly no more to be said on the matter, and I duly enrolled Cap'n Peters as crew of the *Dreadnought.* During the next day, while we laboured with an evil-looking stove and other tiresome matters, Peter gave satisfaction, though he was, and rightly so for one of so venerable appearance, not of a very cheerful disposition—rather taciturn, inclined to brood; about another man I might have said, to sulk. Anyway when two ladies, who were to make up the little yacht's complement, arrived on board on a stifling hot afternoon, though they looked askance at the cabin, and took no notice of a really beautiful vase of sham flowers placed on the swinging table, they beamed on St Peter, who was looking unspeakably venerable that day.

A few days later, after a preliminary canter to try the *Dreadnought's* qualities, we lay one glorious evening at anchor off a friendly nose of land, which, jutting out towards France, brought us as near to it as might be before the final start.

All was ready except the milk, and the owner had to go ashore for that in the dinghy. To save a long row he went to the pier-end, and, slinging the milk-can round his neck, scaled a perpendicular ladder, and appeared over the railing clad in unspeakable garments, in the middle of a band and hundreds of well-dressed listeners. That was trying: more so, however, on the return journey, when, with a full milk-can and a pound of "best fresh" added, he made the descent, only to find that the dinghy was gone, having been removed by a careful pier-master to save it being crushed by an arriving excursionist steamer. These troubles were, however, all forgotten in the fact that there was a good off-shore wind, favourable for wafting us France-wards next morning.

At 4 A.M. we started; but down came the fog—blankets of it—fold on fold, dense—almost tangible. We again anchored. The fog went: and we again started, but with a wind that would take us to Havre, but not to Cherbourg, where we had intended to go.

This meant a longer voyage, but we were no slaves to time or tides. At least we thought not, and so we settled on Havre. Peter illustrated the mysteries of navigation by exceedingly rough resections of a point of land in one direction and the pier-head in another. Having thus fixed the exact spot of the Channel the *Dreadnought* was on, he made a dot on a chart, joined the dot with Havre, zig-zagged across the chart with parallel rulers to the picture of a compass drawn in one corner of it, and gave us our course for the day.

Such a quiet, grey, sleepy summer's day as it was,—the wind sighed with exactly the same gentle force all day in the belly of the sail: the beat and wash of the waves never varied; the boat swung up and down to a fixed measure; even the steady, quiet talking of a block or groaning of a timber, by unvarying repetition for so many hours, became a lullaby. Nothing but grey sky overhead, and grey sea, gently heaving, all round us. Not a sail to be seen nor a smudge of smoke on the horizon. It seemed as if the Channel had been expressly cleared for the passage of our little craft.

At dusk the lights of a town appeared ahead of us, and Peter said he thought it "might be Harver." Presently a lighthouse flashed out in no uncertain manner that it was "Harver." However, we were not going to risk our precious selves by sailing into a strange harbour after dark, and so it was ordained that the *Dreadnought* should spend the night in walking quietly to and fro outside, and make her entrance with daylight. This she did, and I kept her company for half the night, and Peter the other half.

Next morning we sailed in and anchored off a beach, and as our long voyage had discovered all sorts of deficiencies in larder and store-room, Peter rowed us ashore in the dinghy, or, speaking correctly, nearly to the shore—for our little boat was so heavy laden that had she run her nose on to the shingle she would have sunk by the stern. So we hailed a bathing-boat, which, leaving a number of amiable French ladies and gentlemen to drown at their leisure, put us for a small consideration on to French soil. Although the *Dreadnought* flew a red ensign to show that she came from "foreign" and invited inspection from the Customs, she was so small and insignificant-looking that no one took any notice of her.

English gold is said to take you everywhere, but it won't buy you a Havre tram-fare, and we had to foot it all the way to a money-changer's, a long mile or so through a not very fashionable part of the town. In the afternoon the friendly bathing-boat put us off to the yacht.

So far so good. Peter had behaved well, though in his less saintly moments he did not evince that liking for hard work which he had professed when he first introduced himself. A large share of the

housemaid's work fell to the owner, who will, in future, sympathise with that class of domestic when they speak of aching backs.

Next morning we sailed away across the mouth of the Seine and past Trouville, and so came to Dives. I had always thought that Norman William had made a short trip of it and sailed across to England from some point on the French coast opposite his point of landing. Dives, however, claims the honour of being the place of departure. Hence its claims to a visit from the *Dreadnought*.

Be it known to those who have not tried it, that on reaching a strange harbour, which is marked in the book as "tidal," a mariner's first care is as to where he may bestow his vessel so that she may remain floating at low tide. To have the water flow away from under you produces all sorts of complications not realised till experienced. Everything vertical becomes horizontal, and everything horizontal becomes perpendicular : doors become windows, floors become walls. That is to say, you lie flat over on your side on the mud, and are very uncomfortable, and very likely you strain your ribs and do other damage.

A gent in a blouse and a very red face ran along the bank — we were by this time in a narrow creek—and showed us a corner where we could lie afloat at all tides. He was a practical joker — but this we did not know till later, and he departed richer in his pocket by a franc, and in his sleeve by a laugh.

We went ashore looking, we hoped, not too insular, but the first fellow we met, on a bicycle, laid a finger to his nose and said one word, and that was "Blom-pudding." He departed convulsed with mirth. We continued into Dives, and tried to find our names or something like them in the mural lists of William's knights in a church. We were disappointed. It was a day of disappointments. So to the inn, obviously a fake, and not one quarter as old as it looked. It, too, was connected in some way, not very apparent, with the Norman, and was full of motors and Americans, who outshone us in raiment, and did not make two of us at least feel any the happier. It is to be hoped for the knights, poor fellows, that they had not to pay as much for a cup of mead as we had to do for one of tea. A little of Dives—Peter pronounced it like the name of the rich man in Holy Writ—went a long way, and we were glad to leave it and wend homewards, for the *Dreadnought* was home when we were wandering in foreign parts, and we were always glad to get back to her.

The tide had fallen when we approached the quay, but the yacht's mast, at least, should have been showing above it. There was, however, no sign of it. We became mildly curious, but not as yet apprehensive. What a sight met our eyes when we reached the edge!

There lay our home on its side in a shallow pool of water, with Peter cruising round in the dinghy, remarking—and I regret to say there was a sort of "Told you so" (though he hadn't) in his voice—"She's layin' on a jagged bit of rock just here," and he jabbed the place with the scull. It was no good lingering by this appalling disaster: that only meant trying to realise what, for instance, was happening to the open bottle of pickles; to an ink-bottle or two; to ill-stowed oil-cans full of best *paraffin rectifié*, bought with so much labour of language at Havre; to a hundred odds and ends in short, which in sure and certain hope of a quiet anchorage had been left "loose."

We withdrew to an inn: called for light wine, and endeavoured to drown care with that and dinner. Spin these revels out as we would, however, there were hours and hours to pass after they were finished before the yacht could regain the perpendicular. It was a dull, chilly, grey evening, and we tramped a mile or so to see life in Houlgarde, but found ourselves strangely out of tune with the folk we saw there. We sat on a bench, like tramps in a public park, and endeavoured to be amused at the passers-by. We failed absolutely; and thus hours at least before we should have thought of returning, we broke back madly to the *Dreadnought*. There she lay, if anything worse than ever. We could almost hear that infernal jagged rock grinding mercilessly into her beloved sides. Peter was not visible. It was almost dark and thoroughly cheerless. The two ladies said they could stand it no longer, and must aboard, come what might. Despite remonstrances these two giddy creatures slid down a pure mud-bank,—I mean mud only—it was far from being pure, and smelt dreadfully,—gained the dinghy, and, using her as an unsteady bridge, disappeared into what had once been the cabin door. Peter appearing through an aperture in the tilted deck forward, suggested getting out an anchor so as to be ready to pull her off that mud-bank whenever the tide had flowed sufficiently. Any action was better than none at all. So we set to. Peter got into the dinghy first, and I lowered the anchor in after him; then the chain; then myself: and we all five immediately sank into four foot of water, with unspeakable fathoms of mud at the bottom of it. I own to have had pleasanter tasks than those that followed, wading about recovering things, and groping in the dark, and making casts up-stream—the tide was flowing—for departing bottom-boards and sculls. These had all to be laid on the soft mud-bank, and in the end it would not have mattered much had we reclined there too—we could not have been muddier. When they were washed and we were washed, and the anchor had been laid out, the worst was over. The *Dreadnought* suddenly and silently lifted herself

and stood upright,—not floating, but, as they say, water-borne, which was good enough for us. When she did float we pulled her into a deeper part, ready against the morrow's ebb — and went to bed. A quiet night—with a few reservations—followed. These were the hourly arrival of fishing boats from sea, who sailed unconsciously through the several ropes with which our restive craft was tied to either bank, necessitating their re-fastening every time.

Our fresh-water tank required refilling next morning, a laborious damp task, for we had to connect the tank somehow with a tap some hundred yards inland. A borrowed wheelbarrow and several casks and a great many trips accomplished this: fifteen per cent of the water thus portaged found its way on board, the remainder being spilt by the roadside, or in the dinghy, or into the *Dreadnought's* best parlour, the bung-hole of the tank being very small, and the parlour door being in the "catchment" area, and taking all the overflow.

During the operations an official in uniform leant against a post and demanded bills of health. In vain we directed him to peruse our rosy cheeks and well-nourished appearance, and told him that no one had given or demanded of us bills of health at Havre. He steadily demanded them in the intervals between spitting. Finally, we had to visit a little cabin on shore, and were let off with a warning and the necessary credentials for a small sum.

It may have happened then, or it may have happened while watering the ship: but certain it is that it did happen. Oh, Peter! Peter! with so much good drinking-water to be had for the asking, and those references for sobriety and trustworthiness and all! But we knew it not at the time: and when, the breeze being fresh and favourable, and the shoulder of our sail itching to be sat in, we began to cast off the bonds that held us to the shore, it was then that our Peter fell on the deck and struck his head against one of the many knobby iron things that grew there. Having witnessed this, should I be written down Ninny for resting assured that I had seen both effect and cause? The ladies, not seeing it, came quicker to what was the right conclusion. But I anticipate.

The breeze was fresh, nay, very fresh, and one warp being loosed, the *Dreadnought* looked like dashing herself against the quay: and it behove Peter to be smart into the dinghy and loose another rope. While doing this, he somehow tumbled into the water, — or rather, the dinghy seemed to run from under him, leaving Peter hanging on to a fortunately tight rope. If any one had said at that moment that any one was tipsy, I should have agreed cordially, and endeavoured to make the dinghy take the pledge. I was still quite unsuspicious, but the ladies, who, as I say, had been tiring their heads below when Peter

struck his saintly head on the deck, began to smell a rat. To speak more correctly, they said they began to smell Peter, when he was brought on board in the arms of several fishermen. I have always flattered myself on having a fine nose, and taking a close sniff at Peter, finding nothing spirituous about him, I vehemently explained that he had fallen on deck a few minutes before, and that all was right. It is all very well to say that; it would have been better to have waited and made sure,—but we were under way, in a very narrow channel, and moving fast through the water. To have stopped and turned was almost impossible. So we sailed on.

Before reaching open sea, we had about a mile of narrow channel and an ill-looking bar to cross. The channel was plain sailing enough, and Peter appeared normal, though perhaps a thought more active and spry than natural. We were rapidly nearing the bar, which seemed to be an uninterrupted mile or so of nasty broken water, the roar of which grew even more audible. There was no appearance of a smooth water channel or of buoys, which are differently coloured to English ones, and are no better than buoys—British or foreign—ought to be.

No sooner did we begin to pitch about than Peter evinced an irrepressible desire to leave the well and go forward on to the slippery little fore-deck where foothold was impossible, and where there was no sort of retaining rail to hold on to. He came unwillingly back into safety when ordered to, and we were now well into the broken water. There was a narrow channel, too narrow to turn in without running into the thundering rollers that swept past us close on either hand. Had any one fallen overboard, he would have had to remain there as far as we were concerned, for to have attempted to have saved one, the boat and all in her would assuredly have been sacrificed. Peter leapt out of the well again and staggered forward; he slipped, nearly went over the side, clutched a rope, and recovered himself. He was again got into safety, and one lady was told off to seize him by the legs should he try to leave his place. The other steered; while the owner was forced to crawl forward, and, lying on his face, make some shift to still the clamorous efforts of an ill-stowed anchor to beat in the sides of the *Dreadnought*. As she was burying her nose in the sea at nearly every pitch, this was humid work, but, oh! ever so much better than that of the previous night in the darkness and the mud.

It was not a pleasant passage, sailing over that bar, and we were undoubtedly glad when the infernal noise of the breaking seas all round us gradually died down and we found ourselves out at sea. Peter, the blackguard, was meanwhile lounging in an insolent way in the well, very sulky, and inclined to be, as well as look, insolent. The

lady on duty over him sat like a faithful watch-dog, ready to pin him by the trouser-leg should he move.

We were not a very cheerful party, for although we had one harbour bar behind us, ahead of us lay another totally strange one which, with its allusions to banks, shoals, and complicated leading-marks on shore, made very ill reading in the sailing directions. Worse than all, we had with us this old man of the sea, who had forfeited all claim to our confidence, and whose dismissal and replacement loomed as two difficult jobs in the near future. Early in the afternoon we sighted our destination, a little port named Ostrehan, connected with Caen some miles inland by a ship canal. In vain we gazed round for the buoys about which we had been reading: they were either not there or were lost from the low altitude of our deck in the tumble of the sea. At last, when we were nearly on to the shoal which it marked, we sighted far out to sea a spindle-buoy, and turning our backs on the shore we steered out for this, and having rounded it, sailed in again—rather blind work, for there was nothing to mark the channel but the aforesaid marks on shore, which were unrecognisable. If we didn't touch the sand, we were so near it as to see it, looking very yellow and bilious in the trough between two rollers that ran booming along almost within arm's-length. The harbour mouth was about twenty yards wide, between two wooden piers, and if further proof of Peter's state had been required, it was furnished by his remarking gutturally that there were two mouths, and we must make certain to steer for the right-hand one. I think that that was his last effort at keeping up appearances. As we sailed on he went below, and after smashing up our cooking-stove went to sleep and remained there till next morning. By this he saved himself all sorts of trouble and anxiety, and did not miss his dinner as we did ours. But I hope that the fumes of *paraffin rectifié*, with which his attentions to the stove had filled the whole boat, gave him the very worst dreams possible. Our anxieties were at an end when we passed into calm water between the two piers; but lesser ones began in our efforts to avoid yesterday's experiences, and to find a place where the *Dreadnought*, whose wants were very moderate in that line, might be afloat at low tide. No one of the loafers that hung on the canal lock-gates seemed to know or care. So, after anchoring and re-anchoring more than once, we made fast to a quay under which there appeared plenty of water, and although scraping and bumping up against it all night was not conducive to slumbers, we remained afloat, which was the great thing. The harbour-master, who might have seen us out of these difficulties, was at first absent, and then abusive — so far as we could

understand him. We eked out a frugal supper by means of a tea-basket, and concerted measures against the snoring saint.

Next morning we passed—not without tribulation—from the harbour-master into the canal. Since the regulations prescribed a pilot for all vessels going up to Caen, we took one aboard. Another regulation forbade any vessel proceeding up under sail; but the pilot demanded that we should immediately "elevate all the feathers," which we interpreted as an equivalent to hoisting all our kites. He was a pleasant, friendly fellow, and ate largely of what the *Dreadnought* could supply him. He was a facetious fellow, and cracked his little joke on approaching every swing-bridge, telling us to "make the music," which meant tootling on our little fog-horn. As there was never a sign of life about these bridges, and we were bowling along under all sail, there were moments of anxiety lest the howls of our horn should not be heard, or heard too late. But a sleepy figure always appeared just in time, and the bridges swung clear and let us through without dismasting us. Peter was up and about very sulky, and I daresay with good cause. On approaching Caen, which he frankly called Cane, we strake sail and pushed and pulled ourselves through a last bridge, and entered a basin, where in company with certain coaly tramp-steamers we made fast to the quay, and dismissed the pilot.

Our stay in Caen lasted nearly a week, which was just six days too long for myself, and about five too long for my companions, for they killed a couple of days well enough in visiting the shrines and churches with which foreign places appear to be infested. We were, however, unable to leave sooner, as we were involved in a small retail trade in mariners, that is to say, in exporting Peter and importing—shall we say—Paul: the name is associated with a nasty night at sea, and so it will stand.

We were human enough to desire some of Peter's blood in return for his conduct, and with that intent visited the British consul and laid our wants before him. It appeared, however, that the only way to slake our thirst for Peter's life fluid was to become involved in the meshes of the French law, and we were warned strongly against this. We could, however, get rid of Peter as a "Distressed Mariner." As that appeared to involve lengthy formalities, and to provide Peter eventually with a comfortable passage home at somebody's expense,—not his own,—we resolved to forgo our thirst and to cut matters short by paying him up to date and exporting him through the medium of an ordinary third-class ticket to his cottage under the hill. The yacht's expenses ran up alarmingly owing to the sending of innumerable wires, which, to cut a long matter short, ended in the departure of Peter and,

after a few hours' interval, in the arrival of Paul. The timing of these two events was a masterpiece of staff work, for although we wished to keep Peter to the last moment, we did not think it expedient that he and Paul should overlap, lest the former should cause disaffection in the latter.

Although Paul looked like rather a smart groom or valet, and raised nascent prejudices by being the possessor of a natty gladstone-bag, he turned out an excellent fellow, with a few failings; but he was strictly sober, and, though I can hardly believe it about any one of his class, I really think he liked work. He was on the social rise was Paul, had passed examinations for master, and hoped to be sailing soon as officer on a large tramp-steamer.

On a hot summer's morning we were not sorry to take the tow-rope across our heaving chests and walk away with the *Dreadnought* out of the basin and into the reed-fringed canal. We were tired of the constant rain of coal-dust from the steamers round us, and of their clattering winches. We had also been rather a prey to sightseers, although they were never the least intrusive, and had pronounced us (by which I mean the yacht) to be "chic."

The *Dreadnought*, despite her small tonnage, was a goodish lump to pull along on a hot day. But there was a delightful feeling of impending freedom and also of home-returning, for we had decided that we had seen enough of France for the present, and would get back to the English coast.

At the lock at the canal-end we again had trouble with the harbour-master; but that was all forgotten when we got clear of Ostrehan, and on a lovely evening were settling down to an all-night's sail, with the Bill of Portland in store for us on the morrow. But—what a mighty word is "but"—as the sun sank, the fog rolled up and devoured us. As we had no wish to sail the *Dreadnought* blindly through it, and so test the truth of the proverb concerning earthen vessels and iron pots, it behove us straightway to anchor; and a cast of the lead showing us that we were still in soundings, we let go our best (and only) bower, and so stayed. A small boat thus tethered in the open sea is not always a good sleeping-place. All night we pitched and rolled in the most restless manner, and all night everything moveable on board crashed and banged, and everything unmoveable whined, groaned, or muttered at not being able to join unconstrainedly in the uproar. Sleep, even for those who were not lurched out of bed on to the floor, was next to impossible. The alternative to vain attempts to close one's eyes in slumber lay in sitting in the bows and playing with what appetite one could on the fog-horn,—whether its puny wailings would have been heard by an approaching vessel was more than doubtful, but it was a duty to be performed, and we did it.

Very early next morning the

fog gave over, and after our little patent windlass had said chink, chink, a very great number of times, for we had nearly all our chain out, we resumed progress. But we had not sailed many hours before the wind fell quite away, and remained totally absent till late in the afternoon. As we were not catching a train anywhere, this delay did not matter in the least. It enabled us to do several things: one of them was to sleep; another was, later on, to have up all bedding and lay it in the sun; and to bathe. But it was chiefly sleep. The flood tide drifted us for six hours at a steady two to three miles an hour up Channel, whereas we would have preferred to be going down. Shortly before sundown the glassy surface of the sea was ruffled by a breeze, and the *Dreadnought*, gurgling with pleasure after her long silence, was soon slipping smoothly along.

It was still so smooth that we were able to take our evening meal picnic-fashion on deck, and when it was bedtime there was nothing to show dirty weather ahead, except, perhaps, an unusual haze in the west and an increase in the wind. We had not much trust in our barometer, which always remained at "Set fair."

On the many ships passing up and down Channel that night I do not suppose that the weather conditions were noted as anything but "dirty" and unpleasant. Paul afterwards described them officially as a "fresh gale — thick." Whatever it was, it was something quite enough for the *Dreadnought*.

Almost suddenly we found ourselves enveloped in a wet, murky thickness; the wind began to increase, and the sea to get noisy. Fortunately, while we were yet able to, we shortened sail, more than we needed at the time, not enough for what was coming.

Fifteen minutes later—that is, in a short half hour from what had been a lovely summer night — we were racing along in inky darkness, and from the violent motions of the yacht, and the sea-noises round us, it was plain that only give it time and a nasty sea would soon be running. We now wanted to shorten sail still more, but our patent reefing gear, which we had never liked much, with all its pretty taking ways, utterly refused to work. There was too much pressure on our thundering canvas, and we had to carry on as we were. So far all was well. At the best it looked like a squall that would pass: at the worst, an uncomfortable night. Things had developed so suddenly that there had been no time to get on oilskins, nor did the vicissitudes of that long night enable us to get at them.

Paul and I sat in the well with the sliding hatch drawn back to our chests, to keep as much water out as we could— the rain was not falling, but the spindrift had begun to fly, and every now and then a wave burst over our bows and raced aft to where we were sitting. We were heeled over

so far that the water raced past within a few inches of the top of the combing that ran round the well, and the one of us that sat to leeward practically had his elbow in the Channel, and was able to study at leisure and from about the level of its surface what it looked like during a long and tempestuous night. The effect is something very different from that gained from the eminence of a large steamer's deck. How it fared with the two poor occupants of the *Dreadnought's* wretched little cabin it recked not to ask.

Our two sailing lights which sat in the rigging ahead of us, with their backs turned to us, usually gave evidence of their being alight by throwing a friendly red and green patch of light on to the ropes in front of them. We now saw that the green patch was lacking. A precarious journey forward on hands and knees, with long clinging pauses during our heavier lunges, — there was no retaining rail and the deck was awash,—showed that the light was out—either washed or blown out. To light it was impossible. Soon after this the other light expired, and we raced along in utter darkness. There was plenty of sound, but round us was nothing to be seen but the ghostly loom of breaking seas, sometimes on our level, sometimes right over our heads, and often looking as if they must topple on to us. At times, above the single note in which was blended the roar of wind and water, a louder crash drew one's eyes to where a monster wave, outvoicing all the rest, broke into a cataract, gleamed for a moment, and then lost itself in the blackness. We were so flooded and drenched with salt water that the unoccupied hand was constantly at work clearing one's eyes. Yet the good little *Dreadnought*, blinded as she was, in a manner of speaking, in both eyes, and pressed down with excessive canvas, staggered gaily on, retaining a lively and a buoyant feeling. Despite the most tremendous body blows, which often brought her to a dead halt, she always responded to an inaudible call of "Time," and went at it once more.

At midnight, when we reckoned to be about mid-Channel, another calamity befell us. An ill-sheltered binnacle light succumbed to the blast. Though we lit and relit it with box after box of soaked matches, it only blew out the more. There was no denying that this was an opportunity for a Tapley to come out strong. He would rejoice in the fact that there was not a star to see, and that there appeared every prospect of the wind, henceforward our chief guide, shifting. Paul, however, despite the fact that he had a namesake's traditions under similar circumstances to uphold, was much cast down, and I think none of us felt very joyous.

The wisest course now seemed to be to heave to and await daylight, but Paul negatived the idea as unsafe and impracticable; and Paul being a Com-

petent Hand, and Qualified Master Mariner, had to be listened to. He had, however, lost his head, though he did not show it, and knew not what he said. Perhaps to the professional the loss of both sailing and binnacle lights on such a night conveyed more awful probabilities than it did to the amateur. So we carried on, dependent on the constant direction of the wind for our general direction, and in eager expectation of sighting a South-coast Light to give us our whereabouts. Better imagined than described was the interior of the *Dreadnought*, where the two unfortunate ladies must have been hard put to it to keep from being dashed about like peas in a violently shaken pill-box. The water cascaded down the stairs and sogged about the floor; it leaked from a dozen orifices in the sun-dried cabin roof. A solitary swinging candle illuminated this cheerful scene.

When the binnacle light went out, however, we provided them with occupation, as they had to take it turn and turn about to hold from inside the cabin a candle so that its feeble ray fell on the compass card. By this it was just possible to occasionally read it and make a rough guess at our direction.

If our complaint so far had been that we had run out of lights, we now began to run into them again. First of all, the first English light appeared, but cheered us only temporarily. It was only the "loom" of the light we saw, misty and blurred, growing and dying with regular incidence a pale arc at the back of beyond. At first this grew in clearness as we progressed, and we were in hopes of locating it in the sailing directions, but it was seen so fleetingly during our higher flights on wave crests, and cut off so completely when we sank into the trough of the sea, that we could make nothing of it by the watch. Soon the haze must have thickened ahead of us,—the light faded altogether and was lost.

Paul sat huddled at the tiller, shivering and very unhappy. Suddenly he was galvanised by the appearance of another very different light, a harmless-looking star on the face of the waters. He sprang to his feet, asking if there was a "flare" on board. Fortunately there was. I remembered asking Peter what the meaning of an odd-looking iron pot with a conical lid was. This was the flare,—a lump of tow fixed in an iron handle to be dipped in paraffin and held aloft to tell large passers-by that the *Dreadnought* was there, and must on no account be stepped on or run over or cut down.

The harmless-looking star was a moving steamship—that, of course, any one could see. To have seen it at all was the crux of the matter, for it meant in that thick weather that she must have been close upon us. And presently other lights, sometimes in twos and threes, appeared in different directions —we were sailing across the press of the Channel traffic.

Although we had the flare in a locker to our hands, the paraffin oil lived right forward in the forecastle. To this there were two means of ingress, one through the cabin and one through a little hatch in the fore-deck. The door from the cabin, however, was bolted from the forward side. It was therefore necessary to creep forward again, and, watching an opportunity between waves, throw open the hatch quickly and insert one's body into the aperture and close it again behind one. Inside was inky darkness and such a reek of escaped paraffin that it seemed scarcely safe to strike a match. There was no time, however, to waste, —the smell of paraffin was causing a feeling of nausea precious near to faintness. A can of oil was soon found amidst the raffle of things that leapt and rolled and bumped about that dark hole—and an escape speedily made through the cabin.

At intervals, when a light seemed to be coming more or less straight at us, we started the flare, and held it up, roaring in the wind and hissing in the wet, till it burnt itself out. It was then plunged into its pot to recuperate till next wanted.

Just before dawn we ran into a perfect hell of broken water — it was like sailing through a cataract. We took this to be what is euphemistically marked on charts as "Tide Ripple,"—that is, an extra run of tide caused by a submerged ledge of rock, which checks the flow of water, and then, suddenly ending, lets it go with a rush. When the wind is blowing against this it sets up a nasty boiling sea, but its bark, which is noisy, is worse than its bite. At last came the dawn, which we had been looking forward to eagerly. To keep our spirits from rising too high, a dense drizzle of rain came on. The lighter it grew the thicker it grew—with no diminution of the wind or sea,—and though it was daylight there was nothing to see but the encompassing wall of haze.

Out of this now and again emerged a steamer, either plunging heavily against the trend of the waves — now pitching sullenly forwards and downwards, down, down, down, till the sea boiled over her bows and fell in cascades from her sides, now lifting her fore foot till yards of dripping keel showed, — or else gliding smoothly with the wind up Channel, her smoke a dirty smudge in the mist. But they all looked bleared and sodden night roysterers creeping home as best they might.

Paul took to falling asleep during his turn at the helm, and had to be resuscitated with a greatcoat and slabs of chocolate. We had quite given up pretending we had the slightest idea as to where we were. We only knew from the time we had been sailing, the rate of our progress, and our general direction, that we were in a fair way to be knocking up against England pretty soon, and that it behoved us to be careful how we did it.

Paul said it was a "dog's

chance,"—our opinion of our navigator fell considerably when he not only gave utterance to this demoralising statement, but did it in a tone loud enough to be plainly heard in the cabin,—but we agreed to try heaving-to. Indeed it was time to do something in order to get to work at the pump. The *Dreadnought* had taken in a good quantity of liquid, quite as much as she could safely do with, but she had come by it honest and above board, and not from any of your sub-water-line sources. No sooner hove-to than we experienced relief, for we were no longer trying to force our way through opposing waves and receiving in consequence heavy buffets and green seas on board. Instead, turning our head to the wind, we bobbed up and down comfortably enough, stationary, dry, and more or less on an even keel. We pumped her dry and reduced sail, and then set to work again in our efforts to discover our native country or eke a harbour.

A particularly disreputable member of the tramp-steamer class was wending our way, and we sailed near her, and, by standing up and displaying a reversed ensign, tried to attract the attention of the motionless oil-skinned figure on her bridge — the only live thing visible on her wet and shiny decks. This with a view to her slowing down and enabling us to get our bearings from her. But we might have been a stuffed dummy for all the notice he took of distressed seafarers. She passed on her way, followed by our hearty curses, and we on ours, — though which our way was it would have puzzled any man to say.

Suddenly a lighthouse appeared out of the haze. It gave Paul two minutes to examine it, and he, who said he knew every landmark in the Channel, pronounced it "The Start." The Start—*pro tem.*—then vanished, and we who had rather inclined to the idea that we were off Hampshire or Dorset altered course for Dartmouth harbour.

After a discreet interval the lighthouse again appeared—giving us a little longer this time, during which Paul unhesitatingly diagnosed it as Selsea Bill Light. Here was a small discrepancy of 130 miles or so. But what of that? Any port in a storm, and we steered for Portsmouth.

Once more the lighthouse appeared, and this time Paul put it down as Durlston Head or Portland Bill,—and it vanished again.

For the fourth and really last time did that friendly beacon emerge from its cloud-wrappings—and our troubles were ended. A town, not very far off the lighthouse, next grew out of the haze. It lay under a green down, and appeared familiar. Farther away appeared a beaky white cliff with a green scalp; and on the scalp an excrescence, and near the excrescence

an obelisk. I do not remember what Paul may have named it this time; but we had passed too many summers about Ventnor and Sandown in the Isle of Wight not to recognise now the lighthouse as St Catherine's, the town as Ventnor, and the white cliff as Culver, with the redoubt and obelisk crowning it. In fact, the *Dreadnought*, with the instincts of a homing-pigeon, had returned to within a mile or two of that self-same pencilled dot which Peter had made on the chart what time we had fared forth across the Channel some two weeks before.

Portsmouth harbour was now clearly our destination, and it did not take us very long to get there; or, when there, to quit the damp *Dreadnought* and seek good quarters in a comfortable hostel known to young naval officers (and much frequented by them—a lovely damsel sits in the office) as "The Nut."

The *Dreadnought's* summer venture, though not her cruise, here ends. Had not James Wells said that "down West" the scenery was beautiful and harbours plenteous? So down West we sailed,—truly, that summer, a golden West, though fog-ridden. For many weeks we sailed, even unto Land's End, with an unsuccessful attempt on the Scilly Islands; and we saw all those lighthouses that Paul had anticipated, and really there is not much to choose between them by day. And Paul was an excellent fellow, take him for all in all; and we easily forgave him his little error of navigation which brought us to Portsmouth instead of to Portland.

In future, however, we shall not put implicit trust in the word "Competent."

X.

ON AN INDIAN CANAL.

III.

BY COLONEL G. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF, C.B., C.I.E.

FROM what has already been said on the subject, I hope it is sufficiently proved that an Indian canal is constructed rather for the benefit of the people than as a commercial concern intended as a source of profit to the State. As, however, there is a class of would-be philanthropists who imagine that all their countrymen in foreign lands are actuated simply by selfish motives and a desire to enrich and aggrandise their own country and their own class at the expense of the natives, it is perhaps desirable to emphasise this matter.

A friend of mine, a skilful and clever irrigation engineer, was dining with one of the pseudo-philanthropists above mentioned, and the conversation turned on the Punjab canal system. My friend mentioned with some satisfaction that the average profit, after all expenses were paid, was generally over 10 per cent. "And does all that money come out of the pockets of the people?" asked his host. "Yes." "Then I wonder you are not ashamed to mention it," was the reply, to the engineer's astonishment. "The idea of extorting such enormous profits out of a half-starved peasantry is absolutely monstrous. The State ought to be quite content with 4 or 5 per cent," &c., &c. In vain my friend tried to explain that the basis of the whole system was the land revenue, that the State was regarded as the owner of the land (which, by the way, is the Socialist idea), that the tiller of the soil paid to the State the equivalent of a percentage — about one-tenth —of the produce, and that if the State supplied water which increased that yield of produce a hundredfold, the revenue would increase in like proportion. If by economy of design and management, or by the configuration of the ground or any other favourable cause, the cost of providing that water was small, the corresponding gain to the State was large, and *vice versâ*. But it was all in vain. The philanthropist could only grasp the idea—10 per cent profit out of the pockets of the people; and in his eyes, blinded with prejudice and ignorance, it was iniquitous.

That such was not the opinion of the impoverished people of the country was brought home to me very forcibly one hot weather about the beginning of June, when

I was carrying out some works on the left or eastern side of the Jhelum, opposite to a little town called Jalalpur, where the Salt Range — a barren range of low hills—comes close to the river. A classic spot this: for here Alexander the Great crossed the river—the ancient Hydaspes—and fought a successful battle against superior numbers. Not far from this place also is the modern battlefield of Chillianwallah. The Salt Range recedes from the river below Jalalpur, leaving a wide and fairly flat space of ground for many miles—a region dotted over with villages and extensively cultivated. The natives of this region had asked for a canal, and I was ordered to examine the country and report whether the matter should be taken up seriously.

I sent my servants and baggage across by a ferry to a little rest-house at Jalalpur, intending to cross myself in the cool of the evening. At sunset I rode to the ferry accordingly, and without any difficulty crossed the first arm of the river, in a clumsy flat-bottomed barge, probably of a pattern that is unchanged since Alexander's day. But the main stream, about half a mile wide, had still to be crossed, and as the boatmen were towing the barge up the margin of a flat island in mid-stream, a tremendous dust-storm came on, and we had to cower in the best way we could while the fury of the storm passed over us, obliterating every object from view, and rendering further crossing impossible while it lasted. As one waited there in miserable and involuntary patience, it was with sad regret that the remembrance of the charms of England in the lovely foliage of early June came to the memory. It was two hours or more before the storm had sufficiently abated for us to attempt to go farther, and by that time night had fallen. With some difficulty the boatmen were persuaded to proceed. Then followed a most exciting voyage over the brown foaming waves, rushing downwards in full flood, for the heat had brought down quantities of melted snow from Kashmir. It was a weird sight to see the almost naked figures of the boatmen silhouetted against the lurid night sky, as they rushed along the gunwales of the clumsy barge, making frantic efforts to push the craft across, the current meanwhile taking us down stream at a racing pace. We got across about ten o'clock, and I found my way to the rest-house, whence after a meal and a few hours' sleep I started, long before daybreak, on horseback to ride over the country on which I had to report. There appeared to be no impossibility in making a canal, and it certainly seemed as if the labour of tilling the soil was largely increased by the saline crust which had been washed off the hills by each rainy season, and which the

farmers had been obliged, with infinite labour, to remove. I halted at a village to have a talk with the people, hailing a respectable man who was working there. When I told him my errand he gazed at me for a moment incredulously, then rushed off to gather some of his companions. Then ensued a most extraordinary scene. A crowd of men gathered round me, kissed my feet, grovelled in the dust.

"We have had nine bad harvests in succession," said one, "and if the Sirkar [Government] cannot give us water we must leave the place. It is our land, and our fathers have lived here for generations, but what can we do?"

"But," I said, "you will have to pay a higher land revenue, double what you pay now."

"We would gladly pay that, and far more."

It was with difficulty I was able to get away from them, and riding back to the little rest-house spent the long hot hours of the day writing a report recommending the carrying out of detailed surveys and investigation of a regular scheme.

Nine successive bad harvests! It was a most pathetic appeal from men who were evidently in sore straits. Yet these men were not absolutely famine-stricken, and it is to these especially that the Indian Irrigation Branch has brought relief. It must be, of course, recognised that there are many places in India where irrigation is, owing to the nature of the ground, impossible. Hence it is sheer nonsense to say, as some ignorant newpapers at home say, that a greater extension of canals would *prevent* famine.

But the more canals there are the more crops are grown, even in times when the rains fail, and the more food is produced in the country generally. Railways can transport that food to the places where it is most needed. Hence canals help to reduce the suffering caused by failure of the rains. Railways can also transport the poor famine-stricken people from a district where they are starving to places where canals are being made, and therefore where work can be found for the necessitous. Such an experiment was tried on a large scale on the Jhelum Canal in one of the recent famines. It ought, perhaps, to be mentioned that in every district there are certain schemes kept ready for the employment of people in case of famine. If possible, these schemes are designed to be of a profitable nature — not merely digging for the sake of doing so, but work which is necessary and useful. It is, however, not always possible to find work for the unemployed and feeble (a difficulty which occurs in other places as well as India); and when, in the case of the Jhelum Canal, it transpired that there was profitable work for thousands of people in a practically uninhabited land, it was evidently a wise course of action to

send the people to the place where work on a large scale was in need of unskilled labour. So it happened that one day the executive engineer of the works got a telegram ordering him to expect 30,000 people in a month's time, bidding him report fully how he intended to employ them, ordering him to prepare huts for their accommodation, water for them to drink, tools for them to use, and to arrange with the Deputy Commissioner of the district for depots of food at suitable positions. All this was done within the specified time, every detail being first fully worked out, estimated, and sanctioned by the local government; then contracts were got out, some thirty or forty hutted camps built, wells sunk and fitted with the simple apparatus familiar to the people for raising water, depots of tools and food prepared, and overseers detailed to show the people their tasks. A heavy addition all this to the work of men already fully occupied from dawn to dark, but the Indian official has to learn to work his mental and physical machinery with more than its normal loads, and an extra demand has to be taken as part of the day's work.

In due course the first 10,000 of the army of famine workers arrived in various special trains, were deposited at a little railway station about fifteen miles from the scene of their labours, and there rested in a special camp prepared for them close to this station. A poor, disheartened, emaciated mass of humanity, of all ages and sexes, old bent men, withered crones, and many little children. It was impossible to separate families, and so all sorts and conditions of men and women had come, with bundles containing their few possessions; a few cooking-pots and rugs, with possibly a beloved water-pipe, constituting, as a rule, the entire family outfit. The leader of this host was a young civil officer, well known a short time before at Harrow and Oxford as a good cricketer. The Deputy Commissioner of the district who received them was, curiously enough, an Eton and Cambridge man. It was on these two young Englishmen that the chief duty of looking after the people devolved.

The newly arrived gangs were drafted off into various working camps, and work was duly commenced, when a dire calamity happened. Cholera broke out. It was clear that they must have brought it somehow with them, for they moved into an uninhabited country; and although the water in the newly made wells tasted somewhat bitter, owing to the malodorous *pilu* wood used in the wells (there being no other wood obtainable), the medical authorities were unanimous in concluding that, whatever the engineers could do, they certainly could not manufacture the cholera bacillus.

Time would fail me to tell how heroically the European

officers exerted themselves to allay panic, to segregate and to comfort the sick, and cheer the healthy. The disease was quickly stamped out, but it unfortunately prevented the remaining 20,000, for whom all arrangements had been made, from coming.

But those who had come soon began to flourish. There were, of course, some feeble old people and others too young to work; but for the most part everybody could do something, and there were tasks which could be given even to little children. It involved patience, kind treatment, very hard work, and unremitting attention; but these were not wanting. In addition to the European officers, some native gentlemen of good position volunteered their services, which were gratefully accepted. One of these, for instance, took as his special charge the camp set apart for orphan children, and it was pathetic to see how quickly he gained the affection of these waifs and strays.

When the work was well established it was visited by the highest officials in the province, every head of a department, every important functionary, and many minor satellites, until, as was humorously remarked, "the Bar became like the shield of Achilles, thick with bosses."

After some six or eight months the scarcity passed away, and the people were sent back to their homes, a very different set of creatures from those who had come. Well nourished, healthy, and fit, they were, above all, perfectly satisfied with their treatment. I happened to be at the railway station during the few days when they were being despatched under the superintendence of the two university men above mentioned. The people were warm in their farewell greetings. "When we came," said one, "we were afraid, but now if the Sirkar were to tell us to go with you even to Kabul we would go." The Punjabi peasant regards Afghanistan as the least desirable spot on earth for him to visit, so this was about the highest praise he could give.

It was only one proof among many that I have seen in various places, that the type of man produced by our public school and university system attracts the confidence and even affection of different types of humanity all over the world. Sikhs and Gurkhas, Chinese and Africans, all follow men of this class cheerfully into danger and hardship. Apparently no other nation attracts this confidence. The chief reason must be that it is evident to the people that the English *gentleman* has absolutely no axe of his own to grind, and that he acts not for the aggrandisement of himself but solely for the good of the people over whom he rules. Those of his countrymen who fallaciously impute to him other motives display

their own ignorance as well as their malevolence.

We have not yet alluded to one large, though as yet hardly touched, asset in these great canals. The development and transmission of power is one of the features of modern engineering science, and the discovery of cheap power is one of the most eagerly sought after demands of modern commercial and industrial life. Our canals have been made primarily to supply water to the land, but in the flow of that water through channels and over falls there is cheap power which, I venture to think, will be in the near future a most valuable national asset. In Kashmir lately a Canadian officer, who has made a special study of such developments in America, and who successfully applied them in Southern India, has recently utilised the waters of the Jhelum to supply power (20,000 horse-power) on a scale hitherto deemed impossible. It may be that the series of falls, for instance, on the main stream of the Bari Doab Canal will be similarly utilised without interfering with its value as an irrigation canal.

At Peshawar there was a scheme, which may by this time be actually carried out, for utilising the fall in a small canal which flows close to the station. There is a drop of about fifty feet in a short distance which would supply power enough to light the whole place with electric light, —no small consideration in a spot where the border thief is so much in evidence, and where shooting the sentries is a national pastime among the tribesmen.

The Malakand Pass, a few years ago the scene of much fierce fighting, is now being pierced by a tunnel which will bring the waters of the Swat River to a barren tract to the south of the Pass. The water passing through the tunnel in its fall is capable of generating power sufficient to supply all the industrial needs of the country for miles round.

Mention of the Frontier recalls the fact that there a canal fulfils a function which, happily, is unnecessary elsewhere. It is a peacemaker, it induces men to turn their swords into ploughshares, it gives them some other occupation than highway robbery. The most conspicuous example of this is the Swat River Canal, which irrigates part of the Peshawar Valley. That valley, an almost circular plain about forty miles in diameter, is divided into two, roughly, equal parts by the Kabul River and its tributary the Swat. The southern part had from ancient times been well watered and fertile; but the northern part, except for a small strip along the river bed occupied by eight villages, whose lands were always exposed to depredations from the caterans in the neighbouring hills, was a bare and desolate plain. The soil was good enough, and evidence of long bygone prosperity was afforded

by the extensive ruins of an old Buddhist monastery which crowns a rocky hill rising abruptly at the eastern side of the plain, ruins of excellent masonry, far superior to anything of Pathan workmanship, and containing sculptures, brought to light in excavation, which prove the great advance in civilisation that must then have prevailed. To the Pathan, however, such sculptures were anathema, idols which no Moslem could regard with tolerance; and as for the ruins, they formed an excellent quarry for stone, but they served no other useful purpose. Meantime the broad plain at the base of the hill and as far as the eight villages mentioned was a wilderness of thorn and coarse weed, a place that no man cared to cultivate, a battle-ground between two clans, kept in check only by the Corps of Guides at Mardan.

It was, I believe, Sir Henry Durand, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, who was himself an engineer officer, as has been already noted, who first, about 1870, conceived the idea of turning the waters of the Swat River over this wilderness. Not an easy task, for the plain is seamed with ravines, and therefore a canal there is necessarily expensive; but if only it could induce the turbulent rivals to lay down their arms and expend their energy on agriculture instead of mutual quarrels, the cost would be money well laid out. Even if the canal paid no percentage at all, it would be worth a trial on this ground alone (as a matter of fact, it now pays a very handsome revenue).

So a scheme was prepared, and in due course of time the usual careful estimates were sanctioned and work begun. The haughty Pathan, of course, refused to have anything to do with the actual construction, and when labour for that purpose was imported from the Punjab, the unfortunate men were promptly massacred in cold blood. However, that sanguinary deed brought down prompt punishment in a way that need not be detailed here, and the work of constructing the canal went on under three young engineer officers, all military men, as it was necessary after the above-mentioned massacre to house all workmen in fortified posts along the line of the canal.

It was no easy task. The country was bare and desolate, the nearest railway station 170 miles distant, the people of the country unfriendly, and respectable contractors would hardly come, except at exorbitant rates, to a country with so evil a reputation. The three officers were obliged to go about armed at all times, and with an escort clattering and jingling behind them. Individually and collectively they were threatened, although it may be questioned whether such threats had the slightest effect on their appetite or slumbers. But gradually the people of the land began to see that the white men meant

business, and they had better acquiesce in their presence. This was especially the case with the senior subaltern, a big burly John Bull, who went through the world with a white bull-dog at his heels, and was not disposed to stand any nonsense from the most truculent Pathan that ever breathed. A man of strict justice and strong common-sense, who would fight if need be, with a resolution like that of his faithful canine companion, but with no desire to do so. (He died, I may mention, about ten years later in Burmah, having served with distinction in at least three campaigns, and having gained two brevets and a D.S.O.) So the Pathan gave up the worrying game and let the sahibs alone.

The works were important, demanding considerable engineering skill, and of course all materials had to be locally obtained. The officers had to live in small dwellings in the fortified posts above mentioned, where in the summer the heat, unrelieved by any shade or the vestige of any green herb, was terrific. But an occasional week-end spent with the Guides at Mardan gave a little variety and companionship, so that on the whole the life was cheery, though the country was bare and forbidding.

Then the Afghan War broke out. All the engineers on the canal were ordered away, and the work passed into other hands.

A few years ago I revisited that part of the Frontier after some twenty-two years' absence. I heard that the prosperity of that part of the Peshawar Valley had increased by leaps and bounds, that it was absolutely peaceful, and that the revenue from the canal and the wealth of the country it watered were such that the only regret was that the canal had not been made very much larger.

Much interested, I went one day to the old Buddhist ruins. The hill there was one of the few unaltered landmarks in the country. The road thence from Mardan, in former years a bare and dazzling stretch of drab soil, is now a shady avenue, with a sparkling streamlet flowing alongside. Then came the climb up to the ruins, where I sat and feasted my eyes on the glorious scene below. Far off lay the mountains above the Khyber and the Kohat Pass, with the well wooded and watered country round Peshawar. That was the same as before. Farther north lay the hills of the Mohmand country, and still farther lay the Malakand Pass and the hills round it, also unchanged. But at my feet lay a beautiful carpet of green waving wheat and barley, stretching for miles to the west and south. The sunlight glinted on a bend of the canal, whose course was clearly traceable by a broad belt of plantation stretching for miles to the mountains, and I was not too far away to hear the musical murmur of the water as it poured over a tiny fall at the

head of one of the distributaries. It was a glorious day in early summer, the blue sky overhead was cloudless, and there was every prospect of a splendid harvest. New villages had sprung into existence, and a new generation of tribesmen had been born.

As I gazed, drinking in the lovely scene before me, memories came rushing into my mind of fierce hot nights and days in that very land, when the scorching heat seemed to dry up the very moisture in one's eyeballs, when the shimmer of the desert mirage seemed a mockery, not a prophecy, when the grappling with the difficulties of the work seemed a task almost insuperable, and when the blackguardism of men made success appear more and more hopeless. But there it was—the finished work. To see it with one's eyes was a reward far greater than could be bestowed by rank or ribbons, and I remembered good old Sir Arthur Cotton's words, "Gentlemen, I envy you. . . . Future generations will bless you." With reverence and humility, too, one realised a new truth in the words, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."

EGYPT.

Against the broad red sunset o'er the Nile,
Across the desert, like a burnt-out pyre,
The great Stone Pyramid looms, and o'er the pile
Bright Venus orbs her star of silvery fire.

Touched with soft purple lies this ancient land,
Where the great Pharaohs reigned; but now no more
Their bannered armies march across the sand,
Nor bartering navies sail from shore to shore.

Egypt, once mistress of the world's desire,
Daughter and spouse of the one God confessed
In many forms,—whose children the great Sire
Sped, like a giant's arrows, North and West,—

Why dost thou hide thyself, O Queen, and cower
Beneath the desert rock, in tomb or cave?
Is there reserved for thee no regal hour
For evermore? Still must thou be a slave?

See where unwearied Nile leads down his flood
From the primeval lakes, to soak the plain
With tawny deluge, that like generous blood
Quickens the lifeless waste to grass and grain;

The god-like river his accustomed task
Performs eternally; and that great Sun,
The symbol of the Father, does not mask
His power and pomp, because thy course is run:

Old Nile remains, but thou remainest not,
For thou art past and perished, buried, lost;
And, like thy mummies, all thy doings rot,
And all thy thoughts to all the winds are tost;

We know no more than thou didst know; the form
Of knowledge changes, but the essence still
Is an enigma; we perceive the storm
That shakes the world, but not the guiding Will;

Or if, perchance, the wisdom of the East
Was not a fabulous tale, and secret things
Have fled our learning, though not yet has ceased
The far, faint beat of their receding wings,

What was thy day of forty centuries worth,
What thy magnificence and conquests, all
The marvel of thy glory, to the Earth,
If night returning followed on thy fall?

To us proud dwellers o'er the northern tide
Why was no better gift by thee bequeathed,—
By thee, whose kings ere death were deified,
Than festal goblets and a sword unsheathed?

At Memphis and at Thebes the full delight
Of all the senses, and that deeper draught,
The vintage of the falcion in the fight,
The wine of red dominion, oft were quaffed;

We also have drunk blood; in sordid style
The juices of enjoyment we have swilled,
And now our feet thy tombs and fanes defile,
And by our vulgar noise thy land is filled:

This was our heritage: the lust of trade,
The lust to conquer, and the lust to know;
And all our fame and all our follies fade,
As thine have faded, like a wreath of snow.

There was no corn in Egypt for the soul,
There was no water for the heart athirst;
Nor ever yet in England did there roll
Such rivers, nor such harvests ever burst.

But now the crimson wings of sunset droop,
The star of Venus treble brilliance shows,
Beneath the crescent moon dark shadows stoop,
Save where the Nile with pallid current flows.

How still it is, how silent! Nothing stirs;
This is a place of spectres and of death,
As if it had been laid beneath God's curse,
Because it loved not his creative breath.

The waste is full of terror; I seem near
    Some dreadful magic or dark mystery, hid
From the foundation of the world; I hear
    Dead voices calling from the Pyramid.

Again I look on that bright star; the sound
    Ceases, but leaves this message sad and strange,
That human destiny whirls round and round
    In everlasting circuit, useless change;

All things that seem to finish will again
    In some new fashion plod the same sad road,
For every beast that sinks beneath his pain
    Another lifts the inevitable load:

Of all the myriad souls that pass to hell
    Or heaven or nothing, is there one can trace
A promise of the breaking of the spell,
    A touch of pity on the Sphinx's face?

No more the caravan of countless years,
    That from horizon to horizon trails,
Compels our admiration, but our tears;
    The merchants change for ever, not their bales.

FRANCIS COUTTS.

THE DEFENDERS OF KYONKADON.

BY MAJOR MORRIS BENT.

[As an example of impudence playing upon credulity, incredible before the days of "Captain Köpenik," the case of "Nga Sin and others" would appear unique: it is, however, by no means a solitary instance in its own soil, save, perhaps, for the action of the native authorities at Kyonkadon, by whose courage and resource the situation was undoubtedly turned, and the offenders brought to justice.

The trial took place at Maubin on 15th February 1893.]

When Theebaw, lord of the rising sun, great chief of righteousness, the supporter of religion, had done to death some eighty-six of his blood relations, he had reason to be satisfied that, in following an example pretty generally set by his predecessors on the throne of Burma, he had gone several better than any of them. They dealt in whips, he in scorpions. True, one at least of his half-brothers had escaped the slaughter; but this Prince was reported to have fled the country, and in any case was unlikely to give further trouble. Moreover, the usurper personally was not misliked, and had enhanced a blustrous popularity among his subjects by his insulting demeanour towards the foreigner; and, finally, by securing the withdrawal of the whole *personnel* of the British Residency, was recognised as the champion who should, at his convenience, march south and fly the flag once more on the Gulf of Martaban.

Alas! for proud pretensions. A tablet in the wall of his own palace, since for a time the Upper Burma Club in Mandalay, alone associates the banished name of Theebaw with the actual spot of his small surrender; and though among some few, his older subjects, even yet the idea may not have wholly passed that they shall see his face again one day, Mandalay must henceforth reflect another glory than that of the sun-descended, the king of all the umbrella-bearing chiefs.

Still, with the Hmaw Gaw (crystal palace) before his eyes, and the knowledge that his king died not but went away, it is small wonder if, in his indolent vanity, our Burman should still flatter himself that things will eventually be otherwise; and that, if not Theebaw *in propriâ personâ*, some other of the ancient stock will put in an appearance, and, albeit without national effort, will come to his own again.

Pretenders indeed, not always without title to pretence, have from time to time since the annexation formed at least the subject of bazaar "gup," which the people, ever credulous of wonders,

> "Hear and are deaf, are deaf and hear again,"

keeping an open mind for some new thing—a royal restoration for choice, though a fugitive

prince would not be amiss nor fail of attraction.

So thought Nga Sin. . . .

Maung, or less politely Nga, Sin was the younger of two brothers, dealers in pinchbeck and "precious" stones, with a narrow-fronted small shop in China Street, Rangoon. There were other things of greater interest and value at the rear of the store, but these were not displayed save to the privileged and on occasion. Furthermore, the brothers were seldom seen together. When Maung Tsu-Lay was travelling, Sin would be left in charge; similarly when Maung Sin found it necessary to be absent on business, his brother remained at the receipt of custom. Their ostensible trade was, from the nature of things, neither large nor lucrative—for your Burman, and more especially his wife, knows gold when he sees it: still, the shop had an air of conscious innocence about it enough to divert the suspicion of a more exacting police than that of the capital, while it thus formed a convenient rendezvous and *point d'appui* for other men, for other matters of which we have to tell. So it happened on a night in September; and there sat within, behind the shutters of this snuggery, for it was long past closing hour, three men of a type common to Lower Burma, where larger contact with Europeans has perhaps somewhat sharpened the expression of otherwise expressionless faces. They were in no way remarkable men, save that the tallest of the three was deficient of an eye, and bore the marks of former conflict in a cicatrised wound that had laid bare the cheek-bone. This was Nga Cheit Lon; the other two were the brothers aforesaid. Matter of moment was evidently under discussion, and they talked in an undertone—though, from the noise of the rain without, such precaution was surely needless.

"He sent for me, the fat one" (Nga Sin was speaking), "said he had heard I was the clever medicine man: the others did him no good. As for the English doctor, he had told him to take a sea voyage, as if not sick already! With him I stayed one week, and I left him getting well on the jungle-rabbit's-blood-and-precious-stones cure,[1] three times a-day, inside. Pyindayè is a useful village; but Kyonkadon——"

"Pretty pickings at Kyonkadon, yes," interposed Nga Cheit Lon.

"Yes," continued the first, "only get rid of the Myook and the Thugyi: as for that rascal Shwé Tha, leave him to me."

"Why," said the brother, "what have you got against Shwé Tha?"

"Shwé Tha," pursued Nga Sin, "thinks he's done a very clever thing; but he'll find it doesn't always pay writing to a police superintendent, even if the letter miscarries. It fell into my hands first, curiously enough: you know the way. What do you think of this?" and he produced a crumpled

[1] An actual prescription.

screed, which may be freely translated as follows:—

"PYINDAYÈ, 1*st September.*

"YOUR HONOUR,—It is my pleasure to tell you there is one, a medicine-man (*Hsáy-tha-máh*), going about the district. I have seen this man's shoes. They are royal shoes, and studded with rubies. Your Honour can think what you will. Princes wear jewelled shoes. This man is not a prince in disguise; but the people are fools.

(Signed) "SHWÉ THA."

"He is yours," growled the elder brother; "for the rest?"

"Oh! the rest are fools right enough, ready to swallow anything. I have let a few of the wiser ones among my patients into the secret, and these understand that I am one that escaped the slaughter and took refuge with the hermit of Mone. I am the Prince Nay-Thu-Yein, not to be known yet, but coming; and, when I come, they will know what to do. Nga Shan will see to that; I left him and Nga Mo at Pyindayè to look after things."

"And what of the Myook at Kyonkadon and the Thugyi?"

"We must secure them,—my fat sick man first, or both together. They must be seized and made to swear, and the other business will follow. See here——"

Thus was the plot hatching. Meantime, let us for a moment turn to the scene of its promised exploit, where lay the two unsuspecting villages destined for attention. A glance at the map of Lower Burma will show how, shortly south of Donabyu (scene of the fight of the Second Burmese War), the river Irrawaddy dissolves its main stream, and thenceforward seeks the sea by many mouths — these mouths again forming innumerable creeks and mosquito-haunted inlets and backwaters which lace the low-lying lands between Rangoon and Bassein. Mangrove and willow (*mômaka*), the tree that "denies its homage to the rain," fringe the shores with a thick entangled growth; while the Kwin, or waste area of alluvial plain within, for the most part covers itself, where left to Nature, in dense elephant grass and the ubiquitous bamboo.

Upon one of these inlets, in a clearing, lies the village of Pyindayè, some seventy miles by water from the more important Kyonkadon, which, in consideration of its greater size, 280 dwellings perhaps, forms the seat of a resident Myook (native justice), and boasts for its own head the district revenue collector as Thugyi. Save in extent the villages are not dissimilar in appearance, neither of them being defensibly stockaded, as often occurs farther up country, while both alike engage in occupations identified with peace and plenty, fruit-growing and fishing, long undisturbed. It was in and about this region that for several months previous to the events here to be narrated the Hsáy-tha-máh, our friend Nga Sin, had been plying a not unprofit-

able trade, coming and going among the simple folk. The charlatan's success had even obtained for him a certain notoriety and reputation, so that when the Myook, suffering from fat living and personal obesity, fell sick, he had even called him in professionally and was treated accordingly. Nga Sin thus had ample time to make his own observations and to map the designs with the discussion of which we found him and the two confederates engaged at the outset. As the time for their enterprise drew near, the "Doctor," who, it was already whispered, was something more than he seemed to be (had he not shoes studded with stones!), was living in a bamboo hut near the Ama creek, even then styled the "Palace," half a tide, say twenty miles, below Pyindayè; and here their preparations were quietly matured till, by the night of 23rd October, the coming one, with his lieutenant, Nga Cheit Lon, newly arrived from Rangoon with the sounding title of "Thabyayban Bo," had their followers united, and all was in readiness for the projected raid.

As soon, then, as it fell dusk on the night in question, three boats in close succession pushed off silently from this creek. In the first were nine men under one Nga Shwé Yon, a lusty rascal of undoubted experience; the second carried the dacoit leader himself and ten; while Cheit Lon, as second in command, brought up the rear in the third boat. For greater secrecy, and that they might the more closely hug the shore, the long sweeps were laid inboard, and poling was the word, "tiger[1] style"; they could thus take full advantage of the deep shadow, the deeper seeing that the opposite bank would presently be flooded with moonlight. In this order, therefore, and with no undue haste, Nga Sin and his merry men beguiled the stealthy night of its length; and when the sleeping village woke to the sun, it woke also to the presence of a less expected visitor.

Little Ma Bwa was the first to give the alarm. She had gone down to the water's edge to fill her jar, when from round the point shot the three strange boats with their armed freight, and made straight for the spot. Dropping her vessel, she ran up the bank crying "Damya, amé! Damya! The dacoits are on us." But the leading boat, as by a preconcerted signal, had already dashed ahead, and Nga Shwé Yon and his crew were promptly at her heels—so promptly, in fact, that before the drowsy village had time to respond he had secured the exits, and Pyindayè was closed to escape. The other two boats came on more leisurely, revealing to astonished eyes that now in increasing numbers looked forth with stupid wonderment, the strangely familiar, yet how unfamiliar, figure of the Hsáy-tha-máh no less, in bright apparel, perched aloft in the

[1] As distinguished from the "scorpion," when the pole rests in the hollow of the shoulder.

afterpart of his boat,—severe yet benevolent of aspect, beneath the white umbrellas which deferential retainers supported; while, with loud voice, Cheit Lon from the other boat proclaimed "The Prince! The Prince Nay-Thu-Yein! The Prince!"

They then ranged alongside; and H.R.H., rising with an authoritative gesture, signified that it was his pleasure to land. To doubt and surprise now succeeded dismay. The people for the most part rushed to their houses to secure or hide what they could of their effects. Some, caught in the act, were brought forward and made to do homage at once, and to join the Prince's train, who, thus escorted and shadowed as before, now made for the dwelling of a former patient, one of the initiated, Ma Le. Here the court was established. The prince intimated that he would hold a levée for all loyal subjects anon; but he must do justice first. A white sail awning in front of the door was promptly rigged by Cheit Lon, a chair placed beneath it, and on this improvised throne, with one attendant courtier behind as umbrella-holder, the "arbiter of existence" took his seat.

"The most high Prince Nay-Thu-Yein will now right wrong," proclaimed the lieutenant. "Have ye no malefactors?"

There was a scuffle on the skirts of the crowd, a cloud of dust, and from it emerged the two emissaries, Nga Shan and Nga Mo, drawing forward a torn reluctant figure of a man. His head was bare, his *loongyi* all awry. Terror and guilty innocence contended for his face.

"Name this caitiff," said the Prince. "Who accuses?" Nga Shan shikoed.

"So please your gracious Highness, his unspeakable name is Shwé Tha."

"What is this foul crime?"

"Writings, your mighty Majesty, writings — I cannot utter them — against your Serenity."

"Produce and read. Let the miscreant kneel." This to Nga Mo, who, suiting the action to the word, administered an adroit tap that brought the prisoner heavily to the ground. In this position, to his consternation, the culprit was compelled to listen to his own letter, the copy of which we have already seen.

"Are these your words, dog?" inquired the Prince. Shwé Tha made no reply, but grovelled in the dust.

"His deed is too dark for daylight. Let him go on the road that all men have to take."

With this retributive act and sentence, the mock sessions closed; the victim was led to the rear, and Nay-Thu-Yein, freed for more princely if less congenial functions, proceeded to receive the homage of his village subjects, as each in turn was presented to him.

Meanwhile, and under cover of the above royal distractions, other work was toward in the village itself, where a contingent of the dacoits was already making quiet havoc of such stray property as they encountered. In this manner

were visited respectively the houses of Maung Maung (lessee of the turtle-bank) and of Maung Shwé Lok, among others, whence they abstracted a variety of articles—a trifle of Rs. 3000 in one case, of certain rich cloths in another, of valuable earrings, three sets, in a third. The houses also of Mi Yé and of Ma So; of Maung Shwé Galai, and of his brother Maung Gyi, were ransacked in the absence of their owners. Finally, that nothing might be wanting to the occasion, a pyrotechnic display was provided by the firing of the old and empty police station, as a sign to their fellow-marauders that all was accomplished, and to the folk that the new order had superseded the old in very truth.

It was now time to look ahead if the gang were to keep ahead of events. Pyindayè had been sufficiently astounded to be left *talking:* now for Kyonkadon, which, for the success of the *coup*, must be similarly surprised. If the nut was harder the kernel was richer; but with the Myook and the Thugyi secured and sworn to non-resistance, if not to allegiance, the remainder might well be dealt with, and even a free and further field opened towards Auk-ka-ba. Such was the programme, and as it would be materially assisted by the show at least of a few firearms (hitherto spear and *dah* had sufficed), the Prince now, about noon, dispatched his trusty henchman, Cheit Lon, with eight followers, to visit the solitude of one Ionides, the Greek shikarree, who dwelt but a few cockcrows up the creek, with instructions to "borrow" his guns. H.R.H. himself would await their return at the court, and set forward later.

Now, however much the lieutenant may have appreciated the honour of his selection, he evidently regarded the errand as something of a forlorn-hope. The Greek man was well equipped, and was, moreover, a notoriously good shot: it therefore needed no great stretch of fancy to see several of his men stretched, to say nothing of the severe test to which his own invulnerable flesh might be subjected. The talisman (*hkyoung-beht-set*) which he bore had played him false once already, as witness the slashed visage of him, and what might chance under fire? He could only hope to find Ionides not at home; and, in any case, he would exercise caution.

Following the northern shore of the creek, it was not long before the party came in sight of their quarry—a long low hut, not in the Burman style, within a semicircle of mango and jack trees abutting on the water. Smoke, in a thin blue thread, rose from beneath a cooking brazier before the door; and the baying of a dog soon revealed the fact that the proximity of strangers was not unknown to at least one of the occupants.

Hereupon Cheit Lon called a halt. That dog must be silenced. Nga To must silence him, or effect a diversion from the farther side. The man crept off to the flank among

the bushes. The barking continued at intervals, but shorter and sharper; and it was presently succeeded by an ominous growl. A heavy body was heard to crash through the undergrowth; and anon, with loud cries that rent the air, Nga To rejoined his comrades, struggling in the grip of a huge wolf-hound. They speared the dog and released their man; but it was now no longer a question of secrecy. An immediate assault was ordered.

It is, however, one thing to order, and another to be the first to face a well-armed man resolved. The Greek had come forth at the noise; and, themselves unseen, they could now discern him with one rifle at the ready, and with another resting against the fork of a tree at his side, evidently prepared to try conclusions with any onslaught. Under these conditions, though it was a case of eight to one, the primal odds were all in favour of the one, seeing that the eight had not a gun among them. They wavered. Even Cheit Lon, bold in possession of his talisman, hesitated to take the hazard. . . . Ionides remained master of the field, but with the loss of his gallant hound; on the other hand, the dacoits were free to return baffled to Pyindayè, and to the Prince whom now they feared to face. In this dilemma an alternative suggested itself. They would give the chief's patience time to evaporate: he should proceed without them. Then—well, circumstances should be their guide; and, in certain contingencies, defection at this stage might pay better than adherence. The halter is not for the approver.

To go back to the Prince. The submission of his future subjects on the spot being assured, he had been pleased to accept the modest hospitality of his hostess, Ma Le, who, with an eye beyond, saw her own prospective advantage in a generous adulation of the rising star. So agreeably had the time sped that the afternoon was advanced before it occurred to her royal guest, never doubting of his return, to send for Cheit Lon for report and instruction. His wrath was the greater, therefore, when he found that none of the party had yet come in; but he would wait no longer—delay was undoubtedly dangerous. So, leaving orders for the lieutenant to follow forthwith, the Prince re-embarked his men, and the advance was resumed. He would sound the rouse at Kyonkadon, as at Pyindayè, on the second dawn; and if he could pick up another boat and impress a few hands by the way, so much the better. But progress was slower now owing to the extra weight of the plunder-laden boats, and to the fact that, from a less regular shore-line and the somewhat denser growth of trees here whose boughs often kissed the stream, they were unable to keep so close, and thus met heavier water. Still, if slow, the advance was steady and continuous throughout the night, and day found them well on their way with a fine stretch of open river before them. A good leading wind also sprang

up with the sun, and gave rest to the labouring oars with a spread of sail for a few hours. Towards evening this died away, and the poles had been for some time at work again when, to their satisfaction, at a lonely spot they came upon a small "dug-out" made fast to the shore, and obviously belonging to some wood-cutters, invisible as yet, but the strokes of whose bills and axes were audible at no great distance. This boat they appropriated at once—from her size she would prove useful as a scout,—and half-a-dozen hands were landed to bring in the woodmen. These poor fellows, four in number, surprised at their task and seeing resistance hopeless, flung down their tools and suffered themselves to be quietly led to the water's edge, where, without more ado, they were distributed between the two dacoit boats, releasing a like number for the navigation of the prize, which now took the lead as the march was resumed.

The flotilla was still some five miles short of Kyonkadon when the first streaks of daylight silvered the water and were beginning to search out the tangled intricacy of the shores. All was calm, peaceful, and unsuspecting, and yet withal not so absolutely unseeing as the Prince had reason to desire. Deep in the shadow of the eastern bank there had lain for hours, carefully baited, a little fish-trap;[1] and, watching the trap, two pairs of small eyes ensconced in the mangrove screen. The owners of the eyes had already secured one fine *hilsa* and several smaller fry, and were about to decamp with their spoil, when they caught sight of the strange craft edging up-stream. The boys saw them halt almost abreast of their own late hiding-place; noticed, as the boats clustered together, that something evidently not connected with fishing was under discussion; finally, they observed the smallest of the three craft disengage with four rowers and a steersman, and start away at speed towards the village. Whether from instinct of trouble or from mere boyish love of imparting a discovery, the two youngsters at once took to their heels. They made a bee-line for Kyonkadon, and, as luck would have it, near the pagoda they encountered the Myook on an early visit to his citron plantation.

With a promptitude worthy of his name, Maung Po at once took in a suspicious situation.

"Two boats, you say; and how many men?"

"Two boats and a small boat, Thakin, full of men with *dahs*—the small boat coming first."

Together they re-entered the village, the boys trotting beside the big man, who, for all his corpulence, could move on occasion. Making straight for the Thugyi's house, he called aloud—

"Maung Shwé Dun Aung—Thugyi," as he ascended the wooden stairway, "it is I, Maung Po, would speak with you."

[1] The *hmyôn*, or cage-trap with falling door.

Without pausing for reply the Myook entered, and for a brief space the two men were closeted together. The Thugyi wasted no words on astonishment, but prepared at once to play his part in repelling the intruders, which, it was agreed in the first instance, should be the holding of the threatened end of the village, with five guns under his immediate orders. The Myook, meanwhile, on the strength of the boys' story, boldly embarked with two guns in his own sampan in hope to meet and, if possible, to capture, the small advance boat. His crew consisted of the writer, Maung San Nyein, and two villagers at the paddles: himself, with a gun at each hand, filled the stern-sheets.

They had not proceeded above twenty spear-casts beyond the bluff when the sound of approaching oars fell on their ears—at first continuous, then intermittent, as of

> "One that halts to hesitate, and hesitates to halt."

They listened—yes, there could be no doubt about it now. Quick as thought the Myook turned the nose of the boat inshore to starboard, and found as sudden concealment among the low-growing bushes.

The visitors were obviously suspicious and even fearful. They were now in full view, and our Myook was able to size up the moment to a nicety. On they came in mid-stream; and he could see that the five occupants of the boat were all armed, though apparently without guns.

"Let them pass," he muttered, "let them go by; they shall have their welcome"—and he cocked his own two pieces. There was a loud report, and bow dropped his oar; another, and the steering paddle fell from the hands of a second victim. "Now for them!" shouted the Myook, and the sampan dashed from its shelter. A few lusty strokes and they were alongside. One of the dacoits at once jumped overboard and, diving, escaped to the opposite shore; two surrendered at discretion; the remainder were already accounted for. If they had come to seize the Myook and the Thugyi, as indeed had been the Prince's order, they had made a very fatal mistake, of which it was now for the captors to take advantage. The prisoners were hauled on board the sampan, their own boat being taken in tow; and thus, triumphant at the outset, flushed with success, Maung Po returned to his villagers to arrange a suitable reception for the main body, which, he rightly concluded, could not be far behind. In their terror, the two unwounded men for once in their lives spoke the truth when questioned as to the strength of the coming party, which, however, they maintained to be no dacoits, but the peaceful escort of a prince—the Prince Nay-Thu-Yein, no less.

"Oh," said the Myook, "is that his name? He shall enjoy the *pwé*[1] in his honour at

[1] Theatrical entertainment.

Kyonkadon. You shall stay too, and see the fun;" and he bound them to a well-grown palm in full view of the river.

And now, as they so euphoniously phrase it in British staff circles, there was a brief "appreciation of the situation" between Myook and Thugyi. In reckoning up the defence they found that the village could only muster, including the two already proved pieces, eight guns of sorts. The veteran father, Maung Shwé O, had indeed produced a ninth; but it was ancient as its owner, and not to be relied upon except to burst, and the Myook, therefore, made his dispositions on the first estimate. Himself he stationed in the centre of the village to direct operations, placed the Thugyi and his contingent as before, with three guns and certain added implements of agriculture, at the end of the street, and sent the rest of the fighters under the writer, San Nyein, across the creek with orders to enfilade the enemy's arrival, and, should a landing be effected, to attack him in rear.

Meanwhile the Prince, in full confidence that his advance boat had effected its object, and that with the Myook and the Thugyi secured or slain, no opposition would be offered on the part of the village, had now thrown off all disguise; and with gongs beating and colours flying, he prepared to repeat the great umbrella trick that had served him so well at Pyindayè. As he drew nigh and came in view of the devoted spot, a gratifying sight still further emboldened him, as, conspicuous on the rise above the creek, the forms of the two men lashed to the toddy palm met his gaze.

"The Myook, without doubt, and the Thugyi," he said; "the place is ours."

Scarce were the words uttered when a puff of white smoke from the street-end post and a howl from the umbrella-bearer, as the sacred emblem of autonomy fluttered into the water, revealed his mistake; but there was no retreating now, nor, to do them justice, seeing they had to fight, was there any reluctance on the dacoits' part. The men drove their paddles deep, the boats rushed forward.

Meantime the fusilade had become general. The creek had opened on them, and the assailants found themselves exposed in front and flank to a galling though happily ill-directed fire, without the means to retaliate. How the Prince now cursed Cheit Lon and his own folly in not waiting for the shikarree's guns! They must get to close quarters at all costs.

Ngà Shwé Yon's boat was first to touch, and out they sprang, spear and *dah* in hand, splashing to shore. Another lucky shot from the Thugyi, and the leader was brought to earth as he mounted the bank, his followers incontinently splaying outwards to right and left. Seeing this, the Prince, who by now had himself effected a footing with ten men at his back, made for an empty hut, into which they bolted pell-mell. Now was the Myook's chance. Quitting his point of vantage in the village,

he promptly surrounded the dwelling in superior force, and called on the occupants to surrender. This was answered by defiance. At the same time the dacoits showed no inclination to try further conclusions in the open, and the less so that their immediate adversaries had now been reinforced by the creek detachment with its quota of guns.

"Very well," said the Myook, "if they won't come to the fire the fire shall come to them."

Willing hands enough and to spare, including even women and children, made short work with the brushwood. This, piled to windward, was soon aflame, and dense volumes of smoke and sparks presently enveloped the frail *réduit.* With a wild yell its holders poured forth; and while, in the confusion, some three or four—among them the Prince—succeeded in bursting through the half-armed cordon and making good their escape to the jungle, the others in attempting to reach the boats were overpowered and disarmed.

So ended a memorable fray; and though on the villagers' side not entirely without casualties (poor old Shwé O with his bundook was one), they were insignificant when compared with those of their assailants, of whom, wounded or unwounded, but four for the time being had got away. The boats became the spoil of the victors, with all the plunder of Pyindayè in them, as also *the white umbrella and the Prince's jewelled shoes.*

It was a proud day for Kyonkadon.

As for Nga Sin, as we must once more call the short-lived Prince Nay-Thu-Yein, his adventures were not prolonged. He and his diminished band of three adherents did indeed reach Auk-a-ba, but after a fearful wandering.

"On 7th November," so ran the evidence of the Ywa Thugyi[1] at their subsequent trial, "they came to my village claiming acquaintance with one of my people. I did not like the looks of them, and made him stand security for their good behaviour. That same night the four men made off, and my suspicions were confirmed that they had belonged to the Kyonkadon gang. So, with their security and some others, I started in pursuit, and next morning came up with the fugitives. They showed no fight, and I arrested them."

The next witness, none other than the false Cheit Lon, himself a prisoner but turned approver to save his own evil skin, was called to prove identity. For this service, easily performed, he incurred the minished term of ten years, while his friend and whilom chief suffers the life sentence; and any one curious to see a Burmese pretender may now call upon Prince Nay-Thu-Yein at his permanent residence in the Andaman Isles.

---

[1] *Ywa Thugyi*, headman of a single village; *Thugyi*, head and revenue collector of several.

MORE LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY CRICKETER.

IV.

If the ways of the village umpire have been, and perhaps still are, both crooked and bewildering, taking all things into consideration, the most unsatisfactory figure in country-house cricket, whether as adversary or ally, has too often been found to be the host, or the son of the house. Where indeed such a one chances to be really a cricketer, no matter his class—good, bad, or indifferent—it is comparatively plain sailing. For then he may be permitted to stand or fall on his own merits, and if even a very moderate amount of success attends his efforts, everybody on the ground is or ought to be delighted, and we return to the fatted calf and the sparkling wine in the evening with enhanced satisfaction. But when my kind host is fat and pursy, and has donned flannels for perhaps almost the first time in his life, or where, again, he is well past mark of mouth, and ought long since to have put away childish things,—when he plays, that is, merely out of a mistaken sense of duty to his guests, or because his wife has taken a fancy to see what he looks like in flannels, or again because he thinks it will please the tenantry,—then I have found myself wishing that the earth would open her mouth and swallow up, not Korah only, but all his company. The son and heir, too, must be of reasonable age, and at least in his House XI. at school, or his presence in a men's match is an encumbrance. The father and son alike are as reeves among pheasants, and have to be spared. The sparing in the birds' case is simple enough. "Don't shoot!" is passed down the line. But the batsman must occasionally open his shoulders, and the bowlers cannot be always passive. Where that carcase is the eagles will be gathered together, and the ball has a cruel knack of hunting and haunting the old and weakly. Why not, in the name of common-sense, leave the child to his toys and the old gentleman to his cigar? To don unaccustomed flannels, to take unwonted exercise, to feel stiff and sore at night, and to be conscious of having made a fool of oneself by day,—are these things to be ranked among pleasures?

Let me give a few instances. First, then, of accidents. To eleven cricketers on tour, who had expected to be playing on a certain Monday and Tuesday against a country house in Wiltshire, arrived in the middle of the previous week the damning intelligence that for unavoidable reasons the match must be abandoned. The captain's spirits sank to zero, as of a man who, having

invited a large party to drive partridges, discovers that his keeper is a knave or a fool, and that the birds are not there to be shot. But hope dawned afresh when one of the side brought the welcome information that he knew a good sportsman in the district who he believed might be inclined, not only to get up a side, but to entertain some of the tourists. The gentleman in question turned up trumps, a very ace of trumps indeed. For after a rapid interchange of letters and telegrams he nobly undertook to raise an Eleven and to put up, not some, but all the members of the travelling team from the Saturday night to the following Wednesday. "Veni, vidi, vici," shall I say? To a certain point, yes. For we came to the house and stopped there, we saw our host, and we won our match. But ours was a Pyrrhic victory. For we fairly left our hearts behind us, overpowered by our kindly reception. It was not cricket, I admit, but will it be wondered that on the Sunday night we met together and vowed that, come weal, come woe, our host's person — perhaps I should say wicket—should be sacred in our eyes, at least until he had got double figures? We knew nothing whatever of his cricketing capacity, but we did know that he meant to play, and to captain the opposing side, and we made up our minds that by hook or by crook we would contrive that he made a respectable score. It is a mere matter of detail—happy detail — that our precaution was superfluous. For our baby had learnt to walk; in other words, our host was perfectly competent to take care of himself on the cricket-field and elsewhere. Comparatively plain sailing then. He won the toss, went in first himself, and for a few overs played like a book, and just reached double figures. Presently somebody served him up a half-volley on the off-side. This he hit apparently in the middle of the bat. But either the bat did not drive, or the ball hung a little, or something. Anyhow, what happened was that the ball, travelling fairly fast, but not too fast, made a bee-line for mid-off's nose—and no cricketer of my acquaintance has a safer pair of hands for a catch than the man who was standing mid-off at the time. Rather the missing of a catch, so simple a matter to some of us, was to him a matter of some difficulty.

"I hadn't the faintest notion," he admitted afterwards, "what to do with the beastly thing. I had to put up my hands, or it would have hit me on the nose. I didn't want to catch it, but I wanted to look as if I meant to."

And so—he purposely closed his hands too soon, the ball hit the end of his middle finger, and he could neither hold his bat properly nor use that hand in the field for the rest of the season. Surely that was the irony of fate that compelled the batsman to cut the next ball, a long hop on the off, back into his wicket.

On another occasion the ac-

cident happened to the other party to the contract, and was of a less serious character. A certain Derbyshire cricketer, who used to cut a ball harder than most men, came within measureable distance of being tried on a charge of high treason. For he considerably damaged the person of an exceedingly high and mighty personage, a most charming host, but a very poor presentment of a cricketer. The ball was stopped, nay, even by automatic process returned to the wicket-keeper, and the local papers teemed with glowing accounts of H. E.'s smart fielding. That was all right,—"smart" is a somewhat ambiguous word. But my own impression is, that unless the legs of high and mighty personages are, like those of Nebuchadnezzar's beast, made of iron, the fieldsman may be limping still.

Here, again, is a story without an accident, though I am still inclined to believe that there was a catastrophe. Captaining a country-house eleven in a series of one-day matches, I was not a little put out when our host, not himself a cricketer, though he loved watching the game, brought me a telegram on the Monday morning to the effect that the one member of our side who was not in the house was laid low with a bad attack of hay fever.

"Most unfortunate," observed the squire, "for there's a match on at B—— too to-day, and every man I know is playing there or against us here. After to-day I can get pretty well any one you like."

"But isn't there a groom, or a footman, or a gardener, or something?"

"Ah! well, yes, there may be," said the squire rather doubtfully; "but—oh, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll send down and ask my agent. I know he's at home, and he is a capital fellow, good-hearted and all that, and very popular with the tenants."

"But does he play cricket?"

"Can't say, my boy; but he probably has played, though he's a little bit *passé* now. He only got into his house last September, so that he hasn't had much chance of playing. He's a good shot, though, so that his eye is all right. I'll send round to him anyhow. After all, he can but say no."

The answer presently arrived in the form of a card with "Delighted to be of service" pencilled on the back. I cannot say, however, that I was equally delighted with the appearance of my recruit, whom we found awaiting our arrival in the tent, and the squire himself looked a bit put off.

"Punctual as ever, I see, H——. Let me introduce you to your captain. Hullo! By Jove, I'm wanted!" and the squire, as he hurried off, managed to whisper in my ear, "For Heaven's sake, my boy, get him a sweater or something."

For if the agent's heart was good, his figure was that of the god Silenus; and his flannels, whether a relic of the past or borrowed for the occasion, were several sizes too narrow for him, suggesting even the idea that they had been made *on*

rather than *for* the wearer. Later on, in a borrowed sweater, some four inches too long for him, he looked a trifle hot indeed, but comparatively decent. Having lost the toss, we went out, and I was rather at a loss where to post our friend the agent. I tried him, to begin with, at short-leg, but was obliged to shift him after the first few overs. For neither had I any ambition to figure in the dock as *particeps criminis* in a case of manslaughter, nor did I imagine that the squire would be best pleased to find himself minus his agent. The combination of full figure and tight flannels is not conducive to activity—that form of activity in particular which consists in ducking to avoid punishment,—and one of the batsmen proved to be a powerful hitter on the one side. So, altering my tactics altogether, I now invited Mr H—— to stand at very deep long-off close to the boundary for our slow bowler, and to move up a few yards and act as "draw" to my own bowling. Our wicket-keeper, ever inclined to be critical, and now rather out of conceit with our eleventh man on the subject of those stolen runs which in the absence of a short-leg he might himself have saved, took exception to the new arrangement.

"What have you put him there for?" he said crossly. "He can't stoop even to save a boundary, much less run."

"He'll be safe himself, anyhow," I said, "and that's something."

"Oh! is it?" And then: "And who ever heard of a draw to a left-hand bowler standing ninety yards behind the wicket?"

"He'll save quite as many runs there as he would anywhere else."

It soon became evident that the squire's remark on the subject of the agent's popularity with the tenants was amply justified. Indeed, the gentleman was almost too popular. It was the village feast week, and all the tenants were making holiday, and some of these worthy fellows seemed to imagine that Mr H—— had been sent to the boundary for their especial benefit. For shortly a regular cluster of them had congregated round him; and I take it that a lively discussion was going on about crops, weather, and so forth. Mr H—— looked much more in his proper element; and as he never made any attempt to save a boundary, and there was always some hobbledehoy handy to throw up the ball, his position *qua* fieldsman seemed to have lapsed into a sinecure. I even noticed that, after one or two overs, he omitted to change his position at the end of the over; but as it made very little difference whether he stood a few yards nearer or farther from the wicket, I left him to his own devices. Presently the unexpected happened. The batsman barely snicked a yorker on the leg stump, and Mr H—— deftly stopped —with his foot — the ball,

which came quite straight to him at a pace which might just have carried it over the line.

"Oh! well stopped indeed, sir!" rather ironically from the wicket-keeper, to be followed by: "Oh, d—n the fellow! Just look at him!"

The boundary counted four; but the batsmen ran five, and might easily have made it six if they had not both been breathless with much laughter. To stop the ball was one thing, to pick it up was another. Moreover, when Mr H——, after much fumbling and at least one narrow escape from falling on his nose, had accomplished the second feat, he either imagined that he had performed the whole duty of man, or was reluctant to part with that which he had so hardly won.

"Do throw it up, sir!" in an imploring voice from the wicket-keeper.

"Chuck it up, old tight bags! Don't be going for to ate it!"

The latter exhortation, in a very shrill voice, from a small boy who was sitting on the roller, and who a minute later was roaring "Murder!"—having had his ears most properly cuffed by my friend the under-butler.

Thus adjured from two quarters, Mr H—— made spasmodic efforts to obey orders, but even then was not wholly successful. At the first attempt he really ran quite two yards, and tried to throw from the wrong foot in a quasi-feminine fashion, with the result that the ball slipped rather than flew from his hand, and travelled about a dozen yards to his right, and perhaps five yards nearer the wicket than when it started. Having retrieved it again, he next essayed a sort of airy jerk, so airy indeed that the ball must have fallen on the top of his own head if he had not put up his hands and, amidst tumultuous applause from the gallery, brought off the catch. In the end he did what he ought to have done at first, and bowled it up underhand. The spectacle of a middle-aged gentleman playing ball by himself like a baby or a kitten in a corner of the ground is irresistibly comic, and we laughed till our sides fairly ached. Still, all things said and done, it can hardly be called cricket.

Some years later I was playing for a club, to which I was temporarily attached, against a country house, where the bulk of the two sides were most hospitably entertained. Once again it was a point of honour that our much-respected host must get some runs, and at this date I can look back to the match with some pardonable pride. For on no other occasion in my life did I bowl either so accurately or so entirely according to order, though at the time it was agony and vexation of spirit, and I had begged to be taken off. Our host, who was at least as popular as Mr Pickwick with the fair sex and the neighbourhood at large, had to be padded here and bandaged there, kissed perhaps in one quarter and encouraged in many before he commenced his progress to the wicket, and the many preparations gave us

ample time for reflection upon a line of policy. As he came in last, and a follow-on was pretty well a foregone conclusion, we had no hesitation about taking the other batsman into our confidence, and arranging his part in the programme. For it had been decided that such an entry as "not out — 0" would in no way satisfy the ladies.

Here are a few scraps, scraps only, of our medley conversation.

"Now, don't you make a silly goat of yourself and get out!" said one man, by way of encouragement to the batsman, a man quite capable of playing a good steady game, but at times singularly loth to do so.

"I shan't get out if I can help it, old chap."

"Stop at home, then, and play like a Christian, and I say bother your runs, don't you go and pump the old man out."

"But he must run if the Squire strikes her," came a reminder.

"Oh yes, run like a hare then, call him for anything behind wicket, we'll make that all right. By Jove! yes, and we'll have an overthrow too. If any silly fool backs up, I'll punch his head."

"But, I say, what about the bowling?" inquired someone.

"Oh, by Jove, yes! the bowling? That old devil"—pointing to myself—"has got to bowl; a whole over, too, by Jove! I say, that's a bit awkward."

"Why not put on someone else?" I suggested. "Put on old S——," pointing to the one man on the side whom I believed to be innocent of even an action.

"Oh, no, that won't do at all. The old man would smell a rat; think we were playing the fool, or something. Besides, S—— might go and bowl him out by accident. Who knows? I'm sure he doesn't."

"I'm not sure I wouldn't as soon see old S—— get a wicket as the old man get a run," said one reckless mortal, who was promptly ruled to be out of order.

"Well, what am I to bowl, then?" I inquired; "I wonder what he'd like."

"One of your best in the stomach, old chap," said the wicket-keeper encouragingly. "Here, though, I say, what is he to bowl?"

At this stage the home umpire, an old resident in the district, intervened.

"I have heard tell as t'squoire were a wonnerful fine leg-hitter when he were young."

"Oh, yes! when he played a single-wicket match with Japhet, and beat him on Mount —what's his name?" This from the boy of the party, a most irreverent youth. Somebody laughed.

"Never heard tell on the gemman," said the umpire sulkily.

"Why, I thought you were umpiring!"

"Well, then, I woren't. What I knows, I knows, and I knows as a party did tell me as t'squoire did used to hit a leg-ball well, so there!"

And on this information we built up our programme, and

the part assigned to myself as bowler was to send down half-volleys to leg until further notice.

Finally, by way of simplifying matters, at the very last moment short-leg, who was a more particular friend of the family, came up and whispered in my ear: "You must be deuced careful not to hit the dear old boy. I am pretty sure that he has got varicose veins."

It was hot enough, in all conscience' sake, that afternoon, but the prospect of having to bowl leg half-volleys, guaranteed as it were to be of an innocuous type, to a batsman of Mr Weller senior's age and figure, and with varicose veins thrown in, for an indefinite time,—that is, till he either got to the other end or scored a run,—fairly brought out a cold perspiration all over my body. To bowl either on the legs or at the legs is for a left-hand bowler, who goes with his arm, an ordinary part of the day's work. For I have always maintained that for this class of bowler the batsman's right knee when visible is the proper object to aim at, and the fall of the wicket ought to follow, and commonly does follow, the attainment of that mark. But to continue to bowl to leg, and yet not hit the leg, is a solid difficulty. Then, again, by way of accentuating this difficulty, and prolonging my agony, the other batsman stuck like a limpet to the other end. Not exactly like a limpet, though. For in the course of two overs he managed to get eight runs, two twos and one four, the last-named being a result of an attempt on my own part to create a diversion by an intentional overthrow, or more properly speaking a wild return. Alas! the non-backing up agreement was fatal to the endeavour, the ball travelled to the boundary, and I was promptly called to order by the captain.

"What are you throwing at, you vicious old beast?"

The wicket-keeper, too, proved a false and selfish ally.

"Do put out one of those great paws of yours on the leg side!" I pleaded, at the end of the first over; "I want something to shoot at."

"You be hanged!" he replied. "You've knocked my hands into a jelly already."

As his business — and he stuck to his guns well—clearly was to stop the ball, I failed to see the force of the argument. But how well I did bowl that day, under those more untoward conditions! Five balls went to the over at that date, and, having gone "over the wicket," I managed to serve up thirteen of the very best. Ten of the thirteen were honestly worth six runs apiece to a good hitter. The gallant old batsman did his very best to relieve the position. Thirteen times did he bring forward a stout left leg, and with an audible grunt hit out for all he was worth, after George Parr's most approved style. But either his eye was none too good, or his bat was afraid of the ball. The only result was that he was in a perfect bath of perspiration, and each effort kept adding

to his distress. But with the fourteenth ball—joy! joy! the gates of heaven were won. There was the welcome sound of wood meeting leather, and the ball soared away over the umpire's head in the direction of the leg boundary. Such was the applause all round the ground, that one might have thought that both Babel and Bedlam had broken loose. I had a vision of fair ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and alternately shrieking and embracing each other. The tenantry, to a man, threw their hats about and roared themselves hoarse; small boys whooped and turned somersaults — "Well hit! Bravo, Squoire!" "Run it out, sir!" from every corner of the ground.

It was a case of running, too. For the ball stopped about a foot short of the boundary, and when it was seen that short-leg had omitted to start, under the impression that it had crossed the line, there were fresh rounds of applause and encouragement to run. By a merciful act of Providence they ran five for the hit. And five minutes later—that is, when the squire had been brought to again after his unusual exertions—I took heart of grace, and, returning to my natural side, yorked the other batsman with all the pleasure in life, and, I believe, to our mutual satisfaction. The squire's leg-hit is, for all I know to the contrary, among the traditions of the village to this day, but may I ever be preserved from another such ordeal!

If I am free to admit that I went on playing myself far too late in life, still up to the bitter end of all things I was only too willing to take my chance with my juniors. Once only in the course of a long and chequered career was an act of indulgence, presumably on the score of age and infirmity, extended to me. In my last season a young bowler, rather on the fast side, finding himself confronted by an old man, whom he possibly confounded with his own great-grandfather, out of pure kindness of heart not only sent down a comparatively slow half-volley, but proceeded to follow the ball up. But the gods were on my side that day, more especially so the lady who temporarily rejuvenated Ulysses. My return shot having providentially missed the bowler's right ear, next made the umpire blink, and then travelled to the boundary. "In vino veritas." Late in the evening I heard to my intense delight that the bowler had spoken of me as a "dangerous old beast—spiteful too!" the latter epithet being clearly an afterthought, suggested by the recollection that I had filled up the tale of my iniquities by first hitting him on the knee and then bowling him. That was my last really happy day. In my "memoria technica"—for so I may describe my diary—"dangerous and spiteful" represents fifty-five runs in less than half-an-hour, and five out of the first six wickets.

MOOSE-CALLING AND MOOSE-HUNTING IN CANADA.

I HAD just returned from a trip after caribou in Central Newfoundland, and finding myself with three weeks of liberty still in hand, I decided to try my fortunes in the Canadian woods, and to attempt to secure what is, after all, possibly the most coveted trophy of American big-game—a good moose.

There were also other reasons why I was particularly eager to hunt the greatest of deer, one of the chief of which lay in the fact that I had spent the season of the previous year in pursuit of his congener in Europe,[1] and it certainly adds an immense attraction to any form of sport to have pursued it under different conditions and in another environment.

Thanks to the kind offices of a friend, when I arrived in Canada all my arrangements were already made and waiting for me, so that within three days I found myself, with Edward Atkins, my hunter,—one of the best moose-callers in America,—waiting in the first dusk of evening on the margin of a pond hoping for a possible answer to Ed's three calls upon the birch-bark trumpet.

On the previous day we had driven out to our ground beneath the "ever-showeringleaf," hearing as we drove—to use Kipling's words—"the monstrous female voices" of the fog-sirens piercing the light mists which overspread the river. It is, by the way, a curious fact that the noise of a siren, heard at a distance, resembles in some degree the call of the cow moose. All round the Canadian coast this fact has been noticed, and moose—generally young and unsophisticated beasts—have been, and continually are, killed upon the open sea-shore flats, whither they have been lured by the song of their strange charmer. In a word, the fog-horns have brought many a welcome joint of moose-meat to vary the dietary at the salmon canneries.

Before going further, it may be well to correct some rather prevalent ideas upon the subject of moose-calling. There are persons who, having had no actual experience of this, in many cases, very high form of sport, criticise "calling" as an unworthy way in which to kill moose. Since the day of which I write I have hunted moose in every fashion,—that is, by still-hunting in the woods, by bind-hound and loose hound, by calling and upon the snow; and it is my opinion that calling can give the hunter a thrill almost unequalled in any other form of sport. It is true that the moose comes to the hunter, and the hunter does not (as in the theoretically highest methods of sport he should) go

---

[1] See 'Blackwood's Magazine,' July 1906.

to the moose; but the science and the knowledge of woodcraft that can draw so shy an animal to accept the hunter's voice for the call of his mate, raises calling to a high rank.

It must also be remembered that on such occasions the moose almost invariably "comes in" on the wrong side of the lake; and as the time at which he arrives is generally an hour and a half or so after sunset, he is in the shadow of the waterside trees, and the distance is often 250 yards, it thus needs a clear eye and a steady hand to save oneself the sleepless night that a miss inevitably entails. No, moose-calling may seem to the tyro a very easy way of "getting your moose," and so once in ten times no doubt it is,—but the reader will possibly understand my point of view more clearly if, without further preamble, I go on to describe the experiences which fell to my lot with the first two moose that fortune sent within range of my rifle.

About five o'clock, then, on the first evening I spent in the Canadian woods, Ed and I launched our canoe on the little lake which we had chosen, and paddled up towards the head of it, where the surface of the water was green with aquatic plants, locally known as "moose-feed," water-lilies, &c.

The sun had just sunk through the tree-stems, and had been succeeded by that sad little cold wind which so often blows at that hour, when we landed, and Ed, taking the horn, gave the calls of the cow moose. In words it is impossible to describe these wild sounds, even although it was my fortune later to hear a cow singing her love-song at no great distance, so I will not attempt to do so. The noise is something between a bellow and a moan, and is repeated three times, the final call being more long-drawn than the others.

It would seem that for moose-calling the standing position is necessary, as Ed would never call from the canoe. To begin with, he never used the bull's call, as is generally done in Western America; but then it is said, and doubtless with truth, that in Western America the moose is a much less sophisticated animal than his brethren of the forests of Lower Canada. Also, the number of bulls is probably far greater in the districts where the bull-call is so successful, and consequently each bull has to win his mate by ordeal of battle; whereas in Lower Canada the law which protects cows absolutely has been in force long enough to have brought about an immense increase in their numbers.

On the evening I write of, the comparative stillness of the weather was greatly in our favour, and the calls must have carried quite two or even three miles, being aided in this by a high ridge near by, which caught and hurled the sound onward.

Almost immediately after the calls, darkness came on apace. Five, ten, fifteen minutes

passed: a squirrel hissed and chattered from a tree, an owl mournfully saluted the night, and the shadows of the woodland deepened round the margin of the lake. Then followed a silence till a musk-rat came swimming down, and suddenly, either seeing or winding us, dived with a click like a cork being drawn from a bottle. And then the owl again.

Half an hour passed thus before Ed called again; another half hour, and yet another. It was not until after the fourth time of calling that from far away we heard first the sound of a breaking stick, and then what I can only call the "questing-grunt" of a bull moose. Ed quivered like a dog drawing on game. For twelve years he has been calling and shooting moose, and being a true sportsman if ever there was one, he felt all the cool yet glorious eagerness of his kind.

"He'll be twenty minutes coming in, I daresay. He's a mighty mean moose not to have come earlier," whispered Ed. And, indeed, the light by this time was not very good, although a thin moon was struggling feebly in an army of clouds.

From the moment when we first heard the bull moose onwards, the drama enthralled us, especially when a second actor, or, if you prefer it, the feminine interest, entered upon the scene. It has been said that the bull moose is monogamous, but this is certainly not the case, and on that night we had very good proof that he is not altogether constant. For presently from somewhere in the woods a cow called and the bull answered. Ed was much upset at this rivalry. "How can I get him away from her?" said he; "but I'll try."

Try he did, but it was slow work, — the bull sometimes coming towards us at quite a decent pace, but at others wandering back. As he came closer, Ed and I got into the canoe. We sat there for what seemed a hopelessly long time, until at last we heard the bull enter the water about a quarter of a mile away on the farther side of the lake. Ed did not dare to call now, but filling the bark-horn with water let it trickle back into the lake through the narrow end of the horn. The bull almost at once began to work his way round by the head of the lake, which was lucky, as had he taken the other direction he must have winded us. He had about six or seven hundred yards to travel, and had not, as far as our ears could tell us, for of course we could see nothing, covered half the distance when the deserted cow also entered the water a little lower down.

Now the two huge animals began to answer each other, while we, being by this time out on the bosom of the lake, listened to their matrimonial differences. We put in to shore and again poured water through the horn to attract the bull's attention, after which we heard him approaching steadily, and we paddled noiselessly

to meet him. It was clear that he had advanced to the end of a small grassy or marshy point, which thrust itself out into the water at the head of the lake. Here he stood. We also paused, for we were within seventy or eighty yards. He grunted two or three times, and began to plunge,—at least so we, listening in the darkness, imagined, for we heard him tearing his hoofs out of the soft mud. Under cover of these noises we paddled nearer, and soon were within thirty yards. I could now see the animal's eyes, red points in the gloom.

Unfortunately a light mist had risen from the surface of the water which added to the dimness, so that it was impossible to discover what manner of horns the bull carried. Recognising this, Ed urged the canoe forward with a splendidly silent paddle, and carried us so close that we were within fifteen yards. The bull had heard something, for he even advanced a step or two into the water.

I was now in a dilemma, for though I had for some unexplained and unexplainable reason made up my mind that the animal was a fine one, I could make nothing of his horns but a whitish blur, which may have existed only in my imagination. I had him covered all this time with my rifle, but was naturally unwilling to fire. The cow called repeatedly in a complaining voice; she was about a hundred yards away on the same shore of the lake.

In the Province the game-laws only allow one bull moose under each licence, but as the season was already well advanced it seemed doubtful whether I should meet with another. Yet to shoot without seeing the head was manifestly impossible. The sky, under the influence of what breeze there was, appeared to be growing lighter, and I waited, straining my eyes at the dark bulk which was so close. Perhaps only a minute passed, though it seemed infinitely longer to me, and then the affair was taken out of my hands.

I have said that the lake was shut in by tall timber, and probably this fact caused an eddy of wind. I was aware of a touch of cool air on the back of my head, and at the same moment of a tremendous stampede in front and another to the right . . . crash, crash, crash.

"Hear his horns in the timber!" from Ed in a voice of emotion. The sounds continued for a few moments, the crashing of the gigantic deer as they dashed off among the trees, and afterwards dead silence, to be broken at length by the cry of an owl.

"Mean luck!" said Ed; "I'm sure he had great horns." We turned the canoe about and made the shore, then lighting our lantern we walked dejectedly back across the hardwood ridges to our log-camp. Such was my first experience of the Canadian moose.

I think we sat up till one o'clock that night talking it all over, and trying to see how we might have bettered our for-

tunes. "He'd have been our moose if we had had a jack same as Crook used at —— in —— Province," remarked Ed; "but jacking's against the law."

In another place and with quite another companion than Ed, I have seen jacking for moose practised, and I must acknowledge, whatever the ethics connected with the method may be, that it presents risks to the hunter as well as to the hunted. In order to "jack," the hunters choose a dark still night, and having bound a lantern, the light in which can be shut off, upon a mast rigged well forrard in the canoe, the man who is to shoot sits down in the bottom of the craft in such a position that the lantern when opened shines over his right shoulder, and thus directly upon the sights of his rifle. The call is then given in the usual way, after which, if a bull "comes in," the canoe approaches him within twenty or thirty yards, or even nearer. The shooter then opens the jack, letting out a stream of light upon the darkness of the night. The moose at once, and almost invariably, charges, and be it big bull, cow, or yearling, has in four cases out of five to be shot in self-defence, as the animal, maddened by the glare, will rush right aboard the canoe, and an upset in the eighteen-inch water which flows above the bottomless mud round the margins of some Canadian lakes is more than liable to end tragically.

Yet though "jacking" is undoubtedly a poacher's trick, great sport can be had in summer when on chosen water. At that time of the year the moose are, as is well known, almost amphibious in their habits, and in the space of a couple of hours it is possible to "open" upon half a dozen of the great deer. If the sportsman carries no rifle, he is within the law, and may safely expect to have a considerable amount of excitement. Lest I should be misunderstood, I may say that I have never shot at a moose by lantern-light; still, I have "opened" on several, though I should not care to do so without a companion at the stern of the canoe who could be trusted to keep his head and do the right thing *instantly* under sometimes trying circumstances. The view of a bull moose by lantern-light is remarkable. The horns, the gigantic Roman nose, the little infuriated eyes, and the whole unwieldy purposeful charge of 1200 lb. of flesh and bone and horn, form together a picture not easily forgotten—at least, that is the testimony of those who have seen the spectacle.

But to return to our camp of regrets. After wasting some hours in useless heartburnings, Ed and I went to our beds of balsam, and the episode of my first moose was closed.

There is a certain period, of variable length,—sometimes it lasts but three weeks, sometimes five or even six,—when, if the weather be fine, the moose becomes master of the situation. This period begins

when calling ends—about the 10th or 12th of October,—and continues until the first snow falls. It is a time of hoar-frosts and sunshine, when every stick in the woods is brittle, and every leaf crackles under the most practised moccasin. Tracking is difficult, noiseless approach almost impossible. Moose are killed at this time, but generally it is the hunter's luck rather than his skill which stands his friend on these occasions.

But once the first snow falls and lies, the chances of the game veer round. After that nothing can move in the woods without leaving an open advertisement of all its doings and wanderings, and it is consequently easy to tell the number of moose upon any given piece of country, and even the approximate spread of their horns by measuring the spaces between close-growing trees through which they have passed.

In this connection it may be noted that the range of a moose is very limited,—more limited, I think, than that of the European elk. A moose lives, and in due season dies, within a comparatively small ring of country: a lake, a hardwood ridge, a thicket of alders, a little marsh,—such is his environment. And even if disturbed, he rarely travels more than four miles, in which respect he differs from the caribou, who, once his suspicions are aroused, heads away at his mile-eating gait, and travels for hours and even days.

The movements of moose in bulk are slow,—so slow that it takes as long as thirty years for a country to become well stocked. Thus in the old days, before legislation of a protective nature was thought of, the moose were entirely killed out in certain districts. The slaughter was committed in the winter, when the deer had "yarded," at which time the old bulls will offer battle if disturbed. Little chance had they against the Indian with his muzzle-loader who discovered the beaten circular paths between the high walls of snow, only to set to work and shoot them down in cold blood for the price of their pelts, the horns and the meat being left to feed bear, bird, and wolf, while their slayer sought the settlement. In this manner the moose were killed out, and for many years the great hunting-grounds of the 'fifties were deserted. Now, thanks to the enforcement of laws more or less adequate, the moose are finding their way back to their old haunts. First one bull is seen, then a couple of years later two or three, so that if the country is not much disturbed each year shows a slow increase, until the district may at length be classed as repopulated.

However, we have wandered far from the period just antecedent to the "first snow," when the floor of the woods is like a vast sounding-board that carries timely warning to the huge ears of *Alces americanus.* Thus light frosts and

still days followed the evening which has been described, with occasionally a little wind at sunset,—the very worst of weather for our purpose, so that though we hunted by day, and evening found us at the calling-place, we saw no warrantable moose. More than once great splayed tracks told their own tale: one evening a cow called, her weird love-song echoing through the woods, and once a small bull substituted himself for his betters.

Continued ill-fortune at length drove us to change our hunting-grounds, and we travelled north until we reached a small lake shaped like an hour-glass. Here a little tumble-down hut, so diminutive that the shortest of men could not have slept in it without discomfort, offered us shelter. We dared light no fire, for, in the first place, we were within an amphitheatre of hills where axe-strokes re-echoed, and in the second, the veering winds would have carried the smoke along the ridges. Consequently, as the frost was by this time hard, we endured some cold.

Two or three windy evenings—for the lake lay high—spoilt our chances; then one fell quiet and calm. Just before sunset Ed paddled across and called, not expecting an answer so early, but quite hopeful of getting one later. The canoe, in the prow of which I was sitting, was thrust in between two rocks, so that I might watch the south shore while Ed watched the north. The dusk was already turning to darkness, and not a sound had I heard, when Ed whispered, "A big bull has come in. If you can turn round, he's your moose."

I turned with infinite caution, and following the line of his extended arm saw in the black shadow a whitish blur,—the horns of the bull. He was about 150 yards distant, and standing so still that I fancied he had heard us. I did not dare to risk a whisper, but, making out as I thought the huge bulk of his body, fired. He did not move, so I fired twice more, each time aiming for the lungs, or rather where I judged the lungs to be. The third cartridge jammed. I tore at it with my fingers, while Ed said, "Quick! give him another!" Before I could extract the cartridge and do so, the moose had walked back into the wood at the lakeside from which he had emerged. He made no sound, but both of us were pretty sure all was well. Indeed we lit the lantern and went to look. All that we found, however, was a series of tracks leading across a marsh and losing themselves upon a high ridge beyond it. Even then I felt certain that I had held straight, and that on the morrow we must find the bull dead and at no great distance.

But it was a chance remark of Ed's which awoke me to a knowledge of the full depth of tragedy. "When, before you turned, I saw him come out broadside on, heading to camp——" he said.

"Heading to camp!—are you sure?"

"Yes," replied Ed.

"Then we'll never see that moose again, Ed!"

"Why? How?"

"Because I made him out to be heading the *other* way!"

"Oh, why were you not turned round before he came in? He was our moose,—that's the meanest thing ever happened to us in the woods!"

Well, there was no help for it, regrets were useless, and without more talk we retired to rest. I don't think either of us slept much. By the first dawn we were in the canoe, and before it was light enough for proper examination were upon the scene of the fiasco. It is enough to say that we found all three bullets in a pine-tree.

So much for misfortune. I have described these two incidents with the idea of showing that moose-calling has its difficulties, the chief being the semi- or more than semi-darkness in which the shot is taken. Frequently the animal must be fired at when 200 or 300 yards away, as he so rarely answers the call until after the gloaming, when every instant makes the light less favourable, and to shoot quickly is very important and necessary.

Yet I am not sure that success in big-game shooting —in retrospect—is so interesting as failure. Finality kills imagination, and it is ever the finest head whose horns we never measure.

Imagine, now, a beautiful afternoon in late October. On the right runs a river, on the left scattered patches of pine and juniper dot a tawny ridge, the leaves are turning, for already had Kabibonokka

"Painted all the leaves with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and yellow."

Accompanied by Ed, I was walking down a faint trail which led beside the high banks of the river. We had walked some fifteen miles, and far behind us followed a buckboard waggon with our effects and canoe loaded upon it. The buckboard was in charge of a small Frenchman: now and then his voice, as he argued with or urged on his horse, faintly reached us. It was our intention to push on as deep into the country as possible, for which reason we carried the canoe. Only an hour before I had loaded my rifle on the off-chance of a shot. The day was unfavourable, as a light cat's-ice covered the pools and our advance could be heard.

We had arrived at a point where the trail led right over a high bluff above the river. The country was fairly open, so that we were both keeping a good look-out. As we descended the bluff I saw something move behind a thick spruce bush about a hundred yards ahead. The next moment a pair of large horns and the huge head of a bull moose were thrust into sight. I saw at once that if he turned he would be lost to us, as the growth in that direction was close. He had evidently been taking a siesta behind the spruces, and had been awakened by the sound of our approach-

ing steps grinding upon the thin ice.

The moment my rifle covered him I pressed the trigger, and heard the bullet strike. The great animal sprang forward across the trail, which was for all the world like a ride in an English park, receiving a second shot as he did so. He disappeared, and I turned to run to the height of the knoll in order to command the river. There was no need for this, as in another moment I made out the bull just as he was in the act of falling. We ran up. He was not dead, and indeed got to his feet and attempted to charge, an effort which was cut short by a last shot in the chest. We stood beside the dead giant and admired the fine palmated horns, which carried twenty-two points and spread 52 inches. To our surprise we found a third horn growing from the centre of the forehead, but it had unfortunately been broken off earlier in the season, so that only a stump remained. The brows were very good indeed, and the shovels cupped and broad.

Presently the Frenchman and the waggon put in an appearance. He was greatly surprised, and vociferated a great deal concerning "l'orignal magnifique." That night we camped beside the moose, and before we slept upon his hide, thoroughly discussed my amazing good luck, the extent of which we only realised later when hunting caribou over the same country in the "first snow," at which time, during a week's walking, we saw only two moose-tracks,—those of a cow and a calf, the widow and offspring perhaps of the big bull.

Only on one other occasion have I had equal or greater good-fortune, and then a moose was once more the victim. I was paddling up a river, and, owing to a rain-shower, landed upon a sandy spit under a high bank. When the rain cleared off, before launching the canoe again, I thought I might as well climb the bank and have a look round. On doing so in a very desultory way, I at once saw a bull moose standing facing me about 150 yards away. As he had not seen me, I was able to sit down and rest my elbow upon a stump which lay embedded in the marsh, and so to take a quiet shot, which was effective.

On another occasion, while on a trip, we were camped in a country where both caribou and moose were to be found. One night, on returning to camp, a French-Canadian who was with me informed me that he and his companions had seen a large bull, a cow, and a calf, upon the other side of the lake. As I had returned to camp by daylight more than an hour before he saw fit to tell me of the fact, I fear I was rather sceptical, in spite of his promising to lead me to the tracks in the morning,—the more so as the night which had just fallen gave promise of snow. The end of the matter was, that at ten o'clock that night the indefatigable Ed and I, accompanied by our French-Canadian cook, broke the thin

ice on the lake and went off in the canoe to find the tracks and to verify the story by lantern-light. It is but fair to say that we did find huge slots, and spent the next day in following them up. So far the cook proved himself a man of his word, but in the matter of the size of the bull's head he erred strangely. Perhaps it is bigger now, for it has had time to grow.

I often wondered at, and often regretted, the prohibition which obtains all over America against the use of dogs in moose-hunting. I do not mean by this the use of a pack or of a single loose hound, which in Sweden is used to run down and bay the great deer, but I refer to the harnessed hound of Norway. There, as is well known, ninety per cent of all the elk killed annually are killed over dogs. The presence of a hound adds enormously to the enjoyment of the hunter, and as the animal is on leash it certainly does not frighten or disturb the elk or do any damage.

A blank day in America, spent as it must be in walking over the endless hardwood ridges, is a dull affair, the more especially as the hunter knows that luck rather than skill is needed to crown his efforts. But a blank day in Norway may be full of excitement, for there the hound is a living barometer, giving warning of the nearness of the elk, which he can wind at a great distance, often leading the hunter to a fresh track a mile off, so that when one knows and understands a dog's ways dulness is finally driven away. Then there is no pushing on through interminable forests in a comparatively blind fashion, but every step is taken with a view to the next, and for the hunter who goes alone and works his own dog the sport is a splendid one indeed.

The difference in horn-growth between the American moose and the European elk strikes one as very great, certainly greater than the difference in size and weight of the animals. Anything spreading over 40 inches may in Norway be termed a good head, as is anything over 50 inches in Canada; but the number of 50-inch heads shot in Canada is far more in proportion to the total killed than is that of 40-inch heads to the total killed in Norway.

One point of difference may, I think, be fairly noticed. The American moose seems, when wounded, to be far more apt, if not to charge, at least to defend itself, than is the elk. This, of course, is probably due to the fact that in the summer months, when the farmers have their cattle upon the mountains in Norway, the elk must often receive a taint upon the wind, whereas in Canada only the lumbermen and an occasional prospector invade the solitude of *Alces americanus.*

Since the discovery of the variety of moose now known as *Alces americanus gigas* in the Kenai Peninsula of Alaska, it has become a recognised fact that these enormous animals exceed the moose of Lower

Canada in about the same degree and proportion as the moose of Lower Canada exceed the elk of Norway. There is, doubtless, a more than fair sprinkling of 70-inch heads in Alaska, though few of these are probably finer than the grand 66½-inch head shot by F. C. Selous upon a western spur of the Rockies in 1904. But from recent statistics it would appear that the last few years have been very favourable in the matter of large heads in Eastern Canada. Among individual specimens may be mentioned the 68-inch head shot last year in New Brunswick, and a very fine 63½-inch head which I saw at a taxidermist's in Ottawa.

There is one further point upon which nothing too strong can, it appears to me, be written or said. All over Eastern Canada, at any rate, the taxidermists and furriers sell moose heads at prices ranging from £20 to £50. For my own 52-inch head a taxidermist who did not know to whom it belonged offered 200 dollars "in the raw." Those who buy heads in this fashion are generally rich parvenus or so-called sportsmen, who, having started for the woods with the same publicity which pervades their lives, do not relish returning to their native towns without a trophy. What manner of man it can be who is thus content to buy and to lie is a difficult question. Certainly on all counts, as one of my hunters said, "He don't deserve no consideration, though his dollars is sound money to we." If such persons must buy, one would imagine they would at least only buy full-grown heads; but as a matter of fact this is not the case, for in some parts of both the States and of Canada even a two-year-old bull is worth £20. "Anything with a head-skin to it," as Ed remarked in wholesome disgust.

It would appear to be an extreme step if the exposure for sale of sporting trophies should be forbidden by law. Yet the result would be admirable in every way, and would almost certainly do more for the preservation of big-game than the appointment and upkeep of any number of new forest wardens. Nor do I suppose that there is any hunter of note or skill who would not support such a measure by all the means in his power.

Take, for instance, the case of the moose,—for it is the moose which suffers most at the hands of the trophy-buyers, — surely he deserves better treatment in this respect than he receives. As far as extinction is concerned, he has nothing to fear from the *bonâ fide* hunter, but he has all to fear from the wandering and masterless men who invade the woods. Such would turn everything that lives into dollars. You will even hear such a man say, "I lost 150 dollars to-day through them bad cartridges." Which means that he wounded but did not get a four-year-old moose.

If a law were brought in and passed forbidding under

heavy penalties the sale or exposure for sale of all horns of moose or caribou, the promoters of such legislation would be called blessed, not only by all true sportsmen of to-day, but very much more by the coming generation. Such a law would, as a matter of fact, be a far more effective measure than the extension of the close time to mid-October, which obtains in some States and provinces in order to prevent calling. But calling will not do much harm to the moose, for two sound reasons, —one of which is the lack of good callers, and the other is that after the first week the master bull of a district rarely answers the call. It is generally one of the less successful candidates for that honour, and the killing of such to a moderate extent is not an unmixed evil. Of eight bulls called in 1906 upon the ground I hunted, two, both spanning over fifty, were shot, and all were, as far as could be seen, warrantable beasts.

The killing of a moose after a date when the snow is really deep should also be absolutely prohibited. Canada has done great things for her big-game during the last decades: it is to be hoped that she will not pause now, but will continue on her course, and carry the wisdom which she has exercised in her woods into the shops of her towns, so that soon her moose and caribou will no longer bear on their antlers a price that means a sentence of death from any wandering rifle.

H. HESKETH-PRICHARD.

SALEH: A SEQUEL.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

XIX.

I HAVE spoken of Energy as a virtue, but reflection suggests a doubt as to how far that term can with accuracy be applied to it. A virtue, I take it, is a quality that can be brought into being in a man's soul in the course of that eternal conflict between the forces which Thomas à Kempis names *Nature* and *Grace*,—a quality which, once generated, is thereafter capable of infinite development. If this definition be correct, it is clear that Energy cannot be placed in the category of the virtues, since Energy is merely a transmuted form of some existing force which, in one shape or another, has had its being since the Creation. In other words, Virtue is a growth, Energy an adaptation: the former is drawn from a limitless reservoir, the latter from a certain well-defined supply. The one may be produced in defiance of Nature, the other is a dole which Nature grants from her store of hoarded forces.

The point is interesting, because the possession of Energy is the accident which will be seen principally to differentiate the people of the temperate zone from the people of the tropics; and the reason is not far to seek. In the temperate climates the ability of mankind to exist has depended upon the maintenance of an eternal, but on the whole successful, struggle with Nature. Nature has had to be pillaged to provide clothing, food, shelter; Nature has had to be overcome in a thousand ingenious ways to reduce her to servitude; Nature has been stern, inimical, waiting only for her opportunity to slay, and in the ages of man's earliest developments a constant watchfulness was necessary to ward off her blows and to frustrate her sinister designs. Farther north and farther south, in the arctic and antarctic regions, Nature has secured the victory, and mankind has accepted defeat, has been eliminated, or has merely clung to life and to the frozen earth as lichen clings to a rock, an impotent parasite, powerless to mould or alter its unyielding habitat. In the tropics alone has Nature adopted the *rôle* of the great Mother, suckling her offspring tenderly, lavishing upon them her best in return for a minimum of languid effort, aiding them at every turn, and wooing them to idleness. In all their history, the peoples of the tropics have never been called upon to accept sustained exertion as the alternative of extinction. To the white man's thinking, Nature, sparing the

rod, has gone far to spoil the child.

And there we have forthwith the whole key to the difference between the men of the temperate and the men of the tropical regions. The former, having found in the transmutation of natural forces into Energy his only means of survival in his fight with Nature, has learned to make an idol of his preserver; the latter, having been taught to lean on Nature, to look to her for all his necessities, to claim her aid rather than to rely upon his own efforts, has learned to idolise Ease. These widely divergent points of view have long ago become stereotyped, and are fused now into the innate characters of the peoples. The natives of the tropics and the natives of the temperate zones cherish ideals diametrically opposed one to the other: their sacrifices are burned in the shrines of rival and mutually inimical deities. Yet if the *summum bonum* sought by mankind from the beginning be the greatest happiness of the greatest number, then surely the apostles of Ease, "on the hills like gods together," lying

> "beside their nectar, while the bolts are hurled
> Far below them in the valleys,"

are nearest to the achievement of the desired end. A divine discontent is undoubtedly the beginning of all progress, but who shall deny that it is for many the end of all happiness? So think the Malays, typical children of the heat-belt, and so also thought Saleh when he at last arose from his bed of sickness. He had sampled the work which the white men were doing in the land that was his by inalienable right, had sampled it in the office and in the field, and had found it little to his taste. Office work bored him, wearying his mind: field work tired him, putting upon his physical energy a strain greater than anything for which the history of his ancestors had made adequate preparation. He was not only a Malay, but a Malay *râja*,—the breed which has been pampered by man, as the race has been pampered by Nature,—and always he was conscious of the feeling that an indignity was put upon him when he was required to make an expenditure of energy, in obedience to the white men's will, for the better accomplishment of ends with which he increasingly felt himself to have but scant sympathy. "Why?" he asked himself,

> "Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?"

Day by day his love for the Malaya which of old had existed before the white men came to break in upon its æon-long sleep, grew and strengthened; but now it was the peace, even more than the freedom from foreign interference, which appealed to him. Even white men, now and again, when the muscles of their spirits have been worn slack by the long effort and their souls are borne down with weariness, ask themselves the grim question, *Cui bono?* as they think upon the

unending toil in which in Asia they are engaged, and find at such moments scant comfort in the answer. Saleh asked it too, and unlike the white men whose lives are devoted to the work they have in hand, had no inducement to nail himself to a faith in the utility of British endeavour. The twin demons which had haunted his bed of sickness clung still to his skirts, and Râja Pahlâwan Indut and Râja Haji Abdullah fostered his discontent. Saleh could only see that the white men had spoiled his life for him, that there was no place for a Malayan râja who desired to rule as his fathers ruled aforetime, in the new scheme of things which the English had evolved, and a keen sense of injustice—keener far than it would have been but for his training in England—fanned his hatred of the present and his longings for a bygone time. He was dropping back more and more into a Malay, and into a Malay of royal birth and tradition. His sympathies were now wholly with the old order; and, surrounded by the monotonous peace which the white men had imposed upon the land, it was not easy to reconstruct in imagination the evils, the horrors, and the uglinesses of native rule from which that land had by the same agency been freed.

XX.

Meanwhile Saleh accumulated some curious experiences.

The girl Mûnah had helped to nurse him while he lay sick in his mother's household, and after his recovery she renewed her former advances. Saleh had learned to be pleased by her presence about him, and was grateful to her for her kindness. When he returned to his bungalow on the opposite bank of the river, he missed her; and his parasites, who from the first had felt something akin to shame on account of their master's determined celibacy, urged him to take the girl into his house. But Saleh, albeit many of the impressions which he had received during his sojourn in the Le Mesurier family were wearing thin, had acquired certain prejudices (incomprehensible to his *entourage*) of which he could by no means be rid. The memory of Alice Fairfax, too, had stood hitherto between him and every other woman's face, but now the vision of Alice was fading. It is not in youth to cherish a vain hope eternally. At the end of a few weeks of indecision he made up his mind to marry the girl,—a step of no great moment in itself, since Muhammadan unions are dissolved without difficulty if they prove to be unsatisfactory.

Accordingly he sent for Râja Haji Abdullah, and asked him to celebrate the marriage. Râja Haji hummed and hawed a great deal, showed symptoms of obvious uneasiness, and eventually referred Saleh

to his mother, to whose household Mûnah belonged, and in whose gift she was. But news of what was afoot had already spread across the river, and when Saleh entered his mother's room he found the place in great disorder. Tŭngku Ampûan was screaming with rage. Mûnah was in tears,—very real tears, not only of mortification, but of pain; for Tŭngku Ampûan had been practising upon her some of the minor tortures which it was the dream of that worthy woman to inflict upon "that slut Jĕbah." Saleh himself was greeted with virulent upbraidings.

"*Ya Allah! Ya Tûhan-ku!*" screamed Tŭngku Ampûan when the first spate of violence was expended. "That a son of mine should so disgrace my house! That he should thus smudge soot upon my face, soot that may not be wiped away! That he should speak of marriage with a wench such as this accursed Mûnah! What have I done, what crime have I committed, that so great an infamy should befall me! *Ya Allah! Ya Tûhan-ku! Ambûi! O ma!*"

Saleh was utterly bewildered.

"But what is it? What have I done?" he cried.

"It is not thee, my unhappy one, it is not thee!" sobbed his mother. "It is this accursed girl who, making use of magic and love-potions, hath done us all dishonour. She hath certainly taken advantage of the opportunities conferred by thine illness, and thus it is, beyond all doubt, that thou art this day devoured by the 'madness,'—madness of this hussy's making,—else surely thou hadst never dreamed of an act as shameful as marriage with this Mûnah-thing, this scrap left over from the dish whence many have eaten!"

"But it was thee, mother, who in the beginning bade me take this girl," protested Saleh. "In this Court of Pĕlĕsu, seemingly, a man may not live single and at peace. The girl pleases me, and I design to take her to wife, if only to silence wanton tongues that weave for ever false stories about my name."

"*Ya Allah! Ya Tûhan-ku!*" cried Tŭngku Ampûan in a species of despair. "Heard ye ever the like? Take the girl if she pleases thee. Hang her on high, sell her in a distant land, burn her with fire, souse her with water, scorch her with the sun-rays, do with her what thou wilt—she and all her kind are thy property from generation to generation! A thousand times have I bidden thee take her: but *marry* her!!! *Ya Allah, Muhammad!*"

As of old, the baffling diversity of the point of view which he owed to his English training and that of his own people rose up as a barrier separating Saleh from his kind. Too often, he realised, his right was their wrong, his wrong their right. On this occasion, however, he was not prepared to compromise. Râja Haji Abdullah had instructed him

in the teachings of his religion, and the lessons had not been taught in vain. Saleh could see no sense in sinning when marriage and divorce were such simple affairs, and duly sanctioned by the religious law. Therefore he held firmly to his resolution, bribed a priest to perform the ceremony in his bungalow across the river, and took Mûnah to wife. His action caused a hideous scandal, and the King and Tŭngku Ampûan alike were furious. The latter even went the length of complaining to Baker that Saleh had abducted one of her girls, and an embarrassing explanation became necessary. Tŭngku Ampûan was informed that the girl was a free agent, and that Saleh had married her legally. The latter fact, it was piously supposed, would pour balm upon her wounded feelings, whereas, of course, it was precisely this detail which was the occasion of her wrath. Saleh suffered horribly during the whole transaction, and was conscious of a feeling of meanness, almost of treachery, because his action was upheld by the white men in defiance of native prejudice.

Mûnah, too, promptly took advantage of her new position to quarter hosts of indigent relatives upon Saleh, and the peace of the bungalow was broken. There was war to the knife between the new mistress and the parasites. A fresh set of vultures had fastened on to the carrion, and the "lice," as they had frankly and expressively termed themselves, were nowhere. There was no holiday, however, for the victim.

The only remedy that could be found for the dishonour which Saleh's family had brought upon his house lay in his marriage to a wife of his own rank, and negotiations to this end were speedily set agoing. Now, in the vernacular, when some great domestic event is in progress in the royal household, the phrase used is, "The King worketh," and considered as "work" it is in truth an extraordinary manifestation of energy. Languid pourparlers are protracted during weeks and weeks of indolent negotiation; still more languid preparations for the ceremonies are made during several ensuing months, the monotony being broken by periodical processions, — the procession of water for the bathing of the bride and bridegroom, which is accompanied by much aquatic romping; the procession of the henna, for the staining of the toe- and finger-nails; the procession of rice, for the bridal banquet; and, finally, the procession of the bride and bridegroom themselves. The objects to be borne in procession are placed on enormous tinsel litters, under the weight of which fifty bearers stagger, and all the warriors of the Court dance madly around and in advance of it with naked weapons brandished aloft, wild, excited faces and shrill outcry. Later there is a banquet spread in the King's hall, and the whole

population are fed at the royal charges, but the offerings which custom exacts render the business sufficiently profitable. Now, however, that loyalty finds no stimulus from fear, the expenditure is apt to exceed the receipts, greatly to the injury of the royal temper.

All these ceremonies took place duly, and every evening there was much gambling in the hall of state. The King was combining Saleh's marriage with the circumcision of little Tŭngku Anjang, his son by Che' Jĕbah, and the two half-brothers shared the honours of the occasion. Saleh threw himself into the enjoyment of the time with zest,—it was all in a fashion a revival of the Past, and there were moments when he found it possible to cheat himself into the illusion that Malaya was still as it of old had been. Even when he found himself decked out wonderfully in tinsel and gold ornaments, seated upon a vast litter surrounded by a dancing, whooping crowd of temporary maniacs, he was thrilled rather than embarrassed. Inherited memories seemed to stir in him and make the whole experience congenial. He had obtained three months' leave of absence for the purpose of celebrating his marriage, and the sight of Baker walking in the crowd and looking at his quondam assistant with amused eyes did not disturb him. To-day Baker was nobody in that throng, and he, Saleh, had come to his own for a space.

The girl selected to be his bride was a first cousin, a child of twelve, whom Saleh had never even seen. She was to him, and to most people apparently, the least important detail in the transaction. Saleh himself rather shirked the thought of her. He foresaw that she would bore him, and the memory of all that he had once dreamed that marriage might mean to him would arise to stab and torture him.

His marriage with Mûnah had not been a success. The palace-bred girl spoke to him quite openly, nay, boastfully, of her numerous amours, which she held to be so many proofs of her irresistible attractions, and Saleh would catch himself writhing with anger when he met any of the heroes of these love-affairs. There again the English half of him made unnecessary trouble, for Malays care nothing for the past of a woman. Their sole concern is with her present, and Mûnah, knowing this, made herself hateful in her husband's eyes when most bent upon exciting his admiration. She was extravagant, too, sought wit in pertness, was capricious, and had never acquired the habit of fidelity. Saleh knew—and the knowledge made him miserable—that he could not trust her for a moment, and that life in the palace had taught her to reduce deception to a fine art. The whole position was humiliating, and his knowledge of what purity in womanhood can be —such purity of thought and feeling as he had noted in Mrs

Le Mesurier and others of her kind—made it frankly intolerable.

Very soon Mûnah was divorced and replaced by another wife, married according to Muhammadan law, who presently was in her turn divorced. Once begun, the process was fatally easy to continue, and before the first twelvemonth of his stay at the Court was ended, Saleh had been married and divorced four or five times, and was leading a life which, to a European, was indistinguishable from one of violent dissipation.

Marriage with his first royal wife, little Tûngku Mĕriam, wrought no change. The girl was a mere child, frightened out of her wits of Saleh, tongue-tied in his presence, without an idea seemingly in her little empty head. Though she was of his own class, and could "thee" and "thou" him publicly without offence, she was even less of a companion than the other women who passed in rapid succession through his household.

Saleh all this while, be it remembered, was obeying the letter of his creed. His sin, if sin there were, lay in the fact that he had allowed himself to be weaned from his ideal, the ideal which a marriage with such a girl as Alice Fairfax typified, yet it was not his fault that such a union had been denied to him by circumstances. The pathos of the whole position centred in the fact that he had been shown the light, had been taught to long for it unspeakably, and then had been shut out into the exterior darkness. Now, having seen the light, he knew that this indeed was darkness, and in it he found much weeping and gnashing of teeth.

XXI.

Facilis descensus Averni. At the end of five years, dating from the time of his return to Pĕlĕsu, there had been evolved a Saleh—the Saleh of the exterior darkness—very different to the sweet-tempered, light-hearted, careless youngster whom his friends in England had known and loved. The old Saleh had been full of health and boyish spirits, a bit lazy, it was true, but withal as "decent" a little fellow as one could wish to find in a long day's tramp. The new Saleh was prematurely aged by frequent attacks of fever and by an irregular life in a climate to whose eccentricities long years of absence had unaccustomed him. The easy good temper and the high spirits also had deserted him, for he felt himself to be the victim of a whole series of injustices, and the memory thereof made him sullen. He was beset, too, by cares and anxieties. His allowance, judged by British standards, was handsome, but those who fixed it had not taken into account the appetites of the parasites, male and female, who

battened upon Saleh, the frequent calls upon his purse made by the borrowings of his mother and other relatives, the possibility of heavy gambling losses in Che' Jĕbah's house or the King's audience-hall, and the innate improvidence of a Malayan râja. He was up to his ears in debt, and was harassed and humiliated by the duns who, though they could not take civil action against him for the recovery of their money, made matters hot for him by petitions to the Resident, and subjected him to insults which, in the good old days, would have been punished by a violent death. Yet all the while the revenues of the state were enormous, and in Saleh's eyes these moneys were the property, not of the Government, but of his House. It was one injustice the more that, when the public treasuries were overflowing with wealth, he should be in daily difficulties about money matters.

The white men shook their heads over him. He was a hopeless young waster, they declared. He had been given every chance, had been trained and educated in England at great expense, had been set to learn in his own country the business of practical administration, had been afforded every opportunity of showing what capabilities he might possess, and in every direction he had signally and notoriously failed. There was not even a trace, they averred, that he repaid his teachers by exerting a salutary influence over his father or over any of his fellow-countrymen. After the manner of the English, they judged by results, making no very diligent search after causes, and did not attempt to look at things from Saleh's point of view, or to consider the enormous weight of the inherited tendencies and the shackling traditions wherewith the lad was handicapped. To them, given the initial fact of an English education, it was quite natural that young Saleh should be prepared to take up official life on the same low rung of the ladder as that which contented any other newly imported cadet. Also, the education aforesaid should, in their opinion, have fitted him for such work. They forgot that every one of the boys with whom he was expected to compete had generation upon generation of hard workers behind him to stiffen his character and steel his energies, while Saleh had for his forebears as many generations of indolent, pleasure-loving, self-indulgent, dissipated Malayan royalties. They forgot that the English youngsters had made a deliberate choice of the profession to which they were apprenticed, while Saleh's life had been ordered for him without any regard paid to his predilections or capabilities. They forgot, too, that while the last joined cadet could hope some day to become a British Resident, whose power and authority is wellnigh autocratic, Saleh could look forward only to filling the empty office of a Merovingian king. This was a closing of the gates upon

ambition to one in whose veins ran the hot blood of hundreds of absolute rulers.

All these things the white men forgot, and so doing wrote Saleh down a "hopeless young waster"; but Saleh remembered, pondered them in his heart, brooded over them constantly, and finding scant contentment in the present, fumed against the alien rule which had robbed the country of all that had made its history picturesque, his father of his sovereign power, and him of his birthright.

And all this while subtle influences were at work upon him. In Malayan lands we English have wrought some wonderful changes, have increased the wealth and well-being of the people enormously, have relieved them from evils and oppressions in number past all counting; but, given the character of the natives, it were vain to hope that our rule will ever be universally popular. To begin with, it must be remembered that our hatred of injustice is largely a sentiment bred of training and hereditary transmission, that it is not shared in anything approaching equal measure by the Orientals whom we make it our business to relieve from grinding tyranny. A Malay will accept gross ill-treatment from his own chiefs with a philosophic calm quite baffling to the understanding of the average European. In nine cases out of ten, far more indignation is excited in the white man who hears a tale of cruel wrong than in the Malay who chances to be the victim of such oppression. Similarly, the white man attaches far more importance to the fact that our rule has relieved a people of unbearable oppression than is credited to it by the people themselves. Also, the East is at once the land of very short and of very long memories. The good that men have wrought does not wait to be interred with their bones: it usually passes into oblivion during their lifetime. Men who have lived under the old *régime*, and under that which we have established, speedily forget that life for them was ever other in material security than it is to-day. On the other hand, in a land where a discussion is decided, not by the production of a new argument, but by the quotation of an old wise saw, the Past ever seems to overshadow the Present. Even those who knew and suffered many evil things under native rule, dream fondly of the days that are gone, which, after all, were the brave days when they and all the world were young. Tales of those lawless times are for ever on their lips, and the young men, shackled by the monotony which the coming of the white men has imposed, chafe and fume because their world has been marred for them, and fall to dreaming dreams that the past may be made to live again. There lies the danger. The old men forget, and looking backward see all things through the glamour that hovers about the youth of every one of us: the young

men, chafing at restraint, see through the old men's eyes, and know nought of the misery of those days when their forebears were helpless as driven cattle before râja and chief.

But of late years there has been yet another influence at work, the which is now making itself manifest in Egypt and throughout northern Africa, and presently, it is probable, will be felt in every land where the Muhammadan is ruled by the infidel,—the influence of the As-Senusi Brotherhood. About the time of the Crimean War a certain Saiyid,—a descendant, that is, of the Prophet Muhammad,—who ruled over a little oasis in the Sahara, initiated a movement for the reform of the Faith upon purer lines, and preached as a first tenet that an insult is offered to the true religion by the subjugation by the infidel of the followers of Muhammad. In the fulness of time he died, but his son trod and treads to-day in his footsteps, and the organisation which he originated has flourished exceedingly. Mecca, the annual resort of thousands upon thousands from every quarter of the Muhammadan world, was made the centre of propagation, and during the past fifty years millions of pilgrims have been initiated into the great As-Senusi Brotherhood, and, returning to their homes, have spread the tenets of its founder broadcast through their native lands. This reformer, and the brotherhood which he and his father have been instrumental in bringing into being, have escaped the observation of Europeans to an unaccountable degree. Greater than any Mahdi who in the past has convulsed the Muhammadan world, he has shown that he understands, not only how to organise, but also how to bide his time. To-day Islâm is honeycombed root and branch by the As-Senusi Brotherhood, and nowhere, save in northern Africa, has it taken a firmer hold upon the popular imagination than among the Muhammadans of the Malayan Archipelago. From time to time there have been, in the majority of cases almost unnoticed, little spurts and outbreaks of what white men call "fanaticism" among Muhammadan peoples who chance to be ruled by men of an alien faith. Look closely, and you will find the great As-Senusi Brotherhood at the back of one and all of them; but they have not been ordered by its Head. Signs are not lacking to-day, however, which seem to indicate that at last he deems his hour to be near at hand; and when that hour strikes, if all that has been planned befalls, the most universal organisation which has ever permeated Islâm since the time of Muhammad will strike too—like one man!

Saleh had early learned that Râja Haji Abdullah was of the Brotherhood, having been initiated by the Sheikh of the As-Senusi at Mecca, that Râja Pahlâwan Indut and practically every malcontent in Pĕlĕsu (which included most of the young men who had grown up

under British rule) had been enrolled, and before he had been two years in the country Saleh was himself a newly enlisted recruit. His growing resentment against the white men, and his indignation at what he regarded as their shameless usurpations, were fanned by his zeal as a Muhammadan and intensified by his sympathy with the tenets of the As-Senusi Brotherhood. The two sets of sentiments reacted upon and stimulated each other. To dream of beginning the *Sabil Allah*, the Holy War, which should drive the Infidel screaming from the land and should give Saleh back his own, was but a step.

Râja Haji Abdullah and Râja Pahlâwan Indut were for ever at his elbow to feed such dreams, to quicken his energies and his resentment, to rowel his fanaticism, and to hound him on to action. They were both men of a certain age, and for them time was slipping by at a desperate pace. Malay-like, they, having dreamed dreams, could see no step between a magnificent conception and its immediate attainment. In a word, they lacked the prime quality of the Head of the As-Senusi Brotherhood, the quality which has made his organisation what it is and that makes the man himself so dangerous,—the restraint which knows how to wait. Moreover, they and Saleh were convinced that all the youth of Pĕlĕsu was at their backs.

XXII.

The crisis came, as such things are apt to come, very suddenly.

Saleh was at that time in charge of a district consisting of a big river which falls into the Pĕlĕsu on its right bank at a distance of about a hundred and twenty miles from its mouth. It formed an appanage to a much larger district ruled by an Englishman named Wilson, to whom Saleh was directly responsible. Wilson himself bore the reputation of "a glutton for work," and one of his preoccupations for many months past had been an attempt to get a measure of steady toil out of Saleh. He had not been uniformly successful, and there was little love lost between the two men.

Saleh was never quite clear how it was that the mistake in his accounts originated. Persistent carelessness upon his own part, aided possibly by dishonesty on that of one or more of his Malay clerks, was probably responsible; but upon a certain day he made the discovery that he was some five hundred dollars short in his cash.

He had just concluded the annual collection of land rents in his district, and there were nearly six thousand dollars in the safe. He had already anticipated the greater portion

of his next month's allowance —in itself a serious irregularity,—and he had no means of making good the deficiency. The visit of an audit-clerk was to be expected at any moment.

At first Saleh was in despair. Once more he had failed, and had failed hideously. The thought of the open shame to which the incident would expose him made him wince and tingle. The prospect of the sort of interviews which awaited him with Wilson and with the Resident made him squirm and fume in anticipation. And then anger, the fierce, unreasoning anger of the Malay, and the old hatred of a manifest injustice, the keenness of which was due to his English upbringing, came to his aid. After all, was not this missing money the property of the rightful rulers of Pĕlĕsu? Was it not his, *his*, to have and to hold, to do with as he chose? What claim had the white men to it, the white men who would presently call him to account because of its loss? In imagination he saw himself publicly disgraced by those same white men, spoken to, in the presence of his people, it might be, in language which hot, royal blood could ill brook, relegated thereafter to contemptible obscurity as a tool which had been tried and found worthless. Once before, in a Richmond ballroom, when the conversation of a pair of lovers, overheard by chance, had seemed to knock the bottom out of his world, Saleh had had his soul whipped into that turmoil of excitement which, among men of his race, produces the *âmok*-runner: once again this inherited madness gripped him, but this time there was no Jack Norris at hand to exorcise the demon by the force of his strong, calm presence. Instead, at his very elbow, was Râja Pahlâwan Indut, a warrior whom experience had made expert in the morbid psychology of his kind, to play upon his emotions and his passions, upon the angry, tortured soul of the lad, as a skilled musician plays upon his chosen instrument. The two sat communing together far into the night. Wild words were spoken, wild counsel was given and taken, wild schemes were framed, wild plans were laid. Then, a little before the dawn was due, Râja Pahlâwan arose and presently melted away into the district.

Thereafter Saleh spent a miserable ten days. He watched the bend in the bank down river, expecting every moment to see a boat bearing either Wilson or the dreaded audit-clerk loom into view. He was torn by agonising vacillation. At one moment he was for surrender, for making a clean breast of everything to Wilson, and for accepting the consequences of what had occurred, let them be never so unpalatable. At others he was goaded to fury by the thought of the unmerited injustice of which he was the victim; and then again he would recall the fact that Râja Pahlâwan had gone forth upon a mission which had for

its object the raising of the Green Flag of the Prophet in the land of Pĕlĕsu, and that he, Saleh, could not now withdraw without betraying his friend. His brain, his whole being, was in a turmoil: he could neither eat nor sleep. His moods varied hourly, now plunging him into depths of despair, now elating him with a wild, savage joy at the prospect of battle to be done for the rights of which the white men had robbed him, now reducing him to a sullen torpor, again goading him to the manifestation of a half-delirious hilarity.

Upon the tenth night, as he lay wide-eyed upon his sleeping-mat, he was startled by the sound of a sudden, fierce out-break of rifle-fire. Tingling from head to foot, and anticipating he knew not what, he leapt to his feet, seized a native broadsword in his hand, and, followed by half a dozen of his people, plunged out into the darkness. Loud cries and an occasional shot sounded from the direction of the police-station; in the Chinese shops of the long street bordering the river-bank he could see lights passing to and fro, could hear the noise made by the inmates as they hastily fortified the doors, and the keening of frightened women: as he ran, he saw a great, crimson tongue of flame leap upward into the night, licking hungrily at the darkness.

The police-station was distant half a mile from the bungalow, and by the time Saleh arrived upon the scene the building was a roaring bonfire, round which danced a host of armed Malays waving their weapons aloft, yelling their battle-cry, their faces seen in the red fire-glare strained and savage with excitement, their figures eloquent of the mad lust of fighting whereby they were possessed.

Râja Pahlâwan Indut, who entertained certain doubts as to whether, at the last moment, Saleh would nerve himself to break finally with the old life, had taken it upon himself to go a step beyond the plan pre-arranged between them. He had delivered a successful night attack upon the police-station, whose occupants, grown careless through long immunity, had not the faintest notion that any danger threatened them; had butchered the garrison of five-and-twenty Sikhs, before they could wake from their sleep or reach for their weapons; had removed all the arms and ammunition which the place contained; and then had set the building in a blaze. All had been done in the name of Râja Muhammad Saleh, the leader of Young Pĕlĕsu, the Champion of Islâm, the Scourge of the Infidel, the Pretender to the throne of his Forebears! Râja Pahlâwan, as he knew full well, had not only burned the police-station, for Saleh's boats had gone up to the angry heavens also on that tongue of flame!

XXIII.

And now the men of the war party were possessed by demons. Those among them who in the old days had "bathed them in the bullets and the smoke"—as the Malay phrase has it—felt youth, fierce and reckless, revive within them, the youth which they had thought had been for ever taken from them. The young men saw in the bloody doing of this night a materialisation of a thousand dreams. One and all were beside themselves with an intoxication of excitement, so masterless and savage that its effects resembled those of a demoniacal possession.

A group of youngsters, close to Saleh, were dancing and yelling around the bodies of three half-naked Sikhs, plunging their daggers into them near the region of the heart, and licking the blades with howls and outcries. This, which is the last trace of prehistoric cannibalism that still lingers among the Malays, is analogous to the practice of blooding a boy at the death of his first fox; but the sight caused in Saleh a keen revulsion of feeling. What were the unknown, savage forces which he had unwittingly let loose? how should he curb them? whither would they lead him?

There was no question of governing them now, for the war party was beyond all human power of control. Half a dozen of the older and saner men grouped themselves about Saleh, at the bidding of Râja Pahlâwan, for a Malayan râja of his rank is not suffered to take a personal part in battle, and then the mob of scallywags rushed headlong down the village street. Saleh stormed and shouted, commanded them to hold their hands, would have thrown himself before them in his impotent desire to restrain them, but those about him clung to him with respectful vigour and would not let him go. For the rest he spoke and shouted to deaf ears.

In a moment the hounds of war, which so long had slept in Pĕlĕsu, were let loose upon the Chinese shops. The gambling and opium farm, the biggest building in the place, was stormed and looted in an instant; the other shops were pillaged and plundered without mercy; Saleh saw men, ay, and even little male children, struck down ruthlessly while they pleaded and grovelled for mercy. They were infidels, these Chinese, and this was a Jehad, a Holy War, in which infidel women might be carried away into bondage, but the males of the accursed people must be exterminated with a biblical completeness. In an hour the prosperous little settlement was a ruin; in an hour and a half it was a bonfire; before the dawn it was an unsightly cinder. The money in the Government treasury was secured by Râja Pahlâwan, who knew that the sinews of war would be required; and an hour after daybreak the war

party, its numbers swelling every moment by young recruits from the neighbouring villages, melted once more into the forest.

Saleh knew that his boats had been burned. He was the nominal leader of this band of outlaws, and he had no alternative but to go with them. For the future, he realised, his lot must be shared with them, but once again there was a bitter disillusionment in his heart. It had all been so different to anything which he had conceived, imagined. From the point of view of Râja Pahlâwan the attack had been most eminently successful. There had been some slaughter and much loot; the young men had been blooded; the whole force would derive a fortifying confidence from that night's work; it was a fateful beginning of an epoch-making war, such as proved that Allah and his Prophet were on the side of the Children of Islâm. But to Saleh, this, his latest experience, was fraught with woful disappointment. It had held nothing that was uplifting or inspiring; it had called for the display of no valour; it had excited no emotions that were not mean, squalid, and brutal. It had not been *fighting*, as he had pictured it to himself in imagination. It had begun with the treacherous murder of five-and-twenty Sikhs, which had been followed by unspeakable rites performed over their corpses; by the indiscriminate and cowardly slaughter of a hundred defenceless Chinese; by the lawless looting of private and public property, and now the assailants were sneaking off into the forest like the blood-stained thieves they were. The Past, looked at through the glamour of romance,—the fierce unfettered Past of a thousand stories,—had appealed to him with a wonderful force: now that it had been revived and had been made actual in the Present, it filled him with horror, disgust, and shame. Indeed, indeed the English had robbed him of many things.

XXIV.

Now it so happens to my countrymen, in the East and out of it, that the very last thing they expect is ordinarily the thing that happens. The Holy War, led by Tŭngku Muhammad Saleh, was one of these things. This meant that the Government in Pĕlĕsu was not in a position to take the offensive until several weeks had elapsed, and that the insurgents were given more law than was useful to anybody. Wilson came up river in his boat, practically without escort, as soon as news of the occurrence reached him; but he was fired upon from the jungle on the banks, two or three of his boatmen were injured, and he himself had no alternative but to beat a hasty retreat. He tried to open up communication with Saleh by letter, but in this he failed. Râja Pah-

lâwan Indut made it his business to prevent any outside influences being brought to bear upon his reputed leader. Then Wilson stockaded his own station, and waited for reinforcements from Kuâla Pĕkâra.

Meanwhile the insurgents were in undisturbed possession of the Pûlas Valley, the valley which had been Saleh's administrative district, and the ignorant peasants, mindful of the welfare of their kindred and their property, and persuaded that the rule of a Râja of the Royal House had come again, flocked to the green standard with the docility of sheep. And, indeed, for a space the old days *had* returned. For the insurgents the hitherto omnipotent white men had ceased to exist, save as enemies who were in a fair way to be severely drubbed; the peasants were once more as driven cattle before the followers of a prince; the old lawlessness, the old carelessness of the rights of the weaker, revived with a new strength due to the reaction consequent upon long suppression. The hatred of injustice, which the white men had implanted in Saleh, blazed up daily, almost hourly, at some act of his followers, but he was powerless to control them. He began to understand, as he never before had understood, why native rule, as it of old existed, had been a thing intolerable in the eyes of the English. Too late he was realising the nature of the justification upon which is based the usurpation of authority by the white men in Malayan lands. Also, when he thought upon the might of England, despair would seize him. At the best, it seemed to him now, he was leading a forlorn-hope. Yet he felt no desire to withdraw. The hatred of life, which in his people leads not to suicide but to *âmok*-running, possessed him. He had no wish to live, but he was passionately determined to sell his life as dearly as he might.

Messages had been sent to chiefs all over the country calling upon them in Saleh's name to rise against the white men, but the response made had been feeble. The chiefs preferred to await events, to see how the cat would jump, and once more the paralysing want of cohesion, which always frustrates attempts at concerted action among Malays, foredoomed the outbreak to early failure. But though there was no general rising in Saleh's favour throughout the State, a wide sympathy was felt for him by men who recalled that he was his father's son, a prince to whom they were bound by ties of hereditary loyalty. For their own wellbeing they hesitated to throw in their lot with him; but the memory of a decade and a half of peace enjoyed and benefits reaped under British rule did not suffice to induce the natives to show themselves active supporters of the representatives of the new *régime*. Here and there a youngster, more hot-blooded than his fellows, slipped away to join the insurgents,

and the good wishes of his friends and relatives went with him; but for the rest Saleh's people were prepared to afford him none save negative assistance. They would not help the white men, they would even go the length of delaying their preparations and of putting obstacles secretly in their way, but that was the limit of the personal risk which they were willing to incur. Even the call of Muhammadan to Muhammadan, of folk of the As-Senusi Brotherhood to their brethren, fell on deaf ears. It was well known that this Jehad was not the Holy War which the Saiyid had foretold, that Saleh and Râja Pahlâwan Indut had raised the green standard prematurely, of their own motion, without orders from the head of the brotherhood. If victory lay for a space with them, then the wild fire of a holy war might, perhaps, spread throughout the State; but for the present Pĕlĕsu was content to wait. Even the young men who had dreamed of the old days, and had thought that they longed mightily for their return when that return seemed to be impossible, began of a sudden to count up the cost of unsuccessful rebellion. Râja Pahlâwan Indut appealed to their imaginations, and Saleh was the scion of their royal house. Young blood and their Malayan hearts urged them to join in the struggle; but the large measure of material prosperity which they had gotten furnished a ballast of saner counsels. The vast majority saw wisdom in a prudent waiting upon events.

Meanwhile, Saleh was finding himself once more the Merovingian King, with Râja Pahlâwan as his Mayor of the Palace, as completely under tutelage as ever was a Malayan Râja to the British Resident appointed to the charge of his State. Everything was done in his name, for that name lent force to the cause, but often enough even the formality of consulting him had not previously been observed,—almost as often the thing done was to him an abomination. In warfare Râja Pahlâwan Indut was an expert; his reputation for valour and strategy stood high in the land; his word carried weight and authority with his fellows; Saleh was only required to be present as a symbol of Malayan royalty, to do what he was advised, and to keep out of personal danger. His life, not his individual leadership, was precious to the cause.

After a fortnight spent—Saleh would have said "wasted"—in preparations, the mustering of the cowed peasants of the valley, the building of a large stockade in the centre of a rice-swamp at a place called Ûlu Pĕnyûdah, where Saleh's headquarters were established, and the collection of mountains of supplies, Râja Pahlâwan Indut led off a rabble of some five hundred men to make an attack upon Wilson's fortified post at Kuâla Pûlas. Saleh pleaded hard to be allowed to go with the war party, but the old men who

now formed his council would not hear of it. Accordingly he remained behind with the women and children, the *impedimenta*, and a strong force to guard him. He felt like a prisoner, as though he had lost, not recovered, his liberty: his position was to him at once ignominious and shameful, and he was rent by an agony of suspense.

The attack failed badly. Wilson had had ample time in which to strengthen his defences and to complete his arrangements; the surprise, so successful in the night assault on the police-station, could not be repeated; the charge of fifty youths, intoxicated by excitement, enthusiasm, and fanaticism, and led in person by Râja Pahlâwan, was met by a withering fire from behind the Government stockade; and an attempted siege was put an end to by the arrival of large reinforcements from Kuâla Pĕkâra. With those reinforcements came Saleh's old friend Jack Norris, who, on account of his intimate knowledge of Pĕlĕsu and its people, had been sent to take charge of the State in this hour of stress — Craster, the Resident, being absent on leave, and his *locum tenens* being considered too inexperienced to grapple successfully with the emergency.

It was a disorderly and woebegone-looking mob that straggled into Saleh's stockade when the retreat from Kuâla Pûlas had been made, and the tale they had to tell was a sorry story. These men, who had been so intoxicated and uplifted by a facile victory, were cast into the depths of despondency by the first check. The sight of them filled Saleh with an angry disgust and contempt.

But the news which touched him most closely was the coming of Jack Norris. Mentally he contrasted the grip and the grit, the calm, keen force of the man, with the feeble qualities of the men about him. What chance had any of them, he thought, against him? Also the re-entry of Jack Norris into his life made him plumb suddenly with an intense self-hatred the depths to which he had fallen since that day so long ago on board the P. & O. steamer at the Albert Docks! Old memories crowded upon him and set him to the weary task of re-living in imagination the past five years, noting each failure that marked, as it were with a tombstone on the grave of dead hopes, every stage of that woful progress. And yet, looking back with the clear eyes of one who believes himself to be very near to death, Saleh could not see how events could have been shaped by him into a mould other than that which they had taken. From first to last circumstances had been against him. At one time it was the part of him which had been developed by his training in England that had led to his undoing; at another it was the Malay in him that had betrayed him into paths whence there was no return. He had never had a chance, never had a chance! He had been han-

dicapped from the outset by his birth and breeding, handicapped yet more cruelly, because wantonly, needlessly, fruitlessly, by the folly which had tried so vainly to turn him into the likeness of an Englishman. He saw himself, like Muhammad's coffin, suspended betwixt earth and heaven,—unfitted by training to be a Malay râja, unsuited by nature to be an Englishman—a hybrid, a waif, an outcast, and now, alas, an outlaw! For it was to this that the long tale of mistakes had brought him,—to be the leader of a band of ragamuffins, whose savagery sickened and appalled him, and to be fighting a futile fight against the man who had been to him his best friend!

XXV.

Norris did not allow any grass to grow under his feet. He knew with what rapidity the flame of insurrection can spread at times in Oriental lands; he remembered the reputation for pugnacity and lawlessness which the people of Pĕlĕsu had borne twenty years earlier, when he had filled the post of Political Agent at the King's court; he was watching the growth of the As-Senusi Brotherhood throughout Malaya with keen anxiety, recognising in it a new force, the effect of whose operation remained yet to be determined. All things combined to make delay fatal. From the first, too, he had excellent information. Of old he had known, or had been known by, every man, woman, and child in the State, and had won for himself a name among the natives as a good man to deal with and a bad man to cross. Now old acquaintances seemed to spring out of the ground on every side, ready to aid him with news, with transport, with men. Wilson could not understand the sudden transformation wrought in his people, who, a few days earlier, had been such sluggards in the white man's cause, but in truth the reasons were simple enough. The abortive attack on Kuâla Pûlas had dealt a severe blow to the prestige of Râja Pahlâwan Indut, and had shown the natives that Saleh's was, from the outset, a lost cause. Now the rail-sitters were scrambling down hastily upon the Government side of the fence, and were eager to obliterate the memory of past lukewarmness by present zeal. Also the coming of Jack Norris had impressed the popular mind with the notion that the Government meant business, and that that business would now be done with thoroughness.

Norris's force moved swiftly up the Pûlas valley, partly by river, partly by land, sweeping all before them, meeting with only a fitful and sporadic resistance, losing a considerable number of men in ambushes, but suffering nothing to check the

steady advance. The villages were mostly deserted, and showed signs of the evil things which they had suffered during the six weeks that had seen the resurrection of native rule. At every stage of the journey fugitives joined them in shoals, for Saleh's supporters were melting away like snow under a strong sun. It was nearing crop-time, and the peasants were anxious to get back to their fields; the month and a half during which they had once more been at the mercy of a Malayan râja and his followers had caused them to accumulate a number of unenviable experiences; moreover, Saleh's cause was now, in the eyes of the blindest, a forlorn-hope.

Saleh witnessed the defection of his people with a species of cold despair. Their fickleness, their lack of continuity of purpose, their inability to fight an uphill fight sturdily and with constant hearts, the speed with which adversity cooled their fiery enthusiasm, all filled him with disgust. These things seemed to seal the race to which he belonged with the curse of Reuben: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

In Râja Pahlâwan Indut (Râja Haji Abdullah, prudent soul, had decided not to join the force until the turn events were likely to take was more clearly indicated) the wholesale desertion roused fury and rage which seemed to threaten apoplexy. He raved through the camp like one possessed by devils, cursing, exhorting, trying to shame his followers into fidelity, seeking, but in vain, to inspire them with courage and constancy; but all his efforts were fruitless. Every hour saw the number of the insurgents dwindling apace. At last, even he was forced to admit that the game was lost. Norris's force was distant barely half a dozen miles from Saleh's stockade at Ûlu Pĕnyûdah; the bulk of several of the parties sent out to lay ambushes and arrest his progress had deserted incontinently to the white men. On the morrow he would be at the doors of the stockade, and only a handful of Saleh's adherents remained to man the defences.

Râja Pahlâwan, glowering and fuming, explained these things to Saleh, and pointed with his chin, Malay fashion, in the direction of the forest, which rose in a vast, sombre wall half a mile across the grazing-grounds.

"When the big house is untenable, the little house avails: when the house-prop snaps, one must be content to substitute a rough-hewn pole," he said, quoting a proverb of his people. "We must get us to the jungle yonder. There alone lieth safety. The white men will follow, but they will never catch us. These rotten-livered folk who will not stand by us, will yet aid us to hide and to escape. In the end, Allah being willing, we shall win free of this land of Pĕlĕsu, and in exile find safety."

But Saleh would have nought

of such counsel. This futile attempt to raise the green standard of the Prophet, and, rallying the warriors of Pĕlĕsu about it, to drive the white folk from the land, had been yet another, and his greatest, failure: but it should be his last. The crowning ignominy, he felt, would be to seek safety in flight ere he had struck so much as a blow with his own hand in the war which was of his making. Also, he had no further use for life. He had no place either amid the new conditions or the old. It remained only to ring down the curtain.

Finding him fixed in his resolve, Râja Pahlâwan, albeit cursing, not for the first time, the teaching of the devils by which the white men had caused his prince to be possessed, decided on his part to make a virtue of necessity. His code of chivalry forbade the idea of desertion. He would stand by Saleh, and perhaps a score of his followers would do the like. Those who desired to depart were set free to follow their inclination; the men who remained swore on the Kurân to abide with Saleh while life still was in him.

Then grimly they set about preparing for the fight which, they felt, was to be the last that many of them would ever see.

XXVI.

Ûlu Pĕnyûdah is a compact village, situated in the heart of a valley, shaped like a horseshoe, enclosed by jungle-covered hills. The Pĕnyûdah, a little sparkling stream, barely two feet in depth, tumbles out of the forest, and chatters down the valley, tossing a glistening mane of splashing, broken water. To the right and the left rice-fields and grazing-grounds, dotted sparsely with tiny villages set upon little hills under the shade of coconut palms, spread away to the edge of the lowering forest. The place is, as it were, a green oasis of cultivation and clearing in the broad desert of woodland. It was in the village of Ûlu Pĕnyûdah, on the right bank of the stream, and surrounded by wide rice-swamps, that Saleh had his stockade.

Much labour had gone to the strengthening of that place. The earthworks were from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness, faced and surmounted by a high wooden stockade, cunningly loopholed. Flanking caponiers abutted at each angle and commanded each wall; two strong fences had been raised without the stockade at distances of fifteen and twenty-five feet respectively, encircling the whole, and the intervening spaces were sown thickly with calthrops, and mined with pitfalls, each harbouring a murderously sharpened stake. The deep mud of the rice-swamps formed an outer and final line of defence. It was, Norris saw at a glance,

a villainous place to attempt to rush.

He had three six-pounder guns with him, and these he posted on low hills on three sides of the stockade. He also, during the night of his arrival, threw up a dozen small earth-works to protect the piquets, which he placed at the edge of the rice-swamp in such a manner as to cut off all means of retreat for those within the defences. Then, these preparations completed, he wrote to Saleh explaining that the latter was hopelessly surrounded and outnumbered, advising surrender, promising an amnesty, and winding up with a personal appeal in the name of old times in England and the friendship which had subsisted between them. He also begged Saleh, for old sake's sake, to agree to meet him and to talk things over, giving his word of honour that no unfair advantage should be taken of him if he should consent.

Saleh pondered over that note with tears in his eyes. The references to the old life in England, and the memories which he and Norris shared in common, touched him nearly, but they awoke in him a passionate self-pity, blended with a deep self-hatred that only served to put the seal upon his resolve. The note which he returned—surely the queerest document that ever found its way out of an insurgent stockade in Asia—was scrawled with ink made from lamp-black and a pen improvised from a reed. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR MR NORRIS,—Thank you for your kind letter. I am sorry to give so much trouble, but I cannot accept your terms. I often remember the old times you write of, and I think my heart is broken. I will come and see you to-night. Good-bye, and you must say good-bye to everybody for me. It really has not all been my fault, though all this fighting is all my doing and nobody else's. You must tell Mrs Le Mesurier and the others that I was not all bad, not really. I don't think sending me to England to be educated was a good plan. Good-bye again. —Yours,

"MUHAMMAD SALEH."

"Poor little beggar," said Norris, as he read these lines, and there was something like a lump in his throat. "More sinned against than sinning, of course, but I wish I knew what he means. He declines to accept my terms, but says he will see me to-night. I wonder when and how he will come."

XXVII.

And this was the manner of Saleh's coming.

The Malayan night had shut down, and from a velvet heaven the stars blinked sleepily. The forest half a mile distant across the grazing-grounds sent out its dropping chorus of night-

song, the hum of insects, the gurgling call of tree-frogs, the occasional strident cry of an argus pheasant, the hoot of an owl, and once in a while the grumpy trumpeting of an elephant or the startled bark of a deer. Coolness had come with the darkness, a coolness that wooed to slumber, and the very earth, rustling ever so faintly under the slow-moving breezes, seemed to be stretching itself in its sleep. To keep awake amid such universal somnolence was a veritable outrage upon the intentions of nature.

So thought Ram Singh, the Sikh sentry at the entrance to Norris's camp, as half-dozing he leaned upon his rifle and listened to the soft splashing of the frogs in the neighbouring swamp. They were very active of a sudden, those frogs, but he was too weary, too drowsy, too inert to take much note of them. Presently he caught himself up into painful wakefulness. His rifle had nearly fallen from his hands, and, as in a vision, he had seemed to see a dim figure draw itself out of the rice-swamp just ahead of him and creep into the bushes on his right. Was it really something, or merely a figment of a dream? Stepping clumsily, after the manner of his kind, he tramped along his beat in the direction of the bushes. Something moved in the scrub, and "Who goes dar?" cried Ram Singh. "Friend!" came the prompt reply in an English voice, and as the sentry, reassured, lowered the muzzle of his rifle, something wet and warm leapt suddenly upon him, and a *kris* was plunged into his heart. Ram Singh fell to the ground in a limp heap, with a thud and a rattle of his accoutrements, and at once the peace of the night was broken by the ear-piercing Malayan yell, "*Âmok! Âmok! Âmok!*"

A lithe yet thickset figure stooped above the fallen Sikh, withdrew the dagger which had done its work, and flitted like a bat into the sleeping camp, and again the stillness was broken rudely by that fierce outcry, "*Âmok! Âmok! Âmok!*"

The camp, rudely awakened, was humming like a disturbed hive of bees. Men reaching hurriedly for their weapons were struggling to their feet and tumbling from under the lean-to sheds beneath which they had been lying,—bearded Sikhs, brawny Pathans, angry little Malays, and alert white men. That shadow, carrying death in its hand and still pealing its war-cry, flung out of the gloom and precipitated itself upon a knot of Sikhs who, crawling clumsily from below a palm-leaf shelter, were hopelessly entangled with one another. Swiftly the knife rose and fell, doing its work with rending wounds, and its bearer, rushing onward like a mad dog, paused not to examine his handiwork, but plunged headlong deeper and deeper into the camp.

As Norris leapt out of his hut, a pistol in his hand, a star-shell burst overhead, and the earth for a minute was illum-

inated wonderfully. Jack saw the *ámok*-runner, his head thrown back, his face, livid in the bluish glare, strained heavenward, his right arm, blood-stained to the elbow, rising and falling, the whole figure a picture of the delirium of savage wrath, of the intoxication of that excitement to which the Malays, beyond all other people, are subject. A pair of short fighting drawers clothed the lower limbs, a sleeveless linen jacket fitted the bust closely, there was a huddle of *sárong* about the waist, and a head-kerchief was knotted round the head, shaggy black locks escaping from it and streaming behind as the man ran headlong. A little Malay, weaponless and an incarnation of panic, ran from his pursuit, squealing with terror. All this Norris saw in a flash. Then three rifles spoke at once: the *ámok*-runner was suddenly arrested in mid-career; shuddered, as a steam-launch shudders through all its length when brought to a standstill by collision with a hidden rock; the *kris* fell from the nerveless hand; and the figure pitched forward on to its right shoulder. As it fell, the star-shell aloft was extinguished.

"Bring a light!" cried Norris, and his voice was vibrating with emotion. The face of the *ámok*-runner had been strange to him, but in his heart there was a haunting fear. Had not Saleh said that he would visit him that night?

A hurricane-lamp was speedily produced, and by its light Jack Norris gazed down upon the still form of the thing which had once been Saleh. Fixed upon the face was the expression which it had worn at the moment of death. The lips were drawn back over the gums, exposing the locked teeth, the facial muscles were taut and strained, the cheekbones stood out prominently, but in the glazed eyes there was still a light of fierce joy. The gay garments in which the lad was clothed were drenched with swamp water and stained with the slime through which he had crawled.

"It's Saleh, poor little wretch," cried Jack, and there was a catch in his voice. "May God forgive us for our sorry deeds and for our glorious intentions!"

To which I say, "Amen!"

THE END.

FOUND IN AN OLD BUREAU.

WHAT more significant than a woman's journal! Her character stares forth from it, posted in her affectations, those little heroical masqueradings with warm self for audience, as glaringly as in the choice of fashions. For which cause a record of this kind offers a treasury to the keen and loving inquirer into human motives.

The woman whose diary now lies before me may, for all I know, be yet alive. I never knew her in the flesh. Indeed I possess no other clue to her identity than may be found in her Christian name, Yvonne,—a consideration I would plead in excuse for this publication, otherwise an indelicacy. On page 10 of the journal, treating of her betrothal,—a French betrothal,—it is written: "Monsieur said, 'My little Yvonne, will you crown my life?' To which Mademoiselle responded, 'Perfectly, Charles; is it not arranged?' And then he embraced me with great propriety (*très convenablement*) on both cheeks." The lady, you perceive, was quite alive to whatever of humour lurked in the situation.

Before Charles comes on the scene we catch glimpses of a schoolgirl's ethereal passion, born of the first mysterious languors of awakening sex, for a beautiful youth, not named, admired from the window of a pensionnat—"her cloister," she chooses to call it,—a window overlooking a shady close where the fair youth is accustomed to walk in meditation, not all unconscious, mayhap, of the eyes of Mademoiselle Leroux's fair boarders.

She calls him her "sweet unknown," and his exit is marked with the words, "My dear unknown is gone. For long he has not appeared to me in the old walk beneath the lime-trees. How dark the world! It may be he is dead. Lying awake, I seem to hear a knell. I find myself all desolate, fearing the worst." To which she appends a set of verses copied from Lamartine, or else echoed,—remarkable as being the only metrical entry in the journal, whereas the young woman of the period loved to choke her album with snippets from the favourite bard.

That is all we hear of love until Charles, the sanctioned suitor, comes on the scene.

The diary opens in 1850 at Mademoiselle Leroux's seminary—a select one, we gather—at Versailles. Even in those early days Yvonne displays a keen eye for costume. Brief enigmatical jottings, lucid enough to the writer, record observations made at Sunday Mass or out walking in what she despitefully likens to a jail-bird's dole of life. She would appear to have dreamed of dress at this period, for I read: "For my first soirée I dream a robe pale blue, with

ribbons white, like that of a young girl at the dancing-class yesterday, only more rich of material." And a little farther down comes the shrewdest epigram she has yet coined: "A woman neglectful of apparel cuts as sorry a figure as a plucked peacock;" which, taking it to mean that fair dress should be as much a part of the woman as plumage of the bird, I applaud heartily.

Released at length from school, she journeys to her parents in "this ravishing little city" (Geneva). French, not Swiss, are her people; and we find an entry concerning Calvinists which is distinctly creditable to sweet eighteen, unless, as I half suspect, it be but the echo of some remark by one of those Gaulish frequenters of her mother's salon, whose wit she elsewhere extols. "These Protestants," it runs, "disgust me with their skeleton faith. Others have stripped the raiment from religion, but these have scraped the flesh from the bones."

Here is one for us: "The summer has come. It has been very hot to-day, and the city full of English pausing here on their way to the mountains. Everywhere one found them, errant, staring around them at little nothings, gasping 'A-oh — A-oh,' encumbering the streets. Some of them stared at our party, seeming to wonder at our being dressed for the town. They carry each a book. How papa laughed when I asked, 'Is it the Bible?' And Monsieur Charles, who speaks their language, translated my mistake to one of them lest they should think us rude to laugh thus. He says we are for them simply *des indigènes.* They are all rich people, he assures me, though dressed so strangely. It is a grotesque, antipathetic race, which I cannot tolerate."

We get more of the remarks of Monsieur Charles on men and manners, prefacing the entry of his proposal, a foregone conclusion. And then the diary assumes rather the character of a commonplace book, the legible entries being wide apart and dealing chiefly with abstractions. But there is no falling off in the enigmatical notes concerning costume. Yvonne must have kept account of every dress she ever wore or saw worn effectively by other women, of the estimated cost of the materials, and any slight divergence she may have approved from the prevailing fashion.

I conclude Charles to have been much her senior. What else could have given birth to the reflection, "It is so easy for a grey-haired man to put up with the caprice of a young girl; but how difficult for a young girl to endure the foibles, the prejudices, of a man of that age. These are hard wood, while those are but tendrils."

Upon close inspection I fancy I have discovered a hiatus of some three years between that complaint and the following entry—during which time, no

doubt, the book lay hid away half forgotten at the bottom of some trunk, or in the rarely used drawer of some piece of furniture like that late purchase of mine wherein I found it. To the hour of her discovering it again, and perusing it curiously with a riper judgment, I ascribe all the erasures — and they are many—in the earlier pages of the volume. Whole passages are crossed out: not obliterated for shame lest any one should read, but cancelled by a single line drawn slowly through them, significant of a change of mind she would herself commemorate.

The journal comes again into use.

"Motherhood (*d'être mère*) is summer releasing frost-bound fountains. I am joyous as a cascade. All is smiling. Ah, my little one! My little one!"

"At church this morning the child Jesus smiled at me from the shoulder of that dear ugly St Christopher. I suppose he smiles like that at every mother."

"Now that I am a mother, I see everything as a child sees it. I kneel low with my baby and laugh at sunbeams. My prayers are childishness (*enfantillages*)."

The nursing mother is the established goddess of the elegant French, as she was the idol of their half-clad ancestors in old Gaul. Pure reverence for the relationship of mother and child constitutes the morality of that nation, as respect of the fireside does of ours—the two worships being substantially the same, — but distinguished by the cloak our mock-modesty throws with averted face over any nudity, however fair. It gives no surprise, therefore, to discover Charles prostrate before the live symbol of mankind's continuity, which alone gives power and majesty to the species. For what is one life, or one generation, detached from the rest? An extract, a mere quotation, a bar or two rent from the symphony. He is now "ce cher Charles," "mon mari chéri," and so forth, his hitherto prosaic figure tricked out in a rainbow garment of reflected love, gift of the throned goddess to the unswerving votary. His paternity sprawls without dignity at the outset, and I find some of his delirious babblings gravely registered by Madame as words of wisdom. These I forbear to quote. Have I not seen the squeamish islander turn sick at sight of the kiss on both cheeks exchanged with tears by parting grey-beards at a railway-station? Can't I figure his cold scorn at the shameless exhibition of drunken joy offered by this peep-show of Monsieur Charles floundering in the first great wave of paternal sentiment?

With the woman it is different. In our repugnance to any tribe of a reasonable colour, there is a tacit reservation favourable to their women. Even the furious Anti-Semite would exempt a charming Jewess from the dreamed-of massacre. All men are interested in women;

women are still more profoundly interested in themselves; so, writing feelingly of a woman, one is sure of the reader's avidity. And France thrones as woman among the nations now, as Italy in the Middle Ages; so a Frenchwoman, even a tame specimen, is doubly feminine, the acceptable type.

Broken cries of rapture come from Yvonne in her "dear little villa by the placid lake," where "the mountains loom in the distance like strong guardians." The birth of a son and heir has transformed her dwelling to a temple. Nor is Charles the only worshipper there. Friends, possibly colleagues of his, though we get no hint of his employment, come in the cool of evening with offerings of warm sympathy. A lady, Blanche by name, stands pilloried in the diary for her officious proffers of advice, herself being a mother of but six months' standing. A certain young man wins a strong note of approval from Madame for his adoration of babies, and one quickens to the scent of a prospective lover. A Frenchwoman, she should have a lover. The island brain demands it as not only plausible but just—the correct thing at all events. At present the unweaned babe is in the way, but we cherish hopes for by-and-by, being most brutal of taste in our readings, though haply lambs in the sheep-market of real life.

Now, as if to glut our savagery, comes the strangest entry of all, and one which has very greatly perplexed me. Amid the tuneful prattle of mother to babe it lifts head suddenly upon us like a snake from the flowers:—

"Half-way up the mountain-side we turned into a pathway, he and I, judging from its apparent course that it would lead more directly to the summit. It was a narrow path, but little trodden, following a ledge beneath a steep face of rock, in places overgrown with brushwood, which he often paused to part and hold aside for my passage.

"We had proceeded thus a long while, and were beginning to wonder a little when the path would take the upward turn anticipated, when a bush grown right across our way engrossed the attention of my dearest. He parted it, and I made haste to press through the gap. Judge of my dismay in finding myself on the brink of an immense gulf, of a precipice dropping sheer to the plain. I looked down one second fascinated, beholding the roofs of a village, roadways, a whole map of flat country, *between my feet.*

"Vertigo seized me. The instinct of safety flung me prone among the bushes, heedless of thorns tearing my face and hands. Lying thus, my feet projected over the chasm, and in my deathly terror, powerless as I felt to scream or move, it seemed that my body must inevitably follow, — that I should never dare to make the effort to replace

them on firm ground lest the movement should dislodge me.

"My darling's cry still sounds in my ears as he sprang to my succour. But—oh, how can I live to tell it! Careless in his care for me, he stumbled and fell. I saw grey death in his face as he clung half on, half off, the brink one agonised moment.

"'Help! Your hand, for the love of God!' I stretched no hand to aid him whom I would have died to save. He clutched my robe; I could feel the strain. It seemed he would drag me down. I strove for life. I struck at him with feet and hands, a struggling beast in mortal terror. I beat him off. He swung out over the void, upheld only by a low branch of the bush which masked the murderous path. I could hear his miserable gasping prayers as he hung there in the jaws of death. My soul became the branch by which he held, straining, about to snap.

"At length it gave. There was a noise, a crack, the crumbling of a little earth.

"All that was conscious in me fell with him, gyrating down, down, faster and ever faster, with a rush that choked and stunned ere came the killing shock.

"For long I lay as dead on the brink of that sepulchre. It was sunset when I again beheld the scene. I know not what force enabled me to find foothold and retrace the broken path. I moved in the gloaming helpless, hopeless, upon the mountain, like Pilate in search of a lake. Would to God that I had died with him! My soul! my soul is lost!"

. . . . . .

What means this tragic page, think you?

Close upon it, under the same date, follows the inventory of a new frock, a description in which I can only decipher the word "*eau-de-nil*," the rest being cryptic, in a kind of shorthand the writer has gradually evolved for her use in this kind of jottings. The beloved of the mountain-side was not her husband, witness the entry two pages farther on: "A man a little unwell is a distress, like toothache, to the wife tending him. A little rheumatism makes Charles insufferable: he gives one no repose from listening to his complaints and fears. Curiously, when he is really ill, his behaviour is of an angel. I have read this of men."

"A lover!" bays the savage hunger within us; and dramatic instinct clamours in the same direction. I leapt to that conclusion on a first reading. But the succeeding pages yield no evidence of the settled melancholy such a tragedy would inevitably have cast on a spirit so imaginative, supposing it not to have destroyed her reason. And farther on she has written:

"I am thirty-five, and to-day, looking in my mirror, I perceive certain grey hairs. I grow old, and have not yet known love."

The hypothesis of a lover

must be dismissed, I decide with reluctance, my palate craving the rich flavour of tragedy seasoned with romantic sin.

No. This brief scene, I contend, is fiction, not fact; and, like all sound fiction, is but truth in bloom. Which of us, young enough to look forward on the possible development of his life's story, does not, while casting himself resolutely for hero, now and then experience a shudder at that same self's potential villainy? I think there is no one, under God, entirely free from such misgivings. The worst nightmare for high-souled man or woman is thus to realise a capacity for turning base upon emergency.

Our Yvonne, I conjecture, knew that anguish of self-distrust, quickened by a mother's solicitude, which is at times a sword in the bosom of any woman. Looking forward, she paints on years yet blank, portrays her son on the brink of manhood, his mother's companion, lover-like in his care for her. That a moment's panic might turn her to her child's murtheress is a reflection most awful in the light it throws on our instability. Her little fiction is a human confession as salutary in its lesson of humility and distrust of self as ever ghostly director heard from kneeling penitent.

The discrepancy of the passage with other contents of the book is striking enough to justify my dwelling on it. Here and there lies a thought, not ill-expressed, but always, so to speak, in the rough. I can discover no other attempt to give to one that artistic shape which, for products of the brain, amounts to personality, — a play as instinctive with some of us as the shaping of dough or soft clay by a child. Yvonne kept this book for a purely personal record, designed for no other eyes than her own. Had it been otherwise, had there been any back-thought of an audience, the notes would certainly have been more frequent, consecutive, and of deeper elaboration.

I suppose Yvonne's husband either retired from his business, whatever that may have been, and returned to end his days in his native land, or else was called there in the course of his avocation; for a few lines dated from Châlons-sur-Marne tell of nostalgia for her "dear lake and the violet mountains walling paradise." The French are no colonists. In whatever country fortune sets them, France is the kiblah towards which they turn morning and evening; and in the end, if life lasts, they will return thither. The exact distance from the frontier matters not: out of France is exile. No doubt the change of residence was long foreseen, discussed, and looked forward to.

Yvonne, whose acquaintance with the fatherland consists in recollections of Paris and its environs as spied from the seclusion of a boarding-school, is disappointed. Life in a provincial town holds little to compensate her for the parting

with old friends, loved surroundings,—the fair lake now blue as the Ægean and glistening to the sun, anon a pearl, an opal, in dark setting of a shadowed land; the lake craft, with spread white wings, seeming at rest on the polished surface glassing them; the lake gulls screaming as they wheel, light as snowflakes, upon a background of blue lake, blue sky, and distant wavy mountains faint in haze. In the forecast she had drawn on her memories of Paris for hopes to alleviate the pain of uprooting, had dreamed of illumination from researches in the metropolis of dress, her art: the fact was but Châlons—the prefect's wife, the general's lady, and a bevy of provincial belles behind the fashion. Geneva had more the air of capitals. She has been at pains to set down the grounds of her dissatisfaction, perhaps to convince herself it is reasonable:—

"I cannot comprehend my husband's infatuation with this place and its inhabitants. But then he spent his boyhood here; no doubt that accounts for it. For me, I find it so far from Paris."

She makes the commonplace remark, "Some women are what they wear," without preface or elucidation of any kind.

She is struck by the social life of her compatriots, some of its aspects being new to her. "I am astonished by the vivacity of my countrymen, and their excessive fatuity in youth; as if the mere good luck to be a man [I translate somewhat freely] carried with it a right to the intimate favour of every lady. It seems to me that the men of a certain age only are tolerable: that may be because I myself grow old all unawares."

"Society here is so limited that its members regard every well-bred newcomer as a grand acquisition. I am, for the moment, 'the new woman,' courted by all the men, old and young, but chiefly by the young, for whom the supposed experience of a woman neighbouring forty has the fascination of a locked treasure-house. How I should have enjoyed it years ago! How well I should have amused myself! And now it is all nothing to me. In the ball-room I think not of any partner but of my little ones at home. Yet I am assured by Rosalie [her husband's niece, I learn from other entries, younger by two years than Yvonne] that I have enslaved two young gentlemen, by their own account. The silly boys! Ah me, how old I am!"

"The censoriousness and, be it said, the general chastity of the married women surprises me much, considering the novels they devour and the laxity of their conversation *entre femmes.*"

I notice that brocade and watered silk of such dyes as *gris-perle, bleu marin,* and black have superseded more girlish fabrics in the record of her personal apparel, indicating that she feels the burden of advancing years, though she

cannot at this time have been more than seven-and-thirty. Her wearing of materials in advance of her age, by lending a certain piquancy to a womanhood still fully attractive, would account for some of the admiration she accepts so languidly.

Of passing events, of the great inundation of France from the north-east, we learn hardly anything, though, if still resident at Châlons, she must have been in the thick of the movement. The book contains no personal note of those troubled months, though the record of dress is uninterrupted. I suspect that this had become habitual with her, like the keeping of household accounts. Only—a significant difference — these memoranda, rank with her inmost thoughts, are kept under one cover with her soul's record.

At length we get: "They say Paris has fallen. I feel no grief for that, rather a little relief that the end has come at last. Can any woman, I wonder, be at the same time a true human mother and an enthusiast for war? My boy curses the Germans with the airs of a big man, promising himself to avenge France when he is grown up, while, as for me, I embrace him with a silent prayer from the heart that wars may cease ere then."

She is struck by her apathy in the public cause. Absorbed, with every one about her, in watching the national drama, she had expected at the least to experience some grief at the humiliating catastrophe so fiendishly derisive of the confident predictions made by popular enthusiasm but a few months previous. Instead, she finds herself dumb to a blow which is ringing on the hearts of all her people. She is moved only with a fantastic apprehension for her child. This alone, of the whole lurid flare which scorched up the Second Empire, she esteems worth recording.

Forcing herself (one feels the effort) to drop some appropriate sentiment for a tear on the ashes of her country's honour, she adds: "Ah, that poor emperor!"—a cry all womanly; but rank heresy, patriotically speaking, at an hour when the foot of a foreign conqueror was bruising the bare neck of France — through Napoleon's fault, people said.

Maternity has shelved Yvonne, dramatically, as it removes every honest woman from the interest of the crowd that gapes after the abnormal. She is a planet in its place, a being of defined activities, a familiar object unheeded of the multitude; not an escaped thing running riot, a comet of blazing tail folks crick their necks to gaze at. But to the pale student of the heavens dear is the planet, a-throb with great tranquil wisdom of the planning mind, a functionating part and legible of the boundless contrivance we just guess at. I protest deep reverence for the very limitations of the wife and mother.

Yvonne has had her curious promptings towards the forbidden fruit of the garden, but

these have scarcely amounted to temptation, I fancy. She has yearned, doubtless, after that mocking wildfire which will appear periodically alluring to every warm-blooded man and woman — the perfect mate, a creature to justify wild courses. But from the beaten road, tame though not distasteful, she has not diverged. Looking back from the bleak highland of forty she admits disappointment. The road pursued from thence is all so same, and there were pleasant paths to right and left. But she is not quite serious in regret. She has children.

"I am old, and I have never known the love we dreamt of as young girls, nor can I remember ever to have known that dream quite realised in the case of others. It is a dream, a vision unattainable as perfection, yet existent somewhere I believe and trust."

"I understand why maternity is honoured of God Himself. It is the one state untainted in our life down here. Of other joys we touch but fragments; this is full. O holy Mother of God, we hold to God by thee!"

That is the last entry in the book of a personal nature; the actual last is one of those inventories of costume to which I have had frequent occasion to allude. The record ends abruptly, midway on a page, as life ends mostly,—an argument for life's continuance somewhere, if there is any purpose governing it.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE RETIREMENT OF SIR JOHN HARE — HIS APPRENTICESHIP — THE INFLUENCE OF THE FRENCH — "DRY COMEDY" — HIS SKILL IN STAGE MANAGEMENT — "THE OLYMPIC GAMES" — EXCESS IN ALL SPORTS — THE FATE OF CRICKET — INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION — ATHLETE AND ARTIST — THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

THE retirement of Sir John Hare, after more than forty years of active work on the stage, closes a chapter of theatrical history. In method, as in ambition, Sir John belongs to the past. He served his first apprenticeship in conditions which to-day would be impossible. It was his good fortune, at the old Prince of Wales' Theatre, to be one of a company which aimed at general excellence rather than at the selfish triumph of this or that actor. There he was given an excellent chance to prove his versatility. It was not the policy of the managers to shackle each of their colleagues in the bonds of a persistent mannerism. Skill in one part did not condemn its poor victim to play that one part for life. Those that learned their craft under such happy auspices grew up capable of accomplishing many things, and it is not their fault that they have been unable to hand on the torch of art to their successors. Another influence which helped to shape Sir John Hare's method was the influence of the Comédie Française. He visited the Continent before the war, and marked with a red letter the day on which he first saw Regnier in "La Joie fait Peur." He learned with a patient fidelity what lessons this actor had to teach, and he acknowledges with perfect candour the debt which he owes to him. "Later in life," he tells us, "when inclined to exaggerate a part or step out of the picture, I have pulled myself up and said, 'Regnier would not have done that.'" And this confession gives us the true measure of Sir John's skill and temperament. Thinking always, like the artist that he is, of the general effect, he has never attempted to draw all the applause to himself. His style is quiet, even to reticence. He has never stooped to the facile embroidery of a simple part, which is so popular to-day. He plays as few tricks with hand or voice as with the limelight. He remembers always that it is a man he is portraying, not a monster. His gesture is economical even to parsimony. And the result is that, when he is called upon to express a strong emotion, he does not fail because his means of expression are already exhausted. The prevailing vice of our stage, which is to exaggerate the unimportant, has not touched him. We can never forget the august ceremony

wherewith Irving, in the first scene of "The Bells," permitted his boots to be removed,—a ceremony which made the rest of the play an anti-climax. The magnificent gesture with which the same actor, in "The Corsican Brothers," lit a tiny cigarette at a blazing log, survives the memory of the duel. Sir John Hare has never been guilty of like extravagances. His acting has always been perfect in tone and in the relation of each part to the whole. He has not aimed at any other than a purely artistic effect. The late Lord Lytton described a performance of Sir John's as "the most refined, most finished and high-bred piece of dry comedy that I, at least, have ever seen on the English stage." The praise is fervent, and not undeserved. "Dry comedy" is Sir John's own province. He possesses all those qualities of quietude and distinction which are the necessary equipment of a French actor, and which are seldom seen in our theatre. He neither rises to tragedy nor descends to farce. Even his pathos is restrained to tranquillity, and no doubt he would think it shameful to rock his audience with sobs. Holding thus a middle place, he has been forced for the most part to win his greatest successes in bad plays. Had he been a Frenchman, he would have found an excellent opportunity in the works of Augier, Sardou, and Dumas *fils*. Had he lived at the time of our own Restoration he could never have done amiss. But the Victorian age loved broad effects both of farce and sentiment, and it has been Sir John's misfortune not seldom to play in a key which did not chime either with his author or his colleagues. "A Pair of Spectacles," in which he pleased the Town for many a year, does not stand revival. Like all momentary things, which are not far removed from us, it seems of an older fashion than the Flood, and we cannot but regret that he made his last appearance in so poor a comedy. In "The Gay Lord Quex" he found a part far better suited to his method, and perhaps he was never seen to finer advantage than in his duel with the intriguing manicurist. But this play, too, metallic in sentiment, adroit in facture, as it is, pays tribute to the emotion of its age, and is spoilt by a foolish last act which the taste of the eighteenth century would not have tolerated. However, Sir John Hare has made the best of the material which came to his hand; and no playgoer will forget his Baron Croodle in "The Moneyspinner," his General Damas in "The Lady of Lyons," his Sir John Vesey in "Money," and, best of all, his Lord Kilclare in that little *tour de force*, "A Quiet Rubber."

It will be seen that Sir John Hare has his limitations; and though he has essayed the impossible far less often than the most of his contemporaries, he too has had his conspicuous failures. Unlike any other actor that we know, he has made full and free con-

fession of them. Shakespeare was always far beyond his reach. He could not transport himself into the sixteenth century. He has neither the breadth nor the carelessness for this high enterprise. He is a true child of his own age in art as in sympathy. His Touchstone is still a sad memory of ill-placed talent. He admits that whatever chance he might have had of portraying the best of Shakespeare's clowns, whose humour is broad rather than dry, genial rather than caustic, "was marred on the first night by his extreme anxiety with regard to the production." But the weight of management was not enough to explain his failure. His talent and temperament also stood in his way, and he speaks no more than the truth when he says that not "in any circumstances would he have succeeded as Touchstone." One other failure will always be a surprise to his admirers. Who, indeed, would not have cast him with confidence for Sir Peter Teazle? Yet in this *rôle* he satisfied neither himself nor the critics, and he has admitted the reason with a loyal candour, which the autobiographies of actors have given us no right to expect. "I attribute my comparative failure," he says, "to the fact, strange as it may seem, of my having gone, during the early part of the rehearsals, to a *matinée* at which Samuel Phelps played the part of Sir Peter. It was a splendid performance, but charged fully with the mannerisms of that famous tragedian. I had always Phelps before me, and couldn't get him out of my mind. My own original conception of the character was paralysed by this obsession, and when I came to act the part it was neither imitative nor original." It is such pieces of self-criticism as this that give us an unexpected insight into the craft of the actor, and assure us that its processes are the same as the processes of the other arts. How many poets have been spoiled in the making by an enfeebled echo of Mr Swinburne's splendid effects? How many painters have killed their sincerity by gazing too long upon the canvases of a mannered contemporary?

But Sir John Hare is not merely a comedian of rare accomplishment. He has also proved himself among the best managers of his time. Above all, he is an actor-manager who has not always cast himself for the best part. Never once during the many years in which he conducted the fortunes of the St James's Theatre did he subordinate the general welfare to his own ambition. In management, as in acting, he aimed only at an artistic presentation. More than once he resigned a part which suited his talent, that he might keep a more watchful eye upon the stage. "The ideal manager," he says, "is one who can act, but does not." That is a counsel of perfection that none of our actor-managers have followed. The most of the faults which have blotted the

English theatre during the last fifty years may be attributed to the vanity of the actor-manager. For his greater glory we have been afflicted with long runs, bad companies, and exaggerated effects. Where the success of one man is the sole end and object of a performance, it is idle to expect either fine acting, respectable dramas, or proper management. The actor himself, undisputed master of stage and audience alike, speedily degenerates into what is known as a "variety artiste." He cares not what becomes of his play so long as he is permitted to give his song and dance undisturbed by conflicting vanities. And thus his theatre becomes a music-hall, where even Shakespeare is broken up into the necessary number of "turns," and where Hamlet, Falstaff, and Benedick serve the same purpose, which is to show off the antics of the actor-manager. Against this lack of balance, this idle straining after an inartistic effect, Sir John Hare's management of the St James's Theatre was an eloquent and practical protest. We can only remember one performance—"As You Like It"—in which his taste was at fault, and Shakespeare, be it remembered, lay far outside his province. For the rest, his mounting of plays was as reticent as his acting. Though he was Irving's contemporary, he did not yield to the passion for excess, which was the besetting sin of the Lyceum. "Nothing too much" was his guiding principle, and he has marked the limits of theatrical decoration so clearly, that his words should be written up in every green-room of the world. "The finest stage-management," he says, "is often unnoticed by the audience and critics. Its very perfection causes it to be accepted as a natural result which passes without comment—like a well-dressed woman, whose appearance should not dazzle the eye but please it. Nothing should be over-emphasised or exaggerated, so that it is only when your attention is drawn to some effect of the stage-management that you notice its existence. . . . Too much attention is paid to the *mise en scène*, which should only form an unobtrusive background, but one which is in perfect taste. The author's work and the actor's interpretation of it should form the centre from which the eye should never wander." The simple wisdom of these words needs no embellishment. They persuade us to hope that even if Sir John Hare find no new play suitable to his talent—the condition of his return to the theatre—he may yet find an opportunity of stage-management, and set an example in taste and discretion of which our eager, untrammelled age is in constant need.

We have said that Sir John Hare's guiding principle is "nothing too much." The guiding principle of those who have organised our so-called "Olympic Games" is "everything in excess." They have attempted, not without success,

to pack all the athleticism of the world within the borders of a single stadium. Failure might have stood them in better stead. There is nothing that kills appetite so speedily as a surfeit, and we may perhaps be forgiven if for many days we cannot hear of sport and sportsmen without impatience. The history of athleticism, which may be said to culminate in the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush, has been long and honourable. The games, first established in the plain of Elis, were the frank expression of religious worship. The athletes believed devoutly that their prowess was acceptable to the god to whom they had taken an oath of honour and obedience. The quality which we call "sportsmanship" was founded in them upon a feeling of religious awe. For a similar reason all foreigners were excluded from the privilege of competition. How should the Greeks admit to the festival of their supreme deity the worshippers of other gods? Thus it was that in the primitive age of Greece the Olympic Games were invested with a peculiar solemnity, which controlled the ambition of the athletes and made fair play an imperious necessity. At the first touch of rationalism the festival began to decline. Foreign invasion completed the ruin, and Nero's coxcombry put a crowning affront upon an august institution. The English, the only competitors of the Greeks in the matter of sport, have controlled their games by other rules. They have guarded their pastimes by no religious sanction. For them the sports, in which they take delight, have been justified by enjoyment. They have loved them for their own sake. Thus they have arrived, by a different path, at the same goal as the Greeks. Their pleasure has been, not merely in success, but in the exercise of their strength and skill. And, following the Greeks, they, too, have exchanged their admirable sentiment of sport for the vanity of competition. Professionalism, by which we do not mean the taking of money, has killed delight. What should be an amusement has become a business. In other words, athletics have been overdone. It is the general custom of our time thus to spoil whatever is comely and of good report. Specialism and the press have achieved that which a change of feeling began. Cricket, with the help of the reporter and under the stress of gate-money, has become a theatrical display. We hear of cricketers suffering from stage-fright, fearing the influence of a "bad press," and making of an honoured game a mere excuse for discomfort. We see elevens of undergraduates, who in the recklessness of youth should face all hazards with equanimity, timidly forgetting that it is their business to make runs, and, like actors, losing the general purpose of the game in a feverish anxiety for their own safety. What the worship of averages inaugurates is finished by the love of money. We are

not convinced that the triangular duel of England, Africa, and Australia is a good thing in itself. There can be no doubt that the financial difficulty, which stands in its way, is inadequate and irrelevant. The worst is, that greed soon kills the goose that lays the golden eggs. And if cricket is to survive the prevailing professionalism, it must be born again in simplicity and humbleness, must thrive once more upon the village greens, and limit its ambition to contests between the counties, and to annual struggles for supremacy of gentlemen against players.

The many and diverse sports pursued in the Stadium are asked to face a disadvantage of which cricket knows nothing. The competition in them is open to all comers. The contest is not so much a contest of individual sportsmen as of nations. In this respect our modern games are the direct antithesis of the games of Olympia. Nor do we think that the change of plan is justified by its results. The common agreement that the internationalisation of sport makes for peace has little to support it. Even in their golden age the Olympic Games brought but a truce to Greece. The great issues of peace and war are not decided upon accidents so trivial. Germany is not likely to stay her hand because the English champions are superior to her own on the running path. England will not look upon American diplomacy with a kinder eye because an American has thrown the hammer farther than any athlete that came before him. These are isolated examples of human prowess, and no more. Will the cause of peace be served by the careless charges of foul play which have already been brought on behalf of dissatisfied competitors? Does any one believe that the complaints which have disgraced the foreign press make for goodwill among the nations? War, in truth, is a matter not of feeling but of policy. Sentiment never yet restrained a nation which believed itself better armed than its neighbour. It is not better acquaintance which tightens the friendship of rival countries, but armaments of equal strength and precision. To attempt to check warfare by an athletic meeting is like trying to dam a waterfall with a spider's web. And if international competition has no good influence upon politics, it does little to advantage the cause of sport. It removes athletics yet another step from their legitimate end. The champions of each nation seem to believe that they are upholding their nation's honour as well as proving their strength and suppleness. Sport is pursued less and less for sport's sake. Facile arguments concerning the decadence of this people or of that are established on insufficient premises. Ancient methods are changed by the momentary victory of somebody else, and pleasure becomes a yet more strenuous business. The ill results of internationalism have already

been seen at Henley, whose regatta has been mistaken for a meeting-place of champions. When a crew, composed of undergraduates, the most of whom had already worn themselves out in the service of their colleges, was beaten by a Belgian eight, fresh and unfatigued, we were told on every hand that the death-knell of English rowing had sounded. Though the alarm was false, it has intensified the strain of competition, and has helped to deprive what was once no more than a pleasant picnic of its unique character. After all, we may pay too high a price for the privilege of testing our own prowess by the standards of the world.

In ancient Greece athletes were few, spectators were many. We seem to have reversed the proportion. Though more champions have been gathered together in London than ever assembled in one place, the Stadium has been uncomfortably empty. What causes this lack of interest is uncertain. Some attribute it to a spirit of general inaction, which is said to be enfeebling England. We cannot accept so grim an explanation. The reasons, we think, are far more obvious. In the first place, the spectacular element of sport is becoming tiresome. The idle man cannot turn round without some occasion of satisfying his curiosity. Lord's and the Oval are always there to tempt his shilling. The University Match and Henley Regatta were no less frequented this year than in other times. The crowds, which shout themselves hoarse when a cup-tie is being fought, increase always in magnitude and enthusiasm. But there is a point which not even the energy of our sightseers will overpass; and the Olympic Games came upon a people jaded with gazing idly upon the activity of others. That is one reason. Another is the complexity of interest which the Stadium presents. It is well enough to follow one race with one pair of eyes. The brain is bewildered in the presence of half a dozen contests fought out simultaneously—on foot and on bicycle, on land and on water. The mere effort to see confuses the mind, and destroys the simple spectator's power of attention. Not even Barnum's celebrated circus, in which three performances were given at one and the same time, was so fruitful a cause of perplexity as the arena at Shepherd's Bush. Now you wonder whether the man on the bicycle will beat the swimmer. Now you are in doubt whether the hero on the horizontal bar will outleap the high-jumper, and you go away with a blurred image of impossible conflicts and monstrous rivalries. A yet more potent reason why the Stadium is deserted is the lack of advertisement. The people will do what it is told to do—that and no more. And it has not been told loudly enough to watch the orgie of athleticism which has been taking place in Shepherd's Bush. It is not that we are inactive. It is that we lack initiative. The

daily paper has long been our incentive and our inspiration. If it tells us to subscribe, we put our hand in our pocket. If it had told us earlier and more insistently that it was our duty to applaud the athletic representatives of all nations, we should have applauded in our thousands, even though the sky descended upon us with torrents of rain. It is not a consoling reflection, but it cannot be evaded, and when next the athletes of the whole world visit these shores, which happily will not be for many years, the press, if it still exist, must begin its campaign with a better foresight, and instruct its willing slaves in their proper duty. Meanwhile, it is doubtless a satisfaction to those who put their faith in specialism to know that during the last few weeks hammers have been hurled farther, bicycles have been urged more swiftly upon the cinder track, the human foot has travelled more rapidly over the earth, than ever before in the experience of the world. Only the churl, who will not admit that the cutting of records is the whole duty of man, wonders whether we are any better for it, and remembers that the territorial army is still unenrolled.

By a piece of good fortune the Stadium is the near neighbour of the Franco - British Exhibition. It is easy to pass from the running-track to the realm of the arts and sciences, and as you thus pass you cannot but compare the sure accomplishment of the athletes with the fumbling imperfections of the greatest artists and inventors. The sermon which Hazlitt preached on the performance of the Indian jugglers comes unbidden to the mind. Within his sphere the victorious athlete is absolute. His triumph is beyond criticism or accident. If a runner cuts the record, you do not judge whether it was done well or ill. You marvel only that it was done. And thus the greatness of the athlete is undisputed, so long as youth and strength are with him. How different is the fate of those who essay more difficult tasks! Fashion and a changing taste assail them. They compete not with their contemporaries only, like sprinters over a hundred yards, but with the masters of all the ages. There remains, as Hazlitt pointed out, the difference between cleverness and genius, between what is transitory and what is permanent; and if the greatness of the runner is uncontested while it lasts, the greatness of the man who aims higher than at an athletic victory is recognised when he is dead and gone, when the speed of his swiftest contemporary is not even a memory. And yet, by a kind of paradox, it is the works of art and science, permanent though they be, which suggest doubt and discussion. Nor in the Franco - British Exhibition is the opportunity of criticism wanting. Here are gathered together the manifold fruits of human ingenuity. The past and the present are

set before our eyes. France, Great Britain, and her Colonies have contributed the wonderful products of their skill, and if we bow our heads before the mysterious splendours of the Machinery Hall, if we acknowledge the conquering supremacy of science, we still look at the province of the arts with a questioning eye.

The group of buildings called the White City is at once a surprise and a satisfaction. Never has a livelier design been seen in England. It is large, effective, and original. Admirably suited to its purpose, it gives us a just impression of lightness and impermanence. If we compare it with the palaces which glittered on the banks of the Seine in 1900, we might say that it is bizarre while they were elegant, or in other words, that the architects had been loyal to the temperament of Great Britain. If in detail it is less pleasing than in mass, its flower-gardens would not disgrace the taste and fancy of France, and you may wander many a long day in this enchanted spot without weariness. Above all, the exhibition of pictures, French and British, affords an excellent opportunity of renewing an acquaintance with the art of thirty years ago, and of noting once more the heresies and gospels of conflicting schools. Here, for instance, are the pre-Raphaelites, who yet speak, though dead in influence. Hopeless indeed is the task which they attempt who would cut themselves loose from the chain of tradition. The friends and pupils of Rossetti, neglecting the teaching of centuries, chose an arbitrary period for their imitation, and the result is that their works, once highly prized, bear the appearance to-day of skilful exercises. They display as much originality as the experiments of modern scholars in Greek and Latin verse. The movement which inspired them receded into oblivion long ago, and has left them like strange shells upon the beach of time. But even Burne-Jones appears plain and well-ordered by the side of Madox Brown, whose much-praised masterpiece—"Work"—contains within a narrow space every quality which a picture should not possess. The drama at which it aims is lost or exaggerated. Its sentimentality appals the spectator, and its vast collection of conflicting colours suggests the haphazard effect of a kaleidoscope rather than the deliberate intention of a painter. To turn from such vain experiments as these to the quiet masterpieces of Gainsborough and Reynolds, or, in the French Section, to the works of Manet, is to understand what follies they commit who wantonly outrage the laws of an honoured convention.

In every exhibition of modern times one question has asked itself, Is invention dead? In furniture, in costume, in all the applied arts, it is the old that is better. And it is better because it is sincere. Neither in France nor in England has

a beautiful style been evolved since the days of the Empire. Then continuity seems to have been snapped, and the artificers of to-day can do no more than copy the ancient patterns. We can assign no style to the Third Republic or to Edward VII. We admit all styles, and invent none. Our eclecticism is impartial and unprejudiced, and that is all that may be said for it. The furniture which fills our houses, if it be new, is made (we hope) of seasoned wood, and accurately finished. But it is not of this time. In form it is Jacobean, or it follows the model of Chippendale, or it apes the fashion of Louis XVI. And to the exhibitions of the future we shall have nothing to contribute. Our generation will pass away, leaving behind it little that is authentically its own. Its fame will be the fame of the collector. It has shown a proper reverence for the past. It has saved from destruction the beautiful chairs and tables which the taste of the early Victorian age exiled to the cellar or the garret. In doing this it has deserved well of the State, though its service is none of the highest. However, it is not merely for what it contains, though it contains much, that the White City is memorable. It is memorable because it marks an amiable change in our national life. We are learning at last to defy our climate, to live out of doors, and to amuse our friends in the open air for the first time. We are fully awake to the fact that London, like Paris, is a city of tourists and entertainment, and even if exhibitions are no better peacemakers than athletic sports, even though the *entente* be no more *cordiale* next year than last, the White City will remain, with its exotic villages, its restaurants, and its gardens, to prove, what should long ago have been evident, that England, no less than other countries, understands the pleasures of gaiety.

A HISTRIONIC POLICY.

Few better illustrations of the old proverb, "The more haste the less speed," could anywhere be found than in the present condition of Parliamentary legislation. The two great reforms, the Education and Licensing Bills, the promise of which went a long way to secure the Liberal majority at the last General Election, have hung fire ever since; and now, when the third session of Parliament has already lasted six months, are no nearer completion than they were before. The Old Age Pensions Bill, which, with the collapse of the Licensing and Education Bills, has now come to the front, is the only thing which the Ministry have to show in redemption of the numerous pledges which they scattered about so largely while they were in Opposition. For the Irish Universities Bill is not a measure of the first class, and never held a foremost place in the Government programme. Some secondary legislation has been accomplished, but not of the kind which served to bait the Liberal hook on the eve of the last great struggle. The Government stand convicted of having climbed into power by pledges which they have been totally unable to fulfil. And nothing can be more certain than that the frequent repetition of such spectacles as the House of Commons, not for the first time, now presents, must ere long destroy all public confidence in that branch of the Constitution, with what further results it might be interesting to consider if we had the space at our command.

Mr Asquith's statement on the 10th of last month with regard to the course of public business during the remainder of the session was unsatisfactory, not so much for what it said, as for what it left unsaid. The House is to adjourn on the 1st of August, and meet again on the 12th of October. We object to autumn sessions for several reasons. But Mr Asquith had got affairs into such a muddle that he could not very well help himself; and he has to deal with a class of supporters who derive their whole importance from being Members of Parliament, and would like to sit in the House the whole year round, talk in it all day, and sleep in it all night. The list of Bills which the Prime Minister declared must be placed on the Statute Book before the 1st of August included, among others of less interest,—

Finance Bill.

Expiring Laws Continuance Bill.

The Registration Bill.

The Friendly Societies Bill.

The Tuberculosis Prevention (Ireland) Bill.

The Post Office Savings Bank Bill.

The Telegraph Construction Bill.

The Irish Universities Bill.

Thus we see that, with two exceptions, one of them rather doubtful, practically the whole of the more important business to which Government stood committed at the opening of Parliament has been thrown over to the autumn session, in which it is perfectly certain there will be no time to consider one quarter of it. The Licensing Bill, the Education Bill, the Eight Hours Bill, the Housing Bill, the Protection of Children Bill, for which six months have been insufficient, have all to be crowded into the ten weeks which lie between Michaelmas and Christmas. As Lord Lansdowne pointed out in his very opportune and telling speech, it is almost certain that we shall have a repetition in December of the scramble that disgraced June and July; and that the guillotine will be used unsparingly to force through undigested legislation, leaving at the same time a heavy residuum to encumber the next session. That session is already mortgaged, and thus Government are accumulating liabilities on liabilities with seemingly as little care for what is to follow as the prodigal who lives on credit, and keeps on "not minding," as Rawdon Crawley said, "so long as Levy would renew." How long the creditors of the Government will go on renewing remains to be seen.

It is idle to plead in extenuation of the present state of affairs the delay occasioned by the death of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Parliament opened a week or ten days earlier than usual, and by proroguing at the usual time, about the 10th of August, Government would have had a full-time session for the work before them. That they have broken down so egregiously is due partly to their own mismanagement, partly to the substitution of a dozen little parties in the House of Commons for the old two-party system, under which alone, in our opinion, Parliamentary Government can be successfully carried on.

The guillotine, which has been used by the present Government as an instrument for everyday work, instead of being reserved, as was originally intended, for extraordinary emergencies, has been powerless to expedite legislation. And this is worth noticing, because it shows how deep-seated the evil is. Freedom of debate has been reduced to vanishing-point. The Committee stage of legislation has been virtually abolished; all the old safeguards for prudent and well-considered legislation have been broken down, except so far as they survive in the House of Lords. But all in vain. The new system won't work.

Throughout the session there has been one continuous complaint of the congestion of business in the House, combined with equally indignant protests against the means taken to relieve it. The dual evil, the bane and the antidote, the congestion and the closure, are the result of causes for which Mr Asquith, it must be owned,

is only partially responsible. He is responsible for them so far as giving in to the clamour of discordant groups, each pressing for the immediate satisfaction of its own demands, has been one obvious cause of it. The expectations held out by the Government only whetted the appetite of the suitors. They led to the belief among various sections of the party that they had only to ask with sufficient pertinacity and they were sure to receive. Inexperienced in Parliamentary procedure, they never dreamt that they were asking for practical impossibilities. And Mr Asquith has at last judged it necessary to drop a hint which may tend perhaps to open the eyes of his more reckless and vociferous supporters. Had the Government always acted on the principle which he commended to his hearers on the 10th of June at the National Liberal Club, and concentrated their energies on a smaller number of measures, much greater progress would have been made. Many years ago John Bright pointed out the inevitable consequences of a Parliamentary scramble, such as had commenced even in his own day. If six arms were thrust through a window only big enough to hold three, each in hopes of clutching its own particular object, the chances were that none of them would get anything. Had Mr Asquith possessed sufficient moral courage to say No to some among his numerous applicants, he would have found himself in a much better position to-day, and have earned the respect of all true lovers of representative institutions.

But the root of the mischief lies a step farther back—in the complete disorganisation of the party system, which alone makes possible that dispersion of Parliamentary energy to which Mr Asquith referred. Parties were formerly disciplined bodies, obedient to the call of their leaders, and if private members had schemes of their own which they were anxious to further, they did not obtrude them on the Government so as materially to interrupt the course of business. But what is the case now? The Government were quite prepared to accept a compromise on the Education Bill on the lines suggested by the Bishop of St Asaph. Whether the Church of England would have agreed to it or not is another question. But if the attempt had been made some *modus vivendi* might have been struck out which would have terminated, at all events for the present, this disastrous controversy. But the Free Church party said No, Ministers were not to do it; and the result is the postponement of the measure till the autumn, when it is not unlikely that the same tactics will be pursued. This is one way of hindering legislation which arises from the disintegration of the old party system. The Temperance party in the House of Commons have played a similar game. They forced the Government to proceed with

the discussion of important changes when there was no time for the proper consideration of them, thereby of course increasing the chance of further delays in the autumn. Lord Morley has told us that he is unable to be guided exclusively by what he thinks best for India because he must take into account what the Radical group in Parliament will demand. Under a properly constituted party system these things would never happen. Particular groups and sections might protest, but Government could afford to disregard them, relying on the solid support of the main body of their army.

But they seem unable to do so now. They act as if it were in the power of any one of these independent companies to turn them out if they chose. Now this is not party government: and as long as these conditions last, no rearrangement of the session, no manipulation of the time available for business, will suffice to make the Parliamentary machine more efficient. While Government remains at the mercy of these several groups, all jostling each other and scrambling for the first place on the Government programme, we shall continue to witness that congestion of business of which the inevitable result is either crude and slovenly legislation, or none at all. Mr Asquith, determined to have something to show for the King's Speech, has pushed through a mob of smaller measures by the indiscriminate application of the closure, but the principal questions on which public attention has so long been fixed are again practically shelved.

The Old Age Pensions Bill, the Licensing Bill, and the Irish Universities Bill, are all that now require any further notice. In its passage through the Commons the Old Age Pensions Bill afforded a fine field for the display of Ministerial tactics. In relation to the Friendly Societies they were an example of sharp practice which Dodson & Fogg might have envied, and which certainly have had no parallel even in the present Parliament. As our readers know, the principal question on which the two parties have been divided is whether the scheme should be contributory or non-contributory. It was agreed that the Friendly Societies should be consulted with regard to the probable effect upon themselves of a non-contributory measure such as the Government has introduced. Opposition members, especially Mr Chaplin, pressed in vain for the production of their answers. The reader will scarcely believe what followed. On the 24th of June Lord Robert Cecil moved an amendment in committee in favour of a contributory scheme. After a very brief debate, in which the Government case was completely answered, Mr Asquith at once moved the closure. And five minutes afterwards the replies of the Friendly Societies were handed to Mr Chaplin. Of these a very large majority were in favour of

Lord Robert Cecil's amendment, showing that a non-contributory scheme would inflict serious injury on themselves, and tend greatly to discourage thrift. The average man will not deny himself anything in order to provide for his old age when he knows that it is already provided for him without any effort of his own. Had the House been in possession of this information before the closure was applied, the Minister would hardly have dared to forbid further discussion after the receipt of such an important piece of evidence. But he knew his business too well. He kept back the proofs which would have supported the Opposition case till it was too late to use them, and then coolly flung them into Mr Chaplin's lap.

The circular was issued to the Societies last January, and the replies were in the hands of Government long before the debate referred to. As soon as Mr Chaplin knew that they had been received he began to press for their production. And this was the answer that he got. We don't know by what name such proceedings may be called by the existing Liberal party in the House of Commons. But Mr Asquith must know well enough how they would have been designated had it been possible for any such trick to have been practised in a Court of Justice.

Nor is this the only fraud of which Government has been guilty in connexion with the same measure. The Finance Bill was carried without much debate on Old Age Pensions, because Mr Asquith said that when the Bill was brought in there would be plenty of time for discussion. The Bill was brought in, and he said there was no time for discussion. He got the Finance Bill through by promising that an important part of it should be fully considered at another time, and when that time arrived he withdrew his promise. His excuse was the congestion of public business, for which the Government themselves are responsible; and by thus taking advantage of their own wrong Ministers may at any time force any bill they please through Parliament on the same plea. They have only to introduce a sufficient number, and then to say that there is no time for a full debate on any one of them. This is a method of stifling discussion as effective as the closure, and far more insidious.

The defects of the Bill are legion. But the debates, which would have impressed them on the public mind, have been prevented. Seventy, for instance, as the old age limit, is far too old, yet it is impossible to reduce it while the scheme remains non-contributory. It is a reactionary measure, if ever there was one. It is simply the revival of outdoor relief under another name and on a gigantic scale — proclaiming that the famous Act of 1834, extolled to the skies by the Liberal party, has been an egregious failure, and that the econ-

omists who constantly demanded a stricter enforcement of it have, after all, been wrong. Without expressing any opinion on the abstract merits of outdoor relief, this much we may safely say—that, if we are to have it at all, it had much better be administered by the old parochial authorities, who know the people, than by a Government official appointed by the Treasury, who is probably a stranger to them, and is almost sure to be imposed upon. The "Pension Officers" and the Pension Committee will find a great many more people aged seventy than they had any previous conception of.

The Lords, however, decided on passing the Bill without any very material amendments. It was thought at one time that it might be better to wait for the Report of the Poor Law Commission, which is expected shortly, and might form the basis of a comprehensive measure less open to objection than the crude and mischievous Bill which has been forced down the throats of the House of Commons by processes destructive of the highest function for the sake of which Parliament exists. There was something to be said, perhaps, for this policy. And Lord Wemyss, who moved an amendment to that effect, said it very well. Lord Cromer, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Rosebery all said enough to show that the Lords must have had very strong reasons indeed for accepting the Bill, which was read a second time on the 20th of July, the amendment being rejected by a large majority. As it now stands it opens before us a prospect little less than appalling. The limitation to seventy years of age can never be maintained,—the Radicals tell us that already,—and unless a contributory condition is annexed to it when any reduction of the age limit takes place, the ratepayers will have to bear a pecuniary burden by which many of them will be converted into pensioners themselves. Mr Lloyd-George talks joyously of "robbing hen-roosts." He should take warning from the fable of the goose with the golden eggs, or he will find that he has killed the goose before he has half filled his basket.

The Bill is obviously calculated to injure the national character by undermining individual energy and superseding personal self-denial. But our Liberal statesmen take no heed of such considerations. Let the future take care of itself. What is it to us whether England is great or small, free and imperial, or a mere French or German province, when we ourselves are in our graves!! The Conservatives have done some good by insisting on the sliding-scale; but the Bill is bad throughout, and no amount of patching can make it other than a social revolution of the most dangerous and malignant type, pregnant with far-reaching consequences, which in another generation may threaten us with national bankruptcy.

The Government plunged into it without seeing their way out of it; without knowing where the money was to come from to satisfy either its immediate claims or the far heavier claims likely to accrue in future; without calculating its effect on existing institutions; and without betraying by one single word that they were aware of what they were doing. Nevertheless, seeing that the principle of an old age pension has been generally accepted, bad as the Bill is, perhaps the Lords were wiser to pass it than to incur the odium of rejecting it. They chose the lesser of two evils. Either its defeat or its suspension would no doubt have done much to injure their growing popularity, and weaken their powers of resistance, should another and a still worse bill come before them. More than that, we are probably on the eve of a great constitutional struggle, when we shall stand in need of all the reserved force which the House of Lords may have at its command. By its conduct of late years it has raised itself high in the respect and confidence of the nation, which it would have been a mistake to jeopardise even for the sake of defeating so nefarious a scheme as the Old Age Pensions Bill.

The Land Values Bill received its *coup de grace* in the House of Lords at the hands of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and though, while the pen is in our hand, its fate may be uncertain, we may be pretty sure it will not reappear in the autumn. The measure has never yet been thoroughly discussed, so as to make it intelligible to the country at large, and a fiscal revolution, destroying at one blow a system which has lasted three hundred years, is not to be sanctioned without far more ample and more searching examination than the Government Bill has yet received. The proposal is simply to rate an hypothesis. That is, what the property to be rated might be worth under certain circumstances which do not exist, and according to calculations which are purely speculative. It may be noted that the Bill would create two classes of ratepayers—one assessed on the capital value of their property, and one on the annual. The unfairness of this arrangement has hardly received sufficient attention. Lord Balfour carried amendments repealing the rating of capital value in favour of the existing system of annual value, and making the measure optional instead of compulsory. These amendments knocked the bottom out of the Bill, and we are not likely to hear much more about it. Lord Balfour's address delivered at Edinburgh last February is the best exposition of the whole question with which we are acquainted, nor have we anything to add to our own remarks upon the subject last March.

Of the Irish Universities Bill we shall not know the final settlement till these sheets

are in the printer's hands. Taken in connexion with what is practically a promise on the part of the Government to bring in a measure of Home Rule during the present Parliament, it can only be regarded as part of the policy of bribery, of which another part is the favour shown to Roman Catholics in the English Education Bill. A retrospect of the session shows us four salient points emerging from the confusion into which legislation has been plunged during the whole period. We find Government pledged to four principles to which the great majority of the people of Great Britain are decidedly hostile — namely, Socialism, Secularism, Romanism, and the disruption of the Empire. The Mines Bill, the Licensing Bill, and the Old Age Pensions Bill are all concessions to Socialism: the Licensing Bill being an open attack on the principle of property. The Education Bill, as the Archbishop of Canterbury has frequently asserted, means not only the disestablishment of the Church of England, but also the enthronement of secular education on the ruins of religious. Government makes concession to both Nonconformists and Romanists which they refuse to Anglicans; the Church of England being allowed the same favour which the Cyclops allotted to Ulysses—namely, to be devoured last.

The object of the Nonconformist party is to make their own religious teaching the national teaching and the Church of England sectarian. They will allow no compromise to be permanent which does not effect this object, and the goad will be applied to every Liberal Government in turn till that is attained. Let the anti-clerical Fenians say what they like, Home Rule in Ireland means the aggrandisement of the Roman Church, not only in that country, but in Great Britain as well. Do a small band of Irish agitators—with few exceptions ignorant and uneducated—suppose that they can defeat the long-cherished designs of a power like Rome? The attitude of the Roman Catholic Bishops towards the Irish Universities Bill is very significant. They evidently look forward to working it in their own fashion, with the help of the non-academic members of the governing body,—that is, the representatives of local institutions, who are likely to be better Catholics than the academic members. Mr Birrell's amusing optimism with regard to the present state of Ireland, which he innocently paraded in Cheshire on the 18th of July, is really an excuse for cattle-driving — "a regrettable disturbance," he says, caused by the selfish unwillingness of landowners to be robbed of their property.

If from measures we turn to men, we find that the breach of faith of which the Government was guilty in the matter of Old Age Pensions has its parallel in the case of the Sugar Convention and the New Hebrides. The renewal

of the former by his Majesty's Government is the counterpart of their dealing with the black labour question. Our readers will not require to be reminded of the style in which the Liberal Opposition declaimed against the employment of Chinese labour in the Transvaal. It was, they said, the revival of slavery: nothing short of it; and the cry was so effective that it turned thousands of votes against the Unionist Government. When they came into power the Liberal Government suddenly became aware that "circumstances alter cases," and that what was atrocious in the hands of their opponents was both wise and merciful in their own. So with the Sugar Convention. When this was ratified by the Unionists in 1902, no words can express the indignation with which it was assailed by the statesmen who now sit upon the Treasury Bench. They declared that if ever they came into power they would never renew it, but, on the contrary, would denounce it to the utmost. They got the support of all the Free Traders on this declaration; but now, when the time has arrived for acting up to the principles which they laid down so much to their own advantage five years ago, instead of rejecting the convention, they calmly and complacently accept it. Sir Edward Grey, in defence of the Government, urged that on the strength of this convention other Powers had made great alterations in their fiscal arrangements, and that England's withdrawal from it would put them to serious inconvenience. Very likely; and that such is a good reason for renewing the convention we allow; but Mr Asquith and his friends knew this five years ago as well as they know it now. They must have been well aware that the convention, once ratified, could not be repudiated without exposing the affairs of other States to great confusion and derangement. They got great credit for their zeal in favour of Free Trade by promises which they must have known at the time could never be fulfilled. Our Parliamentary annals for the last ten years are one long record of Liberal impositions on the credulity of the British public.

We now come to the last and crowning indictment against this Liberal Ministry which makes war upon liberty—and that is, the operation of the closure, on which a great debate took place in the House of Commons on the 17th of last month. The Licensing Bill, as our readers know, is not only a policy of robbery, but a violation also of all those conventions and understandings, all those moral guarantees, in reliance on which commercial transactions have been carried on in this country with as much confidence and fidelity as if they were the product of direct statutory enactments. Yet to the consideration of the first clause of such a Bill as this, in which the whole principle is wrapped

up, Mr Asquith proposed to devote only two days, at the end of which the guillotine would of course fall. The eloquent and indignant protest which it drew from Mr Balfour was well backed up by the quotations which he produced from Mr Asquith's own speeches. In introducing his resolution with regard to the allocation of time, the Prime Minister said that "the closure was now regarded as a normal and indispensable part of the Parliamentary machine, which must be supplemented from time to time by a definite and compulsory allocation of Parliamentary time to the stage of almost every considerable and disputable measure." Begging Mr Asquith's pardon, there is no "must" in the case. But supposing that there is, who is responsible for it—the Conservatives, who used it only seven times in sixteen years, or a Government which has used it ten times in two years and a half? If the free and fair discussion of public measures, which seems more and more contracted every day, is ever finally destroyed, there can never be any doubt of who killed it.

It is amusing, as well as instructive, to contrast Mr Asquith's language in 1904 with what he said on the 17th of last month. On the former occasion he complained of the attempts made by Mr Balfour "to stifle the voice and paralyse the action of the House of Commons." He said: "It will be an evil day for the future of democracy in this country when the House of Commons comes to be regarded as a mere automatic machine for registering the edicts of a transient and perhaps crumbling majority." But this is just what Mr Asquith himself has made it. He stands condemned out of his own mouth.

Putting aside for the moment all party considerations, or the exigencies which have driven the present Ministry to such gross abuse of it, the advocates of an indiscriminate use of the closure do not see that they are sacrificing the end to the means. Good legislation is the end for which Parliament exists. The means now employed are fatal to it. The closure has become a sort of fetish in the eyes of Radical politicians, and bad measures are what it feeds upon. To pamper it on this diet seems far more important to the Ministry than the quality of the legislation turned out. But what are a dozen shallow and short-sighted measures, forced through by the fall of the blade, to a single good one, the result of long and careful consideration on the old, well tried Parliamentary methods? We would ask the question of Mr Asquith himself, and apply the maxim which he quoted against Mr Balfour to his own boasted performances—"*Non numerandum sed ponderandum est.*" This is emphatically true of all Parliamentary legislation. How far the career of the present Ministry will stand

this test we leave the public to decide.

As regards the closure, Mr Asquith cannot pretend that any obstruction which he has met with in the present Parliament lends such additional weight to his own exercise of the closure as to justify his use of it nearly forty times as often as his predecessor. He gives himself away when he demands the closure in order to anticipate obstruction. Supposing that occasions had arisen during the last two years to warrant his assertion, how can it be warranted in the absence of any such occasion? You cannot weigh what does not exist.

We have described certain general tendencies discernible through the cloudy atmosphere of the session as far as it has gone. But there is another very curious one, not proceeding from the measures introduced but from the manner of conducting them. The tendency we mean is towards the lowering of the House of Commons and the elevation of the House of Lords. The House of Commons is rapidly becoming what Mr Asquith told us it would become if the closure was abused—a mere court of registration. Its old dignity, authority, and constitutional rights are trampled under foot, and if some check is not found powerful enough to arrest its downward course, it is likely soon to become a place in which no man of culture, no man of any true political instincts, no one who values Parliamentary government as a field for the exercise of real statesmanship, will care to have a seat. On the other hand, we see that as the importance of the House of Commons dwindles the importance of the House of Lords increases. The suppression of debate in the one House has thrown new and more responsible duties on the other. The whole process of revision, formerly completed in Committee of the Lower House, has now been taken out of its hands and transferred to the Upper, and herein lies the explanation of what is often represented as a grievance. It is often said that under a Conservative Government the House of Lords passed all its measures quite readily. That was because those measures then came up to them in a matured form, not mangled by the guillotine and totally unfit for the Statute Book. This is forgotten. The abuse of the closure has converted the House of Lords into a court of revision charged with all the functions formerly belonging to the Commons. Both Parliament and the public must recognise the fact that by curtailing debate in one direction we are likely to lengthen it in another, and that the guillotine after all may not save so much time as is perhaps generally supposed. It will be mercilessly employed to push measures through the House before Christmas; but, even with its potent aid, we scarcely see how the programme is to be completed within the given time. The Licensing Bill is expected to reach the Lords in the middle of November. When the Lords have done with it

how much time will remain for the discussion of all the other measures which Mr Asquith hopes to dispose of in the autumn, and to which the House of Lords is bound to give that careful consideration which has been refused them in the Commons?

As an earnest of what we may expect in the autumn, Mr Asquith on the 20th of last month doomed an amendment to the first clause of the Licensing Bill, saying that the points raised had been settled on the second reading. They related to the powers to be exercised by the licensing justices, whether they should be discretionary or otherwise, and whether there should be an appeal to Quarter Sessions. These amendments do not seem to touch the principle of the Bill, which is all that is affirmed on the second reading. But if this stage of the Bill is now to cover both principle and detail, the Committee stage is a farce. Here is a further encroachment on the liberties of Parliament, already half crushed by the guillotine.

Unless some compromise is arranged on the Education Bill, which seems at this moment very unlikely, that alone will occupy all the remaining time between the last week in November and the last few days before Christmas. We hear a good deal about the conciliatory disposition of Mr Runciman. But the Nonconformist party, both in the House and out of it, still maintain a sturdy *non possumus* attitude, and we should fear that any conditions to which they are willing to assent are likely to be very one-sided ones. Should any attempt be made to rush an Education Bill through Parliament as the Old Age Pensions Bill and the Licensing Bill have been rushed, there will be a burst of public indignation to which anything that has been manifested as yet will be "as water unto wine." If Mr Asquith hastens to fulfil his own prophecy about the closure, and the degradation of Parliament which it threatens, and which the suggested Committee of Arrangement would not prevent, we shall be on the eve of changes in which many old beliefs, traditions, and conventions will be swept away. Natives of Great Britain may hug themselves in the belief that their country is exempt from the common lot of peoples and empires, and that no amount of misgovernment, no stupidity or crime or madness, can affect her downfall. Great calamities, however, often come from small beginnings, which at first are unnoticed or despised; and the degradation of free institutions, where these exist, is one of the surest signs of national decay, though one of the last very often of which nations themselves become aware or are willing to acknowledge when they do.

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCXV. SEPTEMBER 1908. Vol. CLXXXIV.

THE HOP GARDEN.

A MODERN GEORGIC IN TWO CANTOS.

BY WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE.

CANTO I.—HOP-CULTURE.

"Pater ipse colendi
Haud facilem esse viam voluit."

WHILE o'er my head dark Ætna rears her snows,
And sees their image in the wave repose;
While in my ear the goat-herds' pipes prolong
Faint echoes of the blithe cicada's song;
From shrines of Greece, from theatres of Rome,
From Arab streets, I send my fancy—home.[1]

If e'er the soul might fold her languid wings,
Lulled by the music of remembered things,
'Twere surely here;—for here the southern breeze
From Hybla brings the murmur of her bees;
Here Daphnis still of "bitter Love" complains,[2]
Or wakes Menalcas' sweet alternate strains;[3]
Still 'neath yon sunlit sail might fancy deem
The fisher tells his mate his golden dream;[4]
And Polyphemus' dog, heard far below,
Barks at the refluent wave[5] that hardly seems to flow.

[1] Written in Sicily.
[2] Theocritus, Idyll i. 94-103.
[3] Ibid., viii. ix.
[4] Ibid., xxi. 39-62.
[5] Ibid., vi. 9-11.

Why flies my spirit, then, from scenes like these,
From purple mountains and from tideless seas?
Why quits these shores with dreams and memory crowned,
To poise o'er one small plot of English ground?
I breathe my country's spring! Before my eyes
The hedges burgeon, and the hop-poles rise:
I see the prudent farmer's anxious care
With seasonable art his soil prepare:
Along each ridge his measured path he drills,
Cleans the long furrows, breaks the loamy "hills,"
Or on the topmost stakes, from line to line,
Spreads the bright network of his amber twine,
Which seems, above, to bid the springing root
Speed to its firm embrace the trellised shoot.
Moved by the vision to a swift delight,
Sky, wave, and mountain vanish from my sight;
Ethereal purple melts to sober grey,
And all Sicilia's landscape fades away.

Bright Image, that so potent a command
Breath'st in my heart from my far native land,
Sent from the rugged North to bear me hence!
'Mid all the charms of soul, the drugs of sense,
Wherewith this fair Armida-world enthrals,
I know thy voice! It is the Muse that calls!

There was a time—might any art restore
The vivid breath of days that are no more!—
There was a time when, 'mid Life's social throng,
The Muse from action drew the themes of song:
Whate'er men felt, whate'er they found to do,—
Hope, Fear, Wrath, Pleasure [1]—she would still pursue,
Through Fancy's maze, to trace the secret springs
Of tears and laughter in primeval things.
While War was yet the nation's young desire,
To arms the minstrel tuned his patriot lyre:
Arms as he sang, his audience, fit though rude,
Found in his fiction Truth's similitude,
Heroic ardours breathed from times unknown,
And with their fathers' valour fired their own.

---

[1] "Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
. . . . . . nostri est farrago libelli."
—JUVENAL, *Satire* i. 85, 86.

Harsh was the hymn, uncouth the pageant scene,
Viewed in Colonus, or on Chester's green;
Ill-skilled the actor's art, that half expressed
The faiths and feelings of the peasant's breast:
Yet hence the poet shaped his tragic thought,
Hence the hushed theatre divinely taught,
With pity purged and more than mortal fear,[1]
To share Orestes' woes or weep with Lear.
Nay, when the State, in Luxury's late extreme,
Declined, when Manners were the Muse's theme,
Though to the time she tuned her style anew,
She kept the old tradition still in view;
Satire to wit the rustic jest refined,
And borrowed ethic truth from rude mankind.

Woe to the land, whose coldness shall refuse,
Or luxury corrupt, the country Muse!
If e'er, enslaved by covetous desire,
Her children quench Imagination's fire;
Forget ancestral faith; nor deem it shame
To sink in sloth their fathers' manly fame;
To Duty if Expedience succeed,
And patriot aims be lost in private greed;—
From such a State must Poesy be banned,
As rain of old from Israel's godless land.
In vain, when Nature's primal springs are dry,
She seeks, as Ahab sought, her lost supply;[2]
In vain the prophets of False Art implore
Their idol's aid to fill the streams once more:
Though with dark phrase they dupe the gaping crowd,
And wrap their theme in metaphysic cloud;
Or, with conceits from labouring fancy wrung,
Torture plain thought, and rack their native tongue;
Or round the altar whirl with rhythmic bound,
And offer sense a sacrifice to sound:—
Despite their fervent prayers, their frantic pains,
As Baal deaf their deity remains,
And fast in Heaven are locked the sweet refreshing rains.

Ye sacred Influences, to whom belong
The tutelary shrines of Art and Song,

[1] Aristotle, Poetics, vi. 2.   [2] 1 Kings xviii. 5.

If in the Roman heart, now worn and old
With rage of faction and with lust of gold,
The sound of grazing kine and hiving bees,
Heard in the poet's verse, had power to please—
Breathe now on mine! With sweet Castalian dew
Refresh my thought, and those old notes renew,
That from his rustic pipe our English Philips drew!
Whether, uplifted on indignant wing,
He wake the memory of his murdered king,
Or, patriot bard, in high Miltonic chant
Exalted, hail his "Herefordian plant";[1]
Albeit to heaven the lowly things he sang
Were raised, from earth his inspiration sprang;
This fired his thought; this tuned his glowing line:
The Apple was his theme; the Hop be mine!

Not always did the plant invite our toil,
Or spring spontaneous on the British soil.
Unmixed with alien herbs, the malted corn
Once poured its juice in Hengist's Saxon horn,
Whose sons in draughts of undiluted ale
Perhaps to-day had pledged the deep "Waes Hael!"
But that, in time, the powers of conquering Spain
Took thought to forge anew Rome's severed chain,
And crush each free-born race in one imperial reign.
'Twas then from Belgic plains the Hop was brought,[2]
And thence its name: its use the Fleming taught;
A wealthy race, well skilled in times of peace,
To fill the loom and win the earth's increase;
But gross of soul, not kindled by the fires
That stirred to knightly deeds their ruder sires,
Two deities at once they strove t' adore;
Freedom was much their god, but Mammon more.
At first, in Freedom's generous cause enrolled,
They dared to die, till Alva touched their gold:
Then all as lost their liberties deplored,
Half sheathed their own, and begged their neighbour's sword.
Nor did brave Albion's sons refuse the call,
(To Albion Freedom *then* was all in all!)

---

[1] See John Philips' "Cider."

[2] There was an old saying in the sixteenth century that Hops and Heresy came in together. The cultivation was introduced from Flanders.

But to the rescue came, whose timely aid
The timorous Burgher with his arts repaid:
New crafts, new tillage, were our island gains;
Their price the life-blood shed from Sidney's veins.

Nursed in new air, of genial soil possessed,
The generous Science sped from East to West.
Fair flowered the Hop through all of Mercia's bounds
That winding Severn with his stream surrounds;
Through what, in Evesham's vale, of watered ways
Rich Avon washes, or the shepherd's gaze
Of fertile field and flood from Malvern's height surveys.

But who, with praise of meaner shire content,
Owns not thy sovereign claim, fair soil of Kent?
Parent alike of fruit, and flock, and kine,
What hops, what cherries, can compare with thine?
Whose fertile earth (if patriot cares were first!)
Almost alone might quench the nation's thirst:
So rich the clime, so bounteous is the land,
So thick with bine thy laughing valleys stand,
One garden seems its golden wealth to pour
From Brenchley's western height to the low vales of Stour.
But where fair Medua, decked with myriad gems,
Shines on her way to wed expectant Thames,[1]
As now her bridal wave by Maidstone rolls,
The heaviest clusters load the tallest poles.
By these enriched a hundred hamlets thrive;
These swell their trade, and keep their marts alive;
With these their homely industry they cheer;
By these observe the changes of the year;
And as July the climbing flower sustains,
Forecast, with trembling hope, September's gains.

Nor yet shall you, if verse of mine avails,
Be left unsung, my own South Saxon dales!
How oft on Riseden's range, a boy, I've stood,
To view your blended wealth of field and wood!
How often, while the sun's descending fire
Flushed the red barn and lit the shingled spire,

[1] Spenser's 'Faerie Queen,' Book iv., canto xi., 45.

While circling arms of half a hundred mills
Begemmed the sky behind the long-backed hills,
"These things," I've said, "are part of Nature's frame;
Change as I may, this scene shall rest the same.
Here, when old age my every sense shall dim,
Perhaps for me may rise this harvest hymn;
For me, perhaps, down every cheerful row,
With many-coloured robes this garden glow,
And, with its smoke up-curling through the trees,
Yon white-cowled oast[1] perfume the evening breeze."

Vain dream! Their ancient haunts my eyes behold;
I breathe the airs, I tread the paths of old:
But when recording Memory paints anew
Her former scenes—alas! how changed the view!
Why rise no clustered poles, the hamlet's boast?
Why glows no furnace in th' untended oast?[1]
Where are the village bands, whose cheerful din
At sunset babbled round the canvas bin?
All, all are gone! With furrows half effaced,
The garden's soil extends a brambled waste;
To the gay hum of busy life succeeds
A mournful hush, and in the neighbouring meads
His scant and wandering flock a single shepherd feeds.

With dwindled ranks while yet the hop-poles stand,
Ere honest labour quit a thankless land,
By what sagacious arts, of old explored,
The garden flourished, let the Muse record.
Once heard, though late, the elegiac lay
The plague of avarice perchance may stay,
And in the well-tilled fields prevent the last decay.

Soon as the plover's widely circling crest
Proclaims the hidden riches of her nest,
And in the reddening copse, with brighter gleams,
The wood-spurge nestles near the vernal streams,
Thrust 'neath th' incumbent earth, the searching steel
Must winter's sepulchre betimes unseal.
Around each root the skilful dresser's knife
Awakes again the plant's suspended life;

[1] The house for drying hops.

The older bine's superfluous growth restrains,
Opens new ducts, and lets the swelling veins
Drink in fresh blood from English rain and dew,
And blend with these the salts of far Peru.

Who dares defy Adversity can yet
Rear the same plant his father's father set;
But he that, sickened with vain labour, fears
To risk the tillage of a hundred years,
May find his toil with happier fortune crowned,
If with new slips he deck th' ancestral ground.
So have I seen, on many a well-ploughed slope,
The skilful farmer plant his orchard's hope.
For the young nurslings, from an alien loam
Transported, first he finds a kindly home,
By rising heights from every bitter wind
Well screened in front, by leafy woods behind.
Between his ordered poles two ells divide
The fruitful "hills"; his alleys stand as wide.
There, 'neath the shelter of the lofty rows,
Housed with the hop, secure the apple grows,
And, year by year, with shade of wider girth
Usurps the spaces of its neighbour's earth.
Meanwhile, between the far-protracted lines
He bids the nidget[1] drive its iron tines,
In finer dust the crumbling clods to break,
Nor let the summer suns the surface bake.
Oft must it turn, and oft with cruel teeth
Search the dark ground, and rend the roots beneath;
Lest many a lurking tare and couch concealed,
With all the savage races of the field,
Uprise again, to claim their native soil,
And the young settlers of their wealth despoil.

Not only through his gain the Hop is known
The farmer's joy, nor blesses him alone:
From month to month its changing wants engage
The peasant's care, and earn his welcome wage.
Lo! the long labours of the harvest cease;
Free from the plough, the furrow rests in peace;

---

[1] A small plough or harrow.

The withered bine is stacked, and over all
November's sky extends a wintry pall.
Yet is not labour dead; but all around
The woodmen's axes in the copse resound.
The ten years' growth they clear, and give fresh room
And larger light to let the primrose bloom.
With the strong willow's limbs the ground is strown;
Alder and ash along the stream lie prone—
Scarce valued woods;—but in the loamy fields
A life more prized the hard-grained chestnut yields.
Along each woodland road the busy swains
Discharge their several tasks: some load the wains;
These for the soil the newly-pointed stake
Prepare, or saturate in tarry lake;
Those to the garden slope the timber bring,
And rear the tented poles to wait the call of spring.

But as, at winter's close, the vernal hives
Pour forth their swarms, so, when the Hop revives,
New cares, new duties, with its growth appear,
And varied tasks divide the labouring year.
First, that each pole may keep his fixed abode,
The "pitcher's" point must drill the measured road,
And the long wire, with fibrous cord entwined,
Protect each shelter from the treacherous wind.
A finer touch the garden then demands,
To nurse the infant tendril: female hands
In May the ploughman's industry succeed,
And the young shoot sustain with binding reed.
But ere the Baptist's eve, in every row,
More nervous strength must ply the busy hoe,
For the cleaned soil fresh nourishment secure,
And tone the sickly stems with rich manure.

Hail to thy bounties, Mother Earth! From thee
Spring Plenty, Commerce, Art, Society.
Howe'er the branch may bear the spreading fruit,
Of every tree the life is in the root.
So, still ascending from the lowly spade,
Labour from labour rises, trade from trade;
The Bank's far fountain is the farmer's Grange,
And the poor ploughman rules the World's Exchange.

What though, in mortgage to our golden hoard,
All nations' treasures through the realm be poured;
In vain we revel in the cheap excess,
If by one hearth one village smoke the less;
In vain our freights on every wave shall roam,
If in our fields one peasant starve at home.
By subtle links the greatest to the least
Is bound by kindly Nature: bird and beast
Rear alien offspring: then shall Man alone
Refuse, through avarice, to protect his own?

In all her care for Adam's toilsome art,
Not seldom Nature acts the step-dame's part.
Her curse forbids the farmer to repose,
And round his pathway plants a thousand foes.
Oft, when the Hop its ample growth has spread,
And the high tendril rears a vigorous head,
Descends the hail, and, like the headsman's knife,
Strikes from the parent bine its climbing life.
Or on a single leaf some rustic eye
Notes a dark wing, and knows the fatal Fly:
He spreads the swift alarm. No direr pest
Did Pharaoh's palaces of old infest!
For soon, parturient in the summer sun,
Her eggs give birth; a million spring from one;
Whose swarms the cradling honey-dew receives,
And of their life-blood drains the shrivelled leaves.
Make no delay! The farmer's kindly friend,
The little lady-bird, her aid will lend:
Himself, at fall of eve, at break of day,
Must drench the tainted stems with soapy spray;
And if, nine times returned, the foe assail,
Nine times the wash against them must prevail;
The tube as often ply the bitter purge,
Till time and toil exterminate the scourge.

A harder task, methinks, is his, who frees
His garden from the grip of fell Disease.
For sometimes, while the plant looks bright and clean,
Through all its veins infection runs unseen;
(Whether from cultured shoots, too highly fed,
Or some wild hedgerow slip, the poison spread.)

Then clammy fungus will the stem enfold,
And o'er its surface smear the slimy mould.
Nor will the plague be stayed by close constraint,
As Israel's priests removed the leper's taint;[1]
For, breathed abroad by every passing wind,
The venom wanders loose and unconfined,
And every plant corrupts, and poisons all the kind.
Work well the whirling Fan! the blood impure
Sulphur's sharp grains alone have strength to cure.

But neither poisonous Mould, nor insect swarm,
Nor all the plagues that Nature breeds, may harm
So much the garden's growth as Britain's self,
Spurred by the fiends of Faction and of Pelf.
No more her soil provides her wealth; no more
From field and flock she saves the annual store;
But, like the Phrygian king who starved of old,
With Midas makes her single standard—gold.
With gold, as each imagined want inspires,
She thinks to still her people's vague desires;
With dreams of gold she calls the country clown
To leave the land, and fortune seek in town;
When choke the streets, she shifts her party hand,
And bids the starving townsman till the land!
From hoarded gold her rivals she supplies,
Lets every foreign loom usurp her prize,
And sees, indifferent, with her own compete
Her neighbours' commerce, nay, her foeman's fleet.
The whole world's fruits her open wharves may share;
But whose admit the English woof or ware?
Her flag, triumphant on a thousand seas,
Floats o'er the mast, and braves at least the breeze;
Ah! idle boast! each treacherous hold conceals
The Rhenish weft or Pennsylvanian steels,
Or, reared by Asian hands in torrid zone,
The Hop, rich interest of some Banker's loan,
Whose myriad sacks—O matricidal Gold!—
Our Britain must receive untaxed, untolled;
If Dives fill a cheaper glass, content
To starve her labour for his Ten Per Cent!

---

[1] Leviticus xiv. 38-48.

And shall not then the State her children aid?
"The State! Good Heaven! And spoil the Statesman's trade?"
('Tis thus the saws of wide Opinion range
From the wise Temple to the rich Exchange.)
"Said not one sage:[1] 'Put money in your purse!
By good means, if you can, if not by worse.'
Said not another: 'To be truly free
The private man must bid the State let be?'
In Life's fierce warfare things must find their level!
Each for himself! the hindmost to the Devil!"

O fatal draught of all-corrupting Power,
How quick does proud self-love each State devour!
Which, like the fumes of direful hemlock spread,
First numbs the limbs, but leaves untouched the head:
Then, by degrees uprising to the heart,
With deathly chills diffused in every part,
The poisoned currents through the system roll,
And, slowly circling, mortify the whole.

What ancient curse could blight the high renown,
And mar the grace of England's feudal Crown?
What blotted from her books their royal names,
Unhappy Charles and thrice-deluded James?
Plantagenet's and Tudor's lawful heirs,
If wise, how firm a dynasty was theirs!
Strong in their people's loyal reverence, strong
In ancient laws and order settled long,
What snatched from one his life, from both a throne?—
The passion of weak wills to rule alone.

Though from the Nation's chartered Rights it grew,
Scarce longer reign was theirs, the Noble Few,
Who the dropt Sceptre's powers for Party won,
And passed the heirloom down from sire to son.

---

[1] Iago. See "Othello," Act I., sc. iii. But it was also the philosophy of the Roman monied class in the last days of the Republic.

"O cives, cives, quaerenda pecunia primum est;
Virtus post nummos. Haec Janus summus ab imo
Prodocet, ...
. . . . . . Rem facias, rem,
Si possis, recte, si non, quocunque modo rem."
—Hor., Epist. I. i. 53, &c.

Though long their old hereditary Ring
Kept out the People and confined their King;
Though many a Parliament their might confessed,
Fenced by close Borough and by closer Test;
Though Towns beflattered, and whole Shires obeyed,—
Yet, by the dice-box or the drab decayed,
While Luxury repressed their patriot fire,
They saw their rule through selfish greed expire.

Deem not, ev'n then, in Freedom's rugged school,
The Few had ever power alone to rule.
Long ere false Faction's terms were learned by rote;
Long ere was won the sacred right to vote;
Before the Caucus found the art t' inspire
Its puppets dancing on the party wire;
More strong than Monarchs, greater than the Great,
The Conscience of the People swayed the State.
By this th' unfranchised Briton ruled unseen;
Hence sprang his courage, hence his lofty mien;[1]
And o'er the Senate's and the Court's decree
His will prevailed. For why? The man was *free!*
Unspoiled by power, untempted by a bribe,
His voice could doom the placemen's venal tribe;
And the proud Peer before the honest drudge
Oft shrank abashed. For why? The man was *judge!*

New powers succeed. The Sovereign Number reigns.
To judge that sinless king what court remains?
See, Britain's Empire, like old Rome's, for sale!
See, Church and State cast in the party scale!
The Factions, proud Pretorians of the poll,
Camp round the suffrage and the urns control;
Inflame each fad, let every sect aspire,
As Didius or Sulpician bids the higher;[2]
Religion's interests weigh with shopman's lead,
And balance Empire against Games and Bread.

---

[1] See Goldsmith's description of the proud demeanour of the English labouring-classes in the eighteenth century, in 'The Citizen of the World,' Letter iv. See also his 'Traveller' on the character of the English of that age.

[2] For the sale of the Roman Empire by the Pretorian Guards, see Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' chap. v.

Note well his lot who seeks—the worst of ills—
To rise, the pandar of ten thousand wills.
What portent sounds are these? What panic cries,
What shrieks of rack and ruin rend the skies?
Does War or Pestilence the land o'erwhelm?
A Revolution threat the frighted realm?
A social earthquake shock the Empire's base?
Not so! Theramenes is out of place.
What then? Will Nature feel a gaping void
If one more statesman join the unemployed?
Yes! through the land must sound the horrid din,
Nor cease, until Theramenes[1] be "in."
Mark, then, what gifts advance the "statesman's" aim—
A courtier's soul; perhaps a noble name;
A front unused to blush; a brain whose wit
Can shift the shoe the winning side to fit.
Among his peers a bully bold and loud;
Pert to his betters; cringing to the crowd;
With twenty baits he'll catch one huckster's vote,
And turn with equal ease his phrase and coat.
Blamed for his shifts, opinion he outlords,
Or slimes his treachery o'er with canting words:
So eels, pursued, by swimming top the flood,
Or through the bottom crawl in native mud.
Before the expectant audience next he stands,
Crooks the bent knee, and waves obsequious hands:
The platform sweats with promises and tropes,
And lies as numerous as his hearers' hopes:
To win the doubtful seat he'll stake his soul;
If lost—No matter! he must head the poll.

Behold him now: in some auspicious hour
His party's "in"; he brings his hopes to flower;
A civil Admiral, perhaps, may bloom,
Or fill some proud sub-Secretary's room.

---

[1] The name of an Athenian politician, so notorious for his shiftiness that he earned the nickname of "the Buskin," as one ready to adapt himself to any circumstances of the moment. Siding at first with the Oligarchical party at Athens, he helped to bring in the Thirty Tyrants, but when he saw the tide of public opinion turning against that government, he went over to the Democratic faction, and finally perished, the victim of his own intrigues. His history and character may be found recorded in Xenophon's 'Hellenica,' ii.

Secure in place, in mild official mood,
Each lie he owns an "inexactitude."
But what the Country's profit? Where is now
The platform's promise? Where the patriot vow?
Where all the pledges whence his greatness rose?
O simple Country! Where are last year's snows?

Must free-born men sit by, while arts like these
Infect the nation's life with foul disease?
Shall we with folded hands our doom await;
Then call our coward sloth resistless Fate?
While foreign Ports exclude our fettered trade,
And with their alien hordes our own invade,
Bow to their tyrant will, as Heaven's decree,
And only Faction leave and Falsehood free?

O bear me witness, ye Sicilian shores,
If visionary ills my verse deplores;
If vain these fears, ye Capes and Mountains, say!
For you beheld Rome's liberties decay;
Upon your soil the feet of Verres trod;
Your ravaged cities trembled at his nod;
Upon your fields was grown the fatal corn,
And from your harbours, in your galleys borne,
The slave-reaped cargo crossed your treacherous waves,
By slaves transported to the mouth of slaves:
And every freight that swelled your servile trade
The farm of some free citizen decayed,
Banished some peasant from his Sabine down,
To join the starving bellies of the Town,
Rome's civic legions to the hireling sold,
And pledged her glory to usurious Gold!

Thus, as I tread by Tauromenium's bays,
To British fields I turn my homeward gaze,
And pondering o'er these scenes of old decline,
I sadly muse: "If, England, this were thine?"

In October 'Maga' will be published CANTO II., "HOP-PICKING."

SPORT AND THE TERRITORIALS.

BY "SYNTAGMATARCH."

WAS it not Napoleon who called us a nation of shopkeepers? We prefer to call ourselves a nation of sportsmen. Our Continental neighbours and our cousins on the far side of the Atlantic are perhaps a little inclined to deny our exclusive right to that title, but our bitterest detractors in foreign lands do not dispute our claim to at least be called a nation of sport-worshippers.

Close observers of the signs of the times are inclined to deplore that craze for looking on at games and for glorifying those who excel in them which has laid its grasp upon the British public. Authorities on ancient history recall how the decay of mighty realms of the past has coincided with the stage in their career when the attention of their manhood began to rivet itself upon the exploits of hirelings in the arena. The spectacle of thousands upon thousands of the young men of this country, of the young men of the fighting age, devoting their leisure to watching cricket matches and to witnessing gladiatorial displays in the football field, is not an inspiring one. Even from the point of view of the sportsman, this fashion — for it is, to a great extent, a fashion— is one to be deprecated: because interest in games on the part of those who are not too young or too old to take part in them should assume the form of playing them, not of watching others play them. The evils resulting therefrom may have been to some extent exaggerated, and the inferences which have been deduced may not prove correct; but it undoubtedly is the case that this form of recreation has taken a great hold upon the people of the country, and that it is a factor to be reckoned with in our national life. Leading cricketers and prominent football-players are little gods in their way. Their performances are recorded and studied and exulted over, as the sayings and doings of trusted statesmen or profound thinkers or eminent divines seldom are. There are to be found numbers of well-conducted, respectable, intelligent citizens who would give up a day's wages merely to be seen in company with some notorious bowler or efficient centre-forward, and who would esteem it a privilege almost beyond price to be allowed to treat one of these celebrities to a measure of alcoholic refreshment. This kind of hero-worship may seem very ridiculous, — it may even be absolutely demoralising, — but

it might nevertheless, perhaps, be turned to a good account at the present juncture.

A great effort is in progress to create a genuine national army, without abandoning that voluntary principle which is the basis of our defensive institutions. It is realised by all who are aware of the dangers which beset the land, even by those of them to whom what is called "militarism" is especially abhorrent, that unless the plan succeeds, and unless the young men of the country rally to the call of Mr Haldane and his associates, compulsory service in some form or other will have to take its place. Politicians strongly opposed to the existing Government are doing their best to further the scheme. County magnates who, as a class, are little in sympathy with the trend of current legislation, are hard at work on the Territorial Associations. A fair proportion of the employers of labour are giving facilities to their assistants and workmen to attend the prescribed trainings. Even those professional soldiers who take the view that, when it comes to a question of home defence, every man fit to bear arms should be liable to undergo military training and to be summoned in case of emergency, are exerting their best endeavours to secure the success of the War Minister's plan. The movement is essentially a popular movement, and it is gaining ground; but the Territorial Army is still considerably short of its establishment, and success is as yet by no means assured. Might not that veneration in which lights of the cricketing and football world are held by the very class which should be besieging the recruiting agencies of the Territorial Associations, be made a means of popularising service in the national army, and of attracting some of those who are at present holding back from joining the ranks? It so happens that the age at which youths and men naturally excel in games which demand activity, is also the age at which they are accepted for the Territorial Army. There is nothing whatever to prevent quite ninety per cent of those who shine in first-class cricket, or who belong to those great Association football clubs whose tournaments arouse such intense excitement in the winter months, from enrolling themselves in the service of their country, from making it known to all and sundry that they belong to his Majesty's forces, and from showing an example to their countless admirers which many of these would be prepared to follow.

The cricket season of 1908 has not yet finally closed. That being the case, the heroes of the time-honoured national game, in which our only rivals are Britons beyond the seas, may be considered first. First-class cricketers are partly amateurs and partly professionals, and of the former a proportion —not a very large proportion — can only make occasional appearances in the field, owing to being engaged in professional

pursuits or in business, and cannot therefore be set down as men of leisure. But the daily journals, and that column in the "Averages" published at the end of the season, which indicates the number of innings played by individuals, inform us that there are numbers of amateurs who can find time to play several days a week from May right up to the partridge-shooting. One or two of these gentlemen, to their credit be it said, hold commissions in the Territorial Forces. Others may belong to those forces, but if so, they must be serving in the ranks, because the number of names of prominent cricketers recorded in the Army List is extremely small. The writer remembers a few years ago, while campaigning somewhere out on the veldt, reading indignant letters written to the papers by certain well-known cricketers in condemnation of those lines of Rudyard Kipling's which had just appeared, containing the reference to "the flannelled fool at the wicket and the muddied oafs at the goals." Poets exercise a certain licence at times, and put things in a nasty way. A man may be a loafer without being a fool, and may be a sportsman without being a loafer—it depends upon the circumstances of the case. But those prominent amateurs who spend their whole summer at cricket, whose achievements with bat and ball are followed with interest by thousands, and who, whether they like it or not, are public characters, but who cannot find the time to fulfil the first duty of a citizen, should bear it in mind that if the Territorial Army fails, and if compulsion takes its place, young men of good physique and no occupation will not be the ones who will be granted exemption from military service, and that in these Radical days social position will assuredly prove no safeguard against relegation to the lowliest grade.

It is very fortunate, from the point of view of the game, that first-class cricket is so closely connected with county influence and county feeling. Men of standing in a county support the county cricket club even when they evince little interest in the sport. All classes of the community take a certain pride in the triumphs of the county eleven, and regard its failures to some extent as a personal loss. The players enjoy no little honour in their own county, and they are great men in their own parish or township. In devising his scheme for a national army, Mr Haldane has placed great reliance upon county and upon local feeling, and his hopes in this respect have not been belied up to the present time. The leading men in counties are interesting themselves keenly in the building up of the local territorial units, and so it comes about that the very men who do much to maintain the county cricket club by means of their financial support and their personal influence are, in many cases, prominent members of the Territorial Association. Are they justified in admitting

the principle that a young man, be he a "gentleman" or be he a "player," who enjoys considerable periods of leisure, can be allowed to represent his county in the cricket-field when he is not prepared to serve in defence of the United Kingdom?

Take the case of Kent, which holds such a commanding position among cricketing counties, and among whose representatives the amateur and the professional elements are so happily blended. Kent, so far from fawning on the younger nations to fill its eleven, will not hear of any one but a Kentishman or Man of Kent upholding its honour at the wickets. Ever distinguished for its determination to keep up the sporting traditions of the game, Kent is remarkable for the extraordinary interest taken by all classes of the community in the achievements of the eleven, and for the close sympathy which exists between the players and the county as a whole. Let the governing body of the Kent County Cricket Club lay it down once for all that, except under special conditions applicable only to such amateurs as are really busy men, no individual other than an officer of the Regular Army or of the Special Reserve shall play for the county who is not enrolled as a member of one of the county regiments included in the home defence army. There is nothing whatever to prevent the professionals of Kent, or of any other county, from belonging to the Territorial Forces,—it is to be hoped that many of them do. The county committees are perfectly well able to spare the services of individual professionals during the few days in the year taken up by the annual training of their corps, and the club funds can well afford full wages to the club servants during the short period when they are fulfilling their duty to their country. The prominent cricketers of the day have not a responsibility thrown upon them, merely because they have leisure and because they are of the age and possess the physique of fighting men, but because of the influence which their openly identifying themselves with the movement for ensuring the safety of the country would exert upon that important section of the British public which takes an absorbing interest in the game. It is a case of *noblesse oblige*. Popularity has its responsibilities as well as its advantages, and the leading spirits in a great national sport have an example to show.

When the question of football comes to be considered in this connection, it is at once apparent that greater difficulties are involved than in the case of cricket. The football in which in England the masses take such an astonishing interest is the Association football played between great clubs scattered over the face of the country, the managers of which make no pretence that they are organised entirely in the interests of sport. Association football is not identified with

counties as cricket is, and it is managed on altogether different lines. On the other hand, the leagues are absolutely under control of the central committees, the discipline maintained among the clubs belonging to the different leagues is rigid, and the clubs themselves maintain a most satisfactory discipline among their players. The controlling bodies enjoy an autocratic power which is used with great discretion, and which is undisputed.

Whatever may be said in the abstract against the general principle which is involved in corporations hiring players for a season to give exhibitions before vast crowds paying to witness the display, the players themselves are entitled to some sympathy. There can be no question as to the high standard of skill which they develop. They are athletes of fine physique, who, taken as a whole, are admirable representatives of the class they belong to, and who may be set down as self-respecting citizens who have to forego many indulgences and who have to keep in strict training for many months of the year. Owing to the enthusiasm developed in the district which one of the league clubs represents (or is supposed to represent), the members of the team enjoy great local popularity. Their merits are eagerly discussed, their personal appearance is well known, their height and age and weight are detailed in annuals which are eagerly bought up, their life-history is recorded in halfpenny newspapers, their opinions on the game which is their profession, as well as on other subjects, are freely quoted, and they are public characters capable of exercising appreciable influence in their place of abode, and especially capable of exercising such influence among the youths and young men of the locality. There cannot be the slightest question that if the whole, or a considerable proportion, of the players representing the clubs included in the two divisions of the English League and in the Southern League were to enroll themselves in the Territorial Army, an enormous number of their partisans would follow suit. It has to be remembered that there are a large number of well-known clubs in existence, that the professionals employed in Association football constitute in consequence a class of considerable numerical proportions, and that, if each of them were by his example to induce a dozen of those who crowd eagerly round him at the end of a well-fought match to join the national army, the establishments of the home defence forces would soon be full to overflowing. Appeals to patriotism may stir the pulse. One likes to imagine a stream of recruits impelled by a noble purpose towards the office where the formalities of enlistment are gone through. But even the youth who enrolls himself simply because it is the thing to do, and without taking thought of duty to his country,

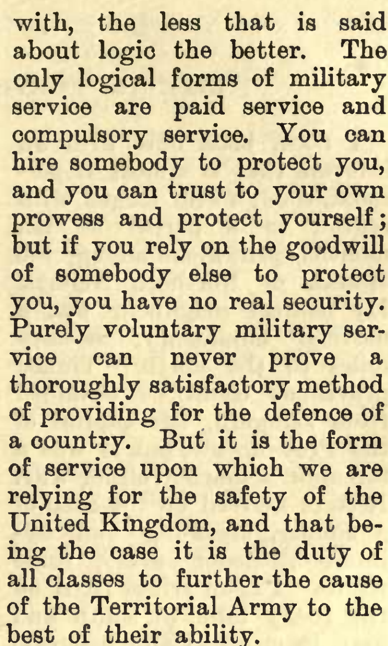
comes of a fighting race, and may bear himself manfully on the day of battle.

It would probably be impossible for the controlling forces of Association football to institute any form of compulsion in a matter which is outside the legitimate scope of their authority: the organisation as a whole is too much of a money-making business, and is not sufficiently designed for the furtherance of the true interests of sport, to admit of such drastic methods receiving the general support necessary to make them practicable. But something might surely be done—and it could be done the more easily if the influential bodies in the cricketing world had already given a lead—to impress upon the clubs which obey the mandates of the Leagues, that citizens enjoying a considerable amount of leisure have no justification for shirking a patriotic duty when they happen to be particularly well qualified to perform it. It is true, no doubt, that the professional football player often stands on a somewhat different footing from the professional cricketer. Even during the season when he is at the disposal of his club he may have other duties to perform as well. It is the case, moreover, that the annual trainings of the Territorial Forces do not take place during the football period, and that they might in some cases conflict with players gaining their livelihood in other callings than professional sport. Still, it is difficult to escape from the impression that most of these shining lights of the Association game have ample time for serving in the national army, and it is yet more difficult to escape from the conviction that those of them who can enroll themselves in the defence forces of the country, and who do not do so, are not a credit to their club, nor to their district, nor to their country.

The absence of the professional element in Rugby football places this on a different footing from the rival game. We have no right to assume that its votaries have more time at their disposal than the generality of the young men of the community have. It is, moreover, the case that, even in Scotland and Wales where the Rugby game enjoys such general popularity, its exponents are not placed on the same pedestal by the masses as the heroes of the League tournaments are in England, and that they therefore have not the same capacity for sowing good seed by the mere force of example as the leading stars of Association football possess. The more participators in the great games played by the nation who join the Territorial Forces, the better. Men of active habits and of good physique provide the best fighting material, even in these days of scattered formations and of long-range musketry. But it is because of the influence over others which they may be able to exert, and of their capability for acting in-

directly as recruiting agents for the home defence army, that it is so especially incumbent upon first-class cricketers and upon the representatives of the leading Association clubs to join the national fighting forces and to play the game.

It may not be logical to assert that men distinguished by their skill in games have especial responsibilities in connection with national service. They are not the only people who enjoy periods of leisure and who have no reasonable excuse for not enrolling themselves in the defence of their country. But the truth is that when we come to consider the Territorial Forces and the obligations connected there-



with, the less that is said about logic the better. The only logical forms of military service are paid service and compulsory service. You can hire somebody to protect you, and you can trust to your own prowess and protect yourself; but if you rely on the goodwill of somebody else to protect you, you have no real security. Purely voluntary military service can never prove a thoroughly satisfactory method of providing for the defence of a country. But it is the form of service upon which we are relying for the safety of the United Kingdom, and that being the case it is the duty of all classes to further the cause of the Territorial Army to the best of their ability.

LIFE IN NORTHERN NIGERIA.

I LOOK back now with an interest that is almost impersonal, though still tinged with regret, to a period of ten months spent alone among the Hausas of Northern Nigeria. My nearest neighbour was a medical missionary, seventy miles to the north. Tinned provisions could be obtained from Zungern, the capital of the Protectorate, but it was a fortnight's journey either way. Letters arrived on the head of a runner, steaming and fly-infested, about every three weeks. Pagan tribes lived on the rocky hills to south and east, in crowded and inaccessible villages, not too peacefully interrelated. Batches of these naked folk appeared at times with arrears of tribute in kind, bundles of red guinea-corn and flimsy skins of oil; or a ragged deputation would appear and complain of a raid by a neighbour in which they, the appellants, were always the entirely harmless victims, and "the others" the aggressors and murderers. Broken and gory arrows would be produced as indisputable evidence, until the arrival, often on the same day, of another disreputable procession, and the hearing of an entirely contrary version of the dispute made it plain to the young white judge that a rough and ready compromise, with a tactful seasoning of jocularity, was the nearest approach to formal justice that could be attempted with these irresponsible children. Memory, with its accustomed kindness, no longer harbours the occasions of difficulty, of despondency, and irritation from which such a life of solitude could hardly be free; with effort, and faintly outlined, they may recur to it, but in a negative form only, when present ease and daily comforts momentarily enforce a retrospect and a comparison. I had almost added to this, the graver side of the picture, the moments of fatigue,—real fatigue—physical exhaustion; not the half-pleasant satiety of motion which sometimes passes for it, — the moments, too, of the hunger that hurts and the thirst that maddens. But the reactions from these vivid pains were themselves so vivid—so truly and deliciously satisfying; the millet bread seemed *such* bread; the water, tepid and robbed by the filter of all its sparkle, *such* water—surely some intoxicating elixir; the bath and bed such occasions for an utter abandonment of thankfulness, — that the hunger and the thirst and the weariness were accepted as but a necessarily stern part of, and prelude to, the deep primary joys of eating and drinking and falling into a dreamless sleep.

Of these ten months rather more than six were spent at a small town called Kachia, in the south-central portion of the Protectorate. As in other

parts of Africa, towns and villages vary but little in appearance. Characteristic features are the surrounding mud wall, often thirty feet high in the larger towns; the open market-place which the newly-arrived traveller may safely locate under the largest and shadiest trees; the grouping of the bee-hive huts into family compounds, divided by partitions of grass or mud; and the royal "palace," usually more or less conspicuous by its size and central position.

The population of Kachia did not exceed six hundred. Through it runs one of the caravan routes from Zaria to the Benué river. The surrounding country is typical African bush,—an expanse of small green-leaved trees, not so closely grown but you may walk quickly through them if there is no impeding grass or undergrowth, nor so scattered as to give you more than twenty yards of clear view while doing so. This wilderness of perennial greenery—if I may use the paradox—covers the length and breadth of the country of the Niger and Lake Tchad. Farther north the landscape becomes more open, and the soil dry and sandy. The date and the dûm-palms replace the large deciduous trees, and cactus and other prickly shrubs announce the proximity of the comparatively waterless regions of the Sudan. Only along the river banks can the height and luxuriance of the vegetation be described as tropical.

My own establishment lay three-quarters of a mile from the town. It consisted of a group of four round mud huts surrounded by a three-foot high mud wall. One of the larger ones I occupied myself; a second of the same size was kept empty and garnished for the all too rare passing traveller. In a smaller one my Roman Catholic cook, Joe (age 14, height 4 feet 10 inches), put in practice his very elementary ideas of the art of cooking, while the last was occupied by a guard of half a dozen native soldiers. On the top of a slim bamboo pole fluttered an exceedingly dilapidated Union Jack. The whole was officially referred to as "The Fort." A great deal has been said and sung of the flag of England and all it represents, but I doubt if the power and glory of the Empire were ever emblemised by so insignificant and woebegone a piece of bunting.

The men's lines—I had sixty khaki warriors under me—were a stone's-throw from the fort. They make first-rate fighting stuff, these native troops, of whom in this case half were Hausas and half Yorubas. The latter, who approach more nearly to the pure Negro type, live mainly in the country between Lagos and the middle Niger, which now forms part of Southern Nigeria. With the Hausas farther north they shared defeat by and vassalage under the Fulani invaders, who in the course of a great national movement eastwards from about the valley of the Senegal overran the

country at the beginning of the nineteenth century. From this time dates the general adoption of Mohammedanism, though centuries of commercial intercourse with the Arabs had long familiarised many with its tenets.

One of the pleasanter features of life in the tropics is the sense of *camaraderie* that it generates between European master and African man. There is something strange and precious in this collusion between minds and characters that will always remain essentially different. The African is a child in his virtues and failings, and his loyalty is a child's loyalty, free and genuine, dependent only on his sense of awe and respect. With the European affection must temper and sweeten authority, when he considers from what savage and alien surroundings this attachment has sprung.

One of the physically finest men I ever knew was one Imoru, an ex-tirailleur in the French colonial infantry, who had sought fresh experiences by enlisting in the English service, and became at the time I speak of my personal orderly and devoted servant. He was always with me on trek or during shooting expeditions. We exchanged wisdom, by which I learned some of his naturally acquired lore of the bush, such as the difference between the haartebeeste's tracks and the roan's, the kob's and the reedbuck's; and he from me sundry hints whereby the wear and tear of the climate were abated, and a modicum of comfort under difficulties rendered possible. It was with him panting and perspiring at my elbow, after the best part of a long day's trekking, that I experienced that moment of excitement and elation which accompanies the first near view of a wild animal in his natural home. Every detail of that shaded hollow I can still recall, with its marshy bottom, the fringe above it of thin tall grass, and the long-faced haartebeeste thrusting his horns into the cool mud, while we stared at him from above, and my trembling arms almost forbade an accurate aim. Many a night, calm and moonlit, or a chaos of sweeping rain, have I waited Imoru's return from the kill, where I have left him to skin the body, to hear at last his voice heartening the villagers whom he has impressed to carry the spoils with such accounts of my lavishness in reward as made me blush for his imagination.

The day after a successful shot, before the meat was apportioned, always afforded amusement. The boys would go about their business with smiles of sensuous anticipation. Every one wore an air of restrained joyousness, and whether it was the sentry pacing on his beat to and from my door, or Joe squatting on the kitchen threshold, bathing a plucked chicken in the lid of my canteen, wherever I looked I caught an anxious black eye fixed on mine, awaiting the moment when I should go out

and give the necessary orders for the distribution of the meat.

As in all newly-opened countries, the principal difficulty that faces the administration is the question of transport. Oxen and carts necessitate prepared roads and bridges, which take time and money. Throughout by far the larger part of Northern Nigeria carriers hired at 9d. a-day carry one's worldly possessions on their heads from one rest-camp to another. This form of labour is the immemorial national custom that has given the native an almost inborn sense of balance. You will see tiny scraps of humanity walking along under the weight of a great pot of water that would send an English child staggering into the ditch. Another effect is seen in the magnificent busts and neck muscles of many of the professional porters, whose legs and arms look curiously undeveloped in comparison. It is wise to obtain men accustomed to this particular work, if possible, and not to trust to recruits locally obtained, and in many cases very far from volunteers. Unless precautions are taken, the headman of a town, when required to supply "labourers," as they call themselves, for the white man, will impress any strangers that chance to be passing through his town, thus saving his own people and earning a cheap popularity. This happened on one occasion when I was about to make a trek through a little-known pagan district. Twenty men were produced with wonderful rapidity, and guaranteed by the local chief, with repeated references to Allah, to be his own loyal townsfolk, ever zealous to work for their all-powerful masters. For myself, I had not then laid to heart the established fact that the fervency of the native's oath is in inverse proportion to the truth of what he asseverates, else this much-protesting dignitary would have roused my suspicions. At noon we set off in the usual single file, the leading pair, intended to act as cook and house-boy, being despatched some hours in advance to prepare the evening meal against my arrival. This will give excuse to my emotions when I caught them up not six miles out, hurrying along with guilty back-glances in our direction. The exaggerated limp which both of them simultaneously assumed as we drew up only confirmed my suspicions, and it vanished as suddenly as it appeared when once I had shown them, shortly and conclusively, that I was not so guileless as they seemed to think. For the first few days our path lay between ranges of precipitous hills, on whose tops, by careful scrutiny through glasses, I could at times catch a glimpse of a tell-tale piece of brown thatch. It was difficult to realise that nearly the whole length of these ranges was, as a matter of fact, the home of some thousands of primitive hill-folk, whom the slave-raids of the past and constant pressure from the more civilised Mohammedan population had driven

into these remote strongholds. Enormous rocks of a dull grey colour, littered in picturesque confusion over the slopes on either hand, only served to impress the casual passer-by with a sense of rugged desolation. Here and there a tiny devious side-track, half hidden in undergrowth, told of human habitation near the road we followed. The small brown dove, whose song is never quiet, piped at us its few sleepy notes from the path-side. Gusts of wind rose seemingly from nowhere, and rustled away into the distance, a whirling spiral of dust and leaves. Grasshoppers screamed and chirped. So monotonously we journeyed on for two days. On the morning of the third trouble began. I was aroused from the deep sleep that is one of the joys of the open life, to learn from Imoru, standing bolt upright at my bedside, that two of the carriers had decamped in the night and left their loads behind. We were still in the hollow of the hills, and I had good hope that the summit of the particular ridge beneath which we were camped was inhabited. There was nothing to do but to ascend and endeavour, by gentle means if possible, to obtain substitutes for our deserters. I took Imoru with me and began to climb. The narrow track, almost invisible where it crossed over slabs of rock, wound above us away into a *débris* of still more forbidding stone and scraggy bush. More than once progress was only possible on hands and knees, and Imoru's great arms had to haul me up over the more threatening obstacles. In the midst of this scrambling work I had time to reflect on the respective chances of success or failure in our visit to the people on the summit. Success, too, must be as speedy as possible to bring us down on the flat again before the sun, now emerging from a cloudy east, should have climbed high and strong in the sky. We reached the top at last, to find ourselves, as I expected, in a large village of tiny mud-and-thatch huts, so closely crowded together that one had to edge sideways between them. Not a living soul was visible. The only noise that broke the silence was the barking of a tribe of lean dogs, who yelped at us fiercely from the low doorways. Stooping down, we could see into the dark interiors as we passed, and note all the signs of a recent stampede. Smouldering fires, overturned cooking-pots, and arms and implements lying where they had been dropped or thrown, told their own tale. Our dramatic and laborious approach had been spied from the heights, and followed by a general rush into the surrounding wilderness. A wider search was out of the question. I had just decided on an inevitable return to the valley, when my sharp-sighted companion startled me by dashing round a corner, and returning almost immediately with at any rate one inhabitant of this deserted village, whom he half led, half pushed to my feet. He was a crooked and palsied old gentle-

man, with the tattered strips of a dirty cloth hanging from his shoulders; he clung to a long stick,—his sign of office,—and fear of life quavered in broken noises from his throat as he crouched in the dirt before me. Poor old patriarch! The infirmities of age alone had prevented him from shambling off with the rest of his fellow-tribesmen. Another coup, equally unrehearsed, brought to our hands a second bed-ridden veteran on whom leprosy had fastened and maimed into a sight of horror. He with the king's wand grasped it with handless stumps, which he wrung at us in grief and terror, calling on his vanished people for rescue. It was a nauseating business, but a certain faint hope, that proved well grounded, spurred me to carry it through. We began to hustle them down the rocks. They turned, and plainly, though in an unknown tongue, implored pity, halting like stubborn animals, or straying from the path in a feigned ignorance of their direction, till shooed once more into single file. Then suddenly success crowned and justified the rough stratagem. A dozen young braves came running up from behind the surrounding rocks, and stood before us in a panting and submissive group. The cries of the old men had drawn them into noble bondage, for here were their elders suffering visible indignities, and where old age is concerned the African has a keen sense of loyalty and decorum. It is sufficiently rare to claim a full and ready meed of veneration. The scraggiest sprouting of a beard is an adornment praisefully welcomed, and much fingered in conversation with any one whose demeanour seems likely to fall below the accepted standard. Two of the most stalwart-looking of the volunteers were selected, and a wordy attempt made to explain that they would only be retained for that day's journey. This promise was duly kept, though at the cost of like difficulties on the three following mornings. It was impossible to put any kind of guard on the carriers during the night, and desertion spread like an infection. At every sunrise there would be two or three missing, and the heat of the day would find us barely on the road, with our local recruits, impressed by some such judicious mingling of guile and violence, marching sullenly in the van under the watchful eye of Imoru. If the carriers are stepping out as they should, which is at the rate of a little under three miles an hour, there is no need to ride where one must perforce breathe the not too pleasantly laden air blown from the bare and heated bodies in front. Better is it to canter ahead on the soft sand, and keep half a mile between yourself and your party. In this way you will see what wild life should chance to be visible. Now it is the long-tailed jerboa, Browning's "half bird, half mouse," flying panic-stricken from tree to tree, or a snake gliding across the track, or a pair of reed-buck by a stream, stamping

nervously with heads erect at the unwonted human invasion. There is a certain thick brown centipede, a foot long, which often causes a momentary alarm from its serpent-like appearance. Stories as to its stinging capacities vary with the teller, as do those of the character and habits of most animals, for the natives' information on points of natural history is a quaint blend of familiar experience and grotesque legend. Thus the spider, as the most crafty of creatures, takes the place of the fox in English fable. There is a tale current anent its reputed canniness that is worth recording. A spider, it seems, had occasion to borrow a sum of money. A journey round to the generously disposed brought him two thousand cowries each from the cat, the dog, the hyena, the leopard, and the lion. When pay day came round, the spider remained at home to receive the visits of his creditors in a certain prearranged order. First came the cat to claim repayment of his loan. "Hush!" said the spider. "I hear a noise outside—it is a dog come to see me: you must hide under this calabash for safety." The cat was scarcely hidden when the dog, coming in, made a similar request for his money. Says Master Spider: "There is a cat under that calabash, —take him, and consider the debt paid." No sooner said than done. Just then a snuffling and scraping was heard at the door. The third creditor, the hyena, had arrived. "Don't be alarmed, my dear dog, but hide here till he has left." And the spider bustled him under the calabash. "I smell a dog," said the hyena, routing about. "Under that calabash," the spider replied. "Eat him up, and your debt is paid." The dog paid the penalty of his simplicity, and all was quiet once more. The hyena was preparing to leave, when he heard an ominous sound that sent him crouching against the wall. It was the pattering of the leopard's feet at the door. "Quick! Under this calabash!" cries his host, and the hyena curls up in the fatal cache, only to meet a like fate from his more courageous enemy. "My debt is repaid!" said the leopard, and ran against the lion coming in. A terrible fight ensued, for the leopard and the lion are equal in strength, so the natives say. While blood and dust make havoc in the house, and both animals are exhausting their strength, the spider is busy at the fire. Seizing a pot of boiling grease, he pours it over the clawing mass. Leopard and lion roll apart in their death agony, and the spider has only to straighten and clean up before resuming once more the humdrum life of fly-catching. No wonder he is known as "Mai-wayo"—the crafty one.

The hedgehog is said to possess miraculous powers of escape. Cord and lock him in box ever so securely, and you will find him gone when you raise the lid. The lion is the king of beasts, but the elephant and the roan antelope are also

high up in the hierarchy of the forest, and all three names are used as titles of honour. The black and white crow is the most mysterious of birds, for she makes no nest and lays no eggs. In what manner it propagates its kind I am not clear, though one man told me that it was occasionally hatched from a hen's egg, thus putting even the cuckoo to shame! A cock, on the other hand, lays an egg now and then, and so on. All these "facts" are vigorously asserted and firmly believed. I have pooh-poohed them in vain.

The Hausa plays with his language as though he loved it. The most illiterate have a stock of quips, puns, catches, and proverbs, which form part of their everyday converse. They excel in this respect any other nation in Africa. Boys spend hours round the campfire in verbal competitions corresponding to our "Peter Piper" or "Round the Rugged Rocks," and it is due to this racial proclivity, and to the musical euphony of the language, which presents few difficulties of pronunciation, that the Hausa tongue promises to rival the Arabic in the future as the *lingua franca* of the greater part of the northern half of the continent. Account must also be taken of the ubiquity of the Hausa trader. He is to be found scattered in large or small communities all along the northern littoral, from Cairo to Casablanca. There are Hausa colonies in nearly all the West African coast towns, and the trade routes across the Sahara seem to have been in use for an unknown number of centuries. This commercial spirit, this relish for a long, and to a European tedious, haggling as an indispensable preliminary to business, is their most prominent characteristic.

The Fulani brought other ideals—a restless and domineering spirit, and a genius for administrative intrigue. But they who swept the country with horsemen, and enforced their *régime* at the point of the spear, could not change the temperament of the conquered. Hence, when we entered the country at the beginning of the century, knowing very little of the extent of the opposition we should meet with, it was but a small fanatical minority under the emirs that opposed our advance with any zeal. The bulk of the people were either serfs blindly obeying their masters' call to arms, or fatalists who, after an action that saved their faces, settled down under the less romantic but more profitable curriculum of Pax Britannica. The two races have now intermarried so largely that there is scarcely a chief or official of rank who can claim pure Fulani extraction.

The more direct representatives of the race are to be found in the dark-skin nomadic folk sometimes known as Bush Fulanis. Of very shy and unsociable habits, they wander about the country with their enormous herds of white and brindled cattle, sheep, and goats, over which they have

an extraordinary control, and on the produce of which they depend for a living. I once came across one of these Ishmaels nonchalantly conducting his beasts through the scrub. I had a camera with me, but signals of peace and goodwill proved vain: no persuasiveness of tone or gesture would induce him to stand for his portrait. He had two little manikins—whom he covered as best he could with his hands—clinging about him in terror, and so hampered he continued for about a mile walking slowly backwards like a bashful child. His eyes never once left the mysterious black box in my hand, and after following him close at the same stealthy pace for some time, I gave it up in despair and turned home. At Kachia there was a more or less permanent encampment of these eccentrics a mile away from the fort. Their homes were the flimsiest erections of cornstalks and dried grass. Close by was a zariba of thorns, which enclosed their cattle at night. By gradual steps, dropping in on them during my evening wanderings after guinea-fowl and francolin, there grew between us a tacit half-attachment which enabled me to strike a bargain for a daily supply of fresh milk. Armed with two empty whisky bottles, Barau, my boy, made daily journeys to their camp for this welcome luxury. Even this was denied me, however, by mid August, for the rains turned a dry ravine that ran between into a formidable torrent, which did not become fordable till after I had left. So in this wild land our simplest wants lie on the knees of the gods of wind and weather; we are harshly weaned from our love of soft raiment and solid roofs, the old comforts and shields to which lifelong habit made us insensible. It is a full life of unexpected events and ever-present responsibilities.

VAGRANT.

THE LABOUR MEMBER'S EXPERIMENT.

BY ULMUS.

It was half-past ten on a warm, bright May morning,—very warm and very bright, for the scene was India and not England. The sun, mounting high in a cloudless sky of hardest, palest, cheerless blue, glared down upon the just and the unjust alike, upon Englishman and Indian, upon soldier and civilian, upon man, beast, bird (chiefly lesser vultures these last), upon dusty, thirsty trees, and upon the parched and arid earth. And it glared most pitilessly upon the range, that miniature desert, treeless, grassless, waterless, where man alone did his appointed work and disliked it in the doing.

The heat shivered and quivered and danced upon the surface of the ground, and the eyes of the shooters, peering over the sights, winked and blinked and ached as they sought to make the bull's-eye stand just for one second upon the sharp edge of the foresight,—just long enough for the eye to telegraph to the brain, the brain to the finger, the finger to the trigger, the trigger to the bullet. And on a May day in India this operation is as complicated as it sounds.

So it was that the shooting progressed slowly. The intermittent reports of the rifles, the monotonous voices of the register-keepers as they droned out the result of each shot, low-spoken words of advice to a man shooting, the sharp call of the bugle as it asked a question of, or gave an order to, the men in the butts, the whistle of a kite overhead, the stamp of the officer's pony and the whisk of his switching tail as he waited patiently for his master, the irregular step of the officer himself as he moved up and down the line of men firing, stopping now to look at a man's score, now to watch the result of a shot, now to advise a shooter,—these were the sounds of the range as they were in the beginning, are now, and ever shall be till peace reigns, till armies are abolished, and till rifles are thrown upon the scrap-heap.

John Jorison, the officer, was not feeling quite at his best: he had torn himself from his bed at a quarter to five, when it was yet dark, when sleep is sweetest because that is the hour of all the twenty-four that is coolest—or least hot; he had swallowed a cup of evil-tasting tea flavoured strongly of goat; he had ridden to the range with a headache and a sticky mouth; and for five mortal hours he had been watching his men shoot, some well, some indifferently, and some badly. His eyes ached, his head buzzed, his helmet, tilted well to the rear to screen his neck, felt as heavy as lead; his temper was getting short, and

more than once he had consciously checked himself for impulsively thinking that a miss on the target had been meant as an affront to himself. As the absurdity of the idea struck him, his dry lips twisted themselves into a smile.

"I think we will stop as soon as these men have fired their rounds, Ressaldar Sahib," he said to his native officer.

"Undoubtedly it will be good to stop," answered the latter, "for the day is hot and the bellies of the young men are empty; therefore they shoot badly."

At last the bugle sounded the cease-fire, the red flag was hoisted, and in answer other red flags peeped out of the butts, followed by beetle-like men in red jackets who busied themselves with the targets. Scores were checked, registers signed, and with a sigh of relief John Jorison cast himself upon his pony's back and rode slowly home to the mess.

"By George, Underwood," he said to a friend as they sat together, twenty minutes later, over their breakfast, "I tell you the range is just pretty bad now, and the only thing that bucks me up at all is the thought of this Labour chap arriving to-night. I was infernally sick with my old governor when he wrote and sprang this job on me, but I begin to think it is going to have consolations after all: I only hope the chap will stand it."

"Oh, he'll stand it all right; but what on earth made your father do it?"

"This chap—he is M.P. for some place or other—was jawing in Parliament about the sedition; of course he put it all down to the sins of the governing caste, as he called it,—that means us and the "civilians," you know. He talked all the usual stuff, and then went on to say that the British officer was not only tyrannous, and proud, and unsympathetic, and all that, but he said he did not earn his pay; he said he only worked six months in the year, and did not overdo it then. As for the hot weather, he made out it was one long holiday passed amid 'All the effeminate surroundings of Eastern luxury.'"

"Silly fool," here interjected Underwood.

"Well, my governor took him up and sort of challenged him to spend three months in India during the hot weather. Of course hill stations were barred, and the chap was to come and see for himself what the conditions were in the plains—what sort of work we did, and all the rest of it. The chap's name is Albert Groves, and of course he said he couldn't find the means, and if he could, he would not have the chance of really seeing for himself; so my father said that he'd not only arrange for him to have a real inside view, but that if he could stick out three months doing, as far as possible, the same work as his son—that's me—was doing, he'd pay his passage both ways second-class."

"More to the point, I should think, if your governor paid your passage each way on

three months' leave," said Underwood.

"That's what I said at first," was the answer, "but really it'll be rather a lark. I have squared the Colonel to let him go through musketry with me, and when that's over, to come on any job with me that I have to do—so far as is possible, of course. And, of course, he'll feed in mess and have a chance of studying the British officer at close quarters. Well, I must go over to my bungalow. The chap arrives this evening, and I've got to go and rig up a room for him with 'Eastern luxury,' &c. That means a punkah and a string bed, just the same as mine."

Underwood smiled.

"Look here," he said, "let's take the brake down to the station and meet him. It'll be rather a good start."

"Right oh!" was the answer; "come and call for me at five o'clock this afternoon; his train is due about 5.30, and you can drive me down."

The Bombay mail was overdue, and Jorison walked up and down the platform smoking cigarettes and wishing it would come. At last a blue-clad station coolie beat upon an iron rail, raising an ear-splitting clamour, to show that the train was signalled, and presently it slid in to the station, its brakes grinding and screeching till they brought it up with a jolt. Jorison threw away his cigarette and walked down the line of carriages. There was no mistaking the figure that alighted, wearing a grey wide-awake, a brilliant red tie, and a flannel suit.

"Are you Mr Groves?" said Jorison; "that's right, then; my name is Jorison, you know."

"Very pleased to meet you, I'm sure, Mr Jorison," said Mr Groves, smiling pleasantly. "It is a lovely day, but a bit 'ot p'raps to be quite nice."

"Beastly hot," said Jorison; "but look here, where are your things? If you'll point them out, my orderly will bring them up to the bungalow, and then you need not wait here in this heat."

Mr Groves indicated his luggage.

"Here, Shabeg Singh," Jorison called, "get some coolies and take the Sahib's kit up to the bungalow."

The grave Sikh, wondering who his Sahib's strange-looking friend might be, saluted, and Jorison turned to his guest.

"Now we can go on, Mr Groves. I expect you are ready for a wash and some tea, and we have got the brake out here to bring you up."

He led the way out of the station, and Mr Groves felt that his worst fears were realised as to the luxurious lives of British officers when he set eyes on the smart brake with its team of chestnuts and its syces in livery.

"Here is Mr Groves, Underwood. May I introduce Underwood of my regiment, Mr Groves?"

"'Ow de do, Mr Underwood; very kind of you, I'm sure, to bring the charabanc down to meet me."

"Not at all," was the answer. "I am afraid you've had a pretty hot journey, and I expect you are glad to get to the end of it, aren't you? Come up here on the box-seat."

"Thank yer, thank yer," said Mr Groves as he clambered up beside Underwood. "I am glad to be 'ere, and no mistake."

The brake drove off at a smart pace, Underwood pointing out and explaining things to Mr Groves, who gazed around him with interest, while Jorison blew calls upon the horn.

"I'm much obliged for the ride," said Mr Groves politely as he alighted at the gate of Jorison's bungalow.

"I hope you'll have plenty more," Underwood answered; "I will teach you to drive a team if you like."

When he went to bed that night Mr Groves had much to think of; he also had plenty of time in which to think of it, for the intense heat of the night was not conducive to sleep. The punkah over his head swung lazily to and fro, and the towel which Jorison had thoughtfully pinned to its fringe almost touched his face; but the air was stifling, and Mr Groves felt very uncomfortable. So he lay still with eyes wide open and perspired and reflected. Firstly, his preconceived ideas of luxury, although at first corroborated by the presence at the station of the regimental brake, had been somewhat shaken, for his apartment in Jorison's bungalow was simplicity itself. Straw matting covered the floor, the furniture was simple, not to say uncomfortable, the bed was flimsy, the high walls whitewashed and bare. Opening off this room was a bathroom, so-called, in which were a tin tub and a jug and basin. Where, oh where, were the marble floor, the long bath with taps marked hot and cold, the douche, and the other appliances of luxury which he had imagined? There was no cover to his toilet-table, no curtains to the windows; a couple of movable cupboards, one of them furnished with a brick to replace a missing foot, a small table beside his bed, two very hard chairs, an oil-lamp that emitted a strong aroma,—these were almost the only accessories to his bedroom, and not only to his bedroom but to that of his host also, for Jorison's apartment was almost a facsimile of his own.

Then there was the sitting-room, which he was to share with his host; that again hardly agreed with his ideas of luxury, for in its way it was as bare as the bedrooms. A couple of cane arm-chairs, two deal tables, one of which was evidently used by his host as a writing-table, two or three smaller chairs, a litter of pipes on the naked mantelpiece, a broken polo-stick in one corner, the same bare high walls, quite pictureless, and the same straw matting on the floor.

Not unlike a workhouse in some ways, thought Mr Groves.

Certainly the inside of the bungalow had brought disillusionment.

Then there had been dinner in mess; but here again was disappointment, for there were no gorgeous uniforms with a lot of silly gold lace stuck on the coat,—nothing but the simplest white garments. Nor was there a feast, with the champagne flowing like water. No; an extremely plain meal, during which some of the officers drank whisky-and-soda, some drank soda, and some drank barley-water. Wine only appeared when the health of the king was drunk, and when the toast had been honoured, practically no one drank any more.

Certainly they played cards after dinner, but apparently it hardly amounted to gambling, the points were so ridiculously small.

Finally, he had been surprised by the simplicity of the officers themselves, and by their kindly demeanour towards himself. He had rather expected them to be haw-haw sort of people, but from the Colonel downwards they were quiet, and, as far as he could see, inoffensive; certainly they had been very nice to him—in fact, the Colonel had gone out of his way to be friendly, and not only that, but had talked intelligently of politics at home.

In only one thing did it seem to Mr Groves that his preconceived ideas had been correct, and that was in regard to the small amount of work done by the officers. In this he was borne out by Jorison, who, as he took him back to the bungalow, had told him that breakfast went on from ten o'clock, and that he was to be sure not to wait for any one. Breakfast at ten o'clock! He supposed work began about eleven o'clock. Mr Groves smiled to himself with a not intolerant scorn, and opened the bottle of soda which his host had thoughtfully put by his bedside. He grimaced at its tepid temperature, and once more settled himself to sleep.

Ten minutes later he wiped the sleeve of his night-gown across his damp forehead, and with difficulty refrained from swearing at the heat.

CHAPTER II.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Mr Groves awoke the next morning: for a moment he wondered where he was, then he sat up feeling very thirsty. His eye fell on a tray of tea by his bed, and he drank it with great gulps.

The house was silent, and fearing to disturb his host, he made his toilet quietly, and slipping silently out, took himself over to the mess.

The mess also was quiet, for not a soul was there, and after waiting a little in case any one should come, Mr Groves ordered his breakfast and went into the dining-room. As he waited, Mr Groves reflected, not quite so tolerantly as last night, upon the laziness of officers, and he was plunged

deep in thought upon this rather fascinating if hackneyed subject when Jorison at last appeared.

"By Jove, it's as hot as blazes to-day," said Jorison after greetings, "but, thank goodness, my outside work is finished now."

"What, finished already!" exclaimed Mr Groves; "why, it must be an 'oliday to-day."

"Well, hardly that," was the answer; "you see I have done about five hours on the range this morning, but the other things I have to do are all indoor work, and that's better than being in the sun."

Mr Groves stared in surprise, and at length finding his voice, asked humbly for an explanation.

"My!" he said, when one had been furnished, "and I've been thinking you was all in bed. And the others — are they out too?"

"Yes, rather," said Jorison; "they had parade at six o'clock, you know, but they ought to be back from the lines very soon now."

"Well, I reely *am* surprised, that I am," said Mr Groves, who for some reason or other felt abashed by all this industry on the part of other people. "And what else 'ave you got to do to-day?" he went on.

"After breakfast I shall have to go to the quartermaster's office (I am quartermaster, you know), but that will not take long. Then at one o'clock I've got a lecture for some of the non-commissioned officers. After that I am finished."

Mr Groves was really reduced to silence.

"To-morrow, if you don't mind," he said after a long pause, "I'll start in with you, as yer kind father arranged. If it is quite agreeable to *you*, of course."

"Of course it is," said Jorison; "I would have taken you to-day, but I thought you'd like a rest after the journey up country. But you could start to-morrow, and it will be very nice for me having you as a companion on the range. I only hope you will not be bored by it."

"Not I," said Mr Groves stoutly.

Mr Groves had an eventful morning. He had called on the Colonel and enjoyed a long talk with that officer upon the rights and wrongs of India, in which he flattered himself he had shown the Colonel a thing or two. Then the Colonel had driven him up to leave his card, printed very chastely in Gothic letters, upon the Brigadier, and he had found the latter a very pleasant officer. In fact, the Brigadier invited him to dinner.

Then the Colonel drove him back to Jorison's bungalow, where he had arrived with a limp collar and a rampant thirst. Entering the sitting-room, he had found Jorison holding forth to ten or twelve native soldiers; the lecturer was trying to explain things with the aid of a blackboard, and the audience, seated on the floor, barefoot, listened with rapt attention to his fluent speech. Somehow Mr Groves

had never realised that British officers had to talk Hindustanee.

As Mr Groves entered the room the soldiers all rose and saluted him gravely, and a little taken aback, he bowed awkwardly and muttered that he was very pleased to meet them. Jorison apologised for not having concluded his lecture, and said he would finish in a short time.

"I am afraid you would find it dull work listening, Mr Groves, even if you understood the lingo, for I'm jawing about musketry—the theoretical part, you know. But here is the book if you would like to see it."

He handed his guest a copy of the Musketry Regulations, and showed him the part from which he was lecturing. Mr Groves took the slim red book, and while Jorison continued his lecture, sought to acquaint himself with some of its subject-matter. He was soon lost in a haze of technical words which meant nothing to him, and putting the book down, devoted himself to watching lecturer and lectured.

It was almost his first chance of studying some individuals of what he considered to be an oppressed and down-trodden race. He felt his heart warm towards them as he looked at their earnest faces, and all his old opinions of the ruling caste came flooding back, almost unconsciously, to his mind. To him Jorison now stood for a type of the "sun-dried bureaucrat," "the military autocracy," "the overbearing and unsympathetic ruler," and various other well-sounding phrases that he had often employed in his orations. And the soldiers? Well, they did not quite fit in with his notions of the simple Indian; but there they were, the real thing, members of the race to whom he had often longed to give a message of brotherhood, whose wrongs he had championed, whose claims he had advocated, whose so-called sedition he had pronounced to be the legitimate aspirations of patriots.

"There, that's finished," said Jorison, breaking in upon his reverie; "I expect these chaps are pretty glad I've come to an end, for I'm afraid they find this sort of thing pretty dull. But it has got to be done, of course."

"Of course, of course," assented Mr Groves, rather absently. "Look 'ere, Mr Jorison, I should like to say a few words to these men, if you don't mind; I 'ave a message that I feel I must deliver to them."

Jorison looked surprised.

"Why certainly, if you like," he said; "but you know they don't talk English, and I don't quite see how you'll make them understand. I might translate for you, but I don't suppose it would be much good."

Mr Groves felt love for the oppressed welling up in his bosom; he stepped forward, and hooking a thumb into the arm-hole of his waistcoat, began to speak. He gave no heed to what Jorison had said about the men not understanding English, and burst forth into a speech which was to deal not only with a cause for which

he felt a lively sympathy, but with one of which he felt he thoroughly understood the intricacies.

"Friends," he began, "nay, brothers, I come among you bearing a message, a message of friendship and of love from the working man of England. The great Labour Party 'olds out to you the 'and of comradeship. I come to tell you that we of the Labour Party regard the black man as the white man's equal, that we love the 'eathen as much as we love the Christian."

"Hold hard," said Jorison; "you know, I had no idea that you were going to talk politics, Mr Groves, and I really don't think you had better do so just at present. For one thing, I don't know if the Colonel would quite like it, and, if you will forgive me for saying so, you really must learn up a few things first. I'll explain about that later, and in the meantime I'll just tell these chaps that you are a member of Parliament, and were just kind of saying how-do-you-do to them."

He turned to the soldiers and spoke a few words to them. They saluted Mr Groves gravely, and with a further salute to their officer, quietly filed out of the room.

It was lucky for Mr Groves' self-conceit that he could not hear what they said outside the door.

"He is a very fat, red man, this man who spoke. What did he say?"

"Nay, how should I know? Am I a babu to understand English? But this I know, he is not a true Sahib."

"That is true," said a third. "Also he is either mad or a fool."

They moved away still discussing him.

Inside the room Jorison looked at his guest with a puzzled expression upon his face.

"I really had not the least idea that you wanted to talk like that or I should have asked you not to do so, for the present at all events. When you've been with us a bit longer you'll see what I mean when I say that that sort of thing will hardly go down with those fellows."

"Well, Mr Jorison, I don't like being muzzled as a rule, but of course you're my 'ost, and I would not go for to do anything you don't like while I'm under your 'ospitable roof. But straight is straight, and I ought to tell you honest that when we part I shall 'ave to take me own line."

"Of course, of course," Jorison assented.

"You see, it's like this with me, Mr Jorison,"—Mr Groves cleared his throat and continued,—"while my immediate projeck is to see something of you and your work, I feel that I've come out as a friend of India; I feel that I must 'old out my 'and to these fellow-creatures who struggle beneath an 'ard-'earted, 'ard-'anded tyranny."

"Oh, look here," interrupted Jorison, "you really must draw in a bit. People who come out with crystallised opinions so

often find they were wrong after they have been in the country a few months. Give us all a chance by seeing how things go, and after that spout away as much as you like."

"Well," replied Mr Groves, "as an open-minded man I grant you there may be something in what you say. Still, I 'ave a message to these poor niggers——"

Jorison interrupted again.

"That's just what I wanted to speak to you about, if you'll let me. You know you called those men who were here 'black men' just now, and now you are talking of niggers. I hope you will not mind my telling you that they'd be very angry indeed if they hear you doing so. They are not black, and they are not niggers, and they won't appreciate your message if you address them as such. And, really, you must not call them 'heathens' either, for they would simply hate it if they understood you."

"Well, reely now, Mr Jorison," answered Mr Groves, "you do surprise me! Of course I don't expect many of these poor people to be as well educated as you or me, but I did think they'd know what they truly were."

Jorison burst out laughing.

"Well, there's one of your opinions gone overboard already, so you see you had better wait before you trot out the others."

Mr Groves laughed good-humouredly.

"Well, well," he said, "it certainly would be 'orrible to insult these poor people when I was trying to 'elp them. Excuse me, Mr Jorison, I wonder if I might 'ave a drink,—I've got an 'orrid thirst."

"Oh, I say, I'm most awfully sorry," cried Jorison in penitence at his own inhospitality; "of course you must be frightfully thirsty. Come over to the mess now, and have lunch and something cold to drink."

"Well, I do believe I could pick something," said Mr Groves, and the two went forth amicably.

CHAPTER III.

The next day lived long in the memory of Mr Groves. A respectful but insistent native servant roused him relentlessly from his sweetest slumbers, and he had put on his clothes by candle-light which flickered beneath the draught of the punkah. Then he cut himself shaving, and bled like a stuck pig, as he himself put it. Then Jorison had forced him to eat two poached eggs, the very sight of which made his gorge rise, and drink some goaty tea, explaining that it would be a long time before he saw any breakfast.

After that he had been put on a pony, and his first ride struck him as a singularly uncomfortable mode of progression: eventually he had to

follow at a walk, as Jorison was unable to wait. He arrived at the range in some embarrassment, for sixty men, awaiting their turn to shoot, rose and stood at attention, and stared at him respectfully while he dismounted. Mr Groves tried to raise his hat, but forgot that the chin-strap was in its appointed place, which of course prevented his hat from rising, and somehow that made him feel silly.

"Hullo, here you are, Mr Groves," cried the cheerful voice of Jorison; "come up here on the firing-point and see what's going on. Look here, we'll have to have a match, House of Commons *versus* Indian Army; what do you say?"

"Well, I reely never fired off a gun in my life," said Mr Groves, "but I don't mind if I 'ave a try. But you'll 'ave to show me 'ow. But what about using Government ammunition, eh?"

"I don't think Government would grudge it you," was the answer; "it's all part of your education, you know."

So Mr Groves was given a rifle and shown how to shoot, and made a great many misses and one bull's-eye, which last pleased him so much that he quite forgot the bruise on his shoulder where the butt had kicked him a little. So the first hour passed pleasantly.

But the next hour was not quite so interesting; the third hour was horrid; in the fourth hour he was rather overcome by the heat, and Jorison wanted him to go home, but Mr Groves' innate pluck refused to give in. He felt sick, and ill, and thirsty, and faint, and a lot of other things equally unpleasant. The reports of the rifles went through his aching head like knives, and he almost wished he were back in England; but he stuck to it bravely, and Jorison, rather alarmed by the pallor of his guest's face, sounded the cease-fire earlier than usual and took his guest back to the mess. There breakfast made him feel quite wonderfully better, and he felt able to face things again.

"I'll not deny I did feel a bit queer, Mr Jorison," he said; "the 'eat is more than I've been used to, but I'll stand it better to-morrow. And now I'm ready to go down to the quartermaster's office with you. What? Go 'ome and take it easy? Oh my! that'd never do; certainly not. Fancy me giving in so easy as that!"

The cracked mud walls of the quartermaster's office, its bulging, soiled, fly-blown ceiling-cloth, its stifling atmosphere, nearly finished Mr Groves off, and he all but collapsed when, his office work finished, Jorison announced that he had now to inspect all the drains in the lines and the regimental bazaar to see if they were properly clean. But again his pluck pulled him through, and he followed Jorison doggedly in the broiling glare of the mid-day sun down horrid alleyways, along the edges of deep drains, into the Mohammedan slaughter-house, round the camel lines. What appalling

heat and, once or twice, what appalling smells! And then Jorison's wrath with any delinquent sweeper, with the bazaar chowdri, with any one who had been guilty of dereliction in leaving dirt about the place. If he had not been feeling so ill, Mr Groves would almost certainly have remonstrated with Jorison for speaking like that to a fellow-man, for though he did not understand the words the tones were unmistakable; but his sense of the rights of man was drowned temporarily by a violent feeling of nausea.

How glad he was to get back to the dark cool interior of the bungalow. As he sank into his chair he did not know how he was to stand that sort of thing for long. He looked so done up by the rather long and trying work of the morning that Jorison insisted on his lying down and trying to sleep during the hour that was to be employed in lecturing the non-commissioned officers.

"You see," said Jorison, "it's really no good your sitting and looking on, for you would not understand, and if you did, it would be very dull for you. Besides, you might go to sleep while I was lecturing, and think of the example that would have upon my audience!"

"Well, I think I will go and 'ave a bit of a nap," said Mr Groves; "I would 'ate to spoil your lecture by falling asleep in the presence of the men; and I did stick it out this morning, didn't I?"

"Yes, rather," answered his host, "and it must have been very trying for you, coming as you do straight from home."

Mr Groves withdrew into his darkened bedroom and was soon fast asleep. He awoke once, but the voice of Jorison, lecturing his men in the next room, acted as a lullaby, and he dozed off again and dreamt of the House of Commons. He awoke later with a start, and after a wash, entered the sitting-room, where he found Jorison poring over his books.

"What, you're not working again, are you?" said Mr Groves in surprise.

"Well, yes, I am," was the reply, "but it is private work. I am up soon for my promotion exam., so I have to do a good lot of reading just now. You've had a good sleep, I hope; anyway you slept long past the lunch hour, so I've ordered tea early, and after that I thought you might like to drive down in the brake and look at polo."

Mr Groves assented cordially, and refused to let Jorison stop working in order to amuse him. He walked over to a bookshelf in search of literature, but most of what he found turned out to be drill-books, manuals, regulations, military law, topography, military history, fortification, and other professional reading. Being an observant man, he noticed that they had been well used, and he put a mark in his mental account to Jorison's credit.

At last the heat wore away, and at six o'clock the two

sallied forth to polo. On the polo-ground he met many officers, who, upon introduction, turned out to be extremely pleasant and kindly, and he spent a very profitable time talking to them and watching the polo. The latter amazed him, and the only thing that ruffled him was seeing an angry player ride off the ground and strike his syce. At this Mr Groves' blood boiled, and he could scarcely refrain from calling out "Shame," but luckily at the moment some one came and addressed him, and he was forced to reply.

Still, the incident gave the British officer a very decided set-back in Mr Groves' opinion of him. Here was the callous brutality of which he had so often heard and spoken; here was an unprovoked assault by the ruler upon the ruled; here was—well, everything bad that he had thought of the methods of the race dominant in India. Mr Groves decided to speak to Jorison about it, and later on he did so.

The day had come to an end, and the two were returning to their bungalow after the mess dinner, when Mr Groves opened fire.

"You will, I 'ope, excuse me, Mr Jorison, if I say anything nasty about a friend of yours; but did you see that officer strike his groom at polo this afternoon? Well, I do think that was shameful."

"Shameful!" said Jorison, a little surprised.

"Yes, Mr Jorison,—shameful, cruel, cowardly, to strike an unoffending man like that, a fellow-creature if he is a black—I should say a brown man. I can't wonder that our rule is 'ated. Why, that officer should be 'ad up for assault."

"M'yes," said Jorison; "I suppose it is always wrong to strike a servant—wrong in theory anyway. In practice I can't help thinking it is a bit different."

"Different, Mr Jorison? Now tell me 'ow, sir. 'Ow can it be different when right is right and wrong is wrong?"

"Well, it is hard to explain to any one who is new to the country. No doubt it *is* wrong really, but you must understand that beating is the only argument that appeals to some folk. I assure you that kindness is simply misunderstood in some cases: now, that fellow Greenfield who hit his syce to-day is a very good-tempered chap really, and he had a good deal of provocation though you did not see it. The syce had put on a rotten stirrup-leather, and it broke during the game. That might have cost Greenfield his life at polo. He had, for the safety of his own neck, to impress on the syce that that sort of carelessness can't be allowed, and really he could only do that either by dismissing him, fining him a small sum from his pay, or giving him a gentle clout on the head. The clout may have been all wrong, but it was certainly the kindest course to take. I'll bet you what you like that that syce will not give up the place because he was clouted."

"That may be all very true, Mr Jorison, but it is not right; it is not just or fair, and it's not the way to treat a fellow-man."

"I am afraid I can't convince you, but don't be in a hurry to condemn every one. I daresay we are hard and tyrannical sometimes, but you'll see that at times we are tried pretty badly; and I daresay you'll agree that our methods are right occasionally when you've been longer with us. Give us a fair trial, Mr Groves."

"Yes, I'll certainly do that," said Mr Groves heartily, "but I fear it will not change my opinions. Good - night, Mr Jorison, and thank you for an instructive day."

In spite of the hard day that he had spent, Mr Groves could not sleep: the heat was something worse than he had ever imagined to be possible. The punkah kept stopping, with the result that he felt almost as if he were on fire; he called to the dozing coolie, and forthwith the punkah swung with spasmodic jerks for a minute and then slowly died away to inaction. Mr Groves perspired violently and called again to the coolie. In all, the punkah stopped six times, and five times he shouted to the man who pulled it. He was really almost in an agony of heat, for freshly out of home, he of course felt it intensely. He was also very angry.

When the punkah stopped for the sixth time, Mr Groves slipped hurriedly from bed, pattered in bare feet across the floor, dashed into the verandah, and, boiling with rage, gave the punkah coolie a sounding box on the ear: he raised his hand to repeat the blow, but it dropped inert by his side.

"Oh, Lord!" he gasped; "what 'ave I done? Whatever 'ave I done? And after speaking like that to Mr Jorison!"

He crept back shamefacedly to bed and wondered how he was to confess his sin to his host.

But the punkah did not stop again that night.

CHAPTER IV.

For a fortnight Mr Groves repeated more or less exactly the routine of that day: daily he hated the range more than he had hated it the day before, daily the hours spent with Jorison at musketry seemed hotter and longer and altogether more utterly beastly. The drains, too, were really more untempting the more he saw of them: they were wonderfully clean, but still though they did not smell, there was something suggestive about them that made Mr Groves wish to hold his breath as he followed Jorison along their course. As for the slaughter-house, it was really all he could do to follow Jorison across its suggestively stained

threshold. He tried to console himself by saying that Jorison, as a soldier, did not mind blood or the smell of it, but the argument was not in the least convincing. The quartermaster's office was not quite so trying, for he could help Jorison there and keep himself employed at the same time.

But the long hours on the range were what tried him most, and it was with a sigh of content that he heard Jorison tell him that musketry was at last finished.

"Now we'll have a much easier time," said Jorison; "we shall only have an hour's parade at six o'clock; then there will be stables after that for another hour, and, as a rule, that'll be the end of the outdoor work."

Mr Groves was something of a sportsman, and by now he was very much more at home on a horse, so he was not only able to accompany Jorison upon his squadron parades, but was even able to take part in them. At mounted combat he received some shrewd blows, and gave one or two in return with a happy smile. Going over the regimental jumps in rear of a troop was not so amusing, but he stuck to his saddle like a man. He was even initiated into tent-pegging, and if he felt a little alarmed no one knew it.

What really puzzled him was how Jorison managed to know by sight almost every individual horse in his squadron; what puzzled him even more was how Jorison, when work was over and every nerve clamoured for breakfast and a rest in the comparative coolness of the mess, could with patient resignation listen to some unexpected request or to some matter of routine sprung on him at the last moment, which kept him lingering in the lines for another quarter of an hour.

It was true that Jorison's tone (his speech, of course, was still beyond his comprehension) sometimes shocked Mr Groves: it seemed to Mr Groves that that was not at all the tone in which to address a fellow-man, even if he were but a common trooper, a mere nigger — beg pardon, an Indian. Surely a fellow-man, when he erred, could and should be addressed with polite firmness, with calm severity, rather than with words which struck Mr Groves' ear as being rude and indeed violent. He tackled Jorison about it one day, but Jorison had replied, rather drily, that Mr Groves must really let him do his own job according to his own lights.

Mr Groves had felt rather hurt at this, and had referred the matter to Underwood, from whom, however, he had got but little comfort.

"What, Jorison speak offensively to his men? Oh, that's rot, Mr Groves. Why, the men simply love the chap."

Mr Groves felt quite annoyed with himself, with Underwood, with Jorison, and especially with Jorison's men. Also he did not believe that what Underwood said was true.

But it was true all the same, for not long after, during the morning parade, a horse fell heavily, and in doing so broke his rider's leg. Mr Groves, who was nearest, ran to the man and tried to help, only to find himself ungratefully waved aside by the sufferer, who explained that he wanted to be supported, till the doctor arrived, by his own Sahib,—words which Mr Groves forced the reluctant Jorison to translate to him. And Mr Groves was greatly surprised, because only a few days before Jorison had given the man a punishment for what, in Mr Groves' eyes, had seemed a very trifling offence.

So six weeks passed, and Mr Groves, who not unnaturally had been rather suspicious of Jorison and his industry, thinking that perhaps it was a spurt put on for his especial benefit, had ascertained that other officers worked quite as hard as his host. It was a great surprise to him, but he did not try to disguise from himself that his former opinions had been mistaken. On the other hand, "the regiment," as Mr Groves had unconsciously come to call it, had begun to like the member of Parliament: they admired him for sticking to it so well,—for insisting on going through with his undertaking under what they knew must be, to him, very trying circumstances. Every one in India remembers what his first hot weather felt like, and they never thought of minimising the discomfort from which they knew that Mr Groves must suffer. They watched him closely, and they noted with some concern that his healthy English colour was giving place to the paleness of the sojourner in an Indian summer. They paid him the compliment of asking him to talk politics, and the greater compliment of listening to him when he did so; they even allowed themselves to be convinced, perhaps a little against their will, that the man was sincere. When he had arrived they had looked on him as a self-seeking agitator; none of them now supposed him to be self-seeking.

And Mr Groves, by no means a fool, saw that they respected him, and was pleased.

But his worst trial was to come.

Sedition, the legitimate aspirations of patriots, call it what you will, had been bubbling for some time, and Mr Groves complained bitterly of the reticence of the authorities. Every one knew that something was going on, but no one was exactly aware of how things were tending. Mr Groves was an ardent reader of several newspapers, edited by Indians and published in English as well as in the vernacular; he liked them, he approved of the leading articles. What some called scurrilous lies he pronounced to be brave candour, straightforward indictments of the present *régime*, courageous demonstrations of the gross faults of a grossly faulty Government. He even wrote some letters to them,

which were published with due prominence as emanating from that well-known M.P., Mr Albert Groves, a Friend of India; and it was only with the greatest reluctance that he acceded to the Colonel's request that, while he was the guest of the regiment, he should refrain from writing letters which could hardly be regarded as otherwise than inflammatory. But he gave his word, and like a gentleman he kept it in the spirit as well as in the letter, not only refusing to contribute further epistles, but declining to grant interviews to the numerous native reporters who tried to throng Jorison's bungalow, and had to be violently expelled by Jorison's orderly.

It was a trying time for Mr Groves, but he came through it like a man,—rather a discontented man, perhaps, but still a man.

Then one day, while he was having some mid-day sleep, Jorison came hurriedly into his bedroom and shook him by the shoulder.

"Here, wake up, Mr Groves; I have just had a note from the Adjutant saying there is a row going on in the city, and that my squadron has to go down there with the Major's and help to stop it. If you'd like to come, run over to the Colonel's and ask him if he'll let you, and I'll have a horse saddled for you in the meantime."

The Friend of India arose hurriedly, threw on his clothes, and hurried over to the Colonel's bungalow. When he returned, Jorison was in uniform and was stuffing cartridges into his revolver-pouch.

"Have you got a pistol, Mr Groves? No? Then you'd better take mine: it's not likely to be wanted, but it's just possible."

"What! Me take a pistol!" exclaimed Mr Groves in disgust; "take a pistol, and perhaps shoot some of these poor nig — natives? Surely you forget my principles."

"Oh, rot," said Jorison, rather rudely. "I don't forget your jolly old principles, and I don't ask you to shoot any poor natives. But you must take this, in case there is a row. You see they might not recognise you as the chap that wrote those letters to their rotten papers."

"Patriotic papers," said Mr Groves in a tone of correction; but he took the pistol rather unwillingly, and stuffed it into his pocket. Then they rode off to the lines.

The two squadrons were already paraded under the native officers when they appeared, shortly followed by the Major.

"Dashed hot," said the latter to Mr Groves; "have they served out the ammunition, Jorison?"

"Yes, sir; ten rounds a man."

Mr Groves shuddered as he glanced down the line,—two hundred men, two hundred rifles, and two thousand rounds of ammunition, not to mention two hundred lances and as many swords.

Mr Groves nearly protested; but the perspiration ran down

his nose and tickled it, and while he was wiping it off the Major gave the word of command, and the two squadrons moved off.

They trotted rapidly down the road, enveloped in a cloud of dust which smothered and choked them. As they neared the outskirts of the city a great hum, almost a roar, fell on Mr Groves' ears.

"Whatever's that?" he asked, the sweat pouring down his face. The heat was intense.

"I expect that's the mob," said the Major; "we were sent for because they are trying to rescue some of their friends who have been locked up in the police-station. I hope they have not succeeded in getting them out."

Ten minutes later Mr Groves found himself in a position stranger than any in which he had hitherto been. He had taken part in a good many elections, and had often faced a hostile mob before this, but never in these circumstances.

In front was a vast crowd, several thousands in number. Between him and them was a thin line of native police, sixty or seventy strong, and with the police were two European police officers, the Deputy Commissioner, and the district magistrate. Beside Mr Groves were Jorison and the Major, behind him were two hundred native cavalry with rifles and lances.

The Deputy Commissioner, whom he had met many times at polo, was speaking to the mob, but his voice was drowned in the roar and the din. He might as well have talked to the Atlantic Ocean on a stormy day. Mr Groves felt a thrill as he looked at him, standing in front of the police, facing the mob without even a stick in his hand.

Suddenly a stone flew, hurtled past the Deputy Commissioner, and hit a constable in the face, knocking him over; instantly the air became thick with stones, and the roar increased in intensity till it rose almost to a hoarse shriek. Still the Deputy Commissioner tried to make himself heard; then he was knocked down by a stone.

"Shame!" cried Mr Groves; but the voice of the mob became almost deafening.

The Major cantered forward amid the stones which frightened his horse, and spoke to the Deputy Commissioner, who had picked himself up, the blood streaming from a cut on his face.

The Major turned towards his men, and the stones flew thicker than ever.

"Walk, march!" he shouted, and the line of cavalry moved forward.

"Trot!" The two hundred men broke into a trot, and instantly the mob's roar became a yell of alarm. They gave, those in front pressing back.

"Lord!" exclaimed Mr Groves, who had mechanically advanced alongside Jorison. "I am afraid the poor niggers will get it 'ot now!"

"Halt!" cried the Major. The crowd had begun to melt, and now the police, pressing

forward, used violent arguments to hasten them. In ten minutes the street was clear and Mr Groves was tying up the Deputy Commissioner's wounded head. He could not refrain from expressing his admiration.

"That was masterly, sir, the way that mob was 'andled. You showed great moderation, sir, and so did the Major, stopping like that just at the crucial moment."

"Oh, that's all right," said the Deputy Commissioner; "thanks awfully for tying me up. I'll tell you about it all afterwards: I must go round the place now and see that things quieten down a bit. There may be some more trouble, but I think it will be all right. It was only some of those rotten chaps making speeches, so these asses lost their heads a bit. So long, —see you later."

Mr Groves spent the remainder of the day in studying an Indian city under more or less military rule; he patrolled streets with small bodies of native cavalry; he chatted with squads of British infantry who had been brought down to the city to occupy certain points. He interviewed native sub-inspectors of police whose English was fluent and correct; he chatted with some missionaries whose church had been wrecked. He had what he called a really instructive day, and at the end of it, hot, hungry, thirsty, and tired, he confessed that every one, from the Deputy Commissioner down to the troopers, had behaved remarkably well. There might have been slaughter, looting, practically anything dreadful and oppressive, and there had actually been nothing horrible or unjust as far as he could see.

He felt quite surprised, but he did not say so to Jorison, though as a rule he confided a good many of his sentiments to that officer.

It may have been Mr Groves' astonishment, or it may have been the sun, that knocked him over with a bad dose of fever that night. Anyway, he had to take to his bed, a very sick and sorry man, and there he stayed for some days and tasted further the discomforts of India. He had come to like the members of "the regiment" very much, but he never knew what good fellows they were until he became sick. They treated him like a prodigal brother; they visited him, and sat with him and cheered him; they threatened the regimental doctor with death unless he speedily cured the patient; and Jorison, coming in unexpectedly one day at a meal time and finding that his servant had brought a cold and untempting breakfast to Mr Groves, fell upon the man and beat him before Mr Groves' outraged eyes.

In a feeble voice Mr Groves remonstrated, and whispered that Jorison's conduct was brutal.

"Brutal!" cried Jorison; "I'll skin the chap if I catch him bringing you beastly-looking food like that again."

So, in mercy to the servant, Mr Groves held his peace—and perhaps secretly felt a little pleased that retribution had fallen.

"Look here, Groves," said the Colonel, "you must take ten days' leave and go to the hills and get over this fever. I can spare Jorison now, and he shall go with you. You are both a bit stale."

"But I can't, Colonel. I am under contract with Mr Jorison's father to stay here three months."

"Oh, that's all right," answered the Colonel; "ten days' leave to the hills is really part of the routine during the hot weather. You know, nearly every one gets two months' leave; and, besides that, every one goes once at least on ten days. It is absolutely necessary to keep them fit. I'll tell Jorison to have your things packed."

Mr Groves assented.

He came back with Jorison and finished his time. Then he went home. He often has doubts in his mind as to the justice and wisdom of British rule in India, but he always tries to see both sides of the question, and he never calls the British officer tyrannous or undeserving of his pay.

"I tell you," he said once to one of the more rampant of his own party,—"I tell you I've seen them at work, and I know what it is, for I 'ad to do it with them. They mayn't do a full ten-hour day, but pretty often it's not far short, for they 'ave to work up their profession privately. And it is not all easy work, either. You go and smell a drain with the thermometer 112 degrees in the shade, and see 'ow you like it. 'Olidays? Of course they 'ave; and they need them too. I tell you I've done it, and I *know*. And let's see, now. Did I tell you about that riot I was in, and 'ow they 'andled that mob of nig—Indians? Well, it was this way——" &c., &c.

"Really a very good chap," said the Colonel. "At first we hardly took him seriously, but he soon made us see that he meant it. Wrong-headed, of course, in many of his ideas; but when he saw he was mistaken, he owned up to it honestly. And he worked hard, too: he came out in the hot weather and did the whole routine, musketry included, for three months. I tell you, I wish some more of his sort would come out in the same way. They'd teach us something, and they'd learn a lot themselves," &c., &c.

CONCERNING ENGLISH AVENUES.

As the derivation of the word implies, an avenue merely means an approach to any object, such objective usually in England being a mansion-house. Thus Evelyn defined it as "*Avenue*, the principal walk to the front of the house or seat." Even in very ancient times, and in countries with a primitive civilisation far different from our own, the planting of rows of trees for beauty or utility was already customary. Indeed, as early as the third century B.C., the edicts of King Asoka in India ordered tree-planting along roadways to give shade and shelter, and during the first century A.D. Pliny describes the rows of trees planted in Italy for a similar purpose.

But the particular branch of arboriculture known as avenue-planting appears undoubtedly, as the word indicates, to have been introduced into England from France, most probably at the time of the Restoration (1660); and it seems to have originally consisted of the planting of parallel rows of trees leading up to any prominent object, and forming a sylvan framework to a vista. Artificial in their origin, they are a sort of reproduction of, or improvement on, the long glades or vistas obtained naturally wherever roads run through woodlands, such as are to be found in many of the beech woods at Cirencester in Gloucestershire, and in the old oak woods at Savernake in Wilts, where the "grand avenue" forms a famous glade. Where paths or broader tracks run through old oak woods the vistas obtainable through the trees resemble the rounded Norman arch, while in beech woods the form adopted by the more acutely angled tree-boughs resembles rather the pointed Gothic arch.

From the fact that Bacon (1561-1626) does not specially mention avenues or woodland vistas in either his Essays or his 'Sylva Sylvarum,' it seems improbable that many, if any, existed before the end of the sixteenth century; and as Menzies remarks in his 'Windsor Park and Forest,' "Queen Elizabeth made a 'pleasure walk,' but it is doubtful whether she planted the sides of the elm avenue in the Little Park which bears her name." That such walks were, however, planted about that period, or even earlier, seems clear, both from Evelyn's remark in 'Sylva,' when speaking about the oak, that "a great person in Devon planted oaks as big as twelve oxen could draw, to supply some defect in an avenue to one of his houses," and also from the quotation made regarding "aged trees" in Evelyn's 'Sylva,' "Dendrologia," Book IV.: "After the fate of that once beautiful Grove under Greenwich Castle (of late supplied by his present

Majesty), even the royal walk of Elms in St James's Park,

'That living gallery of ancient trees,'

was once proposed to the late Council of State (as they called it) to be cut down and sold." This replanting of trees to replace those felled during the Commonwealth took place in 1664, as is recorded in Evelyn's Diary for March 4, 1664, where he remarks concerning his house near Deptford that "This spring I planted the Home field and West field about Say's Court with elmes, being the same year that the elmes were planted by his Mg^ty in Greenwich Park."

Although the three extracts from Evelyn's Diary given below for 1654 and 1656 plainly show that avenue-planting was customary before the Restoration, yet it seems clear that a great impetus was given to it then, and that it became very fashionable from Charles II.'s reign down to the end of the eighteenth century.

In connection with these old avenues formed between 1660 and 1780, many of which still exist, though now apt to be damaged and thinned by gales, and to be gradually showing distinct signs of senile decay, four names stand out as those of the men who exerted the largest amount of personal influence with regard to avenue-planting. These are André le Nostre or Nôtre (1613-1700), John Evelyn (1620-1706), William Kent (1684-1748), and Lancelot or "Capability" Brown (1715-1783).

Le Nôtre, to whom the control of all the royal gardens in France was given by Louis XIV., laid out the parks, terraces, and gardens at Versailles, and fed the fountains by a canal draining and reclaiming a neighbouring marsh. He also laid out the gardens at Marly, Fontainebleau, and St Cloud, and the great terrace at St Germain, for Louis XIV., and the gardens at Chantilly for Prince Condé. His greatest work was at Versailles, where Mansard was the architect and Charles le Brun the decorator. The palace was surrounded to the west by three enclosures, the last of which, called the Great Park, was thirty miles in circumference, and comprised the villages of Bac, St Cyr, Bois d'Arcy, and Bailly; while to the north of this Great Park were the nursery gardens, and on the south the ponds and aqueducts leading to the reservoirs in the Deer Park. Such was the man whom Charles II., who had during his exile in France seen much of Le Nôtre's arboricultural ornamentation, invited to England shortly after the Restoration. Here he laid out the Greenwich and St James's Parks, and constructed the lake in the latter, which now forms one of the most beautiful garden-scenes that it is possible to imagine in the heart of a great city. And in all probability the planting of walks and groves carried out by Charles II. at Windsor was done under Le Nôtre's advice, although perhaps not under his personal supervision.

To a great extent geometrical,

and therefore rigidly artificial, some of Le Nôtre's work in England has been sharply criticised, and not unjustly so. In connection with the alterations he made for the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey, Humphrey Repton, in his well-known 'Theory and Practice of Landscape-Gardening' (1816), remarks concerning the course which the line of approach to a large country-house should take—

> "Utility suggests that the road should be the shortest possible; it was for this reason (I suppose) that in former times the straight line was adopted, accompanied by rows of trees leading to the front of the house, which was probably the origin of avenues. The first grand approach to Woburn was of this kind; but experience having pointed out the monotony of a long Avenue, where the house is always seen in the same point of view, Le Nôtre boldly conceived an idea, which was realised at Woburn, at Wanstead, and in the front of some other palaces, viz., to obstruct its course by placing a large round basin or pond in the middle of the avenue, which not only obliged the road to pass round it, but by acting as a mirror, showed the house doubled in its reflection on the surface, and thus increased the importance of its architecture. Such an expedient is beneath the dignity of Art, which should display her works naturally, and without puerile ostentation."

Evelyn did not devote any part of his 'Sylva' to avenues, although he intended to treat of walks, alleys, groves, &c., in his projected 'Elysium Britannicum,' which was never completed. But throughout 'Sylva' casual references occur, as, for example, when speaking of the black cherry, he recommends it for "walks and avenues." And again (Book III., chap. vii.) he says that—"A fair advance for speedy growth and noble trees, especially for walks and avenues, may be surely expected from the graffing of young oaks and elms with the best of their kinds"; and in the same chapter he speaks of "walks, avenues," and "avenues, vistas, and prospects," and refers to Cooke's rare book for the laying out of walks and avenues. Also in writing of the elm for "walks and vistas," he says: "I know of no tree amongst all the foresters . . . comparable to this majestic plant." And that this was then the general opinion seems clear from the majority of avenues formed about that time consisting of the English or small-leaved elm. And in view of the fact that this tree was introduced into England from Italy by the Romans, he gives the curious information that "those incomparable walks and vistas of them [elms], both at Aranjuez, Casal del Campo, Madrid, the Escurial, and other places of delight belonging to the King and Grandees of Spain, are planted with such as they report Philip the Second caused to be brought out of England; before which (as that most honourable person, the Earl of Sandwich, when his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary at that Court, writ to me) it does not appear there were any of these trees in all Spain."

In that same part of his 'Sylva,' too, the "Dendrologia" (Book III., chap. vii.), Evelyn gives a list of the chief places

where such ornamental planting had then been carried out, when he says—

> "How goodly a sight were it, if most of the demesnes of our Country Gentlemen were crowned and encircled with such stately rows of Limes, Firs, Elms, and other ample, shady, and venerable trees as adorn New Hall, in Essex, the seat of that Suffolk Knight near Yarmouth; our neighbouring pastures at Barnes; with what has been planted of later years by the illustrious Marquis of Worcester; the most accomplished Earl of Essex; and even in less fertile soils, though purer air, at Euston, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Arlington . . .; and at Cornbury by . . . the Earl of Clarendon; and what is done nearer this imperial city by the Earl of Darnley . . . at Wimbleton; the noble Earl of Rochester . . . at New-Park; the Duke of Norfolk at Albery, now the Lord Guernsey's; Sir Robert Coke at Durdans, near Epsom, now my Lord Berkeley's; and at Beddington, an ancient seat of the Carews, famous for the first Orange-trees planted in the naked earth one hundred years since, and still flourishing."

And then he goes on to enumerate many royal parks and private estates upon which the old avenues are still famous. These included Hampton Court, Richmond, Nonsuch, Greenwich, Eltham, St James's, Hyde, and Kensington Parks, Audley End, Althorp, Ampthill, Badminton, Belvoir, Bolsover, Chatsworth, Cranbourne, Deepden, Drayton, Eastwell, Euston, Falston, Goodwood, Greystock, Grafton, Haddon, Hatfield, Knowsely, Longleat, Marlborough, Penshurst, Sherburn, Swallowfield, Theobalds, Wilton, Woburn, Worksop. And after enumerating over one hundred of these arboriculturally interesting estates, he excuses further detailed mention by simply stating categorically, "All those seats which go under the name of Castles and Halls, as in Yorkshire, Essex, &c., were stored with noble parks full of timber, omitted here; which, but to have named, would over-swell the alphabet."

Some of these old aventues have been immortalised in fiction, as, for example, the lime avenue described in 'Lady Audley's Secret,' which was that at Ingatestone Hall, near Chelmsford, the property of the Petre family.

It is in Evelyn's Diary, however, that special reference is to be found regarding many of the avenues formed about this period, most of which still exist. Thus on July 20, 1654, speaking of Wilton, the Earl of Pembroke's seat near Salisbury, he says that "The stables are well ordered and yield a graceful front, by reason of the walkes of lime-trees"; and on August 31, 1654, concerning Audley End, the Earl of Suffolk's estate near Cambridge, he writes: "The river glides before ye palace, to which is an avenue of lime-trees, but all this is much diminished by its being placed in an obscure bottome." And of New Hall, near Chelmsford, he says on July 10, 1656—

> "The hall is noble; the garden a faire plot, and the whole seate well accommodated with water; but above all I admired the faire avenue planted with stately lime-trees in foure rows, for neere a mile in length. It has three descents, which is the only fault, and may be reformed. There is another faire walk of ye same at the mall and wildernesse, with

a tennis-court and pleasant terrace towards the park which was well stored with deere and ponds."

This seems to show very clearly that the formal style of avenues and landscape was practised in England before Charles II. gave an impetus to it through Le Nôtre.

After the Restoration Evelyn's references to avenue-planting are more frequent. On June 9, 1662, speaking of Hampton Court, he mentions "The park, formerly a flat and naked piece of ground, now planted with sweete rows of lime-trees"; and on August 28, 1670, he remarks about Windsor, that "The King passed most of his time in hunting the stag, and walking in the parke, which he was now planting with rowes of trees," this planting being probably carried out under Le Nôtre's advice. In October 1671 Evelyn visited Euston, Lord Arlington's seat in Suffolk, where "my Lord was pleased to advise with me about ordering his plantations of firs, elmes, limes, &c., in his parke, and in all other places and avenues,"—a task rendered difficult by the soil being "dry, barren, and miserably sandy, which flies in drifts as the wind sits." On August 27, 1678, he visited Lord Lauderdale's grounds at Ham, on the Thames, but merely remarks concerning the groves, avenues, &c., that "all this at the banks of the sweetest river in the world must needs be admirable," though of all the avenues close to the Thames one of the most famous was the "Lady's Mile," near Henley. On April 18, 1680, he was at Cashiobury, the Earl of Essex's seat in Herts, advising about alterations, and makes special mention of the fine growth of black cherry-trees, "some being 80 foote long; they make also very handsome avenues. There is a pretty oval at the end of a faire walke, set about with treble rows of Spanish Chesnut trees."

But it was on June 16, 1783, that he makes a brief though interesting reference to what ultimately became the longest, as it was also one of the broadest, of all the English avenues, that forming the Long Walk at Windsor. "There was now," he wrote, "the terrace brought almost round the old Castle; the grass made clean, even, and curiously turf'd; the avenues to the new park, and other walkes, planted with elmes and limes, and a pretty canal, and receptacle for fowle." This probably referred to that part of the present celebrated avenue which extended from the Castle to the Double Gates.

In 1680 the fields intervening between Windsor Castle and the Great Park were purchased for £1242, and the planting of the Long Walk with elms was begun, although tradition says that its completion only dates from the reign of William III., when it was carried out as far as Snow Hill. But in this case tradition is perhaps wrong, as in a letter to Stella, on June 19, 1711, Dean Swift speaks of the Long Walk as "the finest avenue I ever saw; two miles long, with two rows of elms on each side."

As a matter of fact, however, the total length from the Castle to the Statue is two and three-quarter miles. When the work was originally begun in Charles II.'s time, only 1652 trees were planted, and were set ten feet apart each way in two pairs of parallel rows, with a distance of one hundred and fifty feet between the two inner rows, though this short space of ten feet from stem to stem was far too close to produce a beautiful effect in a long avenue. The trees did well on the lower-lying deep loamy part, but the stiff soil of the upper part was unsuitable for the elm, and re-plantations had to take place at various times, especially on the stiff clay above the Double Gates. Long before the trees attained two hundred years of age many of them began to decay fast, and in 1861 it was decided by the Prince Consort, in his capacity of Ranger of Windsor Forest and Park, to clear the worst parts of this famous avenue on the high land and replant with young oak more likely to thrive on the stiffer soil, while blank spaces on the loamy portion were refilled with elm.

Yet Evelyn's highest praise is reserved for Lady Clarendon's estate of Swallowfield, in Berks, which he describes, on October 22, 1685, as being

"as elegant as 'tis possible to make a flat, by art and industrie, and no mean expence, my lady being so extraordinarily skill'd in ye flowery part, and my lord in diligence of planting; so that I have hardly seene a seate which shows more tokens of it than what is to be found here, not only in the delicious and rarest fruits of a garden, but in these innumerable timber trees in the ground about the seate, to the greatest ornament and benefit of the place . . . walks and groves of elms, limes, oaks, and other trees."

For about forty years after Evelyn's death it was chiefly William Kent's influence (1684-1748) that impressed itself upon avenue-planting and the various other forms of English landscape-gardening. After studying art in Rome, which he twice visited afterwards, he successively became a painter, sculptor, architect, and landscape-gardener: and though he was selected to execute Shakespeare's statue in Westminster Abbey, and designed Devonshire House in Piccadilly and Holkham Hall in Norfolk, yet he is now chiefly remembered owing to the influence he exerted through being, as Horace Walpole called him, "The Father of Modern Gardening." Although Bridgman, who invented the "haha" or sunk fence, to some extent anticipated Kent's innovations, yet it was the latter's influence which brought into favour a less rigidly artificial and geometrical style of gardening and planting than had obtained since le Nôtre was brought to England by Charles II.; and this more natural style was afterwards greatly developed by Brown and others.

Kent's art in landscape-gardening had many admirers, though some of them only admired part of his schemes and could criticise other portions pretty sharply. Thus, on visiting Euston Hall, in

Suffolk, where the Ear' of Arlington had in 1671 sought Evelyn's advice in planting woods and fir-belts to shelter the house from sand-storms when the wind made the dry soil drift, Horace Walpole, then on a visit to the subsequent owner, the Duke of Grafton, spoke of it as "one of the most admired seats in England . . . because Kent has made a most absolute disposition of it. Kent is now so fashionable that, like Addison's 'Liberty,' he

> 'Can make bleak rocks and barren mountains smile.'

I believe the Duke wishes he could make them green too. . . . The park is fine, the old woods excessively so: they are much grander than Mr Kent's passion—clumps; that is, sticking a dozen trees here and there till a lawn looks like the ten of spades."

Kent's successor was Lancelot Brown (1715-1783), the celebrated landscape-gardener and architect known as "Capability Brown," whom Humphrey Repton considered the real founder of the modern style of English landscape-gardening, one of the leading aims of which was to bring out the undulating lines of the natural landscape. It was he who laid out or remodelled the grounds at Kew, Blenheim, and Nuneham Courtenay; but his assistants and imitators were prone to go to extremes that degenerated into a mannerism trying to impose similar features on every landscape.

In course of time the term Avenue was soon also applied to the two single lines of trees often overarching and forming beautiful leafy glades affording a welcome shade in summer along country roads where hedgerow timber was allowed to grow up thickly, as was formerly much more the case throughout most English counties than nowadays, although some of the elm-enclosed roadways in Gloucestershire are still densely timbered. It is to natural roadside avenues of this secondary class, in which heavy falls of timber were made towards the close of the eighteenth century, that the poet Cowper (1731-1800) refers in "The Sofa" when he expresses his thankfulness that the local landowner, Mr John Courtenay Throckmorton of Weston Underwood, had not also been hewing down his old avenue trees—

> "Thanks to Benevolus—he spares me yet
> These chestnuts ranged in corresponding lines."

None of our English poets has surpassed Cowper in the depth of his love for woodland scenery, and few have approached him in the genuine pathos with which he describes the picturesque effect of timber-trees in a rural landscape. And although it does not belong to the highest class of poetry, yet his well-known lament in "The Sofa" anent the wholesale felling of timber going on in his neighbourhood about 1780 is at any rate a

fine piece of word-painting, and marked by a tinge of plaintive regret that seems to ring true—

> "Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
> Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice
> That yet a remnant of your race survives.
> How airy and how light the graceful arch,
> Yet aweful as the consecrated roof
> Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
> The chequered earth seems restless as a flood
> Brushed by the wind. So sportive is the light
> Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
> Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
> And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
> Play wanton, every moment, every spot."

And in later times, too, the word Avenue has acquired a third meaning—apparently of American origin—in its application to broad thoroughfares in towns, usually planted with a row of trees on either side. The first extensive work of this sort in Europe was probably Napoleon's encircling of Paris by the Boulevards, which were thus described in H. Redhead Yorke's 'Letters from France, Written in 1802': "They extend around the city 12,100 yards in length, and are at least eighty feet wide, bordered by four rows of trees, which form three alleys, the middle for the use of carriages and horsemen, and the two collateral ones for passengers on foot." These Boulevards, then outside the city, are now quite near the heart of modern Paris.

As regards their special form, avenues may either be in single or in double parallel lines on each side of a drive, single lines being usually, however, the more picturesque, owing to the freer lateral development of the crown of branches and foliage. The particular style of avenue-planting which seems to have first found favour in England, and especially during the le Nôtre period, was double rows of trees placed opposite to each other in straight parallel lines, with a broad ride or drive in the middle and shady walks between the outer rows on each side. But where old woods existed straight lines were cut to form vistas. Fashion then tiring of straight lines, it changed, under Kent and Brown, to circles and curves, in which the trees were planted at regular distances, while serpentine avenues were also formed, as in the approach to Woburn Abbey from Bedford. Equidistant planting seems then to have been given up, and trees were set in square or round patches and clumps alternately showing and hiding the view on each side of the road, as at Badminton in Gloucestershire; and where no view was wanted, that side of the road was screened by a double row of trees, while the view on the other side was alternately opened up and shut out at regular intervals. But about the middle of the eighteenth century a change began to take place in ornamental planting, and the sides were more freely opened up

without losing any of the completeness of the vista in the straight line of the avenue itself. Hence but few lines of double avenues seem to have been planted after about that time; and the fashion changed still more when Brown introduced curved lines, and his followers imitated him in cruder fashion.

In avenues forming straight lines it is very difficult to avoid a distinct suggestion of monotony if the length be great, for the receding trees always assume a somewhat dwarfish appearance when the avenue extends for about half a mile; and this, of course, becomes all the more noticeable if the avenue be widely planted so as to stand well back from the roadway. But the width between the central lines usually depends mainly on the total length and the magnitude of the house or other object at the end, and may vary from about thirty feet in a short avenue up to a hundred feet or more in a long one. And this sense of something like due proportion also determines the distance from tree to tree in the rows, which may vary from about ten to thirty feet in short avenues, up to from thirty to sixty or more in long ones, according to the kind of tree planted and the effect desired when the avenue grows up. Wide planting within the rows permits, of course, of finer and more ornamental development than close setting; and this advantage is all the greater when the avenues are long and thrown well back from the roadway, or when conifers are planted, which require a free growing-space to attain their full ornamental effect. Another advantage of wide planting is that when the time comes, as come it must, that dead or decaying trees have to be replaced, it is easier to raise up a younger generation without all too long a period of transition. But wherever a close, umbrageous, narrow, over-arching avenue be desired, then planting at from twelve to twenty feet makes the trees run up thickly and induces crown development laterally.

While the choice of the trees in forming avenues depended to a great extent on the nature of the soil, as led to the replantation with oak in the upper part of the Long Walk at Windsor, yet fashion and individual inclination, of course, had a good deal to do with determining the kind of tree selected. But in the warmer southern and central parts of England elm, lime, and horse-chestnut were most frequently planted; and no avenues are more famous or have been visited by so many people as the elms at Windsor, the limes at Hampton Court, and the horse-chestnuts at Bushey Park, all in the vicinity of London. The Bushey Park avenues have during their flowering time long been one of the sights of the season, but many of the finest of the trees were unfortunately destroyed during the violent thunderstorm which took place on Tuesday, June 2, 1908. And another very fine avenue of elms and limes, some of which were over two hundred years

old, leading from the Norwich Gates to the royal residence at Sandringham in Norfolk, was so greatly damaged by the spring gales of 1908 that the trees left standing had to be cut down for replantation.

William III. had the Dutch love of lime-trees: he planted the linden avenue fringing the "Long Water" at Hampton Court, and added the rows of limes to the horse-chestnut avenues at Bushey Park. Both Cambridge and Oxford have beautiful avenues, though they are not very long. At Cambridge "the Backs" are mostly planted with elms, while at Oxford the more notable avenues are the limes at Trinity College and the elms forming the "Broad Walk" of Christchurch and "Addison's Walk" at Magdalen. But perhaps one of the quaintest of short avenues is that at Rewley Abbey, consisting of a double row of ten elms on each side and one solitary tree standing apart, to symbolise the proper number of twenty Cistercian brethren and their abbot. In the cold north the lime-tree usually does best, and the long linden avenue at Blair-Athole is one of the finest in Scotland. At Dupplin Castle eight long beech avenues meet at one centre.

Among coniferous trees many of the spruces and firs introduced from the Continent of Europe and from America have been planted with much success, as the isolated position enables them to assume their finest and thickest foliage. In their own way nothing can surpass the ornamental effect of such shade-enduring and therefore thickly-foliaged kinds as the common and the Sitka spruce and the Silver and the Douglas firs, while there is a fine avenue of Noble's fir at Madresfield Court, near Worcester, and a cedar avenue of a quarter mile long at Whitton Park, Hounslow. Among the rarer kinds of evergreen broad-leaved trees there is a very fine avenue of holm oak at Courtown in Co. Wexford, Ireland, and a purple or copper beech avenue along the Stormontfield road near Scone, in Perthshire.

But the tall and straight Lombardy poplar, the grenadier among European trees, so common as a roadside avenue-tree in France, Holland, and Germany, has always been considered much too formal for British taste; nor has the planting of roadsides with fruit-trees, as is usual in Central Germany, ever been adopted hitherto, even since County Councils have been in operation. For town planting, as for park ornamentation, the favourite trees for forming avenues used to be elm, horse-chestnut, and lime; but of recent years the plane-tree has come into chief favour through its singular resistance to the injurious action of the impurities contained in the air of large cities. In all large towns its prevalence is now distinctly noticeable, and nowhere more so than in the royal and other parks in London, where arboriculture is receiving great attention.

Many of the old avenues formed from about two hundred to two hundred and

fifty years ago are now fast falling into decay, and fast losing their former power of resistance to strong gales. Hardly a storm passes over the country without causing some destruction among the older trees. And there is only one way of dealing with such cases — judicious replantation; for even careful pruning or lopping cannot alter the fact that when trees reach the stage of senile decay their days are numbered, and one must look to a younger generation to fulfil the desired object of beautifying our towns and our rural landscapes. We may offer it libations of bullock's blood, or pour chemical preparations into trenches dug around the roots of an aged tree; but though this may stimulate for the time being the vigour of its vegetation, it cannot give back the youthful energy that is lost for ever.

In many of the new avenues that have been recently formed the old fashion of having two parallel rows of trees on each side of the central broadway has been reverted to. One of the newest of these is the recently planted plane-tree avenue of about half a mile in length running along the Mall from the Queen Victoria Memorial to Spring Gardens. The main roadway is about sixty-six feet broad, and the inner of the two rows of trees on each side of it stands six feet back from the kerb, so that the space between these is about eighty feet, while the plane-trees themselves in each of the two parallel rows are set twenty-four feet apart in either direction. That is to say, in each row the trees stand eight yards apart, and there is a promenading space of eight yards between the two rows. The breadth of eighty feet between the two inner lines is quite sufficient to give all the way up from Spring Gardens an ample view of the Memorial, together with its background, Buckingham Palace. And the only break in this avenue is about half way down, where the road branches off to Pall Mall in passing between St James's Palace and Marlborough House. On the similar avenue extending along the newly-cut broad road from the Memorial northwards across the Green Park to Piccadilly the plane-trees are also set about twenty-four feet apart in the rows; but the distance between each of the two outer rows is about thirty-six feet, or half as wide again as along the pavements of the Mall.

No doubt in due course of time this newest of all our English avenues will become one of the most famous of them as regards the frequency of the royal processions and the number of illustrious personages who will pass along it. Hardly a man or woman of any note in Britain but will pass below the shadow of these trees as they grow up; and it is even more certain that no foreign guest to the Court of St James will ever fail to be acclaimed along that broad and noble leaf-embowered thoroughfare.

J. Nisbet.

THE NEW JUNE.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

XVII.—TALES OF THE NIGHT.

JOHN slept restlessly, and before midnight was once more wide awake. His window had no curtain, and the light of a full moon was pouring into the room: the owls were no longer screeching close to the house, but from far up the hill came the ghostly voices of their more musical kindred, shout after shout quivering with the delight of their aërial chase.

He looked out into the cool night: the great silver disk hung like a lantern just above the topmost ridge of the wood: the steep hillside was like a monstrous black wave silvered on all its feathery edges, never breaking, but always about to break and bury the whole world in fathomless darkness. Under it lay the smooth shallows of the bare little garden, a lawn grey-green and a path all white, along which ran a low wall whiter and colder still. Against this wall a figure leaned, as silent and motionless as the stones themselves: rigid enough it looked in the moonlight to be mistaken for a statue, and John, who knew well that it could be nothing less human than Nicholas, found himself gazing fixedly at the outline of the tall white cowl, and wondering whether the moment would ever come when he would see it move.

It moved at last — very slightly, but the mood was broken. John dressed quickly and went down. He made what seemed to him a loud noise upon the path, but Nicholas did not stir. They leaned side by side against the wall, and for some time neither spoke a word. John's mind no doubt was less at peace than his friend's, for it was he who broke the silence at last.

"Nicholas," he asked in a voice subdued to the quiet that surrounded them, "what was the beginning of this feud?"

Nicholas knew that he could only be thinking of the quarrel with the Staffords, but he paused so long before replying that John was almost startled when the answer came.

"Yes," he said, "I will tell you. You won't thank me; possibly you won't believe me: but you ought to have the chance."

He was silent again, as if collecting his thoughts.

"I wonder," he said at last, "that you have not heard the story; but I suppose you were a child at the time. It is ten years old now, and no one cares to speak of it; but what has been sown must be reaped some day. Now listen and tell me

what you think. The king was at Beverley, on his way north against the Scots: he was a boy, of course, in the hands of his uncles. Both the Hollands were with him — Kent and Huntingdon, then Sir John — and many more, among them Lord Stafford and his son Sir Ralph, and a Bohemian knight who was over on a mission to the queen. They were quartered in the villages round, and it happened by ill-luck that the Bohemian was given a good house which Sir John Holland's people had already marked, or claimed to have marked. Two of Holland's squires went over to see about it: they found the knight just outside the village and had some words with him. The argument seems to have been conducted on strictly national lines: the Bohemian was smiling and unintelligible, and gesticulated a good deal; the Englishmen were very English —the elder of them doggedly refused to yield his point and declared that he would not leave the knight till he gave in, the younger one forgot his manners and ridiculed the foreigner's broken English."

John changed his position: Nicholas took the movement for one of impatience.

"I tell you all this at some length," he said, "but I have a reason for doing so. I am drawing a picture: it is not my fault if it is not a pleasing one."

"No, no," replied John, "you mistake; I was listening."

"While the scene was going on," Nicholas continued, "two archers happened to come up. They were Stafford's men, and they, too, were quite English. They drew attention to the fact that the valiant squires were two against one, and also suggested that a little courtesy would be in place in dealing with a stranger and a fellow-countryman of the queen. The squires reminded them, in reply, that archers were persons of subordinate rank: to which they returned that this consideration did not trouble them at all, for their master, Sir Ralph Stafford, was any man's equal, and was a friend of the Bohemian knight."

The ironical tone of the narrative did not escape John's ear, but he made no comment.

"The younger squire," Nicholas went on, "thereupon remembered his own rank and its advantages. He drew his sword and struck at the nearest archer, who had, he thought, no sufficient answer to this argument. The man, however, was holding his bow ready bent in his hand; he sprang back and laid an arrow on the string, then he cordially invited his adversary to a continuance of the discussion on the same lines. The squire saw the weakness of his own point, and hesitated; but his companion, a man who never wastes time over speech or scruples, gave the word to charge, and they both ran in. The boy was instantly shot through the body: his friend carried him the whole way back to Beverley, but he was dead before they reached the town.

"The news of what had happened was brought to Stafford and Holland about the same time. It seemed not unlikely that both sides had been partly to blame: in such a case two lines are always open to be taken. Sir Ralph's view perhaps hardly befitted his station: he merely told his man he would do his best for him if he kept quiet, and set out for Beverley at once to see what reparation he could make. Holland chose the more high-minded course: he undertook in plain language to be revenged on the foreigner or to forfeit his soul if he failed, and rode off with a dozen men at his back to look for consolation of the one kind or the other. It was now late at night and quite dark: in a narrow lane he saw horsemen approaching. Their leader, in answer to a question, gave his name as Ralph Stafford. Holland drew at once, and judging it unnecessary to give a young and inexperienced swordsman the trouble of defending himself, especially in the dark, he put an end to the quarrel, so far as Sir Ralph was concerned, with a single blow, and returned to Beverley, where he took sanctuary in the House of St John.

"Next day, after burying his son, the Earl of Stafford with fifty or sixty of his friends came to the king and demanded justice. Holland's people complained at the same time of the loss of a valuable squire. The king undertook to give satisfaction to both parties: he took formal possession of Holland's estates as a security and made him found three chaplaincies at Langley; then gave him back his property and added as much again, married him to Lancaster's daughter, and appointed him Constable of the Spanish expedition; on his return he gave him more land and the Earldom of Huntingdon. So you see neither party came away empty-handed; some thought the balance seemed a little heavier on one side than the other; but it must be remembered that the Earl of Stafford, from an exaggerated sense of discipline, neglected to press his claims during the whole time the army was in Scotland, while the Hollands showed untiring diligence in strengthening the hands of justice."

The story overclouded John's mind with a storm of doubt, akin to that which had troubled his horizon on the hill that afternoon. He was accustomed to the irony which his friend almost invariably used, whether in a humorous or a severer mood: but there was one phrase here which had lit up the tumult of his thoughts like a lightning flash, and seemed to have burnt itself upon his brain. The elder of the two squires—the one upon whom the guilt of both these violent deaths mainly rested—how had Nicholas spoken of him? "A man who never wastes time over speech or scruples." The description was only too vivid: and the word "wastes" brought it terribly near.

"You spoke of the squire as though you still knew him."

To this Nicholas returned no reply. John waited long, and tried more than once to see the expression upon his companion's face; but the monk's head was sunk upon his breast, and not even the outline of his features could be distinguished in the deep shadow beneath his cowl. "Was it Swynnerton?" John knew in his heart that he was answered: this silence was an assent to his worst fear, louder than words, and a kind of despairing impulse drove him to heap his own misery higher still.

"I have a story, too, that I must tell you," he said; "I have kept it from you for more than a year, but I knew, after what you said this afternoon, that I couldn't hide it much longer — it has often troubled me.

"Two years ago, when Savage and Swynnerton were still unmarried, Savage came to me one day and told me that Roger's lady had agreed to marry him at once if he could get her divorced from Villeneuve. The only difficulty was the expense: the amount it would cost to send the petition to Rome and present it and get it through was quite beyond anything Roger could raise. Savage proposed that he and I should find the money between us: I was pleased with the idea of doing something for Roger that he couldn't do for himself, and I knew that I should be helping on Savage, too, with his own affair, for Roger and he had made a bargain to back each other. The business was not easy, but it was done, and Swynnerton was married, as you remember, and went to live at his wife's place in Staffordshire. You remember, too, how he was arrested not long afterwards on suspicion of having been concerned in the death of Sir John Ipstones. There was very little evidence available, and when Parliament had risen Huntingdon got him released, the charge was dropped, and to this moment no one has ever known the truth."

"I have," said Nicholas from the sombre shadow of his hood.

John started. "Since when?" he asked. "Who told you?"

"Yourself: to-night," replied the voice from the shadow.

It was clear enough: the story of Stafford's death had been purposely told so as to throw Swynnerton's figure into relief, and John saw that his own evident anxiety about one crime had confirmed suspicions as to the other, long dormant but never forgotten. The whole drama of his own story came before him as a hideous picture, and he felt relief in the thought that henceforth he would not have to look at it alone; he was in haste to put it all before his friend.

"The boys had gone to Conway with Huntingdon," he said,—"I have lied a hundred times to keep them from knowing where I was that night. We two—Savage and I—had leave for a week, as we were so near home. We met Swyn-

nerton by arrangement at a small inn near Cannock. At dinner he told us that Ipstones was going up to London to take his seat in the House, and would be passing close to where we were that same afternoon, with four or five men with him. He meant to challenge him for his disgraceful treatment of Maud Swynnerton, Roger's cousin—he had shut her up and plundered her and married her to his wretched son. It sounded like a chance of hard fighting, and Savage and I agreed to stand by him. We left the inn after dinner and went a mile or two to some cross roads; there we waited in the side road; it began to get towards dusk, but no one came. It was a sunless January day: I thought it would soon be too dark for fighting and I said so, but I couldn't get a word out of Swynnerton, and Savage only laughed.

"At last we heard the sound of hoofs: across the angle of the roads we saw a single figure close to us, and we could tell by the clatter behind that others were following at some little distance. We trotted out of our side road at a moderate pace, as if we were on an errand of our own, and found ourselves just half-way between the leader and his men. I began to wonder what was to be the next move; and then, suddenly it was all over. Swynnerton pushed on, leaving us between himself and the servants behind: he overtook Ipstones almost directly and called his name. Ipstones looked round over his right shoulder and began to pull up; Swynnerton crossed behind him to the left side of the road; at the same moment he pulled out his sword, and when Ipstones laid his hand on his own hilt Swynnerton drove at him: he took him full under the left arm, just as his own point was clearing the scabbard. We were level with them in a moment, not knowing quite what had happened, though we guessed it all from what we could see against the sky: as we came up to Swynnerton the other horse turned off to the right, and the rider fell from his saddle on to the strip of grass by the roadside. We all three wheeled round and sat there to see what was going on: Ipstones' men had halted in a line on the other side, and two of them had dismounted to lift him up. They propped him with his back against a bush and began to search for the wound: the little light there was was behind us, and we could see them better than they could see us. The other men seemed to be opening saddle-bags for things to make a bandage: they none of them offered to attack us, but the nearest fellow, who was kneeling by his master, said in a voice of dreadful indignation and hate, 'What sort of fighting do you call that?' We didn't answer, but Swynnerton leaned over and jerked the dying man's sword towards them with the point of his own. The man took it up and drew the blade through the fingers of his left

hand. Then he spoke even more bitterly, 'Ay! but it's a clean one, this!' I can't tell you how miserable I felt when I heard those words: I have never forgotten them. I felt that the whole world must be hating us in the same way; and I must have been unconsciously turning to go, for Swynnerton suddenly caught my rein and held it: he hooked Savage's, too, with his sword hand, and we stayed there without a word. At last the gasping stopped, and I could see that Ipstones was sinking slowly down. Then Swynnerton pushed his horse in front of mine, and dragged Savage round with him so as to wheel the three of us at once: we went off at a gallop, and no one spoke until we reached the inn we had started from. There was a bright light in the window now, and the house looked so quiet and full of comfort that it seemed as if we had only to go in and everything could be put back as it was in the morning. But when I drew up, Swynnerton caught my rein again—he must have been on the look-out — and said, 'Come on, you fool!' and we rode on, down one black lane after another, till I was utterly lost."

He stopped abruptly: the more dreadful the story became the more ineffectually he seemed to be telling it: in the effort to convey the feeling of horror which was impressed upon his own mind, his voice had become strained and toneless.

"It is no use going on," he said, "you know it all now."

Nicholas raised himself from the wall on which he had been leaning, and turned towards his companion.

"Very much alike, the two stories, aren't they?" He spoke in a brisk, almost cheerful voice.

"It is ghastly," replied John.

"It is, rather," said Nicholas, "but I think you take an unreasonable view of it, all the same, — a view which you would find it very difficult to defend."

"What do you mean?" asked John, astonished and almost indignant.

"Well, take Swynnerton's case," replied Nicholas in the same tone of perfect simplicity. "What fault do you find with him? He kills his enemy, you say, on a dark and lonely road, without giving him a word of warning or any chance of defending himself. Now you see something cowardly in that, I imagine?"

"So do you," retorted John.

"Not at all: Swynnerton is a man of principle, and his courage is beyond question, as you know very well. It is your own weakness that makes you disloyal to your friend. Look straight at the question as it came before him: he must get this divorce: to do that, he must make his bargain with Savage: the only way in which he could repay Savage was by removing Ipstones: the fairer the fight the greater the risk of failure: murder was the only effective and certain method."

"In other words," said John,

"if you desire the end you desire the means, especially when there is only one way open. But you may give up the end, if the means are impossible."

"Give up?" said the quiet reasonable voice. "You forget. Do you seriously mean that a man is to give up, for extraneous considerations, his own will, the very essence of his life as man, the quality by which his place in the world is determined and maintained? Once admit that possibility and you are defeated from the beginning; there is no loss to which you will not submit, no competitor to whom you will not surrender."

John knew his friend too well to mistake his meaning, however paradoxically he might express it: he knew also that in a life-long conversation like theirs there could be no rounded and satisfying conclusions.

"I'm too tired to think it out now," he said; "let us go to bed."

They walked slowly to the house: at the door they halted again.

"There's one thing," said John; "we were going a bit off the main track. It was chiefly revenge that Swynnerton wanted, and Huntingdon was thinking of nothing else."

"No matter," replied the other. "Revenge, too, is something that we owe to our purpose. It is the impulse to remove what has once thwarted us and may thwart us again: the desire to restore the humiliated will—in the common phrase, to get back our own. You could not give up revenge."

"Nicholas!"

"Very well: then you will be putting back the clock and returning from the Age of Power to the Age of Obligation."

"You don't advise me," said John.

"I? I am one of the cowards, the defeated: I surrendered long ago, and my place is in my cell. I walk in terror till I am there again."

XVIII.—STEALING A MARCH.

John woke next morning in a very different mood. It would not be fair to say that he had forgotten the story which Nicholas had wrung from him in the hour of darkness, but it had certainly for the time receded into the background of his thoughts. It was really with the future rather than the past that his conscience was mainly concerned: he dreaded not so much the memory of a crime already committed as the possibility that he might be led to take part in acts of the same kind in the struggle which he knew was coming nearer every day. To that struggle he actually looked forward,—in spite of all that Nicholas had been saying for months past he longed to put into blows the loyalty which he had no other way of expressing,—but the natural chivalry

of his character and his thirst for honourable distinction demanded a fight against odds and the fairest of tactics. If he held to those conditions, as he was determined to do, he need not trouble himself so much for the present about the character or antecedents of those with whom he was forced to associate. It was, moreover, becoming more and more probable that his own young lord would shortly take an important place in the inner council of the king's party, and though he knew himself to be the stronger character, he felt that to have such a friend in some sort depending upon him would be an additional safeguard and support to his own resolve.

These were good reasons, if he had been in need of reasons, for giving himself up to the free enjoyment of another summer's day, and his first waking thought was all of pleasures to come.

He had promised that his party should leave the moor for the Inglebys; it was fortunate that Tom had himself been seized with the same idea, or the undertaking might have proved a difficult one to fulfil, but the way was now clear for his second move. He had been interested in the two archers, and without knowing why, or how much he wished it, he saw an opportunity of renewing the acquaintance so oddly made the evening before. The Stafford feud loomed vaguely in his mind as the cause of his interest; but if he had looked more closely he would have seen that his thought actually reflected not the slender grace of Lady Joan but the tall angry goddess of the grey eyes, who had lashed and healed him with a touch unlike any he had known.

His first care was to inquire what the rest of the party were planning. Edmund was starting with the falconer to make purchases in Northallerton. Nicholas was reading in the garden: either of them would be glad of his company or, evidently, quite content without it. Tom had taken a hasty breakfast and gone out, —down the road, said Edmund vaguely. John was master of himself and his opportunity.

He, too, started by strolling down the road, with an air of indecision; but he soon strayed off into the fields on the right, and in ten minutes was exactly opposite the gap in the hedge through which he had seen that volley discharged twelve hours ago. The ladies had forgotten to pick up their arrows: if he could find them, as he had no doubt of doing, they would serve him as an excuse for the meeting on which he had set his heart.

He walked up the field towards the wood without finding anything: climbed over the fence and placed himself in the position of the archers, marked the line of their shot and followed it up with extreme care. Thirty paces—nothing; fifty — nothing; a hundred — surely they could not have chanced their arrows on so long a flight, especially at dusk. At last, after covering the whole ground half a

dozen times, he decided that some of the farm people must have been before him; and then only did he recollect that on his first approach he had seen, while lifting his head for a moment to look for the gap, a man's figure moving along the woodland path on the other side of the hedge. Whoever it might have been it was far too late to think of overtaking him now, and as John climbed once more through the fence and began to walk the green and gold arcade of the sylvan cloister, he fell to devising some other excuse which would facilitate his second intrusion into Diana's presence. Several more or less happy speeches occurred to him as he passed along the woodside, and filled his mind while he climbed the steep slope of the hill down which Nicholas had led him so breathlessly the day before; but his thoughts were unusually wayward this morning, and he had not yet decided, when he reached the terrace-walk at the top, behind which pretext he really meant to shelter his confusion.

Now he was once more at the spot where he had sat with Nicholas: once more Arncliffe lay beneath him, with the morning shadows drawing in beneath the wall of the moated garden; but beautiful as it was, he turned his back on the westward view, and made for the long roll of the moor on the reverse slope of the ridge.

Here, too, he saw no trace of those for whom he was looking; until at last, moving knee-deep through the sea of heather, he came to a place where the plateau broke suddenly away downhill. There, not ten yards below him, was all that he sought—and more: to the left stood a patient group of ponies, falconers, and keepers; to the right, reclining and almost sunken among the purple billows, lay the huntress maids. Both were unaware of his approach, for both were laughing quietly, with kind eyes shining upon a young man who occupied a convenient boulder seat opposite to them.

"Tom!"

The young man did not hear the exclamation: he was talking gaily, and in his right hand he grasped two bird-bolts, which were evidently furnishing the subject of his discourse.

XIX.—STUTTERVILLE'S HOLIDAY.

"Here they are," he was saying as John approached, "and there he is," he added, brandishing the arrows in one hand while with the other he pointed at his astonished squire.

John took off his cap in silence: he had not a word to say, for he felt that he was among total strangers. The ladies were not the ladies he had met overnight, though they were very like them, and Tom was entirely changed from any Tom he had ever

known before. This was neither his pupil nor his lord, but a sprightly young man with a ready manner and a fluent tongue, master of the situation, which indeed he seemed to have created, pleased with himself and pleasing to those who listened to him.

"Good morning, sir," he said, bowing in response to John. "You are evidently a stranger in these parts: do you care about sport? Will you join us? Or are you looking for something you have lost? No? then I insist; let us introduce ourselves."

He turned to the ladies, who followed his rattle with unconcealed enjoyment. "This," he said, waving the arrows at the taller of them, "is our hostess, Margot, the daughter of Malvoisin, a neighbouring magnate with an expressive name. This is her distinguished guest, the Lady Bienvenue L'Estrange; and my brother and I—he is not here just now—are known as the Stuttervilles: we owe the appellation partly to our ancestors and partly to the elegant taste of the Demoiselle de Malvoisin in her younger days. It commemorates, I understand, a personal defect."

"No, no," laughed Margot, "a personal charm."

"Ah!" replied the Stutterville gentleman, "the times are changed for the better; we used to smart five years ago for what is now a charm." He laid his hand on his heart and bowed.

Margot laughed. "But the charm," said her friend, turning to her, "is one which apparently he does not possess."

"Oh, I will p-p-practise," said Tom quickly. The Lady Bienvenue had not spoken directly to him, nor did he look at her while he replied; but they seemed to interest each other, John thought, and Tom was certainly in the right vein: he had made an astonishing advance in a very short time, for this lady was not, like the other, an old friend or enemy of childish days. On the contrary she was—but the tragic story that had seemed so real at midnight under the cold moon had now no more terror in it than any other ancient tale of the dead centuries; reality was here, where the warm sun lulled every feeling but those of youth and kindliness, and something sang in the blood with a music like that of the bees that hummed in myriads along the heather.

"You have not told us *your* name, sir," said the Lady Bienvenue. She had neither Margot's stature nor her rich voice, but John felt instantly, as she spoke to him for the first time, that he was receiving a command. Her small face with its dark-pencilled eyebrows and clear-cut features seemed to express a character of imperious refinement, and he hesitated to reply, feeling his wit too clumsy for what was demanded of him.

"My lord," he began tentatively, looking towards Tom.

"You mistake," said that young gentleman, "there are no lords here: my name is Stutterville, plain Thomelin Stutterville; and now I seem

to remember you. Are you not John Armiger, and haven't I seen you going about in the company of a monk? By the way, were you with him when he interrupted these ladies out shooting yesterday?"

John rebelled at this: the jest was a shameless one.

"That was not the first or the worst interruption they had to complain of," he said.

"So it appears," replied Tom, quite unabashed; "the young Hollands seem to be staying here, with a squire who rather magnifies his office; but I understand that they do not intend to press their claim."

"Their father will be interested to hear that," retorted John.

"He will not hear it," said the other,—"no one will venture to tell him."

The Lady Bienvenue smiled serenely, but Margot's brow clouded and she made a diversion by springing up.

"Shall we make a start?" she asked; "we are losing the day."

The keepers were called, the ladies mounted, and the sport began. It was not very successful: the moor belonging to this manor was not a large one, though it formed part of an immense extent of heather and bracken, rolling away to the east over the Cleveland Hills. Part of the ground had been disturbed the day before, and the Arncliffe end, though it was better stocked and less steep than the rest, was deeper in heather and more marshy at the bottom, so that the ponies had no easy time of it, and were often quite unable to follow a good flight. But the day was perfect and the party very conveniently balanced—Stutterville attending on the Lady Bienvenue and Margot falling to John's share—so that all went well, and when the whole company climbed the slope again at noon and sat down to the dinner which was waiting for them, nothing was heard but fervent, if commonplace, expressions of satisfaction.

They sat this time in a hollow among the high bracken, out of which Margot made four wide-brimmed hats.

"We are almost unrecognisable," said Tom, as he fitted one on and looked at the others.

"Very true," replied John; "I doubt if our best friends would know us."

Margot gave him a quick glance of understanding, but Tom ignored the remark. He was settling himself very comfortably in a kind of cushioned seat among the heather tufts.

"This is about as good a day as I have ever seen," he said.

"That, too, may prove to be very true," thought John: this time he did not say it aloud, for Margot's grey eyes were already speaking to his, and a very faint smile lit them for a moment. She looked away and a cloud followed: John wondered whether she was really thinking his thoughts, which included a considerable amount of misgiving. The company was well met, but the future lay in harder hands

than theirs: it might be wise not to run on too fast.

"I don't see," remarked Tom, looking up into the cloudless sky, "why we shouldn't do this every day."

The Lady Bienvenue left the reply to her hostess. Margot laughed a little consciously.

"Don't you?" she said; "I'm afraid I do. I know this moor better than you. After these two days there will be nothing on it till some kind neighbour has put the birds back again. Besides," she added, "you forget you are engaged to the Colvilles for to-morrow."

"How do you know that?" asked Tom in great surprise.

Margot smiled with mischievous enjoyment. "I know because they told me so."

"Are you going, too?"

She laughed outright. "Oh, no! they have more tact than that: they said the Hollands would be there, and asked us to come any other day we liked. You see they know nothing of our recent acquaintances the Stuttervilles."

"Recent!" said Tom indignantly. "I'll see Colville myself; what has the Hollands' business to do with him?"

At this moment a high falsetto shout was heard: it was the keeper hallooing in answer to some one on the ridge above. Margot rose to ask what the noise meant, and John sprang up to follow her.

"It is your friend," she said, turning to him as he scrambled up out of the hollow: and there in fact was the massive figure of Nicholas, white against the high line of the wood, and beginning to move towards them over the quivering purple of the long sunburnt slope.

XX.—THE LINE OF DIVISION.

John's first thought was one of fear: some accident must have happened to Edmund. No other reason that he could think of would have hurried Nicholas out to follow them so far at the hottest time of the day, when an hour or two more would have brought them home to him in the ordinary course. Something of the same kind was no doubt passing through Tom's mind, too: his light manner was gone, and after a moment's reflection he turned away with a hasty word of excuse and started up the hill to meet Nicholas. He walked quickly, with his head bent; Lady Joan looked after him with unconcealed sympathy. In this mood her face lost the air of command and took on an expression of childlike gentleness. It was not only John who was touched by her look; he saw Margot's eyes dwell on her for an instant with adoring tenderness, and then glance round at him as if to see whether he, too, knew what beauty was.

They all three watched in silence — patiently at first, while Tom climbed the hill and Nicholas came more slowly

down it: impatiently enough afterwards, when the meeting was accomplished and Tom appeared to be asking one question after another without thinking to relieve their anxiety.

At last he recollected them, turned, and waved his hand, shouting: "It's all right; there's nothing the matter," and he and the monk came down the slope together, still talking earnestly.

"A letter from my father," he called out again, as he drew nearer, and added when he reached the little camp, "An end to our holiday: we must go south to-morrow."

A feeling of constraint gripped the whole party at once. The happy hour of romance and irresponsibility was over: the gay and gallant youth named Stutterville had vanished, and down the flowery path by which he had gone from them another had come, a grave and grown man, a Holland, one about whose affairs they could ask no questions, and to whom they could offer no sympathy: even John was tongue-tied in the presence of the two girls. Girls they were now: for the breath from the outer world, which had summoned their friend of a moment since to join the business of men, seemed to have taken from them half their power and confidence, and to have left them pathetically young and helpless. John looked at them with an impulse of protection, and then remembered that henceforward he belonged once more to the hostile party, and was, moreover, not in a position to think of protecting anybody.

"I think," said Tom to him, in the tone of one making a decision, "that you had better go on home at once with Nicholas: there will be a good many things to do."

"I am afraid," said Lady Joan, without looking at her friend, "it is time we were going, too."

Margot and John fell behind the others as they moved off. "It doesn't take long, does it," she said, "to turn you and me into servants again?" She nodded towards the mistress who had been her equal and her guest a moment ago.

"We need not grudge them that," John replied; "the same change turns *them* back into enemies."

"Does it?" she asked, and then added, almost to herself, "I wonder."

John wished he knew which way her thought was inclining. "Perhaps," he said, "you have not heard the whole story?"

The grey eyes looked reproachfully at him. "The story?" she said in a low voice. "You don't wish to keep that alive?"

"How could you think it?" he replied. "We should never meet again."

"To be quite frank," she said, "do you see how they are to meet again?"

"I do not; but—to be quite frank — I intend that they shall."

"I wonder if you are right."

He was surprised: her doubt was evidently serious. "Surely

you hate these factions?" he asked.

"The story is an old one," she replied, "it ought to have been forgotten long ago: but I am afraid the division goes deeper than that."

"Deeper?"—the horror of last night was in his voice.

She looked at him with a quick flash of sympathetic approval.

"I know what you mean, but I am right, too. A crime may be repented, or forgiven, a difference of principle cannot."

He thought for a moment, then stopped short and turned to face her, with an exclamation of dismay.

"No," she said, "don't ask me—I was dreaming: it is just a dream I have at times, that a horrible choice must be made between wronging one man or a whole nation. It is a nightmare," she went on, looking earnestly at him, "and I am the only dreamer who suffers from it—remember that."

"I understand," said John, and they walked on again. But there came into his mind the recollection of the monk's words: Nicholas, too, was the king's man only "so long as he holds of his overlord." He spoke his thought aloud.

"There are others who are troubled by that nightmare."

"Not you?" she cried, with unmistakable apprehension in her voice.

"No, certainly not," he answered quickly; "but you speak as if—— Would you not wish me to agree with you?"

"To hesitate, to change, to betray? When I dream that you are all wrong, my only comfort is to feel that you believe yourselves right."

"We do," said John eagerly. "I should like to argue it with you."

She smiled faintly and shook her head. "No, one can't argue about such things."

"Then what can we do?"

"We can feel about them, and we can fight—if it comes to that."

"I don't think it will come to that—for us at any rate;" he pointed across the ridge, on which they were now walking, to the terrace-path where Lady Joan was waiting for her, and Tom was prolonging his farewell.

Margot's eyes grew soft as she looked. The cloud came back when she turned to him again. "You have forgotten what I was saying: a quarrel can be ended, but not a cause. We are still on opposite sides."

This was not exactly what John wished at parting: but there was comfort in it, too. As he went silently down the hill, while Tom developed his conjectures upon the meaning of their move, he realised the service this girl had done him. His eyes had been filled to confusion with the splendours and cruelties of the New June: he could now look beyond them—she had given him back the power to see the king.

XXI.—THE BURIAL OF DE VERE.

The ceremony for which King Richard was gathering his partisans together was a singular one, characteristic of him and of no other monarch in our history. It was now seven years since the most intimate and trusted companion of his youth, Robert de Vere, had been hunted from the kingdom by Gloucester's faction: it was three since he had died in exile. That Richard should still remember his dead friend was surprising only to those who habitually misunderstood him: they refused to believe that a warm heart could beat under so many fantastic changes of apparel, or that a constant and deadly purpose could be the hidden warp upon which the ever-varying moods they saw were woven. But even to his nearest associates the method of this commemoration was unexpected, and the significance of it came as a revelation.

De Vere had been buried in Louvain, where he died; but by Richard's order the body had been secretly embalmed, and now, when he judged that his time had come, the king had decreed to the dead the public honours so long overdue. If he could not revoke death, he could at least annul the years — the most high, mighty, and puissant Prince, Robert, Earl of Oxford, Marquis of Dublin, and Duke of Ireland, should lie in state, as if he had but yesterday departed out of this transitory life, and be laid to rest among his ancestors, as though he had never for a moment stooped his pride or fled from the country of his birth. It was not for the first or the last time that Richard so desired to call back yesterday.

It was long past midnight when the funeral procession began to move through the little town of Earl's Colne: the September moon had set, but the sky was bright with stars: the streets were full of a multitude of shadows, some motionless, some drifting from darkness to darkness, but all silent as the inhabitants of a voiceless world. Through the centre of the crowd, two and two, two and two, in a seemingly endless line, wound the train of mourners, visible only as a march of phantoms, for every one of them was covered from head to foot with a single long black robe, the hood of which was drawn so far forward as to bury the face entirely out of sight.

The space in front of the Priory was clear, and guarded by a company of archers: they, too, were all in black, and stood in a rigid square as motionless as the stone figures upon a reredos. Above them, minute by minute, a single bell clanged with a note of cold and lonely remembrance. But now the head of the procession had reached the west door: the tolling ceased, and when John in his turn drew near to

enter, the *De Profundis* was already being chanted within. He passed slowly up the sombre nave, where hanging lamps cast shadows of strange forms among the arches, and seemed rather to carve than to dissipate the solid darkness; but the choir was bright with long lines of candles, and before the high altar stood the bier in an island of light. Below it was an open grave; at one side of the grave knelt the king, all in black, but unhooded, and wearing a gold crown; at the other side, opposite to him, and also kneeling, was his nephew, the young Lord Thomas Holland, in full armour, with a long white mantle floating backwards from his shoulders.

The choir stalls, in the lowest of which John was placed, had been set aside for the mourners who headed the procession: rank and wealth were theirs, no doubt, but in this house of the dead there was nothing but their place to distinguish them from the crowd beyond the screen; all alike were black-robed, veiled, and silent. The office was sung by an unseen choir, placed behind curtains under the walls of the chancel; the voices were those of men, and it might have seemed easy to believe that they alone were living, and the rest of the church filled with the ghosts of a departed generation. But John was conscious of a very different impression, which grew more and more strongly upon him as the long service proceeded. He knew as he looked around him that among this silent and indistinguishable company, though they were clothed with garments of death and stood with their feet among tombs, there was beating a life that was more and not less full than the life of the daylight world. If they had no voices of their own, it was because a single voice, a single gesture, could speak for them all: if they had merged their individuality under this strange sameness of apparel, it was to symbolise the unity of the feeling which had brought them there. What, then, was that feeling?—for he knew, too, with a continually deepening certainty, that there was something more between these sombre figures than a community of sorrow: there was also an intense oneness of expectation. What was the secret prayer upon these dumb lips? For what were they looking, these veiled eyes that watched an open grave? He could not answer, though he knew that he himself was a sharer in their hope; a vague dread haunted him that he was in the presence of a spirit more terrible than death: evil and good it seemed to be at once, and he feared it, though he longed for the moment of its manifestation.

The night wore slowly away: after the *Miserere* came the solemn Responsory: after the Responsory the Matins for the Dead, with Nocturnes and Lauds: after the *Benedictus* the Antiphon of the Resurrection, the Prayer for Absolution, and the Celebration of the Mass. The candles were burn-

ing dim: the air of the church was cold and earthy, but the pulse of expectation was beating higher and higher.

"Enter not into judgment," prayed the Archbishop, standing at the foot of the bier; and a long silence followed the *Amen.* Then, like a ray of pure white light, a single voice of extraordinary power and beauty pierced the stillness of the shadows. "*Libera me, Domine,*" it sang, "*de morte eterna,*" and then the full choir closed round it: but all through the chant that one voice rang in John's ears above the rest, and as he listened a vision came to him that was like a dream within a dream. A floating veil of incense ascended in dusky clouds against the blaze of the candles on the altar: behind it as it faded and renewed itself he saw another chancel and the light of a long past morning shining strangely clear upon a tablet of stone between a young man's feet. "*Cor Ricardi Cor Leonis,*" said the wonderful voice, and John felt his own heart burn within him as it had burned when he heard it for the first time. Then the altar lights came back, the incense scattered, and the vision drifted away with it: he was here again in the Priory Church of Colne, and his eyes were set once more upon the two figures kneeling beside the grave. They were almost as formal and motionless as statues, but they had a beauty far beyond that of bronze or alabaster. Both were young and fair, and though the king was nearly ten years the elder of the two, the shorter and more rounded outline of his face and the royal serenity of his large eyes gave him a strangely innocent expression. The other face was innocent too, but with the innocence of keen and concentrated energy: the hands were clasped as firmly as the armour against which they were relieved: the head was bowed, with the earnestness of watchful attention rather than of deep thought. For all their cold and monumental remoteness John was moved as he looked at the two: he had long loved them as men, and now as symbols he was ready to adore them; but when his thought turned from them for a moment to the grave which lay between, he felt that there was still some meaning in their presence that he had not fully understood.

While he was straying among such memories and thoughts the chant *In Paradisum* soared up and died away: when it ceased the kneeling figures rose in their places, while the Archbishop, standing before them, performed the Benediction of the Sepulchre and the sprinkling of holy water upon the dead. The moment of farewell was at hand, and John saw with a quick feeling of answered expectation that a change had come over the whole character of the ceremony: the Archbishop was indeed still repeating the words of eternal rest, but the king was standing above him by the open coffin with his face set in the stern calm resolve of an avenging

angel. In the silence which followed he took the hand of his dead friend in his own, and raised it slowly in the sight of all present; then turning towards the altar he held up with a solemn gesture a sapphire ring drawn from his own finger, pressed it home upon the dead hand, and bowed his head over the coffin in the attitude of one who whispers a message of supreme moment in the ear of a dying man. Not a sound reached even the nearest of those who stood there listening intently, but there were few who did not feel that they had heard that whispered message, and assented to the promise with which the king had pledged himself before heaven and in their sight.

From this moment until the end the consciousness of strong emotion was still with John; the remainder of the service seemed to pass over his head with the swift and melancholy intensity of an autumnal storm. But after the coffin had at last been lowered into the grave, and the face of the dead had disappeared for ever, the strain was gradually loosened, and the air lightened more and more quickly towards dawn. As the final *requiescat in pace* died away, gleams of misty sunlight began to weave a network of patterns along the chancel roof; the soft radiance grew rapidly brighter as it descended towards the canopies, and when the mourners rose to take their places once more in the procession, John felt as if all that was evil in the passion of that night must have fainted or fled before the hope and the ardour of the coming day. But the king's head, as he passed close by him, was still erect and menacing: the look on his face, though calm, was still the look of one who remembers enemy and friend together.

XXII.—THE YOUNG ST GEORGE.

The ceremonial was not yet ended nor was its symbolism complete. When the mourners left the church it was to take part in a scene at once strikingly contrasted with that from which they came, and as clearly one with it in tacit significance. The king had revealed the purpose to which he dedicated himself: he was now to commit it to the strength and loyalty of those who followed him.

Two by two, at the end of the nave, the black robes and hoods were cast aside, and the long line issued from the west door as a pageant of proud and almost overbearing magnificence. Part of the square was still in shadow, part was already white and warm with sunshine: it was thronged round the edges with a close packed crowd of townsfolk, kept back as before by rigid lines of soldiery. But the archers, too, had now cast their black and added a frame of colour to the brilliance of the scene; two companies of

them were blazing in scarlet, while the third wore the green that Richard loved, with his badge of the white hart couchant upon it.

On the south side of the square, and full in the sunlight, a crimson carpet had been laid, with a raised dais and throne facing the east. Here Richard took his seat: by him stood the Archbishop, and on the steps below were six earls—Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon to the right, and Oxford, Nottingham, and Salisbury to the left. At the farther end of the carpet twelve knights faced the throne, and in front of them stood the king's nephew in the bright armour and long white mantle which he had worn throughout the night. At a sign from Richard he approached and fell on his knees, the twelve knights also kneeling round him.

The king rose to his feet, and taking a sword with belt, buckle, and scabbard of gold from the hands of the Earl of Salisbury, he passed it to the Archbishop, who blessed it and handed it in turn to the nearest of the group of knights. Then Richard, taking a second sword from the Earl Marshal, laid the naked blade three times upon the young man's shoulder. "Arise, Sir Thomas," he said, with a voice of great clearness and solemnity. "Be faithful, brave, and fortunate."

The new-made knight raised his head, but made no other motion: for a moment the king and he looked deep into each other's eyes, and the spectators felt again the sudden thrill of an expectation beyond their experience. A moment more, and Richard had fulfilled it to the utmost: he flung his right arm across his breast with a gesture of almost frenzied inspiration, and his voice rang through the farthest corners of the great square. "The sword, the sword! Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh!"

Sir Thomas rose, and the knights gathered closely round him. While they took his cloak from him and fastened on his sword and spurs, the excitement of the onlookers vented itself in shouts of enthusiasm. John would have cheered with the rest, but he had more than simple good feeling to express: for him the ceremony had touched deeper emotions which could not be so easily satisfied. He stood silent, but he was intensely alive to all that was passing, and his ear caught at once the marked difference between the character of the cries around him. The aimless good-humoured applause of the crowd outside seemed to have little or nothing in common with the concentrated vehemence of the voices near him, as they rang out again and again in a fierce unison that was strangely unlike any sound of rejoicing he had ever heard.

But now the scarlet archers drew in on both sides of the open space, and formed a lane down which the king passed on his way to his lodging. After him went the Archbishop and the six earls, and then the

new-made knight in his bright naked armour, like the young St George. His twelve companions were elsewhere, but his brother Edmund walked beside him, carrying his helm with eager pride. John stood looking after them; then the green company closed in and they were lost to sight.

Behind them streamed the rest of the brilliant assembly in much disorder, talking, commenting, discussing without measure or caution. John saw one or two make signs to him, but he walked on slowly and alone. He was almost the last to turn out of the square.

XXIII.—A SPIRITUAL PEDIGREE.

"And yet we were silent," said a voice immediately in front of him.

He knew, before he looked up, what he should see: the voice was unmistakable. At the mouth of the narrow street which he was upon the point of entering, the tall loose figure of his friend William, the singer, stood waiting for him, —waiting as naturally and confidently as though he had but a moment since stepped out before him from the chapel in All Hallows Church.

"I have seen you more than once since then," said John, answering his own thought.

"Why not?" replied the other; "we are bees of a swarm, and yet we were silent to-day when the rest buzzed."

His insistence and his assumption of equality roused John once more to a feeling of opposition.

"I was silent," he said, "for reasons of my own, not because my heart was not in the business."

William looked frankly at him from under his dark serious brows, without any consciousness of the intended rebuff.

"There are hearts and hearts," he replied; "the white hearts must not lie in the same bowl with the black and red."

"We lie where we are laid," said John shortly, "but I own that I hated some of the noise."

"Hurlewayne's own noise," said William; "what else would you hear from Hurlewayne's kin?"

The phrase was not new to John, and he knew well what was meant, but the word "kin" jarred and angered him: it seemed to confuse Tom with his relations.

"A man may be of one mind and his family of another," he said.

"Mad as I am I know that," replied the singer, "but I spoke of spiritual kindred."

"Then you spoke too soon," John retorted still more sharply; "what can you know of my lord's mind?"

"I know its pedigree," said the other with unruffled assurance, and then stopping suddenly opposite the entrance to an alley at the side of the street, he took off his bonnet

and bowed courteously. "This is my lodging," he said; "good day, sir, and forgive me if I have angered you."

He turned up the alley and strode away, but John was far too angry to let him go. The man had some power over him which he resented, and after the long strain of the night he was in the mood to continue a quarrel until he got some satisfaction that might soothe his irritated nerves.

He overtook his antagonist as he reached the farther end of the passage, where it widened into a tiny courtyard with a low paling that gave upon a field: in the centre stood a brick well-head. The house-doors were shut and the windows barred: the whole place seemed deserted.

The singer took his seat upon the edge of the well-head, and appeared to be lost in thought. John pulled himself together and steadied his voice.

"I have done you the justice," he began, "to suppose that there is some meaning in your words: men have paid a heavy price for less offensive language."

William rose as if he perceived his presence for the first time, and offered him a seat. John accepted it, hoping to obtain an advantage by taking the more dignified position; but he had no sooner sat down than the singer resumed his place on the opposite side, leaning easily with one hand upon the bricks behind him.

John was still making an effort at self-control, and was all the angrier for it. "You will now be good enough to tell me," he said, "what you meant just now by the pedigree of my lord's mind."

The other looked very grave: his voice was slow and deep as he answered. "Is it not," he said, "the mind of a new-born man, a child, that is the son of Marland that is the son of Savage that is the son of Swynnerton that is the son of Holland that is the son of Death and Darkness?"

If John had understood the words he might well have been goaded even to violence; but the shock of astonishment with which he heard his own name where he least expected it, and the marvellous sad music of the voice which was speaking, took away all sense of irritation, and left him half puzzled and half touched. The sad voice continued still more earnestly, but in so low a tone as to seem hardly intended for John's ear at all. "By Him that bought me, it can never be my will to anger any man. O Richard, Richard, they that beget Death must feed Destruction, they and their brethren and their most sacred lords. This is more than truth to you, and you take it for less than nothing: you came to your kingdom before you knew yourself: crowned you were with a crown — what king under Heaven could have bought the like? — but you took counsel with the rere-mice that view the realm head downwards, and with

the night-hawks that are strong only against the defenceless."

It was probably the voice that conquered John, for he was always keenly alive to beauty of tone, but this time the words too moved him. He also loved Richard as this man loved him; he also hated the night-hawks, for he had flown with them once and shuddered to remember it. But between him and that recollection there now rose the sunlit figure of a saint in bright armour, girded with a sword that could never be drawn in any unjust quarrel.

"William," he said, "I was wrong to be angry, but you were wrong to say what you did. There may have been ill-doings, but my Lord Thomas knows nothing of them: he has never an evil thought in his head,—he is bent on making peace with his enemies at this moment; he will be the king's right arm. What is the sense of crying him down beforehand? He is the only chance we have, and you yourself called him 'new-born'—no one condemns a babe."

William looked up: his mood too seemed to have been changed by his companion's earnestness, but it was changed in the opposite direction, and a smile was broadening over his dark face. "No," he said, "we do not judge children, neither do we ask their advice."

John rose to go. "I know what you mean," he replied as he held out his hand, "but you may easily be too despondent: it is not always the oldest eyes that see clearest."

William accompanied him to the end of the alley, but in silence; his downcast mood seemed to be returning.

"Cheer up," said John at parting. "At any rate wait to weep till the pitcher's broken. I believe you may yet see a young man make a better counsellor than many elder ones."

The smile reappeared for a moment round William's lips. "I may yet see a cow hop in a cage," he said, "but I shall not reckon upon it."

(*To be continued.*)

AN EXTINCT RACE.

THE BRETTEURS.

BY WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

"WHAT are *bretteurs?*" The question was put to me by a person certainly not to be described as a curious impertinent, *à propos* of a passing allusion I had made in some article. Fortunately the answer to the question must practically be made in the past tense. The word *bretteur*, it is true, figures in the small Littré with its proper definition and without comment, but it has ceased to be typical. To put it broadly, the *bretteurs* were neither more nor less than blackguards of the sword, particularly the small sword, although they were by no means unused to other varieties of the weapon. They seem to have come into being—and like the ill weeds they were, they grew apace—soon after the Restoration in France, and their temporary supremacy was known specially at Bordeaux. Their manners and customs resembled those of the corps-students years and years ago at one of the smallest German universities, when there were very few of them left, and those few had rung all the changes on combats between members of the two exiguous corps existing. In other words, the *bretteurs* went about fixing quarrels on inoffensive people. There was not, at first at any rate, any sort of common bond between them. Each *bretteur* played for his own hand and his own singular form of amusement. There was, of course, a certain tendency on the part of the individuals who had gained unenviable notoriety to run together like drops of quicksilver, and in one recorded instance at least two such units became fast friends—for a time. One, the Marquis de Ligrano, had succeeded by right of ruffianism and skill in swordplay to the position formerly held as a terrorist by a certain Comte de Larillière, who, after success in a series of so-called duels, had at last met more than his match in a young officer who never revealed his name, but who was moved by just indignation to compel Larillière to a single combat wherein the *bretteur*, who, as the insulted person, had chosen sabres, was cut short in his abominable career by a sudden *coup de pointe.* The other of the two was named Lucien Claveau. He had no pretensions to the elegance of demeanour affected by the Marquis, but he was a tall man of his hands, and a very dangerous adversary with the sword. From what is told of him, it seems probable that he became a *bretteur* more from jealousy of Ligrano's reputation and skill in swordplay than from any natural

liking for the business. Anyhow, he never rested until he had equalled, or even surpassed, the Marquis, after which came a period when the intimacy of the two was more than ever marked, insomuch that they lodged in the same house and slept in the same room, and of course inspired a double terror in the town of Bordeaux. The final result of such an alliance could hardly be doubtful. One morning the valet who went to call them got no answer, and after he had repeatedly tried in vain to make himself heard, he went in on tiptoe and stumbled over a sword. He discerned in the half-light—the blinds were still down—that the room was in a state which gave evidence of a terrible struggle, and then he discovered the two friends, each lying on his bed covered with wounds and unconscious. When he had summoned aid and the Marquis and Claveau had been brought back to consciousness, they immediately began to hurl bitter reproaches at each other. They actually proposed, since neither of them could stand up or even hold a sword properly, to finish the combat, which had lasted through some hours of the night, then and there with pistols. As an amendment one of them suggested that they should draw lots as to which of the two should blow out his own brains. These amiable intentions were naturally prevented by the bystanders, and the Marquis was carried off on a litter in charge of one doctor, while another remained in charge of Claveau. As the two former friends parted they interchanged threats and defiance in what used to be called transpontine language. Indeed the whole performance did something smack of "the old Vic," and this observation perhaps applies especially to the next stage in the proceedings. The friends and secret approvers of the pair of bravos naturally enough tried, as we are told, to keep the story dark. It was equally natural that the townsfolk, who had been oppressed for more than ten years by the ruffians of the sword, got wind of the affair and watched with interest for further developments. These came a month later, when the Marquis de Ligrano, who seems to have been the worse of the two scoundrels, and Claveau met at the theatre. Both had completely recovered from their wounds. Ligrano insulted Claveau, and the next day repeated the insult more grossly in a café, where they met in a room two stories above the street. Claveau, the stronger of the two, seized the Marquis, held him over the balcony suspended in mid-air, and threatened to drop him on to the pavement unless he apologised. Ligrano, who was not deficient in courage, repeated the insult. An old gentleman present persuaded Claveau to forbear. Claveau put the Marquis gently down in a corner, whence he got up and struck Claveau in the face. There ensued a duel with the small sword, to be finished, if necessary, with pistols. Claveau, by way of repayment for the blow he had received, managed, by

extraordinary quickness in the middle of a phrase, to slip his sword under his left arm and give Ligrano a tremendous buffet, falling on guard again while the other was still reeling from the blow. The seconds, it is said, were too astounded (and well they might be) to interfere. In the next phrase Claveau drove his point through his adversary's right foot. Ligrano clamoured for pistols, which were ready, and were immediately loaded and given to the combatants. They were placed fifteen paces apart, with liberty to each to advance five paces, firing when he liked. The Marquis fired first, and wounded Claveau in the shoulder; but of this Claveau gave no sign, until one of his seconds, seeing him about to fire on Ligrano at five paces, offered a remonstrance. Then he showed his wound, and shot the Marquis through the head. The next day he received an expected visit from a magistrate, who came to take him away. He asked permission to say farewell to a person to whom he was devotedly attached, and, when it was granted, availed himself of it to blow out his own brains.

Of such stuff were made the *bretteurs*, who had for so long a time been the terror of Bordeaux. This particular affair proved to be the last straw, and led to the founding in 1830 of an association among the "best young men" of Bordeaux, whereof the sole object was to do away with the whole company of the swashbucklers. It was called the *Fraternelle.* It had 251 members, with an acting committee of thirteen; and its President was the Comte de Capaillan — an impoverished Gascon gentleman of old family, who had some of the traits of D'Artagnan and was an old hand at duelling. A strict set of rules was drawn up by a personage of high legal standing, which certainly was not the least anomalous feature of the whole business. Putting aside the question of meeting what had grown to be a system of assassination by such means, these regulations were full of good sense; and it is fair to remember that at the time the law offered literally no redress against the monstrous proceedings of the ruffians. Wherefore, be it said in passing, one does not quite see under what statute of the penal code Lucien Claveau was arrested. The rules of the *Fraternelle*—which was, in fact, a reincarnation of a club called the *Spadassinicides,* founded in 1790—were seventy-three in number. The twenty-seventh of these laid it down as a law that no member was to fight a duel with a recognised *bretteur* at any date earlier than six months after the founding of the association. The seconds, rather than permit this, were to make any apologies demanded by the *Spadassin's* representatives! The delay was instituted in order that the less expert members might perfect themselves in the use of "the white arm." It was not, indeed, until these six months

had expired that the committee was appointed. Very soon afterwards they set themselves to deal with the case of a particularly brutal and virulent *bretteur* — Gustave Giraud, a mulatto, then lately arrived at Bordeaux. Lots were drawn as to which member of the committee should provoke this person to a duel, and the honour, as it was deemed, fell to Monsieur de Montagnac. There was the next evening a peformance at the opera-house which attracted everybody who was anybody to the theatre. Montagnac placed himself purposely next to Giraud, on the floor of the house. The Comte de Capaillan was in the boxes, and hit on an ingenious and humorous device for provoking Giraud into an offensive expression which was overheard by his neighbour, from whom it drew a remark yet more stinging; and this in its turn drew a challenge from Giraud. Thus Monsieur de Montagnac had the choice of arms, and chose the sabre, or the spadroon, for it is not easy to determine exactly which. (The spadroon was the weapon used in the duel admirably fought by Messrs Irving and Bancroft, as they then were, in "The Dead Heart.")

When the two adversaries met in an unfrequented wood near Bordeaux and had already stripped to the waist, a check was given by the sudden appearance of a procession of peasants on their way to mass. It seemed likely that the affair must be discovered, when one of the seconds suggested that the whole party should pretend to be engaged in playing leap-frog, and this idea was carried out until they were once more free from observation. Then the duellists engaged hotly. Monsieur de Montagnac at once got a wound in the forearm, but in spite of this he made a rapid feint at the head, and under cover of this gave his antagonist a slash right across the chest, which turned out to be mortal. Thus in the conflict between themselves and the *Spadassins* the *Fraternelle* scored the first success.

On this, however, there followed with varying fortunes a long list of encounters, of which some of the more striking are set forth with full detail, and it may be supposed with a fair allowance of embroidery. The beginning of the end came with the arrival at Bordeaux of a certain Monsieur de Régusan (that was not his real name, but he was a cadet of a noble family), who was of the same type as Giraud, "only more so." Some extracts from this *bretteur's* diary are curious and instructive, and remind one of another and similar diary-note. This was the kind of thing that Régusan, who, by the bye, arrived just in time to prevent the chance of duels (for lack of other occupation) between members of the *Fraternelle*, wrote in his diary:—

"*Dec.* 29. Saint Gaudens.—Killed, agreeably enough, the lieutenant of the local gendarmes. A fine man and a vigorous blade.

"*Jan.* 12. Toulouse.—Cracked

a student's skull, and smashed the sword-arm of an artillery captain. Sorry about the student. For the artilleryman, it's one of those *felloes* out of the way.

"*March* 15. Nerac.—Tried to plant several quarrels. No good. Stupid town. Nothing doing."

Naturally Régusan engaged attention, and, under the direction of Monsieur Lalégre, acting President in the temporary absence of Capaillan, Monsieur de Cameleyre, who drew the fortunate lot, fixed a quarrel on Régusan and was promptly killed. Then Régusan himself was carried off, as the result of a sufficiently romantic story, by a pistol shot from a merchant who had never been "on the ground" before, and who fired without taking aim. A certain Labarthière succeeded to the evil eminence of Régusan among the *Spadassins*, who were now, in 1883, banded together in an informal kind of way. The conflict between them and the organised *Fraternelle* might have dragged on and on, but one day the official who had drawn up the rules, and who was now president of the courts at Bordeaux, sent for his old friend Capaillan and informed him that it was absolutely necessary, for political reasons, the association should be quietly dissolved in order to avoid a number of scandals equal to the number of members—that is, two hundred and fifty-one. The Comte de Capaillan told the association, and the association told him through the young Monsieur de Méritens, that at least they would make a final assertion. The end of this was, that after much intriguing it was arranged between Monsieur de Capaillan of the one part and Monsieur Labarthière of the other, that the duel of the Mignons should be repeated of set purpose, but on a larger scale—ten of the *bretteurs* against ten of the *Fraternelle*,—and that when that was over, both camps should do their very best to put down duelling. All sorts of precautions were taken, and the combat duly took place on an island known only to people who went there to shoot wildfowl. This served as a pretext for the party going there. It was settled that those who were killed should be (as they were) buried at sea, and that a circumstantial story should be told as to one of the boats being wrecked. The combat lasted two hours, on and off; there were no less than five victims, among whom was Labarthière; and that was the end of the *Fraternelle*.

The matters above condensed, with many others, were set forth as cold truth by Monsieur de Grave, in a volume to which a lively preface was contributed by Monsieur Jules Claretie, now a member of the Academy, and Administrator of the Comédie Française. And this seems to be the best answer to the question: "What are, or were, *bretteurs?*"

MORE LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY CRICKETER.

V.

"CAN you bring over a side to play us on Saturday week? I've got Tommy Good and Frank Clay, and shall have two men staying with me. We shall make up the rest out of the village—so don't be too strong."

When the world was some forty years younger, in the golden days when we drank "Church and State" as a matter of course, and cricket had not assumed too serious an aspect, it was often my fate to receive a letter of this description. Cricketers in our district could not be said to grow upon every gooseberry-bush, and the information that the services of the two great lights of the neighbourhood had already been retained by the opposition made the getting up of my XI. a somewhat difficult problem. And many were the searchings of heart that the collection of a respectable side entailed, and various the shifts to which the collector had to resort. My side, as yet in an embryo condition, might be roughly divided into Probables and Possibles. For of downright certainties there were only two to the fore—your humble servant and the Vicarage gardener. The latter was a useful man on any local side, as he could always be relied upon to hold a catch if it did not come too hard, to mow a straight half-volley to the rustic's favourite corner,—about half-way between short-leg and long-on,—and to lodge objections to the opposition umpire's rulings on every possible or impossible occasion. No matter that the objections were never by any chance sustained, the process of lodging them satisfied the objector's conscience and once in a way wounded the umpire's feelings.

"Blamed if you wasn't brought up on parrit's food, old man," I heard the gardener remark one day; "it's hout for them and hin for we, and that's the long and short on it—not as a parrit wi' a grain of sense in his head wouldn't have acted more straightforrard."

And now about the Probables. Well, in the first place there was the newly arrived curate of a neighbouring parish, who—if rumour could be relied upon—had a year or two back figured as a "County player." What and where the county was no one was too curious to inquire. Surrey, Notts, and a few other counties even at that date occasionally played *bonâ fide* county matches. But in a good many cases the title of honour might be conferred on a man who hardly knew one end of the bat from the other, and was due to the circumstance that for some reason totally un-

connected with his cricketing abilities he had once in his life been invited to play in a so-called "County Twenty-Two" against the All-England XI. I once got a run in one of these matches myself, and lived upon the reputation for the rest of the season.

Then again, if they could for once in a way be persuaded to forgo the attraction of the Saturday market, there were two brothers, outlying farmers, who ten years ago had learnt the elements of cricket at a commercial school, and of whom the elder was—on our own ground—a prodigiously fine bowler. Whether his bowling would fare quite as well away from home I had my doubts. If our wicket had not actually been made for him, it certainly suited his style as no other was likely to suit it. Given a field with moderately broad ridges and furrows, and invited—without any preliminary laying—simply to find a wicket upon it, I wonder what the modern scientist would do if he were confronted with the difficulty of making a pitch. Much the same, I fancy, except in the matter of watering, as we poor benighted mortals of the time did—that is, select the broadest available furrow near the centre of the field and flatten down the sides of the adjacent ridges with the aid of a garden-roller, a beater, and a hand water-cart. My back fairly aches to-day with the recollection of the weary hours we spent in making that wicket. But from the cricket purist's point of view I am afraid that the results of our labour were not altogether satisfactory. To be sure, we won our matches, and that without putting ourselves to the trouble of preparing two wickets for any one match. In fact—tell it not in Gath—we poor children of necessity played on pretty well the same pitch throughout the season. The same pitch with variations would perhaps more exactly describe the situation. For the shape of the field, which was long and narrow, practically confined us to a single furrow, and volunteer labourers were not so plentiful as to render the preparation of more than thirty yards of that one furrow possible. And on that space of thirty yards by two every match—that is, about three—and some thirty practice games were played in the course of the season. In games and matches alike Tom S——'s bowling was the prime factor of his side's success. Had they had a wicket of the same sort as ours, I wonder, at the commercial school, or did the worthy "Muster Tummas," as our rustics called him, indulge in daily practice on a ridge-and-furrow wicket on Denton farm. Certain at all events it is that somewhere or other he had mastered the art of utilising the side of the ridge in the same way that the server in a tennis-court utilises the pent-house. Even on the flat his medium-paced underhand bowling broke or swerved several inches from leg, and with the assistance of the pent-house, when he had fairly got

what was rather his proper angle than his length, he could make a fool of far better cricketers than himself. "Muster Tummas" stood about five feet two inches in his boots, and, employing opposite tactics to those of the modern bowler, made full use of his shortness of stature, crouching low as he bowled, and delivering the ball from about two yards behind the extreme edge of the left-hand crease, much after the fashion of a bowl-player or curler. After pitching — if that can by courtesy be called a pitch which occurs at the most some three yards from the bowler's hand — the ball travelled a little way up the right-hand ridge at a good round pace, presently to descend at so bewildering an angle that the batsman who had prepared himself for a sweep to leg was often found to be woefully at sea in his calculations. Even if the hit did come off, it was not worth much. For a ball that never leaves the carpet is a poor sort of traveller over a ridge-and-furrow ground, and for choice should be attacked with a borrowed and superlatively heavy bat. That ill-advised defender's fate was sealed who, disappointed of his stroke, so far allowed judgment to go by default as to stop the ball with his leg. There was only one answer, and that affirmative, to the bowler's appeal, where our clerk was the arbitrator, and when was the worthy "Muster Tummas" ever known to bowl off the other end? To be sure, according to modern ruling, our umpire was more or less in his rights. For in nine cases out of ten the ball might be said to have really pitched on a straight line drawn between wicket and wicket, and our lbw law makes no allowance for intermediate deviations. Success, whether in the form of "clean bowled" or lbw, seemed to distress rather than gratify "Muster Tummas," keen cricketer and confident appealer though he was.

"Dang un!" he would exclaim, by way of parting benediction to the unsuccessful batsman, and then he would stand and scratch his head and look bewildered until a new defender appeared. I was told on good authority that he always accepted the publication of marriage banns in the parish church with the same formula. Being himself a confirmed bachelor, it is possible that he regarded prospective bridegrooms as well as defeated batsmen as so many good men gone wrong.

Lastly, to be reckoned among my Probables was one George C——, a mason's assistant, in his manners as good a gentleman as I ever wish to play with, an excellent field anywhere away from the wicket, and in his way quite a formidable batsman. Educated on the good old system of blocking the straight and hitting the crooked balls, he wasted too many chances of scoring, but he had a rarely good eye, and let go the painter with a will at any sort of ball that he judged to be wide of the wicket. Unfortunately he

could not always be spared, nor was it reasonable to expect that a mason's assistant could afford to forfeit a day's pay and lay down a half-crown for his lunch. And spare crowns and half-crowns were none too plentiful in the coffers of either our village club or its captain.

But it was in the matter of the Possible Brigade after all that I achieved my most notable successes. Once I started to travel about twenty miles by a local train with eight other men and a sort of roving commission in my pocket to annex a porter at one station and a village policeman at another. We got hold of the porter all right, and a policeman of sorts, though not the man we expected.

"It's not me as is the player," explained the uniformed giant, whom we found awaiting the arrival of our train on the platform, "it's my mate, and he's at home a-bed."

And then it came out that the only instructions sent down the line by a friendly inspector had been that the policeman in question was to present himself at the station to meet our train and put himself under my orders.

"How far off is he?" I inquired.

"Better nor two miles."

"Then you must come."

He came accordingly, and not only did yeoman service by throwing out a dangerous batsman from long-leg, but executed a professional joke on the subject.

As was not uncommonly the case in our country matches, the batsman held himself aggrieved by the umpire's decision, and seemed anxious to argue the point. But then up and spoke our gallant policeman.

"There is some folk as there is no pleasing nohow. Look you here, my bonny lad, I've run you out fair enough, and out you've got to go. And if so be as you won't, you may happen to find yourself run in instead, and I reckon you won't like that either."

All I remember about the porter's performance is that he ate a most masterful luncheon, and elected to flavour a plum-tart with a large helping of horse-radish sauce, under the impression that he was eating cream.

On another occasion I pressed into the service at the eleventh hour a village doctor who had strolled on to the ground, as I believe, in hopes of an accident. He probably told the truth when he said that he had not touched a bat for nearer twenty than ten years, and had evidently in the interim run short of flannels. For, having pleaded for leave of absence to don his cricketing costume, and arrange for the extraneous poisoning of sundry daily patients, he eventually took the field in a pair of striped trousers and what I wrote down as his wife's flannel dressing-jacket, a sort of chocolate arrangement with blue stripes. I imagined that the lady was built on different lines to her lord and master, who was tall, thin, and angular, so that the jacket which

might have fitted like a glove on a short and generous figure, presented the appearance of a semi-inflated balloon on the worthy medico's frame. However, my recruit was intensely well satisfied with a small not-out innings, and his own conversation, which included many tales of doughty deeds of bygone days—so much so, indeed, that he announced his intention of taking up the game again, and I am free to believe that the chocolate and blue shone yet once and again in the cricket-field.

On a third occasion I filled an unexpected vacancy with the person of a horse doctor, who, having neither flannels nor aspirates to his name, fielded short-leg on a blazing hot day in breeches and gaiters and a white waistcoat. He spent the first part of our outing in loud lamentations that he had omitted to bring his horse forceps, wherewith he would gladly have performed an operation upon our wicket-keeper, who had appeared with a badly swollen face; while later on he was employed in rubbing his own too exuberant stomach, which had contributed both materially and painfully to the holding of a catch. A more rapid and involuntary performance I never witnessed. Our lob bowler dropped a long hop on the leg side, there was to be heard the sound of the ball meeting the bat, and then a howl of agony from the horse doctor as he doubled up as far as his figure would permit, clapped both hands to the pit of his stomach, and apparently extricated the ball from the folds of the white waistcoat.

Once, too, I remember getting hold of a strolling actor, a second Jingle, almost as anecdotal as Mr Pickwick's acquaintance, but a better practical cricketer. It was a point in his favour, too, that he thought himself not a little better than he really was. For confidence has won many a match. His cricket costume had either been hired for the occasion or was composed of stage properties, and he certainly added brilliance to the scene by reason of his gorgeous attire. However, as his garments were for the time being his own, he was a less expensive addition to his side than a gentleman whom I remember turning up for a country-house match with an empty but capacious cricket-bag. Having borrowed in every quarter, and conveniently forgotten to return anything, he summed up the tale of his iniquities by breaking the very best bat that I ever handled.

"Hallo!" he said, "lend me a bat, some one. Here, I say, that old stick of yours seems to drive. But,"—and with that he rapped the handle of my old favourite hard on the ground,—"it's a bit sprung, isn't it?" Another hard rap. "Yes, by Jove! It's done for!"

The brute only spoke the truth: he had wrecked the bat, which was indeed sprung, but sprung the right way, and with ordinary treatment might well have stood another season.

A properly sprung bat has often been found to be something more than a serviceable weapon.

Here, again, is the description I once heard given of the personal luggage brought by a young gentleman, whose services were in great request, for a week's cricket.

"Come? Of course he's come! Catch me playing a match without Harry on my side. Turned up to breakfast all right, and brought his usual luggage for a week,—a big pipe, an empty pouch, and two of somebody else's clean shirts done up in brown paper."

However, that captain thought himself lucky who secured "Harry's" services for a week's cricket at any price. He could make a hundred runs in tiptop style, save yet another thirty in the field, was a more than useful change bowler, and talked amusing nonsense by the yard.

Here, by the way, is an extract from a letter written to me five years ago by an old friend, a man whose warmest admirers would never have suspected of having been a cricketer at any period of his life:—

"They made me play cricket, the first time for twenty years, the other day, and I'm stiff still. Of course I got 0, and I didn't mind that. And of course I missed a catch, and I don't think that I minded that much either, though I 'thocht' I heard swearing. But when the umpire's infernal dog was sick over my trousers, I fairly drew the line."

Nowadays most self-respecting clubs have at least an apology for a pavilion. But under the old tent arrangements I have seen some funny things happen. In a match at Harrow, I remember a changing tent being blown down, and when some zealous officials went to restore the wreck they found a certain Herts amateur sitting upon his bag, dressed in his socks only. In Ireland, ten years ago, even the shelter of the changing tent was denied to an old Harrovian, who had elected to tumble backwards into what a few people called a river, the majority the dirtiest drain in the country. He had to strip to the buff under the shelter of some trees, pay a strong-stomached native to sluice him with water, and leave his flannels to be sold for the benefit of the poor, or otherwise disposed of.

It was in comparatively modern times that I played and won a match with such an odd-job collection of cricketers that the captain of the opposition apologised beforehand for having got together so good a side to meet us. It was a return match to one we had played a month before on a ground about two miles from my own home, when two fairly strong teams had got through four complete innings on quite the worst wicket imaginable. It was too slow, fortunately, to be really dangerous, but what with lights and shadows, hollows and excrescences, diffi-

cult enough to baffle the most scientific batsman. One very patient player, who had figured four times in the Inter-'Varsity match, and once, I believe, for Gentlemen *v.* Players, remarked to me afterwards that in the course of an innings which lasted half an hour and realised seven runs, he had never played a single ball with the middle of his bat. Under the circumstances luck prevailed against skill, and our side, the weaker by far, just scraped home victorious. On that occasion the Home XI. may be said to have comprised eight cricketers, not one of whom as a matter of fact belonged to the club which we were supposed to represent, and three members of the aforesaid club, who could not by any stretch of imagination be accounted as cricketers at all. However, as they had monstrously good appetites, and an excellent luncheon was provided from the big house of the neighbourhood, they probably enjoyed their day. I have since wondered whether the version that accounted for the defection of three-quarters of the side for the return match as given by the club secretary, a local coal merchant, was not invented on the spur of the moment. According to his tale, a wholly unreasonable amount of "chucking" had taken place at the very last minute. But the story told by sundry of the supposed defaulters whom I met on various occasions later in the season put an entirely new complexion on the matter, several men asserting that they had never been asked to play at all. To-day, putting two and two together, I am inclined to believe that sundry *bona fide* members of the club had on the occasion of a free lunch claimed their right to qualify for the Eating Stakes. Even so, we were two short, and when we had finally made up our XI. by recruiting from a limited amount of spectators two commercial gentlemen in strictly commercial attire, and without the semblance of a cricket spike between them, ours was certainly the oddest crew that I had played with for many a long year. Counting myself, three of us could claim to be passably good cricketers. The rest of our talent was represented by a parson's son, known to be a good football player, who pluckily took the gloves, and stopped most balls that passed the wicket with various parts of his person; a fat publican who could bowl slow half-volleys; and the coal merchant, who believed that he could field point.

"I say, this is bad luck on you!" remarked the opposition captain. "If I had had any idea what sort of a side was coming, I would have stuck to our own little club. But now these fellows"—here he pointed to a contingent resplendent in Zingari and Forester colours—"have come down, they'll want their knock."

"Oh, it's all in the day's work! Let's toss!"

We tossed accordingly, and I won. Had a tail instead of a head turned up, we should probably have been in the field all day. As it was, luck and

the weather won the match for us. In the first place, going in on an easy wicket and in a perfect light our three cricketers so far did their duty as to make all but fourteen runs out of a score of about one hundred and thirty. In the second place, we managed to stay in till luncheon-time, and during the interval the weather underwent a complete change. For in the afternoon a nasty cross wind prevailed, and a conveniently black thunder-cloud made the light at one end about as bad as it could be. Our two commercial gentlemen, who were quite keen, but badly handicapped on a slippery ground by the absence of spikes, were planted to guard tho two screens, the only boundaries, and acting alternately as second longstop and man over the bowler's head, they saved several fours. To make a long story short, we got rid of our opponents for something under seventy runs, and had made forty for eight wickets—about what we were really worth—in our second innings, when the thunder-cloud burst, and stopped the match.

I suppose that every true lover of the game really plays to win the game for his side, and I am altogether out of sympathy with the man who checks his average too carefully, and counts a summer day as wasted or as profitably employed, measuring the results by the standard of his own personal success. But once in my life I felt not a little out of the element when taking part in an electioneering match, in which the bowler or fieldsman was held to be a criminal lunatic who refused to temper the wind to a doubtful voter. It struck me afterwards that it was rather hard lines upon the out-and-out partisan, but at the time I played the game strictly to order, and even allowed myself to be bowled out by a simple long-hop sent down by a man who was reputed to command four votes.

On another occasion I was taken off bowling, when I was bowling really well, at a very crucial period of a country-house match, for the most extraordinary reason that I ever heard produced. We were playing against a regiment, and two moderately bad sides were very well matched. We had first knock and made a hundred and twenty odd, and when the soldiers' seventh wicket fell, their score stood at ninety or thereabouts.

"I say, old fellow," said our captain, coming up to me, "I'm going to take you off for a bit, if you don't mind."

"By all means. Who is going on?"

"Why, there's a fellow here who says that he has never bowled a ball in a match in his life, and he thinks he should like to have a try."

As the fates were kind, and the new bowler's modest ambition satisfied with the delivery of a single over, we did not lose the match.

The preparatory school, often the true Alma Mater, and often, too, as I believe, the ruination of the potential cricketer, was almost an un-

known quantity forty years ago. And how primitive were the methods of cricket in the old-fashioned Dame's school may be gathered from the fact —so at least a dear old friend assured me—that one small boys' XI. left the ground in a body when they found that a member of the opposing side possessed a pair of pads. To be sure, in my own case, even at a public school, I never wore a pad by any chance till I was imperatively ordered so to do on the occasion of my first appearance for the XI. And I have never owned, and can only once remember wearing, a pair of batting gloves in my life. Also, while on the subject, I may remark that I was threatened with expulsion from the XI. in my second year because I absolutely declined to array myself in knickerbockers with magenta stockings. Fortunately there were two other mutineers besides myself, and one of them was the school bowler. This idea of appropriate costume was discarded in my third year, solely, I believe, because the new captain had not got such a good pair of calves as his predecessor in office. At a still earlier date, I am afraid that in some cases promotion into the school XI., like kissing, went by favour. For I have a distinct recollection that one young gentleman was not merely pitchforked into the XI., but actually promoted to the captaincy, partly on the score of personal popularity, partly, again, because he had become too fat and too heavy to row in the Eight, and it was thought that he was well worthy of a consolation prize. Perhaps, however, the side had been found lacking in discipline, and it was held sound policy to appoint as captain a person capable of sitting upon it.

But oh! the ingratitude and want of reverence of the modern preparatory school boy! A really great cricketer, an ex-captain of his county XI., and well worthy in his prime to represent England, had been amusing himself for a half-hour by chucking up slows to a much be-padded and be-gloved urchin, a member of a small preparatory school XI., who stood about four foot nothing in his socks, and was full to the brim of self-conceit. Coming up to me at the conclusion of his practice, this Titan proceeded to interrogate.

"I say, who was that chap who bowled to me?"

"Mr W——"

"Did he ever play for his county?"

"Well, yes, he did, pretty often. I think he was captain for ten years."

"Then I suppose he could bat, eh?"

"Yes, he made a hundred occasionally."

"Ah—that's all right. He can't bowl for nuts!"

I did not think it worth while to tell the small critic that the gentleman he was criticising was not only an out-of-the-way useful bowler in a second-class match, but had been known to go on for the express purpose of checking the rate of scoring, when two

men were well set, in first-class cricket.

On another occasion a retired General, who had probably seen more service in the war game than on the cricket field, and had in his time enjoyed the reputation of being something more than a bit of a martinet, suddenly got up from a comfortable chair, threw away the better half of a good cigar, pulled off his coat, and announced his intention of joining a game in which some very tiny boys, his own among the number, were playing.

"They're such jolly little chaps," he remarked, as he prepared to thrust himself, an uninvited and, I fear me, unwelcome guest, into the centre of the fray, "I must go and give them a few hints."

Having myself a shrewd knowledge of the fact that small boys have their own way of protesting against being bossed by any one except their official superiors, even as the Scottish Guardsmen in 'Quentin Durward' resented being hung by any one except Sandie Wilson, their own Marshalsman, I attempted to dissuade him.

"Better leave them alone, General, and come along with me to the strawberry-bed."

When, however, he refused to accept my friendly warning, and elected to rush upon his fate, I left him to his own devices, and went off to eat my strawberries alone. On my return half an hour later I found that my spick and span General had degenerated into a very hot and much beflustered old man, condemned to field long-leg and back up long-stop at both ends, and loudly abused on all sides if he did not step to fetch her fast enough.

"Well, I hope you have enjoyed yourself," I said politely, when the welcome sound of a tea-bell brought him temporary manumission from his labours.

"Not I. I've had enough of it. The little devils won't even let me have one over. They say I'm Jack, and must go in last on both sides — in the second innings."

"But you've had a knock, surely?"

"Oh dear no, and not likely to get one either! They said that as I was too late to bat for one side, I couldn't go in for the other this innings, and Heaven knows when it will be over. I shan't wait, anyhow. Let's have a whisky-and-soda or something. I'm as dry as a bone!"

The good old warrior might have felt even more aggrieved if he had been privileged to listen to the account of his performances as given by the captain of the fielding side, a small despot of ten.

"You might have given the General an innings," I suggested.

"Couldn't — he was Jack, and hadn't batted for us. Besides, he is such a rotten field, he ought to be spanked."

That the want of reverence for great names is not entirely confined to the very small boy —bigger boys are often cricket-hero worshippers to the core—

may be gathered from a story told me years ago by a man who had, by way of something pleasant to say, suggested to one of the amateur cracks of the season to come and play in an annual match between an XI. of the Hall and XXII. of the village. Rather to his consternation, the invitation was promptly accepted, and the great man had furthermore to be invited to bowl. Also, as he had just got some wickets against the Players, there was a delicacy about taking him off. But, alas! the round-arm slows, which had been treated with marked respect at Lord's, commended themselves vastly to the rustics' liking. "First time," said the narrator, "that they beat us. They spat on their hands, wiped the slows all over the place, and after the match the captain, when he came up to thank me for the day, said that if I would only ask old H—— to play next year, eleven of them would like to play twenty-two of my lot."

The greatest lob-bowler of his day met with a very similar experience, in which I was playing on his side, some thirty years ago. To be sure we won, but a rustic team thoroughly enjoyed welting his lobs.

"Look here," he said to me, pointing to his analysis in the evening. "One wicket for sixty-one runs. Now, I'll vow that I never bowled better in my life, and I believe that if I had been playing in a County match, I should have got a lot of wickets. But these beggars simply let fly at everything, and I don't believe that more than one chance was dropped. How do you account for it?"

"Why, the bat beat the ball, old man," I answered.

And, indeed, the score-sheet showed that such had been the case throughout the day. Runs were not quite so plentiful in cricket of that period, but the aggregate scores of the single innings played by each side topped four hundred,—not bad work for a short day's cricket on a park ground where there was plenty of long grass but no boundary. Probably, too, the park wicket, being of a slow and velvety order, had not suited the lob bowler.

According to modern lights, how truly iniquitous were many of the wickets on which we used to find ourselves playing thirty and forty years ago. But, on the other hand, how vastly enjoyable and merry was the cricket of that date, and how little we recked of the risks we were running. These were all accepted as a regular part of the day's pleasure; and I take it that the fast ball which barely missed the batsman's ear did not give him half so much anxiety as that other beast of a ball which shot dead and made for the bottom of the middle stump, travelling apparently by an underground route. The first-class batsman of the present era, who is accustomed to plain sailing on a ground as true and as level as a billiard-table, would be positively appalled if invited to face fast bowling on the type of wickets that pre-

vailed in country cricket of the period of which I am speaking. Now and again, not indeed when village met village in deadly encounter, but in a friendly match between two country houses, if the wicket was superlatively dangerous, I can remember entering into a social compact whereby fast bowling was expressly barred. But there was always a risk of a compact of this kind proving in the long-run to be a very one-sided arrangement. As, for instance, playing in a match of this type in Northants, I came to the conclusion, after sending down the first two balls, that if I did not moderate my pace I should be morally guilty of wilful murder. The unhappy recipient of those two balls, a neighbouring curate and very dear friend, was doubled up by the first, which fairly took his wind, and knocked out of time by the second, which got up perfectly straight from the pitch and struck him just above the bridge of the nose. After this second catastrophe both sides agreed that slow bowling should be the order of the day. The main results of the match were that we were soundly beaten; that the opposition captain, whom I cordially disliked, got a hundred; and that Charlie S——, whom I dearly loved, when he figured in the pulpit on the following Sunday, presented the appearance of a prize-fighter on full pay.

"One of my lucky days," remarked the opposition captain after we had finished. "I did well with both my tosses. I tossed Charlie S—— which of us should go in first, and I lost that, and then I tossed with you and won. Now, if it had been the other way about—eh, old chap? For I don't mind telling you now that I hadn't got a fast bowler on my side."

"And we had not got a slow one."

"So it seemed," he said drily.

In Warwickshire some years later we thought that we had tacitly entered into a similar compact, only to find by a painful experience that we had been reckoning without our hosts. Our two fast bowlers, both reputed to be distinctly dangerous on anything like a fiery wicket, finding at the close of an over from either end that the pitch was so fiery as to be positively venomous, pleaded to be taken off, and slows were substituted.

"Awfully sporting of you fellows," remarked the captain of the other side; and later on he showed his appreciation of our forbearance by putting on his own fastest bowlers, who knocked us about to a rare tune. Of course we lost a match which, under other circumstances, we might easily have won, and drove home sorer, sadder, and wiser men. In the evening a badly crushed and painful finger called for medical treatment. Unfortunately, the only available doctor—we were nine miles from a town—was just starting off to attend an urgent case at a distance, and in lieu of himself

sent a note of apology and a leech in a bottle. The arrival of the leech was received with acclamation, and after dinner it was carried off into the smoking-room and invited to commence operations. But the beast proved fastidious, and positively declined to have anything to say to the very much bloated object which it was invited to attack. Everybody in turn tried to persuade it to do its duty, one man pricking the patient's finger, another pinching the leech's tail, and a third, the genius of the party, dropping salt on its body. Eventually it was decided to give it a rest and try again later. But in the interim the beast escaped, and everybody in the house went to bed that night fortified by the pleasant conviction that he or she had the chance of waking in the morning to find a satiated leech hanging on to his or her toe.

That, by the way, was the house where that fine old bowler, David Buchanan, saw strange objects at two o'clock in the morning.

"Very—nice—gallery—," he remarked, at eleven o'clock in the evening, as he limped down the long passage which led from the dining-room to the smoking-room, "but—you—ought—to have—statues—or—something—in—those—niches."

And, lo! on his way to his bedroom two of the desired statues were there, and he stood still and discoursed on their beauty, and suggested that more should be added. The mysterious disappearance in the morning of the statues—two young gentlemen, draped in towels only, and duly posed in heroic attitude—quite put old David off his bowling.

A CRIMINAL CASE.

BY LYDIA MILLER MACKAY.

MURDO, the son of the Catechist, was taking home the cows on a summer evening. His mind was disturbed, and his anger was a good deal roused, because of a dispute on Church questions he had just been having with a man on the road. In particular, he was roused against his two neighbours, Alastair Mackenzie and Neil Maclean, and against Neil's brother, the shoemaker. Not only had these men left the minister and set up a tabernacle of their own, sacred to pure doctrine, but they had such a large following in the parish that they contrived to make things very unpleasant for those who, like Murdo, preferred the ministrations of the old minister to the Sabbath homilies of the shoemaker,—for he it was who generally officiated in the building most recently dedicated to dissent.

Now Murdo, being the son of the catechist, — a notable good man,—was one the new party would fain have counted among their number. True, he was a simple man, without sharpness or ability, and he was an oldish man, and on occasions like the New Year he was apt to partake over freely of spirits; yet despite these drawbacks, and although his father, the good catechist, had been twenty years in his grave, he had the name, and belonged to a country where to be the son of a good man is to have a certain position. Popular feeling then was against him, because he had not been as zealous for certain ecclesiastical formulas called "Principles" as had been expected of him.

The clear light of the summer evening was melting into dusk as Murdo and the cows left the highroad and made their slow way over a rough newly-made path that, when completed, was to lead past Murdo's house and down through the township of Brae to the sea. The red cow and the black cow and the little brown calf seemed in the half-light all one vague dark colour, akin to the clumps of birch bushes here and there, or to the patches of heather that broke up the cultivated ground. Murdo felt the soil and gravel of the newly-made road difficult to walk on. He did not feel kindly towards the road, perhaps because the men who had the contract for it were those two neighbours of his —Alastair Mackenzie and Neil Maclean—with whom he was so much at variance. He could not leave his house in these days without meeting the two, carting and gravelling, breaking down and building up, and when they met they never failed to have sharp words with one another.

Murdo burned with indignation to think of what the man on the road had been telling

him, which was nothing less than that the minister was to be turned off the school board at the next election. The people who were against him in the place were strong enough, the man had said boastingly, to put in one of their own number instead of him. Murdo breathed a Gaelic remark that was not particularly suitable to a church dispute. Had not the minister served the people on the school board since these people were themselves children at school?

Murdo was so taken up with the thought of all this that he almost over-balanced himself, and narrowly escaped falling into the burn that, through a narrow rocky channel, rippled down to the sea near his own house. He stood still and glared at it. Here was cause for anger indeed! Alastair and Neil had removed the rough bridge over which he and the cows had been wont to go,—they had done that since he left home in the afternoon. The poor dumb beasts were cropping the grass beside the path and waiting for something to be done. Murdo's thoughts and ejaculations were somewhat violent. It is perhaps best not to record them.

It was true that the little old bridge had to come down sometime, since the new road was to be built over the burn, but what Murdo took as a piece of personal malice was that the bridge had been removed in the evening, without any warning having been given him, and that nothing in the way of a temporary makeshift had been put in its place.

He was now forced to make one himself, and he bethought him at the moment of a large piece of old wood with which Alastair and Neil had made a way across a drain for their wheel-barrow. It was about half the size of a barn-door, and would bridge the gap very well. He went back along the road till he found it; then he raised it and dragged it along to the burn, saying to himself that at all events Alastair and Neil would not "have the face" to remove it in the morning without putting some other temporary arrangement in its stead. The device succeeded very well, and Murdo drove the cows across it, put them into the byre, and went in to his supper.

Next day no one came to work at the road. The men who had the contract were both too busy with their harvest work to attend to anything else, and for two or three weeks the son of the catechist saw nothing of them, but drove his cows in peace over the temporary bridge he had made. Then one evening he came home with the thought in his mind that the people he had met that day had behaved strangely to him. He could not tell what it was, but he felt there was something peculiar about them.

When he came in his sister was crying. She was in such grief that he could not find out from her what was the matter; but presently his eye fell upon a strange-looking paper lying upon the meal-

chest. He lifted it, and being a poor scholar he took some little time to find out what was in it.

When at last he deciphered it, it made him tremble all over, for it was a summons requiring him to appear on a certain day at the court at Aldarn, on the criminal charge of having stolen a piece of wood from Alastair Mackenzie and Neil Maclean.

His sister began sobbing out loud. "Oh, Murdo, Murdo!" said she. "To think that the name of thief would be attached to one of the children of our father!"

Murdo sat on the meal-chest and stared at the summons. He was slow-witted, and at first he did not grasp the thing very well. Presently, however, the blood mounted to his forehead. He clenched his fist and brought it down full force upon the table in front of him.

"This is the work of the followers of the shoemaker," said he in a loud voice.

He sat on the meal-chest all the evening thinking what was to be done, and the more he thought the more he saw the terrible position he was in. Whatever might be said of the men who brought him into it, he saw at once that there was a weak point in his own case. He had taken the wood,—it was impossible to deny that. If Alastair and Neil, who had been to school with him fifty years before, who had been his neighbours all their days, and *ceilidhed*[1] at his fireside,—if they chose to put an unfriendly construction on his simple action, what defence could he make? How would the sheriff look at it? If he—Murdo—were to explain that he required the wood, and that he couldn't very well get home the cows without it, would the law be satisfied with that? He doubted it.

"It is a poor thing," he said bitterly to his sister, "when there is law among friends."

But the poor woman was inconsolable. Never in her memory, she said, was any man or woman from the parish taken to court on such a charge. Since the days of her great-grandmother, indeed, when the famous murder took place, there had been no real criminal charge against the parish. Young lads were taken to court for rows and assaults at New Year time, or for poaching and such things, but never for breaking one of the commandments. The serving of such a summons in the house of Murdo, the son of the catechist, was as much an affront as it would be on the breakfast-table of a respectable clergyman.

Murdo did not sleep much that night, and next day he put the summons in his pocket and went to see the minister. Now the minister was a man who was fond of a joke, and not only that, but he had been a good deal annoyed on several occasions by the habit in the

---

[1] From a Gaelic word pronounced *kailie*, meaning a friendly visit.

place of making common property, as it were, of certain things. Often when he or his household were in need of the manse barrow or spade or whitewash brush, it was found that these things were doing duty at the house of a neighbour. It was true that the "lad" or "girl" had usually been informed of their whereabouts, and requested to "send word" when they were needed, and it was true also that they borrowed other things in return; but, at the same time, the thing was inconvenient occasionally, and now when the old gentleman heard Murdo's story he was, though very indignant, not quite so lavish with his sympathy as Murdo had expected.

"It is a serious matter," he said, after they had talked it over. "There is no doubt of that. I am sure you had no evil intention, but as you say you took the wood, and 'a criminal charge'——" He paused and took snuff.

"At the same time," he continued, "I wouldn't be too down-hearted over the matter, Murdo. I have a young friend at Aldarn—a lawyer—to whom I shall write at once about you. He will do his best for you, and I am sure the sheriff will be made to understand how the thing happened. I will write a character for you myself.

"It was most unfeeling of Alastair and Neil to act in this way," he added, his indignation getting the better of him.

He wrote an excellent character for Murdo, which he said he would enclose in the letter to the lawyer, and with this and such comfort as he could get from the thought of the able defence he was likely to have, the anxious old man was forced to content himself. He went home still very downhearted.

As the days passed, however, Murdo received a good deal of sympathy—some of it from very unexpected quarters. Many of the followers of the shoemaker felt that Alastair and Neil had brought disgrace upon the parish by laying such a charge against one of themselves. They ought to have remembered, it was said, that Murdo was the son of the catechist, and should never have been brought in any disgraceful fashion before the law courts. As for the people who were not followers of the shoemaker, they were of course furious.

One day the minister had a visit from the two plaintiffs in the case. They said they felt they had been hasty, being annoyed about the wood, which they had found useful, and they wished to know whether it was possible to "take back" the case.

The minister told them that being a criminal case it could not be withdrawn, but must go on to the end. He took the opportunity of telling them also what he thought of them.

At last the time arrived for the case to come on. Alastair Mackenzie, Neil Maclean, and the policeman went away "like gentle folks" on the mail-coach, but poor Murdo, not having

the money to spare, had to set off walking to the court, which was forty-five miles away. He had gone a little more than half that distance, and was crossing a bleak tract of moorland many miles from any human habitation, and feeling very weary and down-hearted, when a great piece of good fortune befell him. He heard the noise of carriage-wheels, and presently was overtaken by a waggonette in which two or three young gentlemen were sitting. Hardly had it passed than it drew up, and one of the young men called to Murdo and asked him if he would like a drive.

"I would like it indeed," said Murdo thankfully. "It's the first thing I would wish for."

"Come along, then," said the gentleman, and Murdo put his stick and small red bundle into the carriage before him, and climbed up after them very gladly.

The young fellows seemed in very good spirits, and were laughing and talking a great deal. They asked him where he was going, and being a simple old man, he told them the whole story of his journey and the reason he had to make it. They were extraordinarily interested in everything he said, and every now and then they gave a little shout of laughter.

"I am very backward with the English," said Murdo, not without some dignity. "But I am speaking with the best words I have, though there may be comicality in them."

The young men apologised in a very gentlemanly way for their mirth. "You are a queer criminal," said one of them, smiling. "Going off to jail on your own account like this. Is there no policeman where you come from?"

Murdo said he hoped he had not come so low yet as to be taken in charge by a policeman. "He went away on the mail," he explained, "with Alastair Mackenzie and Neil Maclean." At this the young men seemed to have some ado again to keep sober faces.

They were very kind to Murdo. When they came to an inn they gave him a fine dinner with themselves, and at Aldarn they brought him to nice quiet lodgings, where they said he need not pay anything, as the landlady was a friend of their own. Murdo was quite overcome by all this, and was much cheered, and felt strong to face the ordeal that was before him. As for the young gentlemen, they all lived in Aldarn, and one of them was a lawyer, and that night they told the story of Murdo to such purpose that next day the court was quite packed with people who came to hear the case.

The lawyer who was the minister's friend met the old man there and told him to keep up a good courage, and that he would do everything for him that could be done. He talked to him for a little, and said that he had received a long letter about him from the minister, and that in it a very good character had been given him.

"I would like to keep that character," Murdo said solemnly. He had never been away from home before, and the whole place seemed very strange and imposing to him,—the judge on the bench, and the lawyers and clerks, and the clever busy look of everything. His case did not come on at once, so he sat listening to some others, and as he listened his confidence oozed away. The judge was very severe, and the whole thing—taking the oath and so on—was very formal and awful. He saw Alastair Mackenzie and Neil Maclean looking at everything with interest and curiosity. He thought they did not appear very easy either.

At last Murdo's own case came on. Everything was against him at first. The young lawyer beside him did not say a word except one that surprised him very much.

"Guilty or not guilty?" said the judge, and Murdo, who had been waiting for that, shook all over and was about to say "Guilty" (seeing that he could not prove he had not taken the wood, and thinking the truth would be best), when, before he could get the word out, the young lawyer beside him cried out, "Not guilty, my lord!"

Murdo did not know what to make of it. He thought it very friendly of the gentleman, but he could not think it very wise.

The case went on against him, and the old man saw that things looked very black. It was brought out in a very clear way that on the evening of the sixteenth day of the previous month he, Murdo, had taken from the quarry where Alastair Mackenzie and Neil Maclean had been at work a large piece of wood belonging to them, and had used it for making a bridge to his own house.

Murdo did not see how he could overturn that, and he was trying to collect his thoughts so that he might make the best explanation he could of what he had done, when the witnesses for the defence were called. "None," said poor Murdo to himself,—"none at all but the minister's letter." But all at once the young lawyer called out that his witnesses were Alastair Mackenzie and Neil Maclean and James Kerr the policeman, and he asked that the policeman should be called first.

Alastair and Neil were then put out of the court, and it would be difficult to say whether they or Murdo was the more astonished. Murdo stared at the lawyer as if he thought he could not be quite sane.

He soon changed his mind, however, about that.

There were not many questions put to the policeman, and they were chiefly about Murdo's character and reputation for honesty in his native place; also they brought out how Alastair and Neil had broken down the old bridge before Murdo's house, and instead of beginning to build the new one, had been busy ever since at their own harvest-work.

Alastair Mackenzie was then called in, and he felt himself in a very strange position as a witness for the defence. He was very sure he would not be that. The lawyer asked him a few questions that did not seem very important one way or another.

"What was the value," he asked then, "of the piece of wood that is in dispute?"

Alastair hesitated. Put in that way, he did not really think there was any value in the wood, for it was old and worm-eaten. He thought for a while, and then said there would not be any great value in it.

"Would it be worth fifteen shillings?" said the lawyer.

"No," said Alastair slowly, "it would not be worth that."

"Would it be worth ten shillings?"

Alastair admitted with reluctance that it would not.

"Now," said the lawyer, leaning forward, "you are upon your oath, remember. Would you say upon oath that the piece of wood was worth five shillings or—nothing?"

Alastair looked very uneasy. He was an honest kind of man, and he was very much afraid of saying the wrong thing "upon oath." After waiting a while the lawyer repeated the question.

Alastair replied that he could not say.

There was a little titter through the court at this. Alastair was very much put out.

"Did this piece of wood belong to you?" the lawyer asked then. He had received a good deal of information from his friend the minister.

"No," said Alastair, who had not set eyes on the wood till he saw Neil using it.

"To whom did it belong?"

"To Neil, my neighbour."

"That will do," said the lawyer; and now Neil was called in, and he too did not feel very comfortable as a witness for the defence.

The young lawyer put to Neil the same question about the value of the wood that he had just put to Alastair, and Neil, not knowing what the other had said and being very well aware of the worm-eaten condition of the block, declined, after some beating about the bush, to say on oath that it was worth anything. He, too, was very much put out, and he thought this kind of questioning very queer and unfair.

"Did this piece of wood belong to you?" said the lawyer, speaking very sternly and solemnly. "Remember you are upon oath."

Neil was silent, thinking what answer he should give. As a matter of fact, the wood was driftwood, and some boys had taken it up to him from the shore about a year previously. He had found it useful all summer when making the road. He could not be certain, but he thought it was Alastair's boys who had brought it to him. He made up his mind to this hastily, for there was something in the lawyer's voice that warned him to be cautious. He was willing

enough also to shift responsibility.

"No," he said; "it did not belong to me."

"To whom, then, did it belong?"

"To Alastair — my neighbour."

And now there were roars of laughter all over the court. Order was called, and Neil was told that would do. He did not understand at first what the joke could be, and how the people seemed quite overcome with mirth.

"You go home without a stain upon your character," said the judge to Murdo.

Murdo did not know what to say. He was quite overcome. The next day was beautiful and warm. The policeman, Alastair, Neil, and Murdo all went home together on the mail. If anything consoled the plaintiffs for the way things had turned out, it was the thought of the unpleasant reception they would have got in their native parish if they had left Murdo in jail. They put the best face they could upon the matter, but the conversation on the mail was chiefly about the weather.

And so ended the famous criminal case against Murdo, the son of the catechist.

As for the piece of wood, someone picked it up after the new bridge was made and used it in making a hen-roost. And the people of the parish are still a good deal like the ancient Christians about having things in common.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

AUTUMNAL CONGRESSES—A FREE-TRADE PICNIC—THE BELLICOSE APOSTLE OF PEACE—THE INDISCRETION OF MR LLOYD-GEORGE—THE PROBLEM OF THE ROAD—THE HIGHWAYS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY—THE GLORY OF THE MAIL-COACHES—THE ROAD AND THE MOTOR-CAR—A THEATRICAL MANAGER.

It is characteristic of our statesmen, whose ambition it is to govern the country by talk, that no sooner is Parliament adjourned than they lift up their voice in congresses. We all know the sad character of these autumnal congresses. The stuffy meeting-place, the pedantic oration, the serious delegate from abroad, are familiar to every one of us. Equally familiar are the gloomy picnics, with which the fiery speech-makers solace their leisure. Solemnly they visit shrines; solemnly they attend garden-parties; solemnly they gaze upon the great houses of those whose political opinions they share. It is not long since that a band of Americans, Frenchmen, and Germans, whose countries have prospered under the benign influence of Protection, exhorted the Free-Traders of England to stand firm in the faith which has proved infinitely profitable to England's rivals. The comedy of the situation is plain for all to see. Mr Franklin Pierce of New York, for instance, told a sympathetic audience that Protection had been the ruin of America. He admitted that the tariff imposed upon imported goods in the years following the Civil War lightened internal taxation by 140,000,000 dollars annually. He could not deny that at the same time the home industries of America enormously increased. And he had not a word of praise either for the lightened taxation or the increased industry. Not even prosperity blinds him to the charms of Free Trade, which, says he, when it comes to America, will help that great country "profitably to undersell the rest of the world," and will at the same time bring about the universal friendship of mankind. Had Mr Franklin Pierce been gifted with a sense of humour, it might have occurred to him that he was making his speech in the wrong place. We do not rate the patriotism of our English Radicals very highly, but we cannot believe that Mr Pierce's forecast was altogether acceptable even to them. Tenderly as they would guard the susceptibilities of other countries, they do not, we suppose, wish to see their country profitably undersold by America. And why should he speak to a packed meeting in London, when there is so vast a work of conversion to be done in his own country? Probably he put as low a value upon the understanding of his audience as did Mr Asquith,

who did not hesitate in a full session of Cobdenites to point to America as a shining example of Free Trade and its blessings.

Not much harm is done by such a congress as this. Its folly is merely academic, and doubtless it makes its loudest appeal to the orthodox professors of political economy. The congress of peace-mongers cannot be passed over so lightly. It is attended by dangers peculiar to itself. Every step in its proceedings is dogged by recklessness and indiscretion. If you wish for peace, says the old adage, prepare for war, to which may be added as a corollary: if you wish for war, hold a peace conference. There is a grave incitement to hostility in the discussion of human brotherhood. The world has never seen a more bellicose person than the professional apostle of peace. He is prepared with untempered ferocity to put all his adversaries to the edge of his tongue. His words are bullets, which he hopes will sting and kill. He comes forward with an acid smile of self-satisfaction on his face, and he covers his lexicon of abuse with an olive-branch. His lexicon, partially concealed, is battered and well thumbed, and he knows how to make excellent use of it. When the apostle is a responsible Minister, the danger of his eloquence is increased tenfold. Nothing could have been worse, in taste or policy, than a speech delivered by Mr Lloyd-George in favour of peace some weeks ago. Events march quickly nowadays, and the public memory is short. But Mr Lloyd-George's performance, perilous in itself, is of a perilous example, and we make no apology for rescuing it from oblivion. Now, rightly or wrongly, war to an Englishman means war with Germany; and Mr Lloyd-George took the precaution natural to him of putting England in the wrong at the outset. We have not yet forgotten his eager championship of the Boers. The picture of this statesman, disguised for once as a friend of law and order in the uniform of a policeman, and furtively escaping from a public meeting, is still fresh in our mind. And as he loved the Boers when they were at war with us, so he has given a clear indication on which side his sympathies would lie if England were engaged in a struggle with Germany. "We started it," says he. "We had an overwhelming preponderance at sea, which would have secured us against any conceivable enemy, but we were not satisfied. We said, 'Let there be *Dreadnoughts*.' What for? We did not require them." If this statement were true, it would still have been wicked in the mouth of a Minister. It is not true. We have started nothing. England remains apathetic in the face of Germany's energy; and to throw the blame of a growing hostility upon an innocent country, merely because it is your own, is to carry the familiar cannibalism of the Radical party to the highest power. Nor did the mischief-making of Mr Lloyd-George end here.

He proceeded to condemn the principle, adopted by his own Government, of the two-Power standard. It is true that he afterwards denied that he condemned the principle. He could indeed do no less. But his own words shall speak for themselves: "We always say that in order to make ourselves secure against invasion we must have a two-Power standard navy. That means that we must have a navy large enough to confront a combination of any two naval Powers: that has been our standard. Look at the position of Germany. Her army is to her what our navy is to us—her sole defence against invasion. Yet she has not a two-Power standard." Germany has as large an army as is possible for her, and if it falls below a certain standard that is not her fault. But we do not wish to take Mr Lloyd-George more seriously than he deserves. We would only point out that again he deliberately attempts to put England in the wrong. She aims at a two-Power standard. Germany, in her modesty, does not. Therefore, if there be war, the fault is England's, and no doubt Mr Lloyd-George, the loyal champion of Germany, is already looking out for another policeman's uniform.

The conclusion of Mr Lloyd-George's oration was more indiscreet, if possible, than its beginning. "Why," he asks, "should we not rope Germany in?" A knowledge of English slang is evidently not among Mr Lloyd-George's accomplishments. Had it been, he could not have used so unfortunate an expression. But the Germans who understand our slang will doubtless be enchanted at the prospect of being tricked and swindled by Mr Lloyd-George into an unwilling alliance. Of the embarrassment which this unrestrained demagogue causes his colleagues nothing need be said here. If Mr Asquith and Sir Edward Grey are unable to control him, it is their affair, and the sooner they restore some semblance of discipline to their Cabinet the better it will be for them and for the country. The inference to be drawn from the incident is that dignity and restraint are passing away from our public life. The levity of Mr Gladstone, who, like the sophist that he was, deliberately chose the worse part, and who, declaring that the British Constitution of 1830 was perfect, spent a long life in impairing it, has left its mark upon Parliamentary manners. But so long as Mr Gladstone lived, the antics of Mr Lloyd-George were impossible. Brought up in a strict school, Mr Gladstone imposed obedience upon his colleagues with an iron hand. Other times, other manners. Some members of the present Cabinet profess loyalty neither to their country nor to one another. They are willing to sell themselves and what influence their position confers to the highest bidder. That they are honoured with the greatest trust that can be given to man does not for a moment occur to them. Their own advancement and the suspicion wherewith they regard their comrades shut

out completely the advantage of the country. The destinies of England have fallen into the hands of men who misunderstand the ancient tradition and the ancient reserve of politics, who in their vain frivolity chatter of foreign affairs on public platforms, and who are never so happy as when they are bringing charges against the State whose interests they are pledged to protect. As for Mr Lloyd-George, who (we have been told) hides the heart of a statesman under the skin of a demagogue, he has gone off to belie this too amiable judgment by repeating his indiscretions to the first foreign journalist that comes along.

Deeply as we deplore the wanton provocations of the Peace Congress, we look forward with excellent hope to the results of the International Road Congress, which will be held in Paris a month hence. This congress will deal with no dangerous generalities. Its object is at once practical and beneficent. Nothing that can be said or done at it is without a human interest. The roads of Europe are historical monuments of the greatest worth and importance. Their progress and direction have settled the fates of empires. They have controlled the march of armies; they have limited or extended the ambition of emperors. A road, wherever it be found, is the symbol and scene of human prosperity and of human endeavour. Even if it link only village with village, it makes for the interchange of comity and good-humour. If it link city with city, it is the highroad of wealth and commerce. It is the gatherer of friends, the separator of enemies. And it is informed (or it should be) with the true spirit of democracy—a spirit which politics can never know. Its benefits should be free to the whole world—to rich and poor, to saunterer and lover of speed, to the amateur who sees in its beauty a sufficient reason for its use, and the farmer who knows that it will carry him from one market to another.

And there is nothing in nature which surpasses the beauty of an English road. Now it dips into a pleasant valley; now it curves undulant over the hillside. Now it runs between the ever-changing hedgerows; now it expands far-seen across the open country. Never the same, it keeps always its own mystery, its own perspective. There is in it always an element of unexpectedness. Our roads have been cut to no pattern of rectitude since the Romans left our shores. They have always been something more than the shortest straight line which can be drawn between two given points. They have grown at hazard. They have left their main purpose to reach an outlying hamlet. They have forgotten the benefit of the many in remembering the convenience of a few. "Improvement makes straight roads," said Blake, quoted by R. L. Stevenson in one of his most delicate essays; "but the crooked roads, without improvement, are the roads of

genius." The roads of England are the roads of genius, and a proper source of our national pride.

The history of English roads is broken by long periods of neglect. After the splendid achievements of the Romans, who pierced mountains and spanned rivers that travellers might save their time, there comes the silence of inaction. In Tudor England, as we know from Harrison, the highways "in the claie or cledgie soil were often verie deepe and troublesome in the winter halfe." Repairs were ill done; ditches were not scoured; the trees and bushes growing at the roadside were not cut back. And, worse still, the covetous daily encroached upon the highways. "This I know by experience," says Harrison, "that wheras some streets these five and twentie yeares have beene in most places fiftie foot broad according to the law, whereby the traveller might either escape the theefe, or shifte the mier, or pass by the loaden cart without danger of himself and his horse, now they are brought unto twelve, or twentie, or six and twentie at the most, which is another cause also whereby the waies be the worse, and many an honest man encombred in his journie." And then there were highwaymen not a few to interrupt the chapman or traveller, who looked in vain for security to the innkeeper. Nobody, thought Harrison, was robbed on the road without the knowledge of tapster, chamberlain, or ostler. But in spite of dangers and bad roads the highways were well used in Elizabeth's reign, as is proved by the excellence and commodity of the inns. If the guest were robbed, he was robbed after a full meal and a comfortable bed. Wherever the intrepid traveller went he found room for man and beast. Inns there were that were able to lodge two or three hundred persons and their horses; and "thereto," says Harrison with enthusiasm, "with a verie short warning make such provision for their diet, as to him that is unacquainted withall may seeme to be incredible." Briefly, in that age of adventure — the sixteenth century — there was much going and coming throughout the length and breadth of England. The spirit of restlessness, which drove the earliest of our colonists across the sea, persuaded those who stayed at home to journey incessantly, and thus induced the golden age of the innkeeper.

The uncertainty of the Stuart dynasty and the perils of the Civil War were a direct encouragement to the highwayman. When the armies were disbanded many a soldier, his occupation gone, rode under the stars and bade the unwary traveller to "stand and deliver." It became the fashion for idle cavaliers to hunt the regicides; and many are the stories told of Captain Hind and his comrades of the hightoby emptying the pockets of Hugh Peters and the rest. In

detail the stories may be false; in bulk they prove that the roads of England were then dominated by well-armed and well-mounted robbers. For more than a century this picturesque, sinister tradition of the highway continued, and a pistol thrust suddenly through the window of a carriage was a common incident of travel. Nothing, indeed, is more surprising in old memoirs than the exaggerated sense of distance entertained by our forefathers. A journey from London to Chelsea was considered more gravely than we should contemplate to-day a trip to Paris. The reasons for this exaggeration were the roads, which in bad weather were sloughs or swamps, and the fear, not yet extinct, of depredation. And then came the Mail-coach, which perfected the highways of England and revived the waning prosperity of the wayside inns.

It is impossible to recall the ancient mail-coaches without enthusiasm for their performances and without regret for the triumph of the railroad. The achievement of John Palmer, their only begetter, though celebrated by De Quincey in dithyrambic prose, has been most unjustly forgotten, together with the foresight of William Pitt, who in 1784 gave Palmer encouragement. The utmost speed attainable and perfect organisation were the two ends of Palmer's ambition, and so well did he succeed that his coaches kept up an average pace of ten miles an hour, including stoppages, and that two coaches, which started 600 miles apart, never failed to pass each other at the same bridge. Nothing could surpass the beauty and swiftness of John Palmer's equipages. De Quincey celebrates their strength, their brilliant cleanliness, their beautiful simplicity, the royal magnificence of their horses. They were made possible only by exquisite skill and studious training. The driver knew his horses with the same certainty wherewith they responded to his call. For once, in history, a perfect instrument was invented, which achieved its purpose without hesitancy or faltering. And for this purpose one other thing was necessary—smooth, broad, and durable roads. The old-fashioned traveller was aghast at the speed and dust of the new invention. And then came John Loudoun Macadam to allay the anxiety of the timid grumbler. The most eminent road-maker since the times of the Romans, Macadam arrived in the nick of time to solve the problem set by the mail-coaches. His genius made solid the highways of England. Without Palmer he might never have been. Without Macadam Palmer would certainly have toiled and organised in vain.

Thus began a new and the greatest era in the history of our roads. Thousands shared in the growing prosperity. The inns of Watling Street and the North Road became famous for their hospitality. An energy of which we to-day know nothing pulsed through the

country. And by a happy stroke of fortune the highest moment of the mail-coach was the highest moment of victory. It was by the mail-coach that the news of Talavera and of Salamanca, of Trafalgar and of Waterloo, was scattered throughout the towns and villages of England. Victory also travelled by the mail, and the coaches, their drivers, and their passengers shone in a reflected glory. The means was equally appropriate to the cause and to the end. There was a martial splendour in the brilliantly equipped mail-coach and the horses which, in De Quincey's phrase, "bounded off with the action and gestures of leopards." And then the railroads, beneficent too after their fashion, killed the romance and picturesqueness of the highways. Henceforth, "tidings fitted to convulse all nations must travel by culinary process." Nor was the loss of romance the only loss inflicted by the ruthless, necessary railroad. The masterpieces of Macadam crumbled from disuse. On either side of their smooth, bright expanse fresh encroachments were made by the greedy, and—a worse indignity still—grass grew in places where once the mail-coach thundered by with its news of life and death. And with the decay of the roads the inns decayed also. It was not their fault. As in the natural world a limb shrinks or disappears which ceases to be useful, so in the world of affairs an institution dies of nothing so soon as of inanition. The inns of England, celebrated by Harrison and famous far and wide at the beginning of the last century, have degenerated into the sad places which we visit only of necessity. Who does not know the gloomy coffee-room, where with good luck we may surprise a furtive chop or steak, and where we are certainly greeted with a tired, fly-blown joint of cold beef, and tremble at the vision? Truly no man may foresee the result of his actions. Little did Stephenson think, when he proposed the line from Manchester to Liverpool, that he would ruin the wayside inns of England and kill the art of cookery.

And now a new and unaccustomed strain is put upon our roads. The highways, which for more than sixty years have been the paradise of pedestrians, which have borne no heavier burden than that of a farmer's waggon or the ambling carriage of the gentry, have been turned into a racing-track for motor-cars. The roads were as little prepared for the reception of the new vehicles as were the drivers of these vehicles to exercise their new privilege. It is difficult even now to think patiently of the terror and discomfort inflicted upon the country by the earliest of our road-hogs. They showed no consideration for pedestrian or labourer. They bespattered waggons and carriages alike with dust and mud. They asserted (and some of them still assert) that the highway is meant for traffic, that is, for themselves alone, forgetting that our highways

were constructed for another purpose, another strain, and that modesty better becomes a newcomer than arrogance and self-assertion. Roads, scarcely touched since the coaching-days, were broken up by their pitiless incursions, and flung heedlessly into the hedgerow. Wherever they went they left a blight of dust upon garden and cornfield. The law, which attempted to check their excesses, was easily evaded. The road-hog was the master of the situation, and he used his victory in a spirit of violent contempt.

Time and reflection have brought better manners and a chastened spirit. The motor-car has passed or is passing through the stage of experiment. Its limitations and its uses are more clearly understood than they were. No longer is it deemed a form of "sport" to dash about the country, contemning the amenities of life. The road-hog is execrated by none so loudly as by the wise owners of motor-cars. It is their interest as well as their desire to purge the highways of the monsters who have infested it too long. And the sooner these monsters are extirpated the better for the country and for a rapidly increasing industry. For those who are bent upon breaking their necks the course of Brooklands is designed, and the others may prudently sit themselves down to solve the problem of adapting our old roads to a new use.

For, whether we like it or not, the motor-car has taken a firm hold upon us. It is already a part of our social and commercial life. From being a poor sport it has become a thing of general utility and common pleasure. Even if it travels at a proper speed of twenty miles an hour, it can reveal the countryside to us as it has never before been revealed; and as, unlike the horse, it knows no fatigue, it can carry us comfortably the livelong day. With its aid we may get a fresh vision of our native land. We may conquer something which is far better worth than an idle record of speed,—a knowledge of town and hillside, which are otherwise beyond our reach. It is a necessity of the railroad to isolate those who travel by it from the cities whose fringe it touches. As we look through the narrow window of a railway-carriage, we catch sight of stately castle or time-honoured cathedral. We may dismount from a motor-car and visit at our leisure the landmarks of history, which hitherto have rushed past us in a flash. And it is precisely because the motor-car may be an instrument of pleasure that it should be used with discretion and be handled with moderation. Much must be taken and given on either side. The enemies of the motor-car must abate their denunciation. Its friends must lessen their pretension. Though a better spirit is already discernible, the owners of cars still exaggerate their claim to hurt others. They talk with pride of "considerate" drivers, as though it was a shining merit not to break the law. One of the most

eminent of them, Mr Rolls, declares that it is not the motor-car which is to blame for the dusty highway. "It is," says he, "the sledge-hammering effect of horses' hoofs that first makes the dust by breaking up the surface; the motors merely raise it." We care not who makes the dust, which is a nuisance incident to human life, and which is harmless so long as it lies quiet. Our grievance is against the cars which raise it, and upon which must rest the full responsibility of ruined gardens and universal discomfort.

If, then, the motor-car is to continue in the possession of our roads, some method must be invented of laying the dust. The old highways, which Macadam made solid and which have been pulverised by neglect, must be fitted for their new burden. That this problem will be solved at the peaceful Congress presently to be held in Paris we have little doubt, and the sooner it is solved the better; since all the world is alive to the nuisance of somebody else's motor-car, and dust is the worst blight that can fall upon the fields or destroy the eyes and lungs of men. Nor can we contemplate without horror the abolition of a speed-limit. There is no reason, so far as we know, why any man should rush along a public road at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The burden of proof lies upon the other side, and nobody has ever adduced any argument saner than a wilful love of pace in favour of unbridled speed. All such limitations as have been proposed, as "driving to the common danger" and the rest, are worse than useless. Who is to judge of the "common danger"? A chauffeur who travels a strange road for the first time? Or a magistrate who is certain to be prejudiced on one side or the other? And when the peril has been incurred, and the innocent victim slaughtered, of what advantage is it to be told that the danger was uncommon and could not be foreseen?

Nothing proves more conclusively that reform is imminent than the attitude of the motor-drivers themselves. They recognise that their privileges are at stake, and will be withdrawn if they cannot be indulged without inflicting a hardship upon others. If reform of road and man be found impossible, then special tracks will have to be made across England. But reform, we trust, will not be impossible, and when once the proper conduct of the car is understood and the curse of dust is laid, then we may expect such a revival of the highways as has not been known since the mail-coach carried the news of victory from London to Edinburgh. Then once more the inns will provide clean linen and wholesome food, and the traveller may set out from his home fearing neither poison nor footpad. Then another Macadam shall arise, who shall restore the causeys of his predecessor to the width and smoothness which was once their pride, and thus wipe out

some of the shame, which all lovers of the past must feel, of travelling by culinary process.

It has been said that a banker by examining a client's account can construct the life and character of that client. The statement, we trust, is too absolute. But it came to our mind as we read what will doubtless be the final edition of Philip Henslowe's 'Diary,' lately completed by Mr W. W. Greg and published by Mr A. H. Bullen. For from the mass of accounts here presented it is possible to recover the history of the Elizabethan stage, and to retrieve the portrait of Philip Henslowe, which would otherwise have escaped us for ever. The portrait is not altogether amiable, but it is the portrait of a living man, and its lines may be corrected by a knowledge of the Henslowes of to-day. The story is old and ever new. It is the triumph of wealth over wit, a triumph that always has been and always will be achieved. Now Philip Henslowe was a man of enterprise and resource. When money was in question he had the happy hand. Whatever he touched seems to have prospered, and as he pursued many trades his chances of gain were not limited by taste or fashion. At the outset he followed the craft of a dyer, and was servant to one John Woodward, whose widow he presently married to his own advancement. Thereafter he held office at Court, where he was Groom of the Chamber to Queen Elizabeth and Gentleman Sewer of the Chamber to James I. But the real business of his life was the ownership and management of theatres, and it is from these enterprises that his 'Diary' gains its absorbing interest. Here, in the eloquent language of figures, are set down the transactions of one who ruled the fortunes of several playhouses when Shakespeare and Jonson, Massinger and Heywood were competing for the popular favour. Whether Henslowe took advantage of his position cannot now be said with certainty. Mr Greg thinks he did not. There can be no doubt that his opportunities were excellent. He kept in his employ a vast mob of actors and playwrights, always in need of money and always anxious to forestall a bargain. We can readily imagine that they who once got into his clutches would find it impossible to get out. The account would always be on the wrong side for the playwright whose industry was not commensurate with his lack of money. And Henslowe had other means of keeping his staff steadfast in devotion. He added to his other employments the trade of pawnbroker, and he sold apparel and jewellery to needy actors, who paid for them by weekly instalments. Nor did he refuse to lend them money, if they had no play to offer his company; and without his good offices many would surely have fallen upon starvation. So we find him now making advances to this actor or that, now bailing out Lodge, who was thrown into prison by an obdurate tailor, and who promptly made

his way overseas. Whether he was a harsh taskmaster or not, the actors and playwrights whom he employed addressed him with all the eloquence of begging-letter-writers. A letter from Nat Field may serve as a specimen of them all. "Father Hinchlow," thus the letter opens, "I am unluckily taken on an execution of 30 *l.* I can be discharg'd for xx *l.*, x *l.* I have from a friend, if now in my extremity you will venture x *l.* more for my liberty, I will never share a penny till you have it againe, and make any satisfaction by writing, or otherwise yt you can devise." As the day of settlement came, the tone was changed. And when Henslowe scribbled upon a torn piece of paper, "When I lent I wasse a frend and when I asked I was a foe," he doubtless wrote from his heart after a bitter experience of broken pledges.

In the end, of course, Henslowe had the better of them all. He held the purse-strings, and profited by their work. Nor was the pay of the playwright very large in those days. There were no comfortable royalties nor long runs. In 1597 £6 was considered a fair price for the purchase outright of "Mother Redcap" from Drayton and Munday. Chapman was rewarded at a slightly higher rate, and received £8, 10s. for his "World runs on Wheels." After 1602 the regular price seems to have been £8, but ten years later the playwrights met with far better fortune. A clamorous author, called Daborne, always in arrears, and always promising more than he could perform, was paid as much as £20 for a single work, and then complained that if he had taken it to another playhouse he could have got £25 for it. The esteem in which plays were then held, some of which have kept a place of honour in the history of our literature, is interesting in this the golden age of dramatic authorship, and suggests that, if posthumous fame be of any value, there is compensation in all things. Nor did the playwrights themselves value highly that upon which Henslowe and his colleagues put so small a price. Once acted, the plays had served their turn, and very few of them sought to secure the immortality of print. The result is that three-fourths of the plays presented at the Rose or Fortune are lost beyond recovery. The same fate, no doubt, will overtake most of the plays which have amused our own idle generation, and with far better reason. We can as little imagine that the scholars of the year 2400 will waste their time in attempting to recover the "book" of a musical comedy which was popular to-day as we can believe that its author would have been content to accept £8 in return for its whole and sole copyright.

PERSIA IN DECAY.

TABRIZ, 1st *Aug.* 1908.

TABRIZ THE SALUBRIOUS.

THE first view of Tabriz is enchanting. You look down eight to ten miles of post-road upon a fertile valley that reminds you of Damascus. Damascus with the grandeur of its sentinel rocks somewhat curtailed. Yet the general view is not dissimilar. An amphitheatre of bare brown hills, with a green-shaded city nestling oasis-like in its arena. The first view is as a page from the 'Arabian Nights.' But proximity brings disenchantment. As you cross the narrow Persian bridge which gives ingress to the city from the north your æsthetic expectations are shattered. The broad open road is lost in a narrow alley. Bleak mud-walls enclose you on every side. Your only landscape is baked-brick and blue sky, with an occasional poplar rearing its tapering head above the lofty partitions. If it were not for this occasional patch of green one might have been back in old Omdurman, as it was at the time of our occupation. Nor does acquaintance immediately bring relief; as the carriage lumbers on over the vicious cobbles you only seem to become more hopelessly entangled in a maze of meaningless alleys. Then you plunge into what appears to be a long tunnel. As the sight becomes more used to the darkness you realise that you have reached the far-famed Tabriz bazaars—the most noted in all Persia. The first view, however, is not encouraging. The bazaars are all enclosed with the domed roofing which is a feature of Persian architecture. Indifferently lighted and redolent of the waste of perishable merchandise, they are dingy and offensive thoroughfares. The shops are the merest cupboards in the walls, and upon first acquaintance are as unattractive as the streets themselves. But the crowd that throngs this unsavoury thoroughfare is interesting. It is only in Central Asia that such a cosmopolitan medley can be gathered. Long-coated Persians wander listlessly from shop to shop; untamed Kurds and Kharadaghis with greasy curls and baggy trousers insolently bar your way; industrious Chaldeans glance nervously up at you from their labours—to them, in the midst of militant Moslemism, their faith is a cross the like of which no Christian in the West is called to bear; unwashed Armenians, who ape European habits and vestments as if in protest against the iron heel of race superiority which Mohammedan Persia drives into their backs; shock-bearded peasants, who block the thoroughfare with their endless droves of donkeys; veiled women, all dressed alike

in inscrutable visor and striped cloak, shuffled past with loose iron-shod heels clattering against the cobbles; here a Caucasian Cossack from the Russian Consular guard; there a Pathan sowar from the British Consul's escort, his lance-like figure and well-groomed uniform at once a wonder and a lesson to the degenerate Persians round him; hawkers of all descriptions, selling fruits and smallwares, even to typhoid-impregnated ice-cream; beggars and mendicants innumerable.

What is this? The crowd parts, and five or six stalwart ruffians, tight-laced in cartridge-belts and armed to the teeth, take the middle of the way. At the sight of them three disreputable Persians, with badges upon their high hats, immediately dive into a convenient alley. Why is this? It is simple: the ruffians in arms are revolutionists; the squirming Persians in high hats are the Shah's regulars sent to the town to restore order!

But Tabriz is not all mud walls with cheap stucco doorways. Once you can penetrate beyond the iron-barred gates in the walls you find that they enclose beautiful gardens. Social seclusion is a fetish with the Persian. It was grafted into his life's system in the Middle Ages. How many times has Tabriz, the "sanitarium for fever," been swept by the ravages of war? How many times has the blood of its young men run red above the cobbles, while its walls re-echoed to the despairing cries of its ravished maidens? It is not once or twice. The pillage of Tabriz is a tradition which every mother amongst the wild tribesmen of Central Asia, from Tashkend in the north to Baghdad in the south, croons over her man-child. To the written knowledge of historians it has been royally sacked nine times. In turn Shah Suja, Tamerlane, Selim, the Sultan Suleiman, Osman Pasha, Shah Abbas, Murad, the Turks of Van, and the Russians themselves, have turned it over to their licentious soldiery, while of minor raids and oppressions there is no count. Why, at this very moment, as I sit writing, the wild horsemen of the Karadagh, in the name of Mahamed Ali, the Shah, are looting the suburbs and carrying away to the hills fair Tabrizi damsels to be their handmaidens. Small wonder, therefore, that the inhabitants surround their gardens with unscalable walls, imprison their homes within low iron-studded gates, and so dress their women that the fame of their beauty may not penetrate beyond the confines of their own domain.

But within these walls there may be found some of that half-mythical, half-poetic oriental splendour which in our dreams we associate with Persia. The town has been made the water-catch of a wonderful artificial supply from the hills that surround it. There the sinking of wells and traverse-tunnels furnishes an unlimited flow of pure crystal water. The town is honeycombed with a dis-

tributing drainage, so that every household of importance has its own supply passing through its grounds. This is responsible for the beautiful vegetation. The green of poplar, elm, acacia, walnut, peach, and willow rises above the walls, while the most beautiful flowers flourish with but the smallest assistance. The aim, too, of the Persian architect is ornamental. To us his art is crude, and perhaps his façades and brightly-illuminated frescoes do not rise above the common level of fantastic finish. But his efforts harmonise with the open straggling garden, the splashes of midsummer bloom, the stagnant pond, filigree veranda, and irregular mosaics, which form the basework for his conceptions.

But the visitor's disappointment in Tabriz is but momentary. Once the monotony of the everlasting mud walls and inconsequent alleys has ceased to weary, there is so much in this wonderful town that is beautiful, quaint, and instructive, that the sympathetic will find pleasure at every corner of the narrow streets he was at first inclined to despise. The antiquity of it all appals you. To think that the first of these dirt-coloured walls was built to the order of the ailing Zubaidah, the wife of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, and that in the Middle Ages the renown of Tabriz was such that Edward the First of England found it expedient to send envoys to its then ruler, Ghazan Khan. All this brings food for serious thought. Here it was that men were found who penetrated in conquest to the plains of India and the shores of the Mediterranean, Black, and Caspian Seas. A town whose sons were giants when our own were semi-barbarians, poorly cultured in war, and almost ignorant of the arts and blessings of civilisation. Yet to-day? It is hard to suppress a smile as one lives in their midst. These sons that were very giants have proved the hares in the race of development between nations. They have slept on the track while the tortoise from the West has seized the prize!

"To-morrow, by the grace of God!" In that one sentence you have Tabriz, — nay, you have the whole of Persia.

THE ARK.

If not the most interesting, the most prominent building in Tabriz is the Citadel. Tabriz city, with its two hundred and fifty mosques and eight gates, is oblong in the shape of its area. The Citadel stands on a mound somewhere near the centre of the oblong. It consists of a keep—a square heavy brick tower, about 100 feet high, with a gallery on the top, and walls 25 feet thick at the base—and a bastioned-banquetted wall enclosing about an acre of courtyard, through which passes one of the many watercourses. It is loopholed throughout, and has all the appearance of medieval

strength. Its history, even if mainly traditional, is interesting. It was originally a mosque, and is said to have been raised by Ali Shah Jehan, the successor of the Ghazan Khan Mongol whom Edward I. favoured with his communications. At that time this mosque as a building was the largest in all Persia. But in later times its uses as a mosque died out, and it was fashioned into the Citadel of the town. It is known as "The Ark." Many traditions cling to its mouldering walls and commanding keep. The first is that the bricks from which the keep was constructed were each tossed up to the masons by a powerful Ethiopian slave, who, for this great feat of strength, was immediately liberated. Nothing, however, has been handed down to commemorate the skill of the masons who must have caught these baked missiles, and whose prowess seems, if anything, to have been greater even than that of the Ethiopian. Another legend is that a youth of the city wagered that he would be able to scale the keep. The whole population assembled to see him make the attempt. Placing his back to the wall, the youth painfully worked himself up to the top by placing his fingers in the interstices between the narrow bricks.[1] As soon as the youth reached the summit his wonderful feat of daring was rewarded by instant execution, the consensus of opinion amongst his judges being that it would be against the public safety to let such an expert climber live. It would be placing a premium upon burglary! Yet one more legend concerning the keep of the Ark. As is natural in a country where sensation in public executions is much prized, the keep could not escape from service as a scaffold. It was customary to cast the unfortunate victims from its summit. On one occasion, however, a woman was pushed over the parapet, and it is credibly stated her clothes so took the wind, that she sailed slowly to the ground and alighted gracefully upon her small feet.

Of recent years the Ark has been used as an arsenal and military store. But when, two years ago, the present Shah confirmed his father's order and conferred a form of representative government upon Persia, the local exponents of constitutional procedure immediately took armed possession of the Citadel. It has remained in their hands ever since, and for the last week any European on the south side of the edifice, if he cared to take the trouble, could from his roof have seen these Constitutionals endeavouring to make practice against the Royalists with a 15-pounder Skoda field-gun. To any one familiar with artillery practice the spectacle was entertaining. They usually suc-

[1] The base of the keep is greater than the summit, so that the walls gently incline inwards.

ceeded in "getting off" three rounds in two hours. For five days fuze-setting defeated them entirely. After that "an expert" was somewhere dug out of the town, and as a consequence the business portion suffered amazingly from "premature bursts." The only persons who seemed unhurt from this shell-fire were the Royalists. It should also be placed on record that the first round discharged by this field-piece was disastrous to the original layer, as in running back the trail pinned him desperately to a wall.

HASSAN ALI KHAN.

I first met Hassan Ali Khan by accident. I have now to allow that this chance meeting with Hassan Ali was one of the many fortunate circumstances of my life. The Mullas had been preaching in the chief of the two hundred and fifty mosques in the city. As the mosques and the Mullas of the reactionary faction were closely invested by the revolutionary influence, it was obvious that the preaching in the chief mosque was anti-Royalist. That it was vehement I myself had been witness, though I could not do more than catch here and there a word that I could recognise. The congregation were wildly enthusiastic. They smote their breasts and called in unison upon the name of their favourite *Imam*, and then, as if seized with a single purpose, welled from under the domed roof of their house of worship. Out they came into the narrow street. The rush pushed me, the *Feringhi*, into the place designed for the weakest, and in order to save my bones from being crushed I sought the hospitality of a grimy coffee-shop. Here it was that I met Hassan Ali. I had nearly fallen into the lap of a well-dressed young Persian.

"These Persians are d—d fools, yes?"

My first impression was surprise that I should be addressed in English, a language rare in Tabriz; my next feeling was one of annoyance that this young fellow should seek my acquaintance by abuse of his fellow-countrymen. But when I looked into his face and saw the humour in the sparkle of his eyes, I forgave him his apparent want of race loyalty.

"Surely you have sympathy with them?"

"Me, no! I disgust them very much, yes?" And the twinkle in the young man's eye communicated itself to his whole face. He had a most pleasant smile.

"By which I take it that you are a Royalist, and do not believe what the Mullas have been preaching?" I said.

"Me, I am a Royalist, yes. I am a Persian, I must believe what the Mullas tell me. If I do not believe, I am an infidel. I must believe what that small boy-preacher there was saying. He is not yet twelve years old, and he has

never yet read a book, and preaches to them that they must have Constitution, must be free, must own no master but their own desires, and must go to Paradise and drink camel's milk and eat dates and honey for ever. Of course I must believe. For what other reason have I studied your language, customs, and manners, read your books, but to believe the words of that stripling who does not know that a constitution is not a thing of bricks and mortar. Yes!"

"Then if you are satisfied that these preachers are right, why do you call your fellow-countrymen fools?"

The twinkle again appeared in Hassan Ali's eye as he answered, "Because I too am a Persian. These Persians are d—d fools! Yes?"

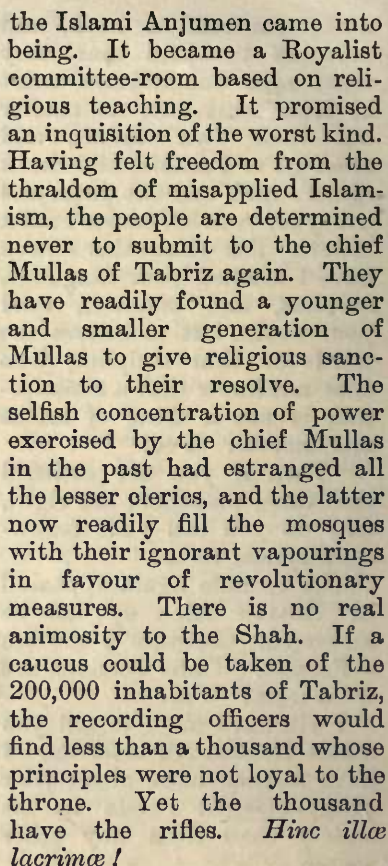
I will have more to tell you about Hassan Ali later on. I have learned more about poor priest-clogged Persia in his society than from any other source.

A DIAGNOSIS.

The reader will be marvelling to himself what all this stew in Tabriz is about. There are also many in Tabriz who are similarly at a loss to understand the meaning of it all. Revolution it is possible to understand. A people groaning under the weight of despotic government, feeling themselves enlightened and morally developed to take ward of their own affairs for the common weal, turn upon the despot who has oppressed them. They demand his acquiescence to their claims to voice their own destinies, or in default, his permanent retirement from their midst. Fortified by the will of the people, they are strong enough to overthrow such mercenaries as the despot may maintain to bolster up his cause. This is all plain sailing and intelligible. It is a national movement, not a local sore. But here it is quite different. Although the language of the legitimate popular movement is freely used, yet in the mouths of the ignorant teachers of this benighted people, and in the ears of the people themselves, these great truths of the enlightened West are but empty phrases and meaningless formula.

Revolution in Persia, or rather in Tabriz, is but a local irritant, which is foreign alike to the great causes which upset monarchies and create out of their ashes flourishing commonwealths. There is in one of the twelve quarters of Tabriz a very sacred precinct. It is known as the Islami Anjumen, which, being interpreted, is the "Committee-Room of the Faith." It is this committee-room that has upset the equilibrium of Tabriz. It has come about in this wise. In the pre-Constitution days the people of Persia were fleeced in two ways. Firstly and properly, by the representatives of the State; secondly and improperly, by the Church. The power of the Mullas was unlimited; apart from the ordinary channels of religious despotism, all civil disputes were settled by

clerical law. Against a clerical decision there was no appeal, no redress, for a man had but to argue against the finding of a Mulla to be branded as an Infidel (unbeliever), and at the signal of the priest the populace stoned him to death. As is only natural with ignorant and avaricious people, the chief Mullas so ordered things that the whole of the power became concentrated in their hands, and the particular quarter they inhabited became a powerful court of inquisition. Then came the attempt at representative government. Instead of vesting their representatives with a mandate to help, control, and guide the existing machinery of government, the people leaped to the conclusion that Constitution meant release from all national obligations. In a word, they burst from despotism into anarchy. They repudiated the authority of the Shah, and encroached upon the money-making province of the chief Mullas. Then it was that



the Islami Anjumen came into being. It became a Royalist committee-room based on religious teaching. It promised an inquisition of the worst kind. Having felt freedom from the thraldom of misapplied Islamism, the people are determined never to submit to the chief Mullas of Tabriz again. They have readily found a younger and smaller generation of Mullas to give religious sanction to their resolve. The selfish concentration of power exercised by the chief Mullas in the past had estranged all the lesser clerics, and the latter now readily fill the mosques with their ignorant vapourings in favour of revolutionary measures. There is no real animosity to the Shah. If a caucus could be taken of the 200,000 inhabitants of Tabriz, the recording officers would find less than a thousand whose principles were not loyal to the throne. Yet the thousand have the rifles. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ!*

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

THE narrative of current events in India comes to the English reader in a disjointed and incomplete fashion. The sequel of an outrage or the end of an important trial is given often in a brief telegram. Judicial proceedings are sometimes very prolonged, so that most people have forgotten all about the case when the result is reported. Under such conditions it is not easy to form a connected idea of passing events. If we seek to gather information from our countrymen who come home on leave, almost equal difficulty meets us. Some have lived in large garrison stations, some in big towns or cities, where disaffection makes its abode. Others, again, have come from rural districts not yet infected with revolutionary ideas. It is only by studying the English papers published in India by the light of some knowledge of the country that a comprehensive and consistent view of the situation can be obtained.

We take leave, therefore, in this article to give a brief summary of the more recent events bearing on the attitude of the natives towards British rule. The reader will kindly bear in mind that if the crimes and disturbances of a large empire are brought together, the resulting picture may give an exaggerated and too alarming idea of its condition. We are far from desiring to heighten the colour. But facts are facts, and when studied as a whole they may disclose to the reader the connecting-links in the chain of events, and enable him to discern the spirit which pervades and animates them.

In the number of this Magazine for February 1907 the events culminating in the resignation of the first Lieutenant - Governor of Eastern Bengal were related. The prominent feature of those events, it may be remembered, was the active part taken by the schools and colleges of the new province, managers, masters, and students alike, in raising a factious and violent opposition to the administrative division of Bengal. It was upon the fitting method of dealing with these perverse institutions that the main difference arose between the Lieutenant-Governor and the Viceroy. The schools triumphed, and the Lieutenant-Governor resigned. From that time things have gone from bad to worse. It is not suggested that the defeat of the Lieutenant - Governor led to the present disorders. It certainly added fuel to the flames, and inspired the revolutionary party with a hope heretofore unfelt. They now saw, or thought they saw, their way to bend the will of the Government. Boycotting, disturbances of the peace, seditious speaking and writing, have gone on without much check

or hindrance. The visits and talk of blatant members of Parliament, swelling with conceit and ignorance, have fed the agitation.

Without disrespect to the Secretary of State for India, whose main defect is that he is without experience in Eastern administration and devoid of knowledge of the country which he is endeavouring to govern on his own lines, it may be affirmed that the character of the present British Ministry is giving an impulse to the revolutionary and anarchical movement in India. The surrender to the Boers, the declared intention to give Home Rule in its widest sense to Ireland, the submission to violence and supine attitude in the face of disorder in that island, and the disregard of the first principles of justice and fair dealing, are well known in India, and interpreted by the natives into their own language.

Sedition treated in this fashion is bound to show itself elsewhere. In May of 1907 serious riots broke out suddenly in Rawal Pindi, in the Panjab. Some discontent had arisen concerning the land revenue assessments and the conditions to be imposed on cultivators in the Canal colonies. Taking advantage of this, two of the foremost Nationalists, or whatever they may be called, held meetings, and by their speeches and counsels inflamed the passions of the people. A violent disturbance followed, in which Europeans were attacked and much property destroyed. The soldiers had to be called out to quell the riot. Many persons were arrested and brought to trial. The two leaders were summarily deported to Mandalay. This prompt action had a good effect for a time all over India, and if a similar course had been followed in dealing with the leading agitators in other provinces, there would not be so much trouble today. Unfortunately, whether to avoid the clamour of the extreme section of his party or for other reasons, the offenders were released by the Secretary of State prematurely, it seems to us, and unnecessarily. There are quite enough agitators in India without Lajput Rae and Ajit Singh, and we have heard from various sources that the clemency has been attributed to fear. Indians always attribute to Englishmen the motives which govern their own actions.

Later on in the same year there occurred serious rioting in Calcutta, the outcome of addresses or lectures, as they please to call them, given by various Bengali demagogues to the city people. It was thought necessary to call upon one of these meetings to disperse. The mob became violent and a collision ensued, in which the police, who were not in sufficient force, were worsted. Not a single rioter was arrested. An inquiry ordered by the Bengal Government was boycotted. No one would come forward to give evidence, and the affair ended in a fiasco humiliating to the Government.

These events stirred the Government of India to tardy action. An ordinance was passed taking power to forbid meetings in such districts as might be proclaimed from time to time; and this power was used at the time to some small extent.

In December the agitation in Bengal entered on a new phase. On the 6th of that month an attempt was made to blow up a train in which the Lieutenant-Governor was travelling. There was some doubt whether this crime was the work of the political malcontents or of persons employed on the line. Later on two labourers were charged with the offence, and were tried and convicted. One of the men apprehended in connection with the anarchist bomb factory discovered in Calcutta, to which attention will be drawn further on, has avowed that the crime was committed by emissaries from that centre.

Following this affair, on the 23rd of December Mr Allen, the magistrate of Dacca, who was leaving on furlough, was shot in the back as he was going from the train to the boat at Goalundo. The assassin was a Bengali, who escaped. Mr Allen is an officer of high character in private and public life. No one for a moment has suspected or suggested that there was any personal motive for the attempt to kill him. It was clearly a political crime, and it was feared that it was likely to prove the first of a series. But as time passed without further cases of the kind, people began to be more hopeful.

Early in March, however, a perfectly similar case occurred at Kushtya: Mr Hickinbotham, a missionary, was shot, while he was taking a walk, by a Bengali. The man came up to him, drew a revolver, and fired. Fortunately in both these cases the wounds were not mortal. Mr Allen was badly hurt, and had to spend part of his leave in hospital.

Up to this time, although the notorious agitator Bipin Chandra Pal had been allowed to tour in Madras holding meetings and making seditious speeches in various places, no violent disturbances had occurred in that presidency, which has always been held to be a quiet and loyal part of India. Its turn, however, was now to come. Tinnevelly is a district at the south-eastern extremity of the peninsula. It has a population, mainly Hindu, of about two millions. The capital of the district, likewise called Tinnevelly, lies inland, but is connected by railway with the port of Tuticorin. There are some cotton-mills in the district, and the people generally are said to have been excited by a strike of the mill hands, with whom they sympathised. In Tuticorin also there was some excitement. Early in March Bipin Chandra Pal, who since his tour had been regarded as in some sort a hero, was arrested in Calcutta, but was released, if we remember rightly, on appeal. However that may be, it was decided

to hold a great meeting to celebrate his release. The magistrate, fearing that in the state of feeling then existing a demonstration might cause disturbances, prohibited the meeting by an order under the ordinary law. In contempt of this prohibition, some of the leaders of the movement called the people together and delivered inflammatory and seditious speeches. As a breach of the peace seemed imminent, the magistrate arrested the leaders. Upon that the populace rose, and severe rioting followed, both in Tinnevelly and Tuticorin, with destruction of property and violence and insults to Europeans. The police were obliged to fire on the rioters, and military aid had to be invoked. A noteworthy feature of the disturbance was that the mob went to the Hindu and missionary colleges and insisted on the scholars being allowed to join them.

To return to Bengal. On the 30th April 1908, at Mozufferpore, the headquarters of a district, two English ladies while driving in their carriage were blown to pieces by a bomb thrown at them. The bomb was intended for the judge, Mr Kingsford, whose carriage was following theirs. Mr Kingsford had been Presidency Magistrate in Calcutta, where he had incurred the anger of the malcontents, as some of their friends had been convicted by him of offences against law and order. He was sentenced to death by the anarchical leaders, and two young Bengalis were deputed to Mozufferpore to kill him. Their plans were well laid, but they mistook the ladies' carriage for Mr Kingsford's. The able magistrate of Mozufferpore, Mr Woodman, took prompt steps to follow the criminals. The two assassins were traced. One, Khuda ram Bose by name, was arrested at a station, where he was about to take train for Calcutta. The other shot himself when he found escape impossible. Khuda ram Bose made a full confession. He was tried and sentenced to death on the 13th of June. He appealed to the High Court, who dismissed his appeal. The sentence has been carried out.

The next offence occurred on the 22nd June at midnight. A mail train approaching the station of Kankinarah was stopped by the distant signal being placed against it, and a bomb was thrown into a second-class compartment in which were three Englishmen, assistants in a jute factory. One of them, Mr Campsey, was seriously injured and lost an arm. The crime is said to have been committed as an act of vengeance in consequence of Khuda ram Bose's conviction.

The next act opens in Bombay. In July the notorious journalist Tilak, who was sentenced in 1897 to eighteen months' rigorous imprisonment by the late Justice Sir Arthur Strachey for the crime of sedition, was brought to trial on a similar charge before Mr Justice Davar. He has been sen-

tenced now to transportation for six years. On the former occasion the Government reduced his punishment materially. It is to be hoped that they will not show a similar mistaken leniency in the present case. He is a dangerous person, as the very turbulent riots which took place during his trial demonstrate. The chief actors in the riots were the mill hands. The Government, we understand, at first held that these riots had their cause in a trade dispute, and not in political excitement. However this may be, it is evident that disturbances were expected by the Bombay Government in connection with the trial. Large reinforcements of Indian and British troops were brought into Bombay, and various precautions, such as the erecting barricades in the precincts of the court, were taken. The precautions were justified, for there was very serious rioting in Bombay for several days. At Nagpur, in the Central Provinces, some half way between Bombay and Calcutta, there were disturbances when the news of Tilak's conviction reached that place, and the Volunteers had to be called out. The population of Nagpur is largely Mahratta.

While we are writing this paper, comes the news of a fresh outrage committed on the night of the 12th of August at Shamnagar, a short distance from Calcutta, on the Eastern Bengal railway. As a train was entering the station a bomb was flung at a carriage, but it did little injury, as it was imperfectly charged. It is not reported whether the criminal has been discovered. On the 13th August two bombs, hidden in the grass on the railway embankment just outside Chandernagore (the French settlement), were accidentally exploded by labourers clearing the brush from the bank.

We have given the chief cases of bomb-throwing. The attempt to blow up the Mayor of Chandernagore, a second attempt on the Lieutenant-Governor's train near that place, and the finding of bombs, some of a very deadly nature, at various places in Calcutta, have been passed over, as to narrate them would lengthen the present article too much.

It is necessary, however, to go back to May of the present year, when the discovery of a bomb factory in a garden house at Manicktollah, in the heart of Calcutta, was made. Some thirty-two persons have been apprehended in connection with this discovery. From the confessions of many of them and other evidence, and from the finding of arms and ammunition, quantities of the most dangerous explosives, moulds, metal, and tools for the manufacture of bombs, and a good library of the best and latest books on the manufacture of explosives, it has been proved that a conspiracy of great extent exists, and that for a considerable time the manufacture of bombs and the instruction of persons, mostly

young men and all of them Bengalis, in this deadly work, has been carried on at more places than one. The inquiry before the magistrate has lasted thirty-four days, and it is believed that the prisoners will have to stand their trial at the Sessions Court. The centre of the conspiracy, which has for its object the overturning of the British dominion, is in Calcutta; but it is feared that it is by no means confined to that city. The persons connected with the notorious 'Yugantar' paper, the editors or publishers of which have been prosecuted and convicted three times in one year, are members of this society, and its publications, in spite of the prosecutions and convictions, have been widely distributed. It is to be hoped that the Government may have secured information which will enable the police to mark down the branches of this conspiracy, and to reach the persons who have been financing it. For it requires money to carry on a business of this kind, and to maintain a large number of persons who are earning nothing and are altogether impecunious.

Enough has now been told to enable the reader to form his own opinion on the case. To us it appears clear that a spirit of disaffection and of hatred towards the British Government has come to dwell in the people. Whether this evil spirit has its origin in racial differences or in political discontent is not worth discussing. Practically it comes to the same thing. The important matter is that it exists and extends beyond the limits of one province and beyond the members of any one class. In some places it evidently possesses the lower classes. Whatever its origin may be, it is beyond doubt that it has been and is inspired by the promptings of the wicked writers in the native journals, and the equally wicked and mischievous teaching of the demagogues who pose as leaders of the people. They are the persons responsible for enticing youths hardly out of their boyhood to join the conspiracy and execute its decrees. They are the people who ought to go to the gallows. In allowing them to write as they please and to go about the country preaching sedition the Government incurs grave responsibility.

Men and women coming home from India tell of the painful change in the attitude of the people in many parts of the country. Scowling looks and glances full of hatred meet them, and at places like Poona, where disaffection is always rife if not rampant, the Englishman is openly or covertly insulted: men spit as he passes, and do not disguise their contempt. It is said to be no longer wise for a lady to travel alone on the railways; and that men sometimes are subject to rudeness and insolence from Indians travelling with them. The prestige of the Englishman has gone or is going. British soldiers are chased and

beaten by villagers, and dare not resist. For they know that if they hurt a native no mercy will be shown them. From parts of the country formerly peaceful and loyal, where any one might have ridden about alone without fear even of a rude word, there are reports of violent assaults on English officers, military and civil.

It must be plain to every one who considers these signs, and the meaning of the events which have followed each other fast, that the situation in India is grave. It will be evident also that the mischief, although there may be and are probably deeper-lying causes, springs immediately from two sources—the faulty Western education and evil influences of the schools, and the wicked writing in the native papers. In the records of the trial of Khudaram Bose and of the inquiry in the bomb factory affair, there is ample evidence of this without going further.

So great a change in the feeling of the natives could not take place without producing a corresponding change in the attitude of our people in India. It is to be feared that resentment and distrust are growing in their minds instead of the goodwill, too condescending it may be, heretofore existing. Mr Buchanan lately spoke from his place in the House in praise of the attitude of the Englishmen, non-officials and officials alike, during the present crisis.

The one bright spot in the gloomy picture is this attitude. There has been no display of fear and no calling out for vengeance. We may be sure that if the danger increases they will keep cool, and will know how to meet it. One indication of the anxiety they are under is the fact that a business in the insurance of pensions against the default of the Government of India is beginning in London.

What measures have the Government taken to prevent the growth of disorder and to suppress it when it breaks out? In England there has been more than enough of speaking, and more than enough of protestation that no violence and no danger will deter the Secretary of State from carrying out the "reforms" which he contemplates, but has not yet disclosed. It is too soon, therefore, to offer any criticism on these projected measures. It is known that they are to be in the direction of additional non-official and elected representatives in the legislative councils, the creation of advisory bodies recruited from the large landowners and notables, and probably the liberation of municipal and district boards from official control. Steps in the last direction have already been taken in Bombay. No doubt the policy of associating the classes which are naturally Conservative more closely with the Government is good. But does any one suppose that it will have the smallest influence on the men who are inciting the people to revolt and are forming societies of assassins?

or that it will help to keep the peace?

The arguments used by such people to move the populace are not the blessings of self-government and representative institutions—things they neither want nor understand. Very different are their weapons of persuasion. Systematic defamation of the British Government and the character of the white man, and especially the white soldier, has been going on for years. Continual insinuations against the honesty and benevolence of the Government; suggestions that all the evils in India—plague, famine, and poverty—spring directly from foreign rule; assertions that the Government desire to break the caste of the people by importing sugar treated with bullock's blood and woollen stuffs stiffened with the fat of pigs and cows,—these are the weapons, with praises of the ancient rule of Hindu kings, glorification of Sivaji, moanings over the slaughter of cows, and the curse thus brought upon the country. Is any one so possessed by the spirit of Liberal fanaticism as to believe that homœopathic or even wholesale doses of representative institutions will meet this kind of warfare? And it is waged not only by writers in the press, and not only by Bengali lecturers at meetings more or less public, but by missionaries who permeate the country in the guise of Sunyasis, a sect of Hindu ascetics, and who are safe from interference or detection in their capacity of holy men.

Besides the ordinance we have already mentioned, the Government of India has passed two enactments intended to help them to deal with the situation. One, the Explosives Act, ought, as Lord Morley says, to have been passed long ago. That it has been so long deferred is indicative of the sleepy security in which Englishmen in India have hitherto indulged. The second is the new Press Law Act VII. of 1908, dealing with incitements to offences. It is passed with the avowed purpose of controlling journals which incite men to murder, to armed revolt, and to devilish crimes. Briefly it enables the executive to proceed summarily against such offending journals and to seize and confiscate the plant and presses. The object is to provide a remedy against an evil which is becoming worse than a pestilence, without creating a worse evil by giving that notoriety which a regular trial affords to the offending journal and its opinions. But with strange inconsistency and half-heartedness, which we can only ascribe to the influence of the extreme Radicals in Parliament, this procedure is not to apply to cases of seditious writing. The Government, in proposing the law, spoke with an air of apology, and explained carefully that their little Bill would not touch sedition, and would not interfere with the freedom of the press.

And it is this very freedom of the press which is the origin of all the evil. It is a danger-

ous anachronism in an Eastern country, and completely out of place in India and Egypt, as Lord Cromer told the House of Lords. If the Secretary of State would take counsel with Lord Cromer and listen to his advice, there would be hope of improvement. But there is worse than this. The avowed object of the law is to avoid the advertisement given to a journal by a formal trial. Yet to ensure that a wide advertisement shall be given, it is provided that an appeal to the High Court shall lie against the action of the executive. The editor or proprietor who desires publicity could wish for no better means of getting it, or of making his writings known. "We must not be afraid of an appeal," says Lord Morley. Such inconsistency and weakness is unintelligible.

So it happens that because the Government will not apply the new law to the seditious writing which causes more mischief and makes more converts than direct incitements to murder, every province of India is agitated by trials for sedition under the Penal Code. Nothing can be more mischievous, exciting to the populace, and degrading to the Government, than these verbose proceedings which frequently extend to an inordinate length. The accused, Tilak, the other day in the Bombay High Court, spoke for more than four days, and enjoyed at the public expense an opportunity of explaining his opinions and denouncing the Government to all India. A glance over the papers will show that this is going on from Lahore to Rangoon, and from Madras to Bombay. It stands to reason that if there are two forms of seditious writing recognised, and that one of them can be punished with some promptitude, while the other can only be dealt with, and then only by the sanction of the Supreme Government, in a regular trial, with the numerous chances allowed by the snares of a technical law and several appeals, the wily journalist will prefer the form which is thus protected. The Government stultifies itself and makes men like Tilak into martyrs and heroes. But perish India sooner than that a Radical Ministry should have to sit in penance and say, "After all, Lytton was right; we must replace his Act of 1878 on the Statute Book." Better that India and everything else should pass away, rather than that one jot or tittle of Liberal doctrine should be disregarded.

If the Government has not done all that it ought to have done, it is doing or proposing to do that which it ought not to do. In his speech on the Indian Budget, Earl Percy drew attention to a matter which was not mentioned by any one in the debate on Lord Curzon's motion in the House of Lords, when several noble friends raged furiously together. It was formally announced in the Legislative Council of the Governor-General in March last that the Government had decided to try in the Bengal

province the experiment of separating the judicial from the executive service, as it is phrased. What this means is that whereas at present the district is the administrative unit, and is controlled as regards police and magisterial courts by one chief magistrate, Lord Minto's Government proposes to take the control of the subordinate criminal courts from this chief and give it to another magistrate to be set up beside him. It would take time to explain the effect of this to the reader unfamiliar with Indian administration. Suffice it to say that the Government of India admits that they are acting in the teeth of the opinions of all the local governments and High Courts. We believe there are not a dozen men of experience in all the Indian services who will not say that this proposed reform (save the mark!) will do more to weaken the executive Government than anything that could be devised. It will diminish the prestige of the district magistrate, who is the right hand of the executive Government. It will set up a chronic hostility between the magistrates' courts and the police. There is friction and to spare at present. The administration of justice will suffer. The magistrates will consider themselves to be "courts," and instead of endeavouring to find out the true facts and to conduct or force the police to conduct the investigation to that end, they will sit like little Buddhas and take the *pabulum* which the police may lay before them. In districts where there is any popular excitement, whether against Government or between members of different religions, the Government will be very much in the position that the Irish administration is under Mr Birrell, for nearly all the subordinate magistrates are Indians. Certain offences will be immune from punishment. We do not know who has suggested this mischievous change at such a time as the present, and in such a province as Bengal. No one but the enemies of the British Dominion have asked for it, namely, the Congress in India and some of their sympathisers in Parliament.

Is it not plainly to be seen by all except those who will not see, that part of a ghostly hand is writing on the Indian wall? It is moving very slowly as yet. Hardly a letter is formed. The meaning is hidden. Time evidently is to be given that we may mend our ways and show somewhat of our former strength. Cannot the men at the head of the Government in India make this plain to those who are responsible in England? or must we go blindly on until the hand writes in firm and swift lines "*Upharsin*"?

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

11

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCXVI. OCTOBER 1908. Vol. CLXXXIV.

A PRISONER OF ALBUERA.

THE JOURNAL OF MAJOR WILLIAM BROOKE FROM MAY 16TH TO SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1811.

THE manuscript Journal here printed was found among the papers of Sir James Stevenson Barns, one of the best known of Wellington's Peninsular brigadiers,—the man who hurled Foy down the slopes of San Antonio de Cantaro at the battle of Busaco, and who executed on the day after Sauroren an attack which Wellington called the best and boldest that he had ever seen in his life. Sir James's heirs supposed that the Journal, which is without signature or title, belonged to their relative, but this is clearly not the case, as he never served in the 2nd Division nor in Colborne's brigade. Internal evidence makes it certain that the author was Major William Brooke of the 2/48: he mentions that he was a major, that he served in the 2/48th, and (of course) that he was taken prisoner at Albuera. Now, Brooke of the 48th was the *only* major among the fifteen unfortunate officers who were captured by the charge of the Polish Lancers at the commencement of that bloody fray. He must undoubtedly have been a close friend of Barns, and have either given him or lent him this manuscript. It consists of 88 sheets of foolscap, partly with the watermark of B.W. 1810, partly with that of a lion *statant reguardant* in a crowned garter. They are bound together in a limp mottled cover. The writing is large, very slanting, and

difficult to read, owing to the faded ink. The narrative was undoubtedly written immediately after the author's return to England as an invalid, in the September that followed his escape from Seville. In no year after 1811 would it have been natural for him to use so much paper bearing the watermark of 1810.

I know no more of Major Brooke than may be gathered from the 'Army List.' He entered the service in 1782, at the end of the old American War, was a captain in the 48th by 1795, and a major by 1810. After the adventures recorded in these pages, he recovered completely from his wounds, rejoined his regiment, and was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy in 1815, in which year he went on half-pay. If this narrative meets the eye of any relative or descendant, I should be glad to have further information about him.

It may help the reader to comprehend the story of Major Brooke's travels with his companions in captivity to Seville, if we give the names of the whole fifteen. They were Captains Spedding and Phillips of the 4th Dragoons, Lieutenant Blumenbach of the Artillery of the King's German Legion, Captain Cameron and Lieutenants Hill and Annesley of the 3rd Foot (Buffs), and from the 2/48th Brooke himself, Captains Campbell and Allman, Lieutenants Elwood, Marshall, Sark, Wood, and Brotheridge, and Ensign Gilbert. The first, second, fourth, eighth, and ninth of them will be found mentioned in the narrative. Cameron escaped from his captors at Ribera on May 19th ; the other officers, all I believe wounded, were brought to Seville. Of the rank and file of the same regiments 504 in all were captured at the same time as their officers, of whom 193 belonged to Brooke's battalion. More than half of them were wounded ; but of the remainder the greater part escaped by the way, in twos and threes, between Almendralejo and Llerena.

It will be noted that Brooke nowhere gives the names of the Spanish friends who behaved so kindly towards him. This was done in their interest, in case his narrative should by any chance get into the English newspapers. For by indiscreet publication of names in this fashion several good patriots had been ruined. On one occasion an English officer's letter, printed in a London journal, disclosed the identity of some inhabitants of Salamanca who had sent Wellington secret intelligence. A copy got to Paris, and the writer's indiscretion nearly caused the death of these valuable correspondents.

C. W. C. Oman.

Oxford.

On the morning of May 16th 1811, our whole army, English and Spanish, was drawn up in two lines along the heights of Albuera. We of the 2nd Division were in the right centre. The enemy commenced their attack by a lively advance against the bridge and village in front of us. The 2/48th and its neighbours in Colborne's brigade suffered very considerably from the cannonade, losing several men killed and wounded by random cannon shot that came over the hill in our front. But this was an evil that did not long continue: the fire becoming extremely warm at the village and bridge, Sir William Beresford ordered forward our brigade to support the fatigued battalions of the German Legion, who were gallantly defending those posts. But before we had reached the village the attack there slackened, and the most tremendous fire commenced on the extreme right of our line, at the hill on which Blake's Spaniards were posted. It obliged them to retire, and to take shelter in good order under cover of the slope. In consequence of the retreat of the Spaniards our brigade (1st Brigade of the 2nd Division, consisting of the 3rd or Buffs, 31st, 66th, and 2/48th) received orders to mount the hill and dislodge the enemy. On gaining the summit of the hill we discovered several very heavy columns of French troops ready to receive us. The British line deployed, halted, and fired two rounds: the heads of the French columns returned the fire three deep, the front rank kneeling.

Finding these columns were not to be shaken by fire, the three leading battalions of the brigade prepared to charge with the bayonet, by order of Major - General the Hon. William Stewart, who led them on in person to the attack in the most gallant manner. The charge being delivered, the French 28th Léger gave way, as did also the front ranks of their Grenadiers.[1] In the latter we could see the officers trying to beat back the men with the flats of their swords.

During this contest a body of French cavalry, that had been judiciously posted on the left rear of their heavy column, took advantage of our brigade's being unsupported, galloped round the hill, some 2500 strong,[2] and coming into the rear of our unfortunate battalions cut them off. Two squadrons of our 4th Dragoons were despatched by General Lumley for the purpose of giving us assistance: but they only shared the same fate as our infantry, and their commanding officers, Captains Phillips

---

[1] Apparently Brooke means the three battalions of *Grenadiers réunis* of the 1st and 4th Corps, which were acting along with Gazan's division, to which the 28th Léger belonged. I have no other evidence that the Grenadiers were in front line.

[2] The charge was executed by the 1st Lancers of the Vistula (Poles), and 2nd and 10th Hussars,—in all 1200 lances and sabres.

and Spedding, were both made prisoners. The 31st Regiment, the left battalion of our brigade, alone escaped: it was still at the foot of the hill in solid column, not having had time to deploy along with the 3rd, 66th, and 48th.

Part of the victorious French cavalry were Polish Lancers: from the conduct of this regiment on the field of action I believe many of them to have been intoxicated, as they rode over the wounded, barbarously darting their lances into them. Several unfortunate prisoners were killed in this manner, while being led from the field to the rear of the enemy's lines. I was an instance of their inhumanity: after having been most severely wounded in the head, and plundered of everything that I had about me, I was being led as a prisoner between two French infantry soldiers, when one of these Lancers rode up, and deliberately cut me down. Then, taking the skirts of my regimental coat, he endeavoured to pull it over my head. Not satisfied with this brutality, the wretch tried by every means in his power to make his horse trample on me, by dragging me along the ground and wheeling his horse over my body. But the beast, more merciful than the rider, absolutely refused to comply with his master's wishes, and carefully avoided putting his foot on me!

From this miserable situation I was rescued by two French infantry soldiers, who with a dragoon guarded me to the rear. This last man had the kindness to carry me on his horse over the river Albuera, which from my exhausted state I could not have forded on foot. The cause of my being so carefully looked after was that my captors would not believe that I was of no higher rank than a major. I was led to some rising ground on the left rear of the French army, from which the remaining part of the action was clearly to be seen. I was a prisoner, dreadfully wounded, and loss of blood had made me faint and weak, yet, notwithstanding all my misfortunes, my whole heart was with my countrymen, and from the brisk fire they kept up I augured a successful end to the battle. About two o'clock I had the happiness of seeing the French run, and the English mounting the hill and giving three cheers. At this moment I was sent to the rear.

When I arrived at the French hospital, one of their surgeons, seeing me so badly wounded, left his own people and examined my head. He cut off much of my hair, and, having put some lint on my two wounds, tied up my head so tightly, to keep the skull together, that I could not open my mouth for three days, except to take a little to drink. He told me that at the expiration of that time I might venture to loosen the bandage a little. This surgeon spoke English tolerably well: having been a prisoner in our country, and well treated, he had a respect for us. Of my final recovery

he gave me little hope, as my skull had received fractures of whose consequences he was fearful. The French soldiers abused him for attending to me before them: he left, promising to see me again, but I never met with him after.

Weak as I was, I reconnoitred the French guard over the prisoners in the evening: it had been reinforced, and their sentries being posted three deep, I found it impossible to get past them, although on the other side of the river I could see my friends resting on their arms after their victory. The night was extremely cold and damp: we had but few clothes left, and no blankets. We made a fire by gathering boughs from the trees near us, but could get no sleep from the pain of our wounds, the loss of blood, and our distressing circumstances.

May 17*th.* On the morning, and during the day following the battle, part of the dispirited French army was left under the command of General Gazan, who was wounded himself, to make preparations for the evacuation of their hospitals to the rear. The French are generally well supplied with conveyances for this purpose; on this occasion they had not less than eighty or a hundred large covered waggons for the use of the worst cases, exclusive of many horses, mules, and asses. These waggons had been brought up laden with provisions to the field of battle, and after being emptied were applied to any other purpose necessary. But on this occasion, from the enormous number of wounded that they had to remove, they found it necessary to force the British soldiers who had fallen into their hands as prisoners to carry some of their generals and other officers of note on litters. Being disgusted with his burden, through fatigue and the heat of the sun, one of the prisoners exclaimed to his comrades: "D—n this rascal, let us throw him down and break his neck." To the surprise of the soldiers, the wounded general lifted his head and replied in English: "No, I hope not." Those of the prisoners who did not escape [1] were handsomely paid for their trouble.

May 18*th.* About two o'clock in the morning the main convoy of wounded, amounting to near 4000 in all, was put in motion. Dreadful were the cries of these poor unfortunate wretches! Had my heart been made of adamant I must have felt for the pitiable condition to which the ravages of war had brought them. It was completely daylight before the rear of the convoy left the ground. Two or three hundred had died on the 17th, and between 600 and 700 more expired on the road to Seville. It was stated to me by a French surgeon that they left on the field some, both of their own and of the British

[1] Of the 500 rank and file taken prisoners more than half succeeded in escaping at Usagre and other places on the line of the French retreat.

wounded, who could not bear transport.[1]

A strong guard, both of cavalry and infantry, some 3500 men, was told off to guard the British prisoners, who were placed in the centre of the marching column. We proceeded on the 18th along the road leading from Albuera to Solana—four long leagues. On our arrival at the latter place the principal part of the wounded were taken into the town: the escort did not enter it, but was drawn up on some high ground, to prevent a surprise by guerillas, of whom they were extremely afraid. The cries of the wounded continued dreadful. All the British prisoners slept in an open field, with a strong guard round them. The only sustenance that we had were a few green beans (*garbanzos*), which the French gathered and gave to us. Indeed this was the only food they could procure for themselves.

May 19*th.* Orders had been given over-night to march at three o'clock, before dawn, but from the difficulty of getting the wounded back into the waggons it was near six before escort, wounded, and prisoners marched for Ribera. We passed through Almendralejo, where the French troops took care to plunder the inhabitants of everything that they could lay hands upon. At this point one of the French generals wounded at Albuera died.[2] We continued our march to Ribera, and having to halt by the side of a rivulet I got one of the prisoners to wash my bloodstained coat, shirt, pantaloons, and socks, the only remaining clothes left me. I borrowed of a French soldier a blanket to sit in, and the same soldier gave me some soap. During this same time another prisoner washed the wounds on my head, and removed the clotted blood from my face. It was dried so hard with the sun that he was obliged to peel it off with his finger-nails. My clothes were quickly dried, the heat being intense, and soon after we reached Ribera. Arriving there, we were lodged in an olive garden surrounded by a high wall. Having chosen a place to rest, I pulled grass for my bed. This being arranged, I went to Captain Cameron of the Buffs, who kindly insisted on my taking a basin of soup. Calling me aside, he told me that he intended to effect his escape, and if I was sufficiently strong he would gladly take me on the venture. I told him I was too sick and weak to attempt it. He regretted that he had but a few dollars in his possession, and requested I would accept one of them. All this day the guerillas had been hovering in considerable numbers on our flanks, as they did all the way to Seville. The French took every precaution for safety, having vedettes out,

[1] Quite correct. The British found 300 or 400 men, mostly amputation cases, left in the chapel behind the wood of Albuera.

[2] This was General Pepin of the 5th Corps.

and a strong guard both in front and rear.

After parting with Captain Cameron I returned to my bed under the wall, and being extremely fatigued fell into a sound sleep. I was disturbed from it by a person who informed me he was sent by a Spanish gentleman in the town, to request I would get leave to go to his house. The French officer of the guard gave me permission, on my promising not to make my escape. This power of giving parole had been granted to him by General Gazan. I was conducted by the messenger to the house of his master, who received me with great cordiality, and leading me to a back room introduced me to his daughter and family. He sent immediately for a surgeon, who dressed my wounds. Curiosity led some of the ladies to watch the operation, but on the bandages being removed, some of them fainted at the horrid sight, and all hurried out. The daughter of this benevolent Spanish gentleman prepared a box with lint and salve for my use on the road. I was then taken into an adjoining room, where I found a most elegant supper laid for six people. All present appeared to be persons of rank, and they paid me every attention in their power. After supper the master of the house attended me to an excellent bedroom, wished me good-night, and retired. I was soon asleep. Long before dawn I felt myself shaken, and was alarmed to find two men standing by my bed. Their dress was the large Spanish cloak and broad-brimmed hat: one carried a dark lantern, and both immense clubs.

I was at first at a loss to comprehend their intentions, but they soon made me understand that their mission was to effect my escape. For some time they positively insisted on my coming off with them. Finding all I could say of no avail, I sent one of them to the master of the house. As I did not speak Spanish sufficiently well to make myself clearly comprehended, I represented to him in Italian, which he well understood, that my escaping might bring destruction on him and his family, that my own honour was pledged, and that, although the opportunity was so favourable to escape, I must decline to take advantage of it. He agreed with me on the force of my arguments, yet from his kind solicitude for my safety it was long before I succeeded in persuading him and his friends to leave my room.

May 20th. In the morning I was roused by my host, and found chocolate ready prepared for me. Soon after the convoy began to move on, when he generously offered me his purse, which with many thanks I refused. He then took from it part of the contents, and pressed me to accept so much, but I again declined, although I possessed but the single dollar which Captain Cameron had left with me.

From Ribera we marched to Villa Garcia, the first town where the escort drew regular

rations: from that time they were well supplied till they reached Seville. Though the town was large, we had not any place appointed for our accommodation. I met in the market-place a French colonel who spoke English very well. To him I related the distress of the prisoners, in not being allowed a house or billet to shelter us, and pointed out that, if my petition were not complied with, we should have to sleep in the street. I said that I should feel obliged if he would represent to General Gazan what I had told him. He went to the General, and in a short time returned to say that a house had been allotted for us, and put into possession of a captain of grenadiers who would conduct us to it. We remained waiting in the street two hours, when we heard at last that Captain Campbell of the 48th had actually taken the house destined for our use for himself and a wounded French officer whose horse he was riding. We went there and arranged ourselves as comfortably as we could for the night.

May 21*st.* This day we marched to Llerena, and were taken through the town to a small swampy field, with a wall round it and a little rivulet running through, a place so wet that to lie down was impossible. It added to our discomfort to see not far off shady trees on a rising ground, where we might well have been placed. My brother officers agreed with myself that this was very severe treatment, and begged I would represent to General Gazan the state we were placed in. He sent for me and inquired the cause of my complaint. I first set forth the grievance of the wretched swamp we had to rest in. I then told him that from the moment of my capture I had been treated cruelly in every respect. I said that, dreadfully wounded and retiring as a prisoner of war from the field, I had been cut down by one of their horse, plundered of everything, and inhumanly dragged over the ground. They had obliged me to walk for four days in a dreadful state of weakness caused by my two wounds: and during those four days I had received from the escort only an ounce and a half of rice and two ounces of mutton. The General replied that with regard to food they themselves had, till this day, only what the soldiers could gather in the fields. To this I answered that we prisoners had not even the power of going to the fields to seek food. General Gazan finally offered us our parole, which we accepted: it was signed by all. That night he gave orders that I might have a horse, but I could not get one, as they had not even a sufficient number for their own use. For what reason I am ignorant, the General abused Captain Campbell at the meeting, using the most violent language, and calling him f——d, and many other improper names.

May 22*nd.* This day we reached Guadalcanal, and having given our parole were at liberty to make our situation

as comfortable as circumstances permitted. We knocked at a large house, where we were immediately admitted. Within its decayed walls lived an old lady and her two daughters, who received us politely, and seeing our fatigue kindly prepared beds and food for us. The old lady was extremely pleased to find that I could speak Italian, and began a conversation in that language. She told me she was the daughter of a man of rank in Portugal, and had married a Spanish nobleman who lately, from grief at the misfortunes of his country and his family, had died of a broken heart. Before the French had arrived in Spain they had lived in great affluence, but now they had deprived her of everything, from her plate to the cattle and corn in her fields. During this long and melancholy tale I felt extremely fatigued, but whenever I attempted to stir the old lady detained me by taking hold of my coat. I was at last released by one of General Gazan's aides-de-camp, who came to ask if I wanted another billet, but finding me provided, politely bowed to us and left.

May 23rd. We marched this day to Constantina. I was billeted on a carpenter, who received me in a civil manner, made up a bed for me in a corner of the room, and began to prepare food. I was not long seated when two graceful and elegant young Spanish ladies, dressed in pellisses and half-boots, entered the room. One of them had a long whip in her hand,—at first sight I concluded that they belonged to a Spanish whip-club—but from the respect that the people of the house paid them I soon saw that they were persons of distinction. They addressed me in Spanish, but finding I did not well understand their language, made me comprehend, in the best way they could, that they had brought a surgeon to dress my wounds. He was called in, and was followed by a group of young women, gaping with open mouths, like one of Hogarth's caricatures. The doctor unbound my head, dressed it, and tied it up again. Some of the girls were then called forward, with a basket filled with sweetmeats, fruit, and cake, and at least a gallon and a half of excellent wine, of which the young ladies pressed me to partake. They endeavoured to cheer my spirits, which from excessive fatigue were very low: they seated themselves on my right hand and on my left, and one of them desired a girl to come forward with some cigars: she gave one to her sister, and having lighted another, put it to her own mouth, and then passed it to me. At first I received it with some reluctance, until I understood that this was the highest compliment a Spanish lady could pay a gentleman. They remained with me some time, then politely wishing me good night, left me to enjoy the rest that wearied nature craved.

May 24th. This day we moved on to Tocina, a very long day's work. We crossed the river

Guadalquivir about two o'clock. We found only one large boat to carry over the whole convoy. At that time it consisted of about 4200 infantry and 800 cavalry, beside the prisoners and the vast assembly of wounded. But by this time there remained but few of the English prisoners, nearly all who were not either wounded or on parole having escaped on the road. I asked a commandant to permit the English officers to go over early, which he was kind enough to allow us to do. But, although assisted by our French guards, we found great difficulty in getting to the boat: several times I was completely crushed in, and found it likely that I should lose a part of my coat. We saw many horses pushed into the river by the press. We at last arrived at the opposite bank, and proceeded to Tocina, where we were billetted in the house of a gentleman-farmer. The place was so crowded that we had only a small room for six officers, and in one beyond it a French sergeant of dragoons had taken up his abode. I never saw such a fop: several times he passed through the room in which we lay, whistling loudly and swinging his cap in his hand. Altogether his conduct was so noisy and unpleasant that some of the officers went to the Alcalde, to endeavour to get him moved, but in vain, for the Alcalde was a timid man and fearful of the French. The sergeant was so insolent that they wished to kick him out, from which I saved him by representing to my young friends the danger they would bring on themselves in case he made complaint. I also said that the fellow would soon have the assurance to address us, in which case I requested that no gentleman present would make any reply whatever, which would mortify the sergeant much more than any other conduct we could pursue. Soon after he did, indeed, impudently bring forward a chair, and place it in the midst of us six, and then, turning to one after the other, enquired which of us understood French: no reply whatever being made, he rested a short time, stalked out, and we never saw him after.

May 25th. On this day's march leading to Seville numerous beautiful villages lay along the roadside and the banks of the Guadalquivir, which is very large and navigable. Its name was given it by the Moors, and the translation is "the Great River."[1] Finding myself much fatigued, I stopped at one village, and entering a cottage asked for bread and water, which was given to me immediately. I had not been there ten minutes before some French soldiers came in sight: the cottager instantly hid the bread, but the precaution was unnecessary, for they did not come into her house, but entering the next asked for something to eat. On the poor woman's saying she had not

[1] Wady-el-kebir, quite correct.

anything either for them or for herself, one of the soldiers, speaking in a language I could not understand, drew a sharp knife and dropped it point downwards through her foot. The poor creature screamed, and immediately found bread for the man who had so cruelly treated her.

I continued my march with my friend Captain Phillips of the 4th Dragoons, and seeing a fine hawthorn bush in full bloom we determined to rest under the shade for a short time. On reaching the spot we discovered a fine tall French officer sitting under the tree, with a looking-glass in his hand, contemplating a face which I do suppose had once been as fine as his figure. But this unfortunate gentleman had received at Albuera a blow of a sabre, by which not only was his nose cut off close to his face, but his upper lip at the same time. I was shocked at the horrid sight. He spoke to me in the best manner he could, and pointing to my bandaged head he said, "I am sorry, sir, that we have both suffered so severely." He pointed to us to sit down beside him, but did not speak again.

We noted that from Llerena onwards the French began to drop a portion of their wounded. Some were left both at Guadalcanal, at Constantina, and at Tocina. I was told afterwards by the people of Seville that this was done with the intent of concealing their real loss at Albuera. I ought to have said before that during all the last six days I had depended on the assistance of Captain Phillips of the 4th Dragoons, who had been unfortunately made prisoner nearly at the same moment as myself. Seeing the weak state I was in, he kindly offered me his help, which I gladly accepted. It is not in the power of words to sufficiently thank him for his unremitting attention on the road to Seville. He never left me, night or day, and, though extremely fatigued himself, rendered me every service in his power. We entered Seville together, having got a little ahead of the remaining officers who were prisoners. The French Town-Major told us to wait for them, which we did, resting under the shadow of a house; the good woman brought us chairs, and I was no sooner seated than I fell into a sound sleep from excess of exhaustion. On the arrival of the other officers the good people of the house invited them in, and gave them cakes and wine. When all were collected they woke me from the sleep of fatigue following long marches in intense heat.

The Town-Major led us from one end of Seville to the other, in order to show the people that they had English prisoners. Well knowing that we were only being led about for a show, I complained of it, and we were at last brought to the Governor, who directed that we were to be taken to the manufactory of an English merchant, who carried on a large trade in tanning. The French found

him useful for saddles, reins, holsters, and shoes, or they would not have allowed him to remain in Seville. The name of the house was Weatherell & Co. Mr Weatherell received us as countrymen with civility, and went with us to the house of an Englishwoman named Lutsford, where we were well accommodated. She provided us with a good dinner, and happy we were to rest.

May 26th. Everything that money can produce is to be purchased in Seville—content excepted. We had breakfast in great comfort, and soon after a Mr Neish, nephew to Mr Weatherell, came in with two Spanish surgeons to dress our wounds. Mr Weatherell had the power and the wish to do good. He offered us money in return for bills, which we gladly accepted. That night he gave us a friendly invitation to dinner, and, to our surprise, brought several English friends to meet us: I remember the names of a Mr and Mrs Stoker, Mr Markland, besides Mr Neish and the younger Weatherell. There were others. After dinner they retired to take a sleep, termed by the Spaniards a *siesta*, and in the evening we took tea with Mrs Stoker, returning to sleep at Mrs Lutsford's, as comfortable as circumstances would admit.

May 27th. From this day onwards I was so ill that I took to my bed, from fever brought on by wounds and fatigue. My legs and feet were horribly swelled, and the French doctor told the Spanish physician that he much expected that lockjaw would seize me in a few hours. In this deplorable situation I remained for some weeks. Mr and Mrs Stoker came two or three times a-day to see me, and rendered me every service in their power. The fever at length abated, but my head felt as there were a waterfall on it, and to this feeling was sometimes added a knocking like that of a hammer, which made me so giddy I could not stand. At length I began to gather a little strength; when I was able to move, Mr and Mrs Stoker led me between them to their house. They gave me spices, sago, and many other little things money could not procure. Under their kind treatment I recovered very slowly.

July 4th. After having relieved Badajos, Marshal Soult returned to Seville in great pomp, guarded by the Polish Lancers, extremely distant to every person, and very much out of temper. We had just finished dinner when two *gens d'armes* came into the room and told us Marshal Soult wished to see us. We followed them, and after being led through several streets were lodged in the common prison with the private soldiers. I think they call it the Pomeranian prison. This treatment annoyed us, and we wrote in the name of the whole body of prisoners, requesting to know the cause of our confinement, and asking if there were any cause of complaint against us, as we were ready to meet our accusers before the Marshal.

To this no answer was returned. We wrote again, representing the situation we were in, placed in a common prison, and hoping the Marshal would be pleased to allow us some place of quiet. Again no answer. On July 8th two *gens d'armes* came in, and desired us to pack up our clothes, as we were to be moved. They conducted us through many streets, and lodged us under a strong guard in the Prison of the Inquisition. On our way several Spaniards made signs to us, showing us their houses where, if we escaped, we might find hiding.

Thus Marshal Soult broke his faith with two of his own generals in taking away our parole. His want of honour and justice wrought strongly on the minds of all disinterested persons. The French heads of department pitied us extremely, and thought such treatment cruel,—we had not been guilty of any fault, nor could they allege any against us. The Marshal was, as we understood from the first of our friends who came to see us, universally blamed.

On entering the prison I noted the jailor's wife and sister, both uncommonly large women, and the idea struck me that, could I become acquainted with them, I might, through their means and dressed in their clothes, effect my escape. But a difficulty arose through my not understanding their language well enough. However, we got into communication. They used to sit in an iron balcony, which projected far enough from the wall to overlook the cell in which I sat. I saw that they frequently looked down, and made signs that I wished to speak to them. Ladies are generally pretty quick at taking hints, and next morning, about eleven o'clock, the two came together to the room in which we were lodged. They had no sooner entered than they were followed by the jailor, who caught wife and sister by the shoulders and turned them out, to their great surprise, as they thought that he was from home. This jailor was a Spaniard, but a great scoundrel. From our arrival at Seville Count Daricau had ordered us the same rations as the French officers, but this fellow docked us of our allowance and our wine, in so shameful a manner that we were obliged to complain. He took other advantage of his power, and would not suffer our servant to go out for the most trifling article, but sent for it himself, and charged us double price. I saved him from the effects of the anger of my brother prisoners; but I sincerely hope that the French will think he was accessory to my escape, and flog him heartily,—although I must do him the justice in this instance to say that he was quite innocent of it.

July 15*th*. We had been but a few days in the Inquisition Prison when the Grand Master of the French Freemasons Lodge discovered that I and Captain Allman were brother

masons. He waited on me, and told me that both their Lodge-Room and his own private quarters were in this same vast building where we were confined. The former was a great room in the centre of the building, and very superb. Thence he led me to the dungeons and the old torture-chamber. This was a room of about 24 feet long, with an arched ceiling. In the walls at each end were fixed three staples in a triangle. The upper staple was about 7 feet from the ground; through this the inquisitors used to run a rope, which was passed round the prisoner's neck: the other two are placed opposite each other, 5 feet from the ground, to confine the hands of the wretched criminal. To extort confession they made use of a machine of boards, which was pressed across the breast of the prisoner. These lumps of wood were commencing to decay: in my opinion the sooner such instruments are entirely gone the better. He also showed me the wheel, on which they break the bones of the legs and arms of their victims. From this dreary place the Grand Master took me to his own quarters on the first floor of the front of the prison. They were most elegantly furnished, and he showed me many pictures of immense value. He introduced me to his lady and her sister, who gave me cake, wine, and French liqueur. He requested his wife to bring me half a dozen of his own shirts and as many pairs of stockings, which he wished to give me as a brother mason. I refused them with thanks, but accepted half a dozen bottles of choice wine, which he sent to the room of our confinement. A few days later he called, in company with a deputation from his lodge, on Captain Allman and myself, to ask whether they could serve us in any way: he assured us that even if we wanted a thousand dollars the masons could get it for us. Being already provided with money, we did not accept this kind offer. But next morning we wrote a polite note to thank the Master and Lodge for their attention to our welfare, and requested it might be read to the Lodge at its first meeting. We said that we should not fail to represent their conduct to our brethren in England. Captain Allman delivered this note in person to the Grand Master.

In this situation we remained for some time; often for days together not a soul was permitted to visit us. But towards the end of July Marshal Soult, having collected and reorganised the remainder of his dispirited army, took his departure for Granada with some 12,000 or 14,000 men. Our former indulgence of seeing friends and visitors was renewed the moment he was gone. They brought us many small presents, and told us all the chit-chat of Seville. At this moment communications between Seville and Madrid had been completely cut off for many weeks by the guerillas. But now a very large escort, guarding the invalids, pri-

soners, and officers under orders for France, was ordered to be got ready to march, at a day's notice, for Madrid. We were told that we should be sent with it, and our friends all came to bid us farewell. Mrs Stoker brought with her a lady whose story you will probably recollect. She was a young Englishwoman, who effected the escape of a French colonel who had been a prisoner in England. She supplied him with money, ran away with him, and married him in France. It was all published in the newspapers two years ago. The husband's name was Lestruc; he, with ten other chiefs of battalion, was killed at Albuera.[1] Mrs Lestruc came to solicit the protection of the British officers for herself and certain other widowed ladies, who were returning to France with the convoy. She said that if attacked by guerillas on the road, they would be massacred, unless covered by our protection. This we gladly promised, and such was the last visit I received in prison.

July 25th. On this morning I was sitting at the iron bars of my window reading the Old Testament, when a Spaniard, who had never been to the prison before, entered my room, and addressed me as follows: "Sir, I saw you through the bars of this window three days since, and from that time I have been led by an impulse, wholly unaccountable to myself, to endeavour to effect your escape. The thought of it disturbs my rest, so that I am often obliged to rise from my bed from the effects of hunger, and to eat." He then took from his pocket a saw and a file, to cut my window-bars, which he begged me to conceal. He also gave me from his shoulders a Spanish cloak, took from out of his hat another one, and produced from his pocket a waistcoat and a paper of paint, saying "Sir, this mode will be dangerous, but, if you dare be desperate, here are the means of disguising yourself: I will return in the twilight." He did come back at dusk, and found me ready, dressed, and disguised with the paint, which, toned in colour with brick-dust from the walls, I had rubbed over my face and hands. I was fully determined to brave the danger of attempting to pass the guards in disguise. The Spaniard said that he would walk at some twenty yards in front of me, so that if we were detected and fired at, one of the two might have a chance of escaping in the scuffle.

We then passed from my cell through a small room, where six British officers were confined—a room full of vermin and filth, with old rotten beds and coarse dirty sheets. Five sentries kept guard here, one at each window, another in the centre of the passage, and a

---

[1] I find in Martinien's *Liste des officiers tués et blessés pendant les Guerres de l'Empire* that the *chef-de-bataillon* L'Astruc of the 64th Line was killed at Albuera. This is, no doubt, the officer in question.

fifth at the outward door of the corridor. There was also a strong officer's guard at the outer gate. All of these posts I had to pass, being several times obliged to put my hand gently against the sentry, to make him give way to let me pass. On my arrival in the open street a delightful object met my view in the fine red rays of a departing sun. My protector stopped, to let me come up with him, and then, in the Italian language, began to abuse the people of the prison for having charged so unreasonably high for the wine we had been drinking there. This was said with the intention of lulling suspicion in the soldiers who were loitering at the gate.

My preserver led me through many bye-ways, in which we met French officers and soldiers innumerable, and at last took me to the door of a garden which he threw open. We entered; it was spacious and well planted with trees and flowers. I seated myself snug under a palm-tree, where he desired me to rest, while he went in to see if all were safe in his own house. Here I sat quiet till eleven o'clock, when he returned, and conducted me to his abode, where I found his wife ready to welcome me with a good supper. But my heart was too light and happy to care much for food, and my mind so fixed on flight to the mountains that at this moment I almost fancied that I could have flown over them, like an eagle. I was extremely eager to go forward at once, but my preserver alleged that it would take time to fix me a route, by learning in what direction the French troops were least numerous. He must also obtain me a guide. Thus two days ran by, during which I learned that the French governor had offered for my detection 5000 reals, and a place under Government to the informer, as also the promise of immunity from punishment to those concerned in my escape, if they would surrender me. My friend feared that a search might be made in suspected houses, and prepared for it, by arranging with his neighbours right and left, that I should be passed on to one of their roofs if the French came to his door.

July 27th. This day my deliverer brought to me a trusty and singularly clever man, who spoke several languages, and knew the different passes of the mountains very well. But to my great surprise and disapprobation this guide refused to stir before Sunday night. I argued, but all in vain; superstition led him to think the first part of my escape miraculous, and his mind dictated to him a move on the Holy Day and no other. From this cause I shall name him Don Sunday. He was possessed with numerous excellent qualities, and had that happy manner, which attends some persons, of pleasing all men with whom they have intercourse. His superstition was extreme: and the manner in which he related my escape astonished not only the ignor-

ant but many intelligent persons during our journey: in some instances, I believe, it induced strangers to show us a civility which we should not have had without the story.

The good woman of the house and Don Sunday made ready what we thought was best calculated for travellers in this burning weather. A quantity of bread in small rolls, a number of hard-boiled eggs, some cow-heels with the bones taken out, and some undressed ham, to carry which a large wallet was purchased. Don Sunday also procured, as a deception, a quantity of brass and iron wire, a small hammer and gimlets, as if to rivet china.

July 28th, Sunday. I was dressed as a Spanish traveller, in the same cloak and hat in which I had quitted the prison, and after having taken leave of my deliverer and his wife, started off with a light heart, while my guide threw the wallet across his shoulders. We passed both the guard at the city gate and also that on the river without any notice taken. Having crossed the Guadalquivir, we left the main road and pursued our way close along the banks. After some time we found an immense thicket, in which we took up our abode for the night. I never slept more soundly. At break of day we left our lair to the quiet possession of the foxes, who were as thick there as rabbits in a warren.

July 29th. We proceeded on our journey to a town called Alcala del Rio, and I assure you we were not remiss in keeping a look round about us from every rising ground. Having arrived near the town, I rested in an orange grove, exhausted from the pain of my wound and unaccustomed walking, while Don Sunday went to learn if the French were about. He returned shortly with two young men, who told us that there was a detachment in the town at the moment. They said that the French had just taken a young Spaniard, who had given information to the Spanish army, and had shot him in the street. They believed the French were still in the town; but other persons coming up said that they had departed half an hour before we arrived. This enabled us to go to the town: I had a letter for a Spanish gentleman there from my friend at Seville. I readily found him: he offered at once all his house afforded, and inquired my plans. I told him I was going straight to the mountains, which he thought the best means of security. Taking us to the back of his house, he pointed with his finger to a certain spot in the mountains, and bade me go to it, as we should there find a shepherd's hut where we might rest safely for the night.

All the afternoon we walked over an interminable plain, till we reached the foot of the hills, at a point where a small, beautiful river ran out of them. By its bank was a little hut, with a spring and garden. On entering we found it inhabited by a well-dressed

negro and a Spanish boy, whom we asked for water. It was brought us by the black, who seemed to me to have been a gentleman's servant. We sat for some time under the shadow of a tree. While resting there we saw a gentleman on horseback ride up. He addressed me; but as I could not perfectly understand him, I signed to Don Sunday, with whom he continued his conversation. He said: "I perceive the gentleman you are guiding is an Englishman. I have followed you from Alcala at a distance, in order to prevent you losing your way: you might easily go to the farm-houses on the right, instead of to the hut on the verge of the hills, to which I will conduct you myself." As we had a steep climb before us, and I was much fatigued, he insisted on my riding his horse; while he with Don Sunday took a short cut through a wood, and arrived a few moments before I reached the huts by way of the track. The first thing which attracted my curiosity was ten or twelve large dogs, somewhat like English lurchers. Some of them appeared half starved; but they behaved handsomely enough to me — not even barking. This I attribute to their master's having taken me by the hand to welcome me at his hut door, for I saw afterwards that they were confoundedly cross to other passers-by. The shepherds paid me every attention. At first they appeared afraid to speak; but putting down a dollar I soon found a ready passport to their civilities.

The hut was twelve feet square, built with rough stone, and thatched with reed. The floor was bare rock, and the only furniture a wooden bowl and two large pots: supported by rush ropes there hung from the roof many shepherd's crooks, and long poles shod with iron at the smaller end. They prepared the best bed they could for us, by laying down sheepskins in a corner. The gentleman who had guided us shook me by the hand, wished me every happiness and a safe journey, and departed. I lay down to rest: but the floor was so uneven, and my body so fatigued, that I was obliged to refresh myself with some wine and bread before slumber found me.

July 30th. I slept till after daylight, and was awoke by Don Sunday in a terrible fright. He said: "Sir, we are likely to be taken. There is a troop of horse formed in the valley, about three or four hundred yards from this hut." This sudden intelligence alarmed me a good deal; but I recollected that the gentleman who had attended us yesterday had told us that some Spanish cavalry who frequented the mountains often called at this shepherd's hut, and thence sent down men for any article they wanted in the town. Nevertheless, it was equally possible that the horsemen might be French; so we ran out of the hut. Don Sunday sneaked,

like an old fox, up the side of the hill; I went down the valley on the opposite side. Turning, I saw Don Sunday lay hold of the bough of a tree, and run his hand along it till he got above a large fir-bush, into the middle of which he dropped himself. This bush was, I do suppose, twelve feet high and about the same number of yards round. Here he remained in quiet, and might have held out a siege for three or four days, being well provisioned for that time by means of our wallet. The shepherds, concluding the troops to be French, were flying up the mountain-side, and their dogs with them. I, for my part, ran to an oak thicket in the valley, and crept among the boughs, closely interwoven one with another, till the oak-leaves covered me and my hat. From this lair I curiously watched the dragoons, who climbed the opposite side of the hill, explored the hut, and found it empty, and then rode down the valley in which I lay concealed. Here they halted, and, alighting from their horses, some tied them to trees, others hobbling their forefeet with ropes and letting them graze. Some horses were actually fastened to the outer boughs of the bush in which I was concealed.

The horsemen were, fortunately, Spanish dragoons. The shepherds on the mountain-side soon detected this, and ran down to converse with the officers. One shepherd, approaching the place of my concealment, shouted that these were friends, and that I need not fear them. But on attempting to emerge, I found that I had got so far under the matted boughs that they would not admit of my rising, nor could I creep out head first. I had to return again by the way I had got in. I struggled backwards for some time, but was at last obliged to call the shepherd to my aid, who not only came himself but brought the Spanish officers, who had a hearty laugh at my confinement. With great difficulty they removed the boughs and set me at liberty.

My own mind being relieved from anxiety, I began to think of Don Sunday, and with the three Spanish officers went in search of him. Reaching his fir-tree I called aloud, and he answered from the midst, complaining bitterly of the thorns he had to encounter, which encompassed him so sadly on all sides that without assistance he was afraid to move. The shepherds with their long poles cleared a passage and set the poor Don at liberty. He told the officers who I was, and the story of my escape from Seville. They appeared much astonished and interested, and promised me their protection and convoy through the mountains. They purposed sending down into the town for some things that they wanted. We sat down on the grass, and, while we waited, the officers partook of some of my provisions and wine. It was late before the mes-

sengers returned, and we slept on sheepskins in the hut that night.

July 31*st.* Early in the morning we proceeded on the road for Castelblanco. The officers provided me with a capital horse, while Don Sunday trudged on foot. Nothing occurred during this day, but we now and then heard distant firing by the guerillas towards the Seville road. We reached Castelblanco early in the day. Here the dragoons provided me with a good mule and my guide with another. Passing through El Ronquillo we continued our route, which was a long one, for Castillo de las Guardias. We reached it late at night, avoiding entering the village, and slept in the woods.

Aug. 1*st.* We started at daybreak for the Rio Tinto. For two days we had felt the climate very different from that of Seville, where nature had been exhausted by an early spring and the burning sun, which had turned every blade of grass brown. Here in the mountains this was not the case. Innumerable uncultivated flowers seemed to vie with each other in beauty, and wherever I turned my eyes I saw in perfection the works of the all-bountiful Creator. Had an atheist been there, he would have been ashamed to say that all this beauty came by chance alone. All the later shrubs of the mountains were in bloom; bright colours were interwoven through every bush.

Aug. 2*nd.* Still through the mountains to Zalamea, mid scenery similar to that of yesterday. We passed many fine streams which, from the quietude, were crowded with small fish: they seemed delighted at seeing our horses drink, instead of flying from them, as would have been the case in a more cultivated country.

Aug. 3*rd.* We continued our journey through bushes and goat-walks. I believe it was on the evening of this day that we had to cross the main road from Seville to the north.[1] On it we discovered a French convoy of 30 waggons, 250 infantry, and 30 cavalry. To avoid them we fell back about a league. They, however, were much more alarmed at the few Spanish dragoons than we were at them. They thought us to be the vedettes of Ballasteros's army, a part of which might be waiting to surprise them. They had ordered quarters in a village, but on sight of our party packed up, and made a forced march all night.

Aug. 4*th.* Past a most intricate mill-dam on our road to Calende d'Alosno. The whole of this day was through bad roads and difficult passes. Our mid-day halt at a shepherd's hut, where I got two girls to wash my shirt for me. I gave them a shilling (4 reals): they

---

[1] This date is almost certainly an error. The Main Road from Seville, which the party had to cross on their journey westward, was that by El Ronquillo, Sta Olalla, and Monasterio, which they crossed on July 31, before reaching Castillo de las Guardias. It was probably on this day that they saw the French convoy.

had never before, to show the poverty of the lower orders in Spain, been mistresses of a whole shilling in their lives. We frequently came on the shepherds during this march. Usually we saw father and mother and five or six children sitting round a large wooden bowl, into which they were dipping their fingers and feeding all together. Their pottage appeared to be a mixture of herbs and roots boiled together, with red herring to flavour it. No chairs, tables, or furniture of any description. Very marked is the difference between rich and poor in Spain, for the higher orders have houses fitted up in the most beautiful manner, with expensive furniture and every luxury.

This day we passed through the copper-mines of Rio Tinto, which are well worth notice. The copper is taken out of the side of an exceedingly high mountain, the body of which is supposed to contain nothing else. The miners are at present in a state of idleness, as they refuse to work for the French, and fly to the mountains when a column approaches.[1]

In the evening we arrived at Villa Blanca. Here a captain, belonging to Ballasteros's army, was waiting to put under arrest one of the three lieutenants who had been with me through the mountains. Having read aloud Ballasteros's letter, he desired the lieutenant to pull off his coat. He then tied his hands behind him with a common rope, and put handcuffs on. He also ordered several of the dragoons to be arrested, and their accoutrements were stripped off in the market-place. I understood the cause of the arrest was that this lieutenant had left his quarters without orders for the expedition through the mountains, and it had been supposed that he and his dragoons had deserted. The guard produced a long thick rope and some smaller cords, with which they fastened the hands of the lieutenant and the other prisoners, one on the right and another on the left, by which means the large rope was carried between them. In this situation they had to walk two and two through the heat of the sun to Ayamonte. An inhabitant called to me, "God bless the English and their laws! Chains and tortures are not known in your blessed country."

Villa Blanca was full of Ballasteros's soldiers, who took the opportunity of stealing all they could lay their hands on. Don Sunday, whom I do believe to have been as watchful as most men, turned his back but for one minute, and in it they stole his wallet and my cloak. The old lad, missing them, set up a terrible shout, crying aloud, "I am robbed, I am robbed." A Spanish officer

---

[1] Again an error of memory in dating comes in. The Rio Tinto mines cannot have been passed on the same day that the party reached Villa Blanca, but must have excited Brooke's attention on the 2nd, as they are close to Zalamea, and forty miles as the crow flies from Villa Blanca.

inquired the cause of his outcry: the Don fully described the articles stolen, and the officer passing down the street saw a soldier offering my cloak for sale; we got it back, but lost the wallet with the food and the wire, hammer, gimlets, and riveting tools.

Aug. 5th. To Ayamonte, the seaport at the mouth of the Guadiana, built under the side of a hill, with a strong fort and castle commanding it. On the opposite side is the delightful island of Villa Real, belonging to Portugal. From Ayamonte you may take shipping to any part of Europe, and can hire small vessels at short notice, to coast along the neighbouring country. But I determined to pass by land over the Portuguese mountains, to join the British army, and must beg your patience to follow me a little longer.

Here I bid farewell to Spain, with all its beauties: many excellent qualities do its people possess, and they are highly entitled to my gratitude, for the kindness they showed to me and other British prisoners. I regret and lament the present state of their unfortunate country, and most sincerely do I wish them a speedy deliverance from their oppressors, the French.

Aug. 6th. I thought that the most speedy way of joining the British army, which lay at this moment at Villa Viciosa, was to ascend the Guadiana as far as it was navigable, and then strike over the hills. I desired Don Sunday to hire a boat to convey us up the river to San Lucar de Guadiana, which would save us a long land journey. He went out, and returned to say that he could find none, which I did not believe, as it had occurred to me that he was wishing to spend a day or two at Ayamonte, with some old acquaintances that he had found. So I went out myself, and hired a boat with no difficulty. It was deeply laden with flour and other stuff for San Lucar. We went off with a fair wind, and sailed many miles, till at a narrow part of the river the wind slackened and we were becalmed. Here we were passed by a rowing-boat going extremely fast: as it went by, a gentleman called to me from it and said, "I perceive, sir, you are an English officer. I am a king's messenger from Cadiz: if you will accept a seat in my boat I can get you to Mertola very quick." I took his kind offer, and we proceeded up the river for a long distance, till, the rowers being fatigued, we stopped at a farmhouse. While we were taking milk and refreshments, a decently dressed man came up and said, "I understand, sir, that you are an English officer who have made your escape from Seville; probably you are in want of money, and I can readily supply you with some, if you want it, or find you anything else you require." This was the magistrate of the district: I told him with thanks I was well provided for my journey. Putting off, we rowed till night overtook us.

Aug. 7th. Reached Mertola

about ten in the morning, the end of our river journey. Called on the magistrate (Juiz de Fora) for a billet, and got a good one. A priest asked me out to a most excellent dinner. He was a very superstitious man: Don Sunday took advantage of the failing in this truly good ecclesiastic, and told him such a version of my escape as was so miraculous that it could not be accounted for by any power below. The priest paid me very great attentions, and wept when we parted. We got mules at Mertola with no trouble.

Aug. 8th. Left my kind entertainers in Mertola, and proceeded along the high-road to Beja, the only great public road which we had used since leaving Seville. It was tolerably good, and all the day we proceeded over a variety of hill and dale. These hills afford shelter for all kinds of game. In every little spot that was free from bushes we noticed hares, rabbits, and partridges innumerable.

The people in these mountains are, if possible, more ignorant than those of Spain. From the extreme plenty which surrounds them in herbs and game of every kind, they have become so idle that they have no other ideas but those of the pleasures of the day. It is a wretched land of idleness and sloth: they are very filthy in their persons, and I fancy the man who should venture to offer small-tooth combs to any of the females would be forbidden to travel that way again, as this machine would deprive them of a cherished daily amusement.

Reached Beja at night, a town situated on a hill in the midst of a plain. From nature it derives many advantages, and might be made a very strong place. I should think this had been the case years back; but the works are going fast to decay, the angles are defenceless, and not a gun is mounted on the bastions.

Aug. 9th. From Beja, past Vidigueira, to Monte de Trigo,[1] through a most romantic fine country, well wooded. Coming to the brow of a hill, I discovered a wild fire running rapidly along the forest below for many thousand acres. I was sorry to see a number of birds of different kinds foolishly hovering over the flames, so low that their wings caught and they fell into it. Don Sunday told me afterwards that he had seen the bodies of partridges singed and roasted by the fire. I think the devastation had been caused by careless persons lighting a fire by the roadside, to cook their food. We left it burning furiously, and felt better contented when completely out of view of it.

We spent the night in trying to sleep, at a carrier's house on

---

[1] I am inclined to think that Brooke has here made one stage of two, as Monte de Trigo is no less than fifty-five miles from Beja, which seems an incredibly long journey, when the mountains are taken into consideration. He calls the stage nine leagues in an analysis of his itinerary appended at the close of his Journal, but it is far more.

the verge of a wood. Slumber was rendered impossible by the brawls and scuffling of a party of pedlars and muleteers, quarrelling over some stolen wine. They fought broadcast with fists and staves: I found Don Sunday lying at full length in a corner, to keep out of the way of the unruly combat.

Aug. 10*th.* Rode to Villa Viciosa, the headquarters of my division now under the command of General Hill.[1] I went immediately to his quarters; he had gone to rest, but his brother, Captain Clement Hill, knew my voice at the door, was much surprised, and called me in, to ask how I had escaped. He would not think of my going to any other quarters. I settled with the General for four days. Next morning I had the pleasure of meeting him. He showed me every mark of kindness, and sent for medical men, who found my wounds in such an alarming state that they advised I should go to England.

Aug. 14*th.* Parted with the General on this morning. He attended me out on my road, and gave me at parting a basket with tea, sugar, bread, butter, and a large venison pasty. I was provided with mules by Commissary Brooke.

Aug. 18*th.* Reached Aldea Gallega, where Mr Moore of the Commissary Department insisted on my dining with him, and sent me over to Lisbon in his own boat.

Aug. 19*th.* The pains in my head had increased very much. On arriving at Lisbon I waited on the Medical Board, who passed me without delay for England. But before leaving I received Lord Wellington's permission to proceed immediately to my native country.

Aug. 27*th.* Embarked on board the *Champion* transport, Joseph Clinch, Master, and arrived at Portsmouth on the 28th day of September, in a very bad state of health, both from the effects of fatigue and from many pieces of bone having sloughed out of my skull, both on my road through the mountains and during my passage to England. I performed a journey of upwards of 400 miles in Spain and Portugal, but at last had the happiness of meeting my family and friends, whose anxiety and uncertainty as to my fate were relieved by my arrival in England.

---

[1] Hill and the 2nd Division were at Villa Viciosa from July 30 to September 3, 1811, when they moved to Portalegre.

THE LIMIT.

"For every man shall bear his own burden."
—St Paul.

". . . . . .
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind
Play up, play up and play the game."
—Henry Newbolt.

"Pah!"

Bad language followed this exclamation, then the sound of a man spitting. Out of the darkness ten yards away there came—"Hullo, what's up?"

"I was just going to curl up here, thought it was a pile of straw; but it's the corner of a pig-sty or a manure heap—(sniff). I don't know which, I can't see."

"You're too particular. This isn't a bed of violets exactly, but it's straw anyway, fairly dry, with a roof on top, and room for two. Come across here." A scuffling noise over the cobble-stones as of a man walking in one boot followed.

"Mind your head—*and* my rifle! That's it, to the right."

With a rustle and clatter some one sat down grunting. He spoke—

"That's better."

He fumbled in his haversack and pulled out a pipe which he filled. Putting it between his lips he sucked at it—unlit—solemnly. It was foul and wheezed at every pull.

"Match?" said the other. "I've still got a few, but I've no baccy. I'll swop a light for a fill."

"Right-o! Give us your hand." No pouch was passed—the men were strangers,—but a load of tobacco was pressed into the outstretched palm. There was a pause.

"Ready?"

"Ay."

The match was struck with care and shielded between a pair of hollowed hands. One after the other the pipe-bowls were inserted and the flame was drawn down on to the glowing tobacco in a long tongue. Released between each draw it blazed up momentarily and cast enough light to show two soldiers sitting on a heap of straw under a lean-to roof which was in a corner of a yard against a barn-like building. Round the enclosure was a low wall, and in the other corners were some vague heaps and rough sheds. Barely had the light of the match flared up finally after the pipes were alight than a hoarse voice was heard from over the wall on the right: "Here, hold hard, don't chuck it away," and two more soldiers, almost falling over the wall into the circle of light, scrambled up over the damp cobble-stones just in time to make use of the last flicker. With a word of thanks they again vanished.

Besides lighting up the two men on the straw, the match had lasted long enough to show that one of them was wearing only one boot, the other foot was bandaged. This man had noticed that the number on the other's shoulder-strap was not that of any regiment in his brigade.

"Hullo. What are you doing here? Lost yourself?"

The reply was given slowly and in jerks between puffs of smoke.

"Yes; mounted man; sent back with message yesterday; tried to rejoin my regiment; horse shot; couldn't get a remount; ordered to join nearest force—this brigade. I struck your regiment; here I am—infantry!"

"Where's your own lot?"

"Miles away on the flank."

"Been with us all day?"

"Yes, since last night."

"Then you've helped to attack this place?"

"Yes."

"Many down your side?"

"Heaps."

"Ah! I wonder how long we shall have here?"

"All night, I suppose, unless they attack us. That's why we've been doing all this work fortifying the place since we got in. What's your job been?"

The other did not speak. He gently slapped the blade of a small shovel which was dangling by his side. The speaker continued.

"I haven't got one. I've been making loopholes with my bayonet—had nothing else. I carried out orders; but please God some one knows what the loopholes fire on—I don't. It was dark when we started work; but it strikes me that if we use them we shall be shooting our own men in the back."

"Dessay: things are bound to be in a bit of a mess when you get a place at night. Why did you come in here? What put you on to this straw? The yard don't smell too nice."

"To get out of the wind; and I guessed there might be some straw that wasn't sopping under the lee of this barn-place," said the mounted man.

"I tried the barn first; but, once I got inside, the look of the roof against the sky was enough. Our guns must have got on to it pretty often. The whole show may tumble in any moment. I expect it is full of their dead, too."

"But there's quite a crowd of our fellows in there now."

"I know. It's warm inside, and dry; and some of 'em are so fed up they don't care a damn what happens."

There was no more conversation for some time. The glow of the pipes, however, and the rustle of the straw as the men fidgetted, showed that they were not sleeping. They ought to have fallen asleep at once, for they were tired out, having marched far and fought hard during the two previous days. They were taking part in a large attack—successful as far as they were concerned, in that they had gained possession of the

village for which they had been fighting all day. After the enemy had been finally driven out of the place there had still been much to do in strengthening it against any possible effort at recapture. Though otherwise unimportant, it was a stepping-stone for the morrow's advance. The wearied men had been digging, knocking holes in walls, driving in stakes, and struggling in the dark with obstinate and savage barbed wire until the night was far advanced. They had then been allowed to feed and rest wherever they could find shelter near their position. Not many besides the wounded were in buildings, for the firing line was on the outer fringe of the village, some way from the houses. It was in tool-sheds, yards, barns, cow-houses, and sties that the lucky ones got shelter. The rest were out in the open. Though the temperature was not really low, the night seemed cold to the sweat-soaked soldiers who had been fighting and crawling all day in the sun. Moreover, they were wet; for it was under cover of a rainstorm at dusk that they had at last succeeded in rushing the place. Pursuit in the dark and with tired infantry being out of the question, they had just to hang on to what they had won.

To men in such a condition, who had no roof over their heads, the chance of a straw bed out of the wind had outweighed such a trifle as the overwhelming farm-yard smell which hung round behind the barn. The two chance comrades did not sleep, but neither spoke for some time for fear of waking the other. At last the infantry soldier turned over. As he did so he groaned aloud and swore.

"Eh?" grunted his companion.

"Rubbed foot: slung me boot round me neck yesterday; lost it to-day crawling, and a job I've had to dodge the medical officer. The infernal thing throbs so now that I can't sleep."

"No more can I. My rheumatism or lumbago or whatever it is gives me devilish little chance. I lie awake, smoke,—when I have baccy,—and think."

"Yes, there's a lot of us do a bit of thinking these days. Been a surprise to most of us this show." From his conversation it was evident that the speaker, though not a man of good birth or much education, was of a superior class. He rarely dropped an "h." There was no response from the other, and he proceeded:

"In the first place, I never dreamt these —— could fight so well." He used a common but coarse nickname for the enemy.

"Why not?"

"They're not serving voluntarily—they're conscripts! I was always told that one volunteer was worth——"

"I know that old yarn well."

"You didn't believe in it then?"

"No. I'd travelled too much."

"Well, the most of us haven't travelled, and we thought it was

all right. Couldn't have believed that pressed men—slaves in a manner of speaking—could have so much spirit. Why, they fight like the devil, at anyrate quite as well as us. And from the prisoners and wounded that I've seen, they don't seem very down-trodden neither. *They* don't appear to have much of a grievance!"

"No; why should they?"

"Why, they're forced to fight whether they like it or not, aren't they?"

"That's just it. They're all in the same boat, and they're all doing their best."

"You mean they aren't worried by thinking of the—well—who are we all thinking of?"

"That's what I mean. It's our thoughts of those at home that are worrying us, nothing else."

"I believe you. We are beginning or, I should say, have begun to regret we ever came. Is it the danger, the wounds, the hardships? No! Is it the filth? No! Why, I am lousy—*lousy*, man, and I don't much care! Then, what is it?"—he was overwrought and sleepless, and his voice rose to a husky shout,—"I ask you."

"We all know," said the other somewhat wearily. He had heard all this several times—it was true, but repetition was vain. "But it's not much good going over it again. Those that know it best and feel it most perhaps say least."

"You're right," was the reply; "what's the good of talking about it? We did keep the thoughts down at first, when we were full of enthusiasm: but now——!"

There was no immediate answer, and the bootless man was again the first to speak:

"I say."

"Yes."

"Inclined to talk?"

"Oh yes—may as well."

"There's one or two things I want to know—perhaps you can tell me. I'm a thinking man, mind you, though I've not had your advantages in position and education. I work for my living at home——"

"So do I, though possibly in a different way. Out with it."

"Ought not the people attacking to have the advantage in numbers, about three or four to one, or something of that?"

"Yes, that's the idea."

"We're attacking. Have we got it? It don't look so to me. As far as I've seen they've always had the pull over us so far."

"So they have. They've got far more men than we have."

"Then what I say is, why don't we let them attack us? Let them do a bit of the advancing in the open while we do a bit of shooting from the trenches. That sounds right, don't it?"

"It sounds all right: unluckily we can't afford to wait. We must try and finish them off soon,—to wait would be to play their game. As they can reinforce three or four to our one—and better trained men too—every hour goes against us. That's why we are shoving on so hard now. We have

marched quick and concentrated here suddenly in order to neutralise this disadvantage, and I suppose we have a few more men here than they have against us at present."

There was again a pause.

"You seem to know a bit. Why aren't you an officer?"

"Perhaps I might have been, but I was quite content to take a rifle. I'm not the only one in this army."

"Where did you get all this that you've been telling me about this attack?"

"Oh, I heard that from two of my own officers when they were discussing their own part of the show. That was miles away: they're on the flank with the Regulars."

"I wonder if they feel like we do."

"Who, the officers?"

"No, the Regulars."

"A bit, I dare say, but not so much; it's their profession, they run all the risk, of course; but they haven't sacrificed anything to come out here in the way we have."

There was again a halt in the instruction, and the tobacco-pouch was passed across without reserve now. "Have another fill?" The same exchange was effected, and pipes were again lit.

"However, it all comes back to the same thing in the end. Here we are fighting against fearful odds, and yet they're not a bigger nation than we are, and not so rich by a long way, and all because——"

"Precisely. That's it. You can't get round it."

There was a long silence this time, broken only by distant noises, a rifle-shot or so, and the snoring of sleeping men close by. His pipe was again smoked out, and the man who might have been an officer was immersed in thought when he was startled by a volley of bad language from his companion.

"What's up now?"

"Hullo! Where? Ah—oh—er—I'd dozed off. I was dreaming about my brother."

"Sorry! Curiously enough, I was thinking of two of mine. You don't seem to love your brother!"

After some more language, which was a sad backsliding from the speaker's usual style, he continued ungrammatically but fervently—

"No—I don't. He's one of the sort the thoughts of which are breaking us up. *He* could and should be 'ere with us. D'you know what he'll likely be doing now?" He spoke in an excited tone, losing some control of his aspirates, and regardless of such a thing as longitude. "He'll 'ave knocked off work—probably 'ave got my job now—he'll 'ave knocked off work, perhaps watched some football, had his tea—high tea—and will be going off to a music-hall. If I know anything about 'im he will have stuck somebody else for the price of a ticket; he always did like somebody else to do the paying—did my brother. At the hall he'll sing patriotic songs with the best of them; then more drinks—some one else paying, mind you—though he's earning good money now—and then the National Anthem."

He stopped to take breath. "That's my brother, God bless 'im! and that's what he's doing for his country while you and me are lying worn-out and lousy on a dung-heap. He could have come. He has no wife or kids, and has money saved; but he isn't such a damned fool, he says, as to waste his time and money in training or to fight for other people who stay behind and get all the pickings. If he called me a fool once he must have done it scores of times. I'm not sure but he wasn't right too! That's the sort of fat loafer with the thousands of others like him that we are fighting for as well as the women and the kids and the Old Country, mind you." He finished stopless and breathless, then added in a lower voice, "I'm sorry, mate, to give you all this; but when I can't sleep, when I'm resting, all the time when I'm not actually in the thick of it, the thought of him and his likes is a canker in my mind. I can't get quit of it, and it's always before we go into action, just before the whistle goes, that it gets me worst. Damn 'im! There, I'm through now. Perhaps you feel something of the same sort and understand? Most do nowadays."

The other nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, I know. I have two brothers. One is much the same sort as yours, and is doing the same sort of thing, and it is just before the flag falls that I think most of him. He doesn't have to earn his living. I dare say he has given plenty to the different War funds; but he isn't here! He's just carrying on his life, and amusing himself with sport and games. I expect he was dressing to dine out to-night about the time your brother was having tea, then he may have gone to the music-hall or the theatre, or may have played Bridge. It's all the same thing. The other one I don't blame so much. He has a family and a big business. Unless other firms did it he could not afford to join himself or let his employés join; he would lose all to his rivals. In his and in most cases it is the whole nation that I blame more than individual shirkers — the fool nation that sits down and expects a few to do the work of the whole lot. You see it comes back to the same thing, and it's the realisation of this that's corroding us. They"— he waved his hand vaguely towards the front of the village —"haven't got these thoughts to worry them. They feel they have justice for all. We may have been fools not to have seen through it before, but we've got to stick it out now!"

"Yes, we have been fools, but we've learnt a lot, and some of us are pretty near the limit."

No more was said. The two men lay still. Dawn was approaching. The sky turned to a cold grey, and the various objects round assumed vague shapes. There was a creaking noise up in the roof of the barn: it increased to a sound of snapping.

"Mind yourself—the roof!" shouted the lame soldier, and

jumped up. As the other sprang off the straw the roof of the barn fell in with a loud crash. The thrust of the rafters pushed out large masses of the wall, and the lean-to shelter, just vacated, crumpled up under a shower of bricks. Despite the damp, the air was filled by a choking cloud of dust and dry mortar from the interior of the masonry.

"Get a light from the hospital — that house over there — you're quicker than me," said the lame man as he tried to force the door of the barn, which, opening inwards, was jammed with *débris.* He muttered, "Thought as much. We are all fools here—some a little more than the rest—but all fools." His only answer was the chorus of cries that rose from the mass of masonry and timber inside the building as he shoved at the door.

The grey of the sky had now assumed a greenish tinge when a close rifle-shot rang out, then another. A dropping fire began, and, finally, the rattle of musketry burst out all round. Shouts arose, whistles were blown, and three shots from a gun near by brought down a fresh cascade of bricks. Forgetting his foot, forgetting even his brother, the lame man dodged the shower and ran for his rifle. The other, now running up with the lantern, fell over the wall into the yard. Quickly scrambling up, he vanished over the enclosure in order to test practically the direction of his loopholes. But the smashed lantern lay where it had fallen, a rivulet of flame sneaking quickly and silently between the cobble-stones towards the heap of straw. A cloud of dense smoke crawled softly up the wall of the building, and then the barn itself, the yard, and the immediate neighbourhood were lit up in a fierce orange glare.

The "slaves" were actually making an attempt to recapture the village! The conflagration was the one thing necessary to light up the target for their guns, and bursting shell now added their share to the turmoil round the blazing barn. But its utility even in this direction was short-lived, for each building soon stood out purple and distinct against the soft lemon yellow of the coming day.

By this time theatre, music-hall, even Bridge must have been long over. The brothers and the "host" of others at home were probably in bed and asleep, and, for a short time at least, were not in the thoughts of those playing the game at the front.

* * * * * *

Evening is closing in over the little ravine. It is a mere topographic under-feature which would be shown on no map, however large the scale, but one which has assumed great importance for many human beings. There is still plenty of light, enough to see the little flags fluttering on its edge and to see that the tortuous hollow is for some distance full of men. They are some of those who were holding the village down below —that village upon which the

enemy made such a desperate but unsuccessful counter-attack at dawn this morning. They have fought their way throughout the day up to close range of the conscripts' position, and are now waiting under cover. Some are at the bottom of the hollow, some on one side, some on the other, according to its direction, and they are collected in distinct groups, not distributed over the slopes. There are many places which appear to be avoided by common consent, though it would surely be more comfortable for these weary men to be scattered about at ease instead of being herded together as they are. It is only after the frequent recurrence over these spots of sharp smacking sounds, each accompanied by its little spurt of dust—ghostly grey in the half light—that the reason for their unpopularity becomes obvious. Far from giving the security which such a ravine promises, these spots catch many of the bullets humming down the hillside. The bodies lying there also show that the selection of the exact spots safe from long range, probably unaimed rifle-fire, is a matter of trial and error and not of intuition. One of those who have thus suffered to point the way for others is the man who might have been an officer. For him the final flag has fallen, and he lies face to the earth, head down the slope.

The men in their huddled groups are lying down and squatting between the boulders and bushes. Some, by their attitude of absolute abandonment, show that they have reached the apathetic stage of fatigue: panting, with arms extended, they lie on back or stomach. Others roll their heads from side to side, or rock to and fro muttering. No one talks, and the only near sound to break the monotonous wailing overhead is the smack of stray bullets into the sides of the hollow and the rattle and clank of rifle or dangling shovel as men move. Even in this light it is not a pleasant sight. They are not pleasant men — these soldiers at their last gasp. Tattered, unshaven, and tanned, the congealed blood of wounds scarcely shows. Filthy they are too, not with the honest grime of a day's toil, but with the repulsive accumulation of a much longer period, and the air of the ravine is tainted with the reek of an unwashed crowd.

Though not Regulars, the men attacking have done wonders, and are now veterans as good as any professional soldiers in the world: they have almost accomplished the impossible, and have cheerfully suffered every hardship without being shaken. But a feeling of exasperation has at last crept into their minds and is demoralising them. They feel that they have been made scapegoats. They have been fools, fools, and again Fools.

Soon when ammunition and supports arrive, they will move on again towards their objective. Now they are resting and thinking. The rests are welcome to tired nature; not so

the thoughts which so insistently come with them.

The man without the boot has arrived safe so far, and is sitting at the bottom of the hollow. He has not seen his chance bedfellow and mentor of last night since the alarm early this morning, and has even forgotten his existence. He is at present fully occupied with his own affairs. There is no hurry: he scoops out a small hollow in the ground at his side, and unwinding the dirty bandage places his foot against the damp, cool gravel. It is not much, perhaps, but it is better than the constriction of the heated rag which has pressed it for hours. He clasps the other knee, closes his eyes, and—thinks.

It seems a long time that they have to wait in this shelter. The three things that they now require most are—ammunition, reinforcements, and water. Though it is of the last that each man personally most feels the need, he will only get it if it arrives before the other two; once the supports and the cartridges come up there will be no waiting for water. At last there is some commotion in the hollow—it is the ammunition. Silently it is distributed; silently and mechanically the bandoliers are filled. Before it gets quite dark a vague shadow passes high up over the hollow in the ground. It is quite visible and by no means noiseless; but, perhaps owing to the din all round, possibly owing to the general apathy, no notice is taken of it. No one shoots upwards, no bombs are dropped, and the shape floats away up the hill, probably to report to the hostile artillery the exact spot where this section of the attack has so mysteriously gone to earth and whence it will suddenly issue forth. Still they wait, and still the commander, who is now connected by telephone with the rear, anxiously inquires as to supports. Those of the men who are not too self-absorbed listen for the roar of the guns behind, which will cover the advance of their own men. It does not begin. Reinforcements are not easy to find in this army even when badly required.

A gentle rain begins to fall. The air is now quite cold. The man with the bare foot continues to mutter. Though he is becoming chilled and stiff, he does not notice the rain; his foot feels cool, and he carefully rewraps it in the now wet rag. The men all round are digging out little hollows in the ground to catch the rainwater, and are sucking the wet pebbles. He does not notice. The little hollows slowly turn to shallow pools of water, and the strange spectacle is offered of a herd of men on all fours lapping from the ground with sucking noises. He does not notice. Suddenly he is brought to actualities. A feeling of collapse grips him: he feels unaccountably ill, forlorn, unmanned. His body sways. Is he going to faint? Involuntarily he stretches out a hand to steady himself and puts it into something quite cold. He looks down: he is seated in a

trickle of muddy water. To have the head or the whole body wet is nothing, but to be seated in cold water is of all things that best calculated to take the heart out of a man. He grasps the cause of his sudden depression, and turning over slowly on all fours he laps from the mud and the gravel, then seizes his rifle and crawls stiffly on to the bank.

The reinforcements have at last started. The telephone has said so to the commander, and the sudden roar of their own guns behind conveys the message to the rest. A few orders are passed down, and most of the men crawl up below the edge of one bank and begin shooting. They can barely see the enemy's position above, owing to the curve of the hill; but they know the range roughly, and can help their comrades' advance by their fire.

Presently one panting man —the first of the supports— drops into the hollow from its lower edge; then others arrive in twos, threes, dozens. All blown, many wounded, they stumble into the ravine. There are too many now for any careful selection of resting-places; the newcomers, moreover, do not know of the dangerous spots in this twisting crack in the hillside. Several come untouched across the open only to be struck down as soon as they reach the haven of refuge, and it is no longer into the hard ground of the exposed spots that the bullets smack. The bearers again become busy. More and more soldiers drop into the hollow, until it is crowded.

If the shape which fluttered overhead only a short time back has done its duty, now is the time for the enemy's artillery to open upon this mass of men crowded together. But no shrapnel whistles its way down to rain a vertical death upon them, no high-explosive shell rumbles down to tear them into fragments. Possibly the enemy wish them to move out first and become visible, the better to shatter them with direct gun- and rifle-fire, and then with the cold steel of the counterstroke. At any rate there is now a respite, for their own artillery, covering the advance of reinforcements, has ceased to shoot, now that the latter have reached the safety of the ravine. Its assistance will be much more needed in a few minutes, and ammunition is precious.

During this respite — this breathing-space—which, as all feel, is the calm before the storm, every man is silent. Time drags even to the most weary. Why don't they go on? Why doesn't the whistle sound? It is just before the flag falls, or that dread moment before the plunge—far worse than the plunge itself—which is always recurring in war, but which never loses its terrors. At such a moment men act variously according to their temperaments, and derive no comfort from the propinquity of a crowd. Death is very near, and if met at all will be met alone, and each soul is isolated, solitary. The general

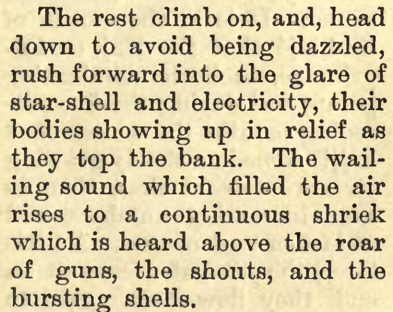
silence gives an impression of apathy, which is belied by the few who mutter prayers or blaspheme at the delay. They are taking this last moment according to their nature. When the whistle sounds they will act alike. None but the dead and wounded will remain behind.

One man stoops to adjust the bandage on his bootless foot. It is not really necessary; but he has a prejudice against being tripped up or being forced to advance barefooted over stones. It may seem superfluous for any thought to be given to such trifles when the air will soon be thick with whistling death; but it is at such moments that they obtrude themselves. He refastens the bandage and gives it a pat, then stands up. He keeps swallowing, though he has nothing in his mouth. It is now all but dark. The guns behind roar. The enemy's artillery, however, only reply with star-shell, which light up the hillside; it is infantry that they are thirsting for at present, and they bide their time. The very raindrops sparkle as they fall in the glare of the searchlights: it is the supreme moment; but even the consciousness that they are "playing the game" does not seem to inspire those waiting for the call: they are going into it cold-blooded this time.

A whistle shrills faintly, then shrills again. The sound grips the man with the bandaged leg and intensifies the thoughts that obsess him, reminding him of the football field, of Home, and more acutely of his brother. Mechanically he starts to climb up the bank a little behind the others. He hesitates. Why should he go on? Why should *he* endure all this?

It is the limit. He lies down deliberately and is left behind.

The rest climb on, and, head down to avoid being dazzled, rush forward into the glare of star-shell and electricity, their bodies showing up in relief as they top the bank. The wailing sound which filled the air rises to a continuous shriek which is heard above the roar of guns, the shouts, and the bursting shells.



PORTS OF PILGRIMAGE.

JIDDAH, Yanbo, El Wej,—these are essentially ports of pilgrimage. At the first-named, no doubt, there is much traffic of goods, exported and imported, for it is the main gate of entrance and exit in the sea-coast Arabian province of El-Hidjaz. But if it were not for the yearly ebb and flow of scores of thousands of Moslem pilgrims, most of whom choose the sea route to Mecca, Jiddah would almost perish, or would sink to the status of a tenth-rate village.

That ebb and that flow scarcely cease the whole year round. It is in the month of Zil-hidjé that the Haj, or Pilgrimage, reaches its culminating point; but during the five preceding months the white-robed hajjis come in a slowly growing stream—few at first, then in ever-increasing numbers, and at last in vast masses. A little later, the *fêtes* at Mecca at an end, they flow back again to Jiddah, where they may stay any time, from a single day to many weeks or even months; and the late-lingering pilgrims of one Haj may scarcely have left before the first-comers of the next season begin to arrive. In the interval between two Pilgrimages the population of Jiddah is reckoned at about twenty thousand; but just before and just after the Mecca *fêtes* it may be three, four, five, or many times that number. It is at its very lowest during the few days that those *fêtes* last; for most of the Jiddah inhabitants, being good Moslems, themselves turn pilgrim and flock to join in the rites of Arafat and Mina.

It was at this period, on the very eve of the first day of Kurban Bairam, that my stay there began. No captain who knows this port will take his ship in among its tricky reefs until the sun is high above the horizon,—until noon is approaching, indeed, when the morning mists have lifted and the intense glare from the east is no longer in his eyes. It savours something of flattery to speak of the "port" of Jiddah: locally they speak of two, an inner and an outer, but these are merely anchorages among a labyrinth of coral reefs, and even the inner "port" is a mile and a half from the shore. A score of pilgrim-ships lay at anchor there, in sheer idleness, awaiting the return of their living freight from the Holy City. A launch and many boats soon surrounded our steamer; the quarantine officials and the British Consul—my hospitable host in a town where hotels are not—came on board. Ten minutes later we were in one of the many boats, with huge lateen sail spread to the breeze, and slowly tacking towards the town. There is no short cut to the land at Jiddah: those tricky reefs aforesaid, running more or less parallel with the

coast, leave but one possible channel to the shore, and that zigzags for distances to be reckoned in large fractions of a mile,—a course that only those who know it well could venture to follow without certain disaster. Ultimately we came up alongside the small quay at the Health Office, the common landing-place for all arrivals. The *kaimmakam* (governor), a stalwart Abyssinian, and other officials were waiting to welcome us, and another half-hour passed in mutual compliments, general conversation, and coffee-drinking.

The walk to the Consulate—there are no carriages in Jiddah—took us first across a wide open space between the sea and the walls, then through the latter by a picturesque gateway, and finally through the bazâr and by narrow, deserted streets to the north-west corner of the town. There was a strange, unexpected silence over it all. Half the stalls in the bazâr seemed to be closed; a few of the stall-keepers sat cooking their midday meal or smoking narghilehs; an occasional camel, carrying evil-looking skins of water, marched superciliously by; and one or two of the better-class inhabitants, wearing new and beautiful clothes in honour of the season, sauntered along the shady streets. Their numbers increased later in the afternoon; but there was still, and for the next few days, a curious stillness,—a moment of calm and hush between the turbulent days that must have preceded and those that certainly followed.

A well-to-do Jiddah Arab, in new clothes, is an object well worth looking at. The men are mostly tallish, thin, and lithe, with coffee-coloured skins, and clear-cut, intelligent features. Their holiday dress consists of a long flowing robe, of dove-coloured, Quaker grey, or equally delicately tinted cloth, with a broad waist-sash of silk, yellow, red, or of some other brilliant hue. On their head they wear either a neatly-folded white turban surrounding a cap of coloured and plaited straw, or an embroidered shawl, held in place by an *akal*—a double thong of heavy strands of wool, closely wound round with gold or silver thread. The women are clothed, as to their upper three-fourths, in black, cloak-like garments; a black veil, covering some form of head-gear that goes up to two lateral points, descends to the eyes, and the rest of the face is concealed by a thick white yashmak. The lowest fourth of the quaint figure is clothed in bright yellow boots, from the knee downwards, and these again are thrust into loose yellow slippers. Their shuffling sound alone broke the silence of many of the empty roadlets and passages that intersect the town as in a labyrinth. The children's holiday clothes were gayer even than the men's. They, both boys and girls, seemed bent on enjoyment: here and there were erected swings or a sort of merry-go-round; games of ball,

and a game resembling a primitive form of cricket or rounders, were indulged in, with decorous merriment, in the trafficless streets. The elder folk amused themselves more sedately. They formed parties, and hired boats to sail off to the idle row of pilgrim-ships, whose captains willingly allowed them on board. Their naïve wonder at the mysteries of the machine-room was natural, and their admiration of the size and relative splendour of some of the steamers' fittings was not unmerited. Poor and bad in the extreme as is still the accommodation on many a ship in the pilgrim trade, there are now, nevertheless, a considerable number of large, roomy steamers engaged in it, especially from India and Farther India,—converted liners that retain all the size and something of the magnificence of their earlier days. Not a few are old P. and O.'s, monarchs of the Indian Ocean in their time.

On one such steamer, on the fourth day after my arrival, a company of scarcely less than a hundred persons sat down to an *al fresco* lunch at a single table running along one side of the deck,—a deck so spacious that twice that number would not have overcrowded it. The occasion was that of the "Jiddah Regatta," ambitious title for a pleasant afternoon's amusement, organised each year by the captains of all the pilgrim-ships lying in the port. There were but two races, an open event for all sailing boats, and one, causing keen excitement among our hosts, between two such boats only, sailed by the captains themselves. But the racing was a mere occasion for lavish sailor hospitality; ending at sunset in an impromptu "chanty," in which officers and men took part, and showed a vast variety and many degrees of musical talent. The Consul and myself dined quietly on another steamer, and sailed slowly back to Jiddah in the soft, tropical moonlight; the wind had sunk, and it was past midnight when we reached the sleeping town.

The streets of Jiddah, tortuous, narrow, unpaved, are nevertheless picturesque to a high degree. An Arab architect, despite the faults of interior construction of his houses, is an accomplished artist in all that concerns their exterior. Their five or six storeys are built of the coral stone quarried from the bottom of the neighbouring sea; the walls are covered with a native lime-plaster, which soon takes on the colour of old ivory; and projecting from them are innumerable bay- and dormer-windows and balconies, elaborately carved in wood and of infinite variety. Not Ahmedabad, nor Jaipûr, nor Benares, nor any other Indian city that I know, can offer a more pleasing sight. *Musharabieh* work, or simple latticing, covers most of the windows, helping to increase that air of "Arabian Nights" mystery that the deserted, hushed, bye-streets present. It is rare to see a human figure at any of the few open lattices; from

more than one third- or fourth-floor window, however, a long-eared goat thrust out an inquisitive head, revealing unconsciously something of the domestic arrangements of an Arab household.

The three days of Kurban Bairam had come and gone; the ceremonial *fêtes* at Arafat and Mina had been accomplished, as we learnt by telegram, without mishap; and the arrival of the first caravan from Mecca was daily expected; but yet another nine days were to elapse before it came. The all-powerful authorities in the Holy City had prevented it leaving earlier. Report had it that such delay was not wholly unconnected with the increased chances of profit to those authorities from a longer stay of the pilgrims in their midst. Many pilgrims go overland from Mecca to Medina, but the majority return to Jiddah and take ship to Yanbo, the port for the latter city. Both groups travel mostly by camel, and much chaffering and bartering is said to go on before the price of camel-hire is fixed; and here again the aforesaid authorities are not without influence or interest, since their profit has to be considered in this, as in every other transaction that the defenceless hajji enters on from the moment he sets foot in the Hidjaz. The day came, however, at length, when the first caravan of returning pilgrims flowed into the awakening streets of Jiddah. Had a magician waved a wand, the change from empty idleness to overwhelmingly crowded activity and bustle could not have been more striking or sudden.

On subsequent days I went many times into the desert, and for a goodly distance along the "Mecca Road," to meet the caravans before they reached the town. The Vice-Consul—an Indian, a Moslem, and a good fellow to boot,—himself just back from Mecca, placed each morning a watchman on the roof of his house, from which could be seen a wide expanse of desert, stretching to the foot of the hills that hide Mecca, only forty-five miles away. Thence the caravans came in sight when still far distant. The word given, there was ample time to thread our way to the "Mecca Gate," to obtain the necessary escort of armed Arabs, and walk out a mile or two into the desert. No European is allowed to pass outside the walls of Jiddah without such escort,—a precaution rigorously enforced since the murderous attack on Consular officials in the year 1895.

The Mecca Gate of Jiddah is a fine, even imposing, archway, between two semicircular stone towers projecting from the eastern wall of the town. Just outside it is an open bazâr, where human food and camel fodder are exposed for sale, in wide-mouthed baskets, in sacks, on extemporised stalls, or in "pucca" shops. For a few hundred yards there is a veritable street of such stalls and shops; then, on the right, comes a rambling Moslem

cemetery, with curiously-shaped gravestones; to the left a track winds off to the famous Tomb of Eve, itself a minor object of pilgrimage to good hajjis; a little farther on, and the true desert begins. The noise of the town is left behind, and ahead is the silent, sandy waste. Through it a track, trodden and pressed by the myriad feet of patient pilgrims for thirteen centuries, leads eastward towards shimmering blue hills. It is the "Mecca Road." Flat at first, and scarcely differentiated from the desert around, it shortly winds between irregular sandhills, thirty or forty feet in height, forming a sort of miniature valley—an admirable strategic spot wherein to await the coming of the slow-treading caravans.

It is broad noon, and a tropical sun casts deep blue shadows wherever a scanty desert herbage, an irregularity in the sandy surface, or a human figure is there to cast a shadow. There is nothing else to break the reddish-yellow expanse. To the left of the "road" the land is curiously honeycombed with the mouths of scores, nay hundreds, of wells, mostly abandoned, for the "life" of a well in this salt sand is reckoned by days only. Two solitary and stunted terebinth trees stand sentinel by them. On the top of a sandhill a Turkish soldier is outlined against the sky: he wears the same coarse blue cloth uniform as in Constantinople, the same brimless fez that he would in the snows of Armenia. From the hilltop, looking eastward, mirage is seen to be playing a thousand tricks with all earthly objects. Quite close to where we stand the sultry air is visible, shimmering and dancing in upward waves; farther away a silvery mist now hides, now reveals, where the tawny plain merges into the turquoise hills beyond. And through it, scarcely seeming to move, yet ever slowly drawing nearer, weirdly distorted by the mirage, a long, serpent-like but many-legged something winds out from those hills and across the plain. It is a vast caravan of pilgrims, fresh from Mecca.

It will be half an hour yet before its head reaches our sandhills, and many half-hours before it has all passed by. In the meantime the "road" is not wholly empty. A few unladen camels are led along, returning to Mecca. Three bedouin sheikhs swing by from the town, on lithe, almost hairless camels: their fawn robes show more than a hint of embroidery; their shoulders and heads are covered with white wraps, from under which gold- or silver-thread *akals* gleam above brown faces; their metal saddle-peaks, rising high behind them, and the long barrel of a matchlock gun slung at the back of one, glint in the sun; heavy black and yellow tassels swing below the camels' flanks, hanging from rich-coloured saddle-bags. Impudence, in the form of a negro boy on a white donkey, trots by the side of these embodiments of dignity. A tired family of pilgrims on foot, too poor to ride, now nearing the end of their long tramp, meets

them and passes by. Then a larger group, a score of Indian hajjis, on camels, on donkeys, or on foot, come into the little valley between our sandhills, dismount, and seem to be about to form camp. But it is their poverty and not their will that makes them pause; they have spent their last rupees in Mecca, and will be quite unable to pay the heavy tax levied upon every camel that enters the walls of Jiddah. So they uncomplainingly take their poor sacks and trunks off the animals' backs; the camels quietly pace back eastward in their tracks, and the pilgrims, after a brief rest, take up their goods and begin their last mile's trek to the town.

But now the head of the great caravan is near; nay, it is here, and the wonderful procession has begun. Silently, almost unperceived, it has come, and silently, as in a dream, it passes unendingly by. Camels, in single file or many irregularly abreast; hajjis, on foot or mounted; an occasional humble donkey; but, above all, camels—hairy or hairless, some carrying but a single pilgrim, some groaning under pyramidal piles of luggage, whose apex is a white-robed, feature-hidden pilgrimess; but mostly bearing a strange-looking, monstrous object, the *shugduf*, or camel-litter of Arabia. There is more than one type of *shugduf*, but most often it consists of two bed-like structures, one on each side of the animal's back; a framework of cane or light wood supports a canopy of matting or gaily-striped rugs above; mattresses or cushions are placed inside, where one, two, or many pilgrims sit or lie and enjoy such ease as they may, and have at least shade from the pitiless sun. Very rarely a *takhtaravan* may be seen: a box-shaped carriage without wheels, gaily painted and upholstered, and supported on two long poles that are harnessed to camels in front and behind,—surely the strangest of vehicles man ever devised.

There is a curious silence over it all, almost startlingly out of keeping with this mass and movement. The soft, expanding pads of camels' hoofs, and the feet of man, woman, and child, mostly unshod, raise no echo from the powdery sand; and no word is spoken by these thousands of throats. Whatever thoughts may be passing in their minds, the hurrying crowds do not at present show anything of them outwardly. It may be that they have no voices left, after the loud shoutings that have formed part of the ritual at Arafat and Mina; it may be that they have exhausted all possible emotions in the crowded days and unforgettable scenes that they have just witnessed at Mecca. But, whatever the reason, their voices are now silent, and their faces almost apathetic; they seem bent solely on getting to their journey's end. They show little surprise and no resentment at the unusual spectacle of a European, out here in the desert, furtively

at first, and then boldly, photographing them as they pass. Many, indeed, return a friendly smile, as the click of the camera tells that the sun has recorded another picture of a rarely witnessed scene.

They are of many races, these weary hajjis. To-day it may be a caravan of slim, round-faced Malays and pilgrims from the Dutch Indies, most disciplined and amenable of all Moslem races. To-morrow it may be one of Bokhariots and other Russian Asiatics—burly, bearded men, in striped and patterned garments that might be called "loud" individually but are quite beautiful collectively; of white-clad or semi-nude Indians, most numerous of all hajjis; of fierce-looking, much beturbanned and heavily-armed Afghans; of swaggering, dirty, and penniless Moghrabis, from Morocco; of Mongols from far-away China; Tâtars from the Volga; tall, long-limbed Egyptians; negroes from many parts of the dark continent; pure-blooded Arabs; Persians in lamb's-wool fezes; Tunisians, Algerians, Bosniaks, Baluchis, Yemenis, Hadramutis, bedouin, prince and peasant, emir and pauper—no race and no rank of the Moslem world is wanting in these strange processions.

But if this daily recurring spectacle is a memorable one in the desert, it is no less so in the town. Through the Mecca Gate, down the warm picturesque streets — fit setting for so bizarre a pageant, — right through the thronged and darkly covered-in bazâr, a solid phalanx of man and beast wedges its troubled way—now slowly moving, now halting for long and weary waits. The great clumsy *shugdufs* and the pyramids of baggage sway from side to side, all but touching the houses on either hand, clacking against projecting stalls, and passing with difficulty under rough striped-canvas awnings that roof over many of the streets. If business require you to cross the line of such a caravan, it is little use to wait in hope of its coming to an end. It will be hours before the street is clear, and there is no choice but to "duck" under the rope that joins each camel's head to his neighbour's tail, or more often, so wedged are they together, under the animal's body: they are patient beasts, and show no tendency to kick or bite.

There is no lack of noise here. Ten thousand voices are busy chattering and crying out in many languages. A roaring trade is being done in food-supplies of all kinds, in cheap garments, in rosaries of every hue and every substance from which beads can be made—from olive-stones to amber, in coarse cheap prints—the "Mecca Certificate" —bearing crude diagrammatic representations of Mecca, Arafat and Mina, of the Kaaba, and of every other Moslem symbol conceivable, printed, or rather "dabbed" in, in the most strident of yellows, reds, greens, and silver.

Towards evening the noise and confusion lessen; the caravans have melted into their

component parts; the camels have gone, mostly outside the town, many to return to Mecca; the skeletons of *shugdufs* are piled into weird-looking heaps in open squares or out-of-the-way corners; the pilgrims have found a resting-place somewhere. A few are lodged in houses licensed for the purpose; the bulk sleep on mother earth, with the sky for their roof. Open spaces are soon covered over with primitive encampments, with or without tents, whence the lights of many cooking-fires gleam through the dark. But not a street or alley, not a nook or corner or cranny of the town, is without its quota of hajjis. They sit or squat or lie in serried ranks against walls; the projecting plinth of a large house soon becomes a row of sleeping pilgrims; the courtyards are swarming with them; an empty cart, the dry basin of a public fountain, a doorstep, the very gutters themselves, afford lodging to late-comers, for whom, indeed, they are "Hobson's choice." Veritably a hard problem for the scanty health department of this small town to solve, and, like many other such problems in the East, left for the most part to solve itself. Fortunately neither plague nor cholera has appeared to render it still more insoluble. *El Hamdu l'Illah!*[1]

The days passed rapidly by, and the object of my visit to Jiddah (the inspection of the pilgrims' quarantine station, built on three coral islands, some miles away from the town) being completed, my stay there came to an end. Many shiploads of hajjis were daily leaving for Yanbo, and there was no other means of getting away than to join one of them. The poor 450-ton steamer was crowded with over 500 pilgrims, only the saloon and a few square yards of the upper deck being free from them. But the run to Yanbo lasted but twenty-four hours, and for the whole of that time they lay, each in his allotted few square feet of deck-space, silent, patient, and uncomplaining, only stirring to cook a scanty meal or to face south-eastward and utter the *namaz* —the five-times-daily-recurring prayer.

There is little of interest in the small town of Yanbo, for it has none of the stately and picturesque houses of its rich neighbour Jiddah: poverty and neglect by the governing authorities are apparent at every turn. But the swarm of many-hued and many-featured pilgrims, familiar though they had now become, would have made a worse place interesting. Here and there they formed circles round itinerant preachers, who chanted religious monotones to wide-mouthed throngs; but even here few signs of enthusiasm and none of fanaticism could be seen in the features of most of them.

[1] In the early months of the present year (1908), on the other hand, cholera caused terrible ravages among the pilgrims. The author's visit to the Hidjaz took place in 1906.

There seemed nothing to justify the fears of the Jiddah authorities, who had urged and besought me not to land at Yanbo, where, said they, fanaticism was stronger and the powers of restraint less than in Jiddah, and where Europeans are rarely seen. On the following morning the first caravan of the season for Medina formed up in the open space in the middle of the town, and furnished a bustling and highly picturesque scene. The camels groaned and complained, as only camels can, at the burdens placed upon them; there was continued movement and much chattering and chaffering among the pilgrims, and to the looker-on a general sense of confusion and chaos that lessened, however, as the morning wore on, and as a faint possibility revealed itself that order might ultimately be evolved out of the seething crowd.

The Medina Gate of Yanbo, through which all the caravans pass, is an ugly, modern structure, in no way comparable with the stately Mecca Gate of Jiddah. Outside it stretches the bare, sandy plain to distant mountains, the Jebel Radwa range, rising in parts to as high as 6000 feet above sea-level. Medina, the burial-place of the Prophet, is about 130 miles distant. Yanbo is said to contain some 5000 inhabitants: during the hot months of the year most of them migrate from the port, which is known as Yanbo-el-Bahr (or Yanbo-by-the-Sea), to another spot some six hours away, called Yanbo-el-Nakhl (or Yanbo-of-the-Dates), where the air is cooler and the water-supply better. The water-supply could scarcely be worse than it was, both at Yanbo-by-the-Sea and at Jiddah, at the time of my visits to those ports. Fortunately, however, that opprobrium has now been, or is being, removed from both. As the result of strong and persistent representations from many quarters, a distilling apparatus has now been put up at Yanbo, and another is in course of erection at Jiddah.

Small as Yanbo is, it can boast a *kaimmakam* or governor, and representatives of the Ottoman Public Debt and of the Tobacco Régie. The Grand Shereef of Mecca has also a representative here, in the person of the Emir-i-Djuheiné; he is armed with considerable powers, and as he claims descent from the Prophet, is said to have much influence over the unruly bedouin tribes of this portion of the Hidjaz.

Twenty-four hours to the north of Yanbo the small town of El Wej breaks the silent monotony of the Arabian coast; its miniature port lies almost exactly opposite to that of Kosseir, on the Egyptian shore. Not many years ago the dividing line between Arabian and Egyptian territory came to the sea at El Wej; and, as the frontier port, it was there that the pilgrims returning northwards were made to do their quarantine. But the frontier was changed, and removed to the neighbourhood of Akabah, of which so much was

heard a year or two ago. The quarantine station was at about the same time transferred to El Tor, near the southern point of the Sinaitic peninsula, and El Wej became a thing of the past. Not all the eloquence of Sir Richard Burton, who in his 'Land of Midian' praised El Wej as something of an earthly Paradise and condemned El Tor in equally unmeasured terms, sufficed to prevent the transfer—which, let it be added, has been very fully justified by results. And now El Wej is a place of almost no importance. It is scarcely any longer, indeed, a "port of pilgrimage"; for most of the pilgrims going to or returning from Medina prefer the much nearer port of Yanbo. The old quarantine buildings still stand, unroofed, slowly crumbling to melancholy ruins; the remains of a distilling apparatus, half under water, make a dark patch on the northern shore of the little bay, looking like some dead marine monster stranded by the tide; and the stone pier, where formerly the thousands of hajjis landed and re-embarked, is disintegrating and slowly sinking into the sea. For the rest, the small town may claim to be picturesquely placed, on and at the foot of low cliffs or bluffs, with, as a background, an oasis which seems to extend a considerable distance into the desert.

At El Wej there were no pilgrims. But at El Tor, rather more than a day's sail to the north-west, we were once more in contact with them—for it is here that those returning home by the Suez Canal undergo a quarantine of longer or shorter duration. Of this "port" I have little to say. It is most picturesquely placed, in an oasis, backed by that splendid Sinaitic range of mountains, whose colours at dawn and at sunset have never been—perhaps never can be—adequately described in words, as they certainly never can be represented in pigments. But almost its sole *raison d'être* is the great Egyptian lazaret or quarantine station, built close to the village of El Tor and known by its name; and of the excellences of that institution, which are many, as of its defects, which are few, this is not the place to speak. I stayed there for a few days, the guest of its able director, and thence travelled to Suez in a large and crowded pilgrim-ship. The hajjis on board were all Egyptians, and their weird ululations as we approached Suez were not the least curious among the many curious impressions left by my sojourn among them and their fellow-pilgrims.

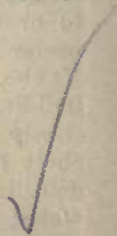
After landing at Port Tevfik all contact with the stream of hajjis ceased. I left them, I confess, not without some feeling of regret. It would be easy to dwell on the seamy and unpleasant side of this great annually recurring movement of human atoms; but it is pleasanter to recall its other side, to dwell upon the real impressiveness of this flux and reflux of the countless devotees of one of the world's great

religions; to conjure up again the wonderful series of pictures they formed in their desert surroundings or in the picturesque streets of Jiddah; and to try and estimate the depth of a religious enthusiasm which it is easy to brand as fanaticism, but which surely merits respect, since it leads to such very real sacrifices and to so much suffering patiently borne.

A patient uncomplainingness seems indeed to be the most striking characteristic of the average Moslem pilgrim; and had he no other virtues, this at least should be counted to him for righteousness. He is patient under delays that to a western mind would appear nothing less than exasperating; under rebuffs amounting sometimes to insults; under unblushing robbery and fraud; under money and material losses of every kind; under deprivations and discomforts that might make the hardiest wince; under sickness, even unto death. And if he does show another and rougher side of his character when anything is said or done which touches his religious sensitiveness, or when some of those aforesaid delays seem likely to prevent the attainment of his soul's wish—the arrival in Mecca in time for the *fêtes* of Bairam—few will be found to blame him.

FRANK G. CLEMOW, M.D.

BRITISH EMBASSY,
CONSTANTINOPLE.



FRANCES, LADY DOUGLAS.

In the society of the mid-eighteenth century, — the society that lodged between Bloomsbury and Portman Square, Hyde Park Corner and Whitehall, and, fortunately for us, invited Horace Walpole to its parties, — in that intimate, witty, frivolous society certain strident feminine voices with a strong family likeness overtop the general hum of conversation. A society, however exclusive and fashionable, that is made up of kinsfolk and social equals, is sure to deal in nicknames, and the four ladies who owned the voices were known as "the screaming sisterhood" or "the bawling Campbells." Such in their maturity were the children whom Scott sketches, lightly but charmingly, in the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian,' the children of John, the great Duke of Argyle, and of Jane Warburton his wife. These shrill voices, with their burden of gossip and censure, still echo in the letters of Horace Walpole and, more articulately, in the recently published Memoir written by the ladies' finely observant, incisive cousin, Lady Louisa Stuart. It is she who tells us that Lord Strafford, the husband of the mildest and fairest of the sisters, used to say: "I can always tell whether any of *my* ladies are in a house by the time I set my foot in the porter's hall." To Horace Walpole we owe an anecdote of another of the brothers-in-law, Charles Townshend, the second husband of the eldest sister, Lady Greenwich.[1] When his mother-in-law, the old Duchess of Argyle, was "bawling" to deaf Lady Suffolk, he called out in the very same tone, "Large stewing oysters"—the cry of the Billingsgate oyster-women. Of the matter conveyed in these high voices Lady Louisa tells us that youth with its follies, its high feathers, and other changing fashions, was the constant subject of their shrill censure. Horace Walpole—who writes with what one feels to be a kindred animus—describes "certain hags who bestow Sunday mornings on church and the rest of the year on scandal, malice, envy, and lies about their neighbour," and adds, "Three of these pious furies are sisters, and their names are Tisiphone, Megæra, and Alecto." He excepts Lady Strafford, the wife of his friend: the other three are Lady Greenwich, whom he elsewhere calls "that shrill Morning Post, Lady Greenwich"; Lady Betty

[1] Lady Greenwich's changes of title are apt to create confusion in the mind of the reader. The eldest daughter of the Duke of Argyle, she married first Lord Dalkeith, who died before succeeding to the Dukedom of Buccleuch, and secondly, Charles Townshend. In 1769 a peerage in her own right was granted to her with one of her father's titles, and from thenceforth she is known as Lady Greenwich.

Mackenzie, of whom Mrs Anne Pitt used to say, "Lady Betty takes the liberty of telling one in society that one lies and that one is a fool, and I can't say I find it agreeable"; and finally, Lady Mary Coke, whose colossal self-importance produced her own voluminous Journal and Lady Louisa's sparkling pages.

Yet from such kinsfolk and from such a society came one of the most loved and valued of Sir Walter's friends, one of the best and wisest and wittiest of women.

Lady Caroline Campbell (later Lady Greenwich) had as a girl been married to the heir of the Buccleuchs, the young Lord Dalkeith. Since the death of Duchess Anne, widow of the Duke of Monmouth, the Buccleuchs had lived obscurely for so great a house. Lord Dalkeith died before he had had time to give any other proof of his quality than his generous affection for his young wife. There were three children of this marriage—the young Duke (then Lord Dalkeith), Mr Campbell Scott, a boy of bright promise who died young, and a posthumous daughter called Frances, after her father.

When this child was only four years old her mother married the brilliant wit and politician, Charles Townshend. Charles Townshend flashes through the Parliamentary history of the time like a meteor, or, to vary the metaphor, adorns it like a weathercock. No page in Walpole's Letters is so vivid as that which describes his last amazing speech, delivered half-drunk: "It was a torrent of wit, ridicule, vanity, lies, and beautiful language, . . . a wonderful blaze kindled by half a bottle of champagne on genuine genius." Horace Walpole was always a hostile critic of his Townshend cousins, yet in another place he says of Charles Townshend: "He seemed to create knowledge instead of searching for it, with a wit so abundant that with him it seemed loss of time to think." Burke pays a generous tribute to his wit and charm, calling him "the delight and ornament of this House, and the charm of every society that he honoured with his presence."

Lady Louisa Stuart, with her inimitable gift of hitting off a character in fewest words, writing of his "gay, careless, volatile, inconsiderate private life," adds this saving clause: "He had one of those happy tempers which nothing can ruffle; without a grain of sternness, nor of pride nor of resentment. Ready to laugh with anybody or at anything, he poured out wit in torrents, and it was so much the worse for truth if ever truth stood in wit's way." With his eloquence, his lack of courage, his political treachery, we have nothing to do in this place; our concern is with the fact that one of the societies that he loved to "honour with his presence" was the nursery of a neglected little girl of four, to whom he appeared at once as a radiant guardian angel and an incomparable play-

fellow. It was an age of severe nursery discipline, and a casual observer like Dr Carlyle of Inveresk noticed, on the visit the family paid to Dalkeith, how the kind, merry step-father stood between the little girl and maternal harshness. Lady Dalkeith had no motherly ways. Even Lady Mary Coke, no tender-hearted woman, expresses her surprise at her sister's neglect of her three Townshend children. "I am sorry," she writes, "that my sister Greenwich" (it was in 1769, when Townshend was Chancellor of the Exchequer, that he obtained a peerage, to be held by his wife and her Townshend children after her) "sees so little of her children: Miss Townshend is never with her but one hour of the day, and Master Townshend never." Yet those later children were extolled as pretty and engaging, whereas Lady Dalkeith's resentment of her elder daughter's lack of grace amounted to one of those unnatural animosities which shock us as contrary to universal instinct. But to Charles Townshend, who needed something to caress and make a plaything of, the child's little, roundabout figure, wise merry face, loving temper, and precocious sense of humour,—Dr Carlyle remarked Lady Frances's pleasant vein of ridicule when she was quite young,—made the little step-daughter the dearest companion of his leisure. A love of imparting information was one of the anomalies of Townshend's character; the child had quick parts and a sound judgment; her gratitude and loving heart made her an apt pupil; he loved to have her read to him, directed her studies, reasoned with her as with an equal, till from a plaything she became his confidential friend. When she was only fifteen she would eagerly await his return from the House of Commons to learn the results of a division, or would sit a silent, eager-eyed listener when his friends were with him, or would work by the hour as his confidential secretary. It was characteristic of her modesty and good sense that this early initiation into politics made her in later life averse to political discussion. She had too much knowledge not to dread the violently expressed opinions and prejudices of political ladies on either side. There is a picture of Lady Frances and her brothers painted by Sir Joshua when she must have been about twelve years old. The boys, tall and well-bred, are standing in much the same attitude as the two Friends in Sir Joshua's masterpiece in the National Gallery, but the chief interest in the picture lies in the sturdy little figure in a blue velvet frock at the right of the picture. Her hand is clasped in her younger brother's, and something in the attitudes and in the almost motherly expression of the wise little face suggests how closely the young group clung to one another. Probably the death of Mr Campbell Scott drew the bond even closer between the other two. The Duke, as we

have seen, married as soon as he came of age, and in the autumn of 1767 the young Duke and Duchess and still younger Lady Frances visited their unknown native land, and shyly and dutifully, and a little formally, began to keep their state at Dalkeith. The death of Charles Townshend in the following autumn affected the brother and sister very differently. To him it meant freedom to pursue his own private but public-spirited course of life without argument or remonstrance; to her it meant a sudden and complete blank of all that made her home life tolerable. Her aunt, Lady Mary Coke, was her capricious friend and patroness. At one moment she would sit up with her niece over her bedroom fire as if they were school-girls; at another it was whispered among the relations that Lady Mary had scolded Lady Frances into hysterics, and that Lady Greenwich had thereupon had a battle-royal with her sister.

Half the best fairy tales begin with two half-sisters, of whom one is caressed and spoilt and the other oppressed and disdained. It is only when the pair are sent out into the world that the sense and sweetness of the forlorn maiden lead her to the happy possession of a kingdom, while the airs and graces of her sister are rightly rewarded by a hovel. Lady Frances was not beautiful: Lady Mary Coke laments her want of height; Horace Walpole, who singles her out for esteem from all her kin, admits as much. The best evidence for the fact is her own merry answer to a professed admirer of her beauty:—

"Your eyesight!—but no more of that!
For what though I be short and fat
If you believe me tall?
If love can change grey eyes to blue
I need not rail, where thanks are due,
Nor Cupid blear-eyed call."

Her half-sister, Miss Townshend, was a recognised belle; Lady Louisa Stuart describes her as silly, her folly taking the form of thinking every man in love with her. This foolishness culminated in a runaway marriage with a handsome, impecunious Irishman. She will come again into the story, a rather sorry figure, hanging on anxiously to the life of fashion and pleasure, first in Dublin and then in Bath.

Fortunately Lady Frances was independent of her mother's house for a home, having inherited a house of her own at Petersham and an independent income from her aunt, Lady Jane Scott. At the age of thirty-two she might in those days fairly consider herself a single woman, and moved about with considerable freedom. Dalkeith was the home of her heart. The Duchess of Buccleuch seems to have been one of the reserved, rather formal women who are formidable to the outside world but dearly loved and absolutely trusted by her nearer circle. To a hostess of this character, with a houseful of changing guests, it was a boon to have as her right hand one whom a fellow-guest thus portrays:—

"The Lady Frances, whose sweet manners,
Good humour, talents, ready wit
All ages charm, all fancies hit."

This best of sisters-in-law was also the most affectionate of aunts, speaking of the reigning baby as "ours," and boasting of its performances with all a mother's fondness and all an aunt's effrontery! Even when Lady Frances's life seemed to resolve itself into an untiring pursuit of pleasure, it was always, by a happy accident, other people's pleasure. In 1782 she spent a winter in Dublin. Lady Portarlington (Lady Louisa Stuart's sister and correspondent) describes her cousin as being much "recherchée & fêtée," and attributes her enjoyment of the situation to her having been so much mortified and neglected at home. On her side Lady Frances considered that Lady Portarlington had allowed herself to slip too much out of society, and made it one of her objects to get to know all the best people in Dublin, that she might introduce them to her cousin. She carried secret benevolence as well as beaming enjoyment with her to the half-dozen parties which shared her every day and night between them. "I am determined to study both punctuality and acceptability," she writes, being anxious both to do credit to her English friends at the Viceregal Lodge and to please her warm-hearted Irish entertainers. When Lord North's resignation and Lord Rockingham's advent to power brought the Duke of Portland as the new Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland, Lady Frances stayed on in Dublin because she truly thought that her knowledge of Irish society and her popularity would be of use to her friend the Duchess,—a woman whose gravity, sincerity, and general superiority rather unsuited her for the important trivialities of a Viceregal Court.

But the main business that had brought Lady Frances and her brother the Duke to Dublin was neither pleasure nor politics, but the affairs of the poor little half-sister and her fatuous husband. He had (like a true Irishman) resented being "banished to his native land," and had almost challenged the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Carlisle, for his supposed inattention to his claims. It required all the Duke's influence with his friend, the Lord-Lieutenant, all Lady Frances's persuasive tact with the foolish couple, to save the situation. Lady Frances found the poor, pretty young matron in just such a household as Fielding might describe: a coach and two men in smart liveries, a dirty house, and the lady herself in a soiled morning gown and cap, and chiefly preoccupied with her husband's claim to a baronetage dormant in his family. Lady Frances did what she could; persuaded her brother to give his half-sister a court-gown, had her presented, distributed presents at a christening that shortly ensued, and required all her natural prudence to restrain

her impulse to adopt the poor pock-marked, neglected elder child, because his good-humoured little face appealed to her tenderness.

Lady Frances had heartily enjoyed her "rakeing," as she called living in a whirl, to which our modern dissipation seems tranquillity; but she kept her "raptures" for her solitary tour in Wales, for moonlit rambles and "romantic" views of ruins and cascades. Yet this woman, who was the delight of every society which she came into, who turned everything (even her own appearance!) into a jest or a stanza, who loved nature and children, nor scorned the delights of print-shops and Irish linens,—this buoyant creature had another side to her nature. Perhaps all creators of merriment pay their price of solitary sadness. She, at least, knew what it was to sit in the shadow as well as to prank it in the sunshine. In a volume of occasional verses by various hands, the harvest of happy visits at Dalkeith, the verses in which "Delia" compliments, torments, and laughs at her lovers (and herself) are gayest and cleverest of all. Then all at once comes this sad and sincere cry, like the sob at the end of a child's burst of laughter:—

A CHARACTER.

"When the sun shines out bright
I am merry and light,
I talk and I laugh like a fool;
Then wise folk think I'm mad
And can never be sad,
I am wild as a boy broke from school.

Then comes a chilly, windy, lowering day,
The clouds hang low and I am dark as they;
Through a black mist all earthly joys I see,
Or think at least they were not made for me.
Oh rectify, good Heaven, my wavering mind!
Let it not be the sport of every wind.
Let me—alas! I know not what to pray,
Let me be blessed, Heaven only knows the way."

To realise how amply her life was to be "blessed" the story must go back many years, and turn to a different group of people. There is a perennial fascination in tales of the rightful heir who, in spite of fate and the machinations of lawyers, comes into his own again. No tale of the "wandering heir" in the Waverley Novels, neither the 'Antiquary' nor 'Guy Mannering' nor 'Redgauntlet,' is more full of romantic interest than the Great Douglas Cause, which in the middle of the eighteenth century agitated society and divided Scotland into two hostile camps. Had the events only occurred a century earlier, and had the story only reached Sir Walter by tradition,—as did the tragedy of the 'Bride of Lammermoor,'—what a novel could have been made out of it. Then we should have had that great desideratum from his pen, the portrait of a magnificent old Scottish lady, as generous a benefactress as MacCallum More was a benefactor, a woman as witty and free of speech as Mr Counsellor Pleydell, a partisan as

generous and resolute as Meg Merrilies herself, — Margaret, the first and last Duchess of Douglas!

There are passages in the earlier chapters of the story of this historic Cause more in Fielding's manner than in Scott's. A shabby little volume may still be picked up on bookstalls containing the letters of Lady Jane Douglas[1] to her husband, Sir John Stewart, then living within the Rules of the King's Bench, while she with her two little sons was forlornly and bravely fighting fortune in Edinburgh. The harshness of circumstance, the indomitable, gentle patience of the lady, the small sums saved from her meals to provide little comforts for his, are all in Fielding's vein.

A child, especially an unhappy child, has a tenacious memory, and probably five-year-old Archibald never forgot the black days when he refused to leave his dead mother's body, nor the helpless misery of the moment when he was dragged from the mourning coach that followed her hearse. His uncle, the Duke of Douglas, had consented to bear the expense of the funeral to Holyrood, but forbade the one small mourner to accompany it.

As in a romance, friends were raised up for the boy: a certain lady Schaw received him into her house and brought him up as her own till Duchess Margaret came on the scene and espoused his cause so warmly that for some months she was estranged completely from the wayward Duke, her husband.

Besides her sense of justice and her affection for her husband's nephew, "Duchess Peggie" had a strong motive in her desire to read a lesson to the Duchess of Hamilton, the mother of the other claimant of the heirship. Years after the cause was won and the rightful heir established in his place, Lady Harriet Don quoted to Lady Lousia Stuart the old Duchess's account of her visit to the beautiful Gunning.

"She found her lolling in her usual nonchalant fashion upon a settee and beating the devil's tatoo with one leg over the other. Down she set herself opposite and tried to enter into conversation, till at last, tired with the other's careless, contemptuous manner and impatient answers, 'I looked,' said she, 'in her face and thought to myself, "Ay, play awa' wi' that bonny fit and show your leg, and what a bonny ankle ye ha'e. Gif my Duke were alive it micht cast dust in his e'en, but I'm a woman like yersel' and I'll gar ye rue your wagging your fit at me."'"

Probably no private event ever caused so much excitement as the judgment of the Lords in the Douglas Cause. The decision was announced amid acclamation in the London Opera House; half an

[1] Any one wishing to know the real "inwardness" of the Douglas Trial should eschew all recent presentments of the story and try to procure this collection of letters. They will convince him, as they convinced Carlyle, "that it was impossible that *such* a Lady Jane was capable of any baseness or deliberate mendacity whatever."

hour after the news arrived in Edinburgh, windows were illuminated — and windows were broken!

Mr Douglas's later life proves that Sir Walter's instinct was right when he made the hero of romantic circumstance by no means necessarily a man of romantic disposition. Mr Douglas settled down to the public honours and duties, the private courtesies and kindnesses of a country gentleman very much as we are sure Harry Bertram and Lord Glenallan did also, only a certain quiet intensity of feeling distinguishing him from men of the same calibre whose youth had been less troubled. London made much of the "hero of the hour"; she did better than she meant when she furnished him, amid the most artificial surroundings, with a love affair as fresh and sweet as any village green could afford. "I shall always love this place," lovely Lady Lucy Graham used to say of Almack's, "for it was here my dearest Mr Douglas first came up and asked me to dance." The young couple were at one in their love for a retired life, and spent the short happy years of their married life at his Castles of Douglas or Bothwell. There Lady Frances was often their guest, coming more than once when Lady Lucy's delicate health demanded the kindest and most entertaining companionship. A fortnight after Lady Frances had left her friend in the early spring of 1780 came the sorrowful news of her death.

Old fashions lingered long in the house of Douglas. The old Duchess had been the last of the nobility to travel through the country with halberdiers; Mr Douglas must have been among the last to have his rooms draped in black in sign of mourning. When he took his black-robed little son to the funeral—"that he might never forget his mother"—he may have remembered the day when another child, rudely shaken and forlorn, had seen through tears *his* mother's funeral train leaving the poor lodging in the Cross Causeway.

So poignant had been Lady Frances's grief for her friend, that when six months later she came unexpectedly across Mr Douglas at the house of Lord Hopetoun, she could hardly recover her composure. Three years later, to the satisfaction of all his friends, and not least to that of Lady Lucy's parents,—the old Duke and Duchess of Montrose,—Lady Frances became Mr Douglas's wife. She whose heart had been drawn to the little pock-marked Irish nephew, whose walks in Wales had been accompanied by a gaily-chatting train of ragged children, was to have her hands and heart filled with three children, two boys and—blessed gift!—a little girl whose soft brown eyes and pencilled eyebrows recalled her sweet dead mother.

Lady Frances could make a jest even of her position as step-mother. In her 'Cinderella,' a pretty piece of mixed

verse and prose written after her marriage, occur the lines:—

> "She his unhappy daughter, too,
> Treated as all step-mothers do!
> For from the flood to this our day
> All have been bad alike, they say."

Years afterwards, when quite an old woman, one step-daughter could never speak of "my more than mother" without emotion.

The glimpses we have henceforth of Lady Douglas — her husband was created Baron Douglas of Douglas in 1790—are chiefly as the dispenser of a delightful hospitality at Bothwell Castle. She had a hostess's best gift, unaffected zest in all that was going on. The vitality which made her endow those she met with admirable, original, or at least whimsical qualities, might have led into caprice and disillusionment a woman with less fairness of mind and warmth of heart: with Lady Douglas it merely kept alive a delightful sense of social adventure in her everyday life.

It was to this love of fun and sense of adventure that Lady Douglas owed one of her most valued friendships, that with Mr Morritt of Rokeby.

Time: a wet afternoon in the summer of 1800. Scene: the inn at Lowood, Windermere; upstairs Lady Douglas and Lady Louisa Stuart trying to write letters, the young ladies looking out of the window and speculating on the owners of carriages and portmanteaux; downstairs the distinguished Mr Morritt, a Greek traveller and Homeric critic, and a party of University friends; between both, and equally at home with both, Lady Douglas's dog, Mr Tippits.

The party below-stairs, at a loose end, writes a poem addressed to Mr Tippitts on the shutter of the public room; Lady Louisa upstairs writes a reply which Lady Douglas ties round Mr Tippits' neck, and downstairs trots the innocent go-between. Shouts of laughter downstairs; upstairs the girls in ecstasies over "Mama's impudence," and Lady Louisa in her corner summing up the situation in her lively way. She complains that her friends have forced her

> "To join them in tricks I would colour to own once,
> By dogs sending verses to men—and unknown ones!
> Through Abigails watching where gentlemen sup
> And list'ning at wainscot to pick a word up."

How good is the echo of laughter even a century old!

The spirit of the age, the conflict between the new romantic spirit and the elegant conventions of the eighteenth century, was amusingly reflected in the life at Bothwell. In the 'Bothwell Poetry Book,' the "Lines to Delia" and didactic epigram gradually yield to mock heroic ballads and ghostly legends in "Monk" Lewis vein: in the same way, while the old castle close to the modern house was *the* feature in the romantic landscape, the ruins were decorated with trim flowers and creepers — to the distress of the Wordsworths, who visited the place as undis-

tinguished but very discriminating tourists,—and a walk led through a wood to a rural summer-house, the scene of many a gay little *fête*. There Mary Berry was beguiled on a summer night to find a little supper spread and her cipher in an illumination over the door. Never did the mossy walls echo lighter laughter than one summer day in 1802. The Comte d'Artois and his suite were paying a visit to Bothwell. Most of the men, French and Scottish, had gone shooting—doubtless with those long-barrelled guns familiar to us in prints; but two had preferred to accompany Lady Douglas and her niece Lady Harriet Montagu to the summer-house. One of the French guests, Monsieur de Puységur, had the inimitable gift of talking nonsense with grace, abandon, and just a touch of pathos. He was enchanted with the cottage, and pictured himself living there with a *bonne paysanne* for his wife and lots of children. A girl he had met in the Highlands would be beautiful enough; but then, he reflected, she wouldn't be simple enough, having lived in an inn! He could jest at his own homeless and landless condition; he had tried to buy a sentry-box in Edinburgh "pour avoir un bien à moi." Like a light-hearted, gallant Frenchman, he declared that he left bits of his heart wherever he went, like a sheep leaving a little wool on every bush. "Then we are out of luck to come at the end," cries my Lady Douglas. "O, cela ne fait rien, il en recroit toujours." How courtly and sweet under Scottish trees must the good French tongue — edged with compliment and pointed with wit — have sounded to the accompaniment of womanly laughter. "I ached all over with laughing," writes Lady Harriet.

When "Monk" Lewis came to stay, a Banshee was set up in the old castle; but when Walter Scott, advocate, was a guest, Romance in person came to stay at Bothwell. In 1799 he was, as he himself describes it, "like a pedlar setting up business on two ballads"; but he carried in his head and on that wondrous tongue of his all the ballads of the 'Minstrelsy,' all that mass of curious lore which he had drawn from tradition, from law studies, and from boundless reading,—all the romance of his native land, all the humours of her people.

Lady Douglas had met him at Dalkeith; and, as Dalkeith and Bothwell shared all their good things, had invited him to be her guest. The fragment of a ballad which was to tell of "Bothwell's sisters three" was begun to please his kind hosts. To this same listening party he must have told the tale of that traveller of the fifteenth century who, in a town in the Holy Land, heard a woman singing to her babe in the Scottish tongue, "Bothwell's banks are blooming fair."

One morning was spent in an excursion to Craignethan, another ruined castle on Lord

Douglas's property, afterwards to become famous as the original of Tullietudlem. Perhaps Walter Scott already heard the tramp of victorious Covenanters up the avenue, and marked the pantry window from which the scalding brose descended on Cuddie Headrigg. He had a way of becoming abstracted in striking scenes. "The poet," writes Lockhart, "expressed such rapture with the scenery, that his hosts urged him to accept for his lifetime the use of a small habitable house enclosed within the circuit of the ancient walls." One can imagine the idea of securing such a neighbour flashing into kind Lady Douglas's imagination, and the frank courtesy with which Lord Douglas would second the suggestion. The offer was not at once declined; but the Sheriffship of Selkirkshire, to which Scott was appointed the next year, put it out of the question. One cannot regret that it was Tweed and not Clyde that received from Scott "that reverence which the Scotch pay to their distinguished rivers,"—the reverence that rang in Bailie Nicol Jarvie's voice when he said, "That's the Forth."

A pleasant imagination connects Bothwell with one of Scott's most spirited bits of poetry. Perhaps no other narrative poem starts with so happy a line as "Nine-and-twenty knights of fame." So entirely satisfied is the ear that no one asks, "Why precisely *nine*-and-twenty?" Now, in the stables at Bothwell Castle the stalls amount to the same unaccountable number. It is a fanciful conjecture, but one to be gladly entertained, that Scott, with his mind already possessed with the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' may have strolled into the stables of the Castle and noticed the feudal accommodation there. So the spirited ring of the syllables, "Nine-and-twenty stalls" of some answering groom, falling on his outward ear, sang itself to the inward sense into the martial music that we know.

From this time (1799) till her death in 1817, Lady Douglas was among Scott's dearest friends. If she was not so much his correspondent as Lady Louisa, it was probably because a family of twelve children and step-children and a wide circle of friends must have kept her pen busy. There is just a suspicion that such perfect sweetness of temper as was hers paid the price of its quality in a touch of indolence. "Lady Douglas cannot be far off when laziness is mentioned," writes Lady Louisa playfully; and Lady Mary Coke declares that it was her niece's one failing. Two gay and gracious notes to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe make one long to have more of her letters.

When she died in 1817, at the age of sixty-eight, to many who loved her half of life's pleasant things died with her. Thenceforth Lady Louisa could never speak of her except as *her* and *she*, and then only to Lady Douglas's own children,

—among her *own* children we must include her step-daughter, Lady Montagu, who was as much the child of her heart as Caroline, Lady Scott, who was her child after the flesh.

Those who have laughed with us and made us glad are secure of the happiest immortality: when the first sharp sorrow is past, we needs must remember and remind one another of ways and words and little precious characteristics. Writing to Lord Montagu after Lady Douglas's death, Scott recalls her happy in her garden in a checked apron, or masquerading as a Banshee, yet adds that the great and majestic Lady would be resumed the next moment.

Is it possible that the image of Lady Douglas's life, unconsciously creeping into Sir Walter's "study of imagination," helped to mould the most admirable of all his feminine creations, the character of Jeanie Deans? The suggestion is startling, but it comes from the pen of Lady Louisa Stuart, whose discernment is rarely at fault, and whose use of language was sober and deliberate. She is writing—and it is the finest of all her letters—her impressions of the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian.' She congratulates Scott on having effected what many had tried to do, and nobody had succeeded in—making the perfectly good character the most interesting—and she goes on thus:—

"Is it possible that you had at all in your eye what my wishes pointed to when I wrote to you last winter? If not, you will think the question strange; yet, with all the differences of situation, improvement, refinement, &c., nay, with all the power to charm and dazzle, there was a strong likeness of character: the same steady attachment to rectitude, the same simplicity and singleness of heart, the same inward humility, the same forgetfulness of self, the same strong, plain, straightforward understanding always hitting exactly right. . . . Let me dream that you designed this resemblance whether you did or not. . . . I would like it all the better for being so veiled by circumstances that the rest of the world would pass it by without observation."

If Lady Louisa is right, if Jeanie Deans, the peasant woman, the tutelary saint of Presbyterian Scotland, is indeed drawn from the daughter of a ducal house, brought up in the gay world of the sceptical eighteenth century, may we not claim that Sir Walter's creation was not only true to the eternally best type of womanly goodness, but of goodness of a specifically Scottish character?

THE NEW JUNE.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

XXIV.—A PAIR OF NOBLE LORDS.

THE return journey to London occupied the best part of that and the following day, but the time slipped by without giving John any good opportunity for conversation with his master. Sir Thomas was possibly tired, certainly preoccupied, and the few remarks he made were all of arrangements for the immediate future, a period which seemed to be causing him very serious thought.

John had not forgotten that these arrangements, whatever they turned out to be, would certainly involve himself, and he pricked up his ears when, on the morning after their return to the New June, he received an order to accompany his lord as far as Friday Street, where Sir Thomas intended to call upon his father the Earl of Kent.

For some time John waited in the hall; he talked with some of Lord Kent's squires, but all the time he was wondering vaguely how far the result of the conference would be in accordance with his own wishes; for he had learnt enough philosophy to be prepared for a good deal of disappointment at the hands of the great. Tom would certainly wish to do well by him; but Tom would have a hard bargain to drive for himself, and not too much thought to spare for others.

Nearly an hour had gone by when he was summoned at last. He saw as he entered the room where father and son were alone together that his apprehensions were justified: the old man looked agitated, the young one furious. Lord Kent gave John the scantest greeting, and called past him to the squire who had ushered him in to send a messenger to Lord Huntingdon, requesting the favour of his immediate presence.

The door was hardly closed again when Tom rose to his feet. "You must forgive me, father," he said in his shortest and quickest manner, "but if my uncle comes I go. I thought you and I might have managed our own affairs for once."

He turned before he left the room. "John," he said, "my father has been good enough to make me very generous offers: I leave you to accept them for me, but on one condition only; about that, remember, I can admit no interference, and you may tell my uncle so."

He was gone without a look behind him. Lord Kent's face relaxed to something like a grim smile; he shrugged his shoulders and turned to John.

"Tell his uncle!" he growled with some humour. "Ay! tell him, do!"

John smiled discreetly. "I

can hardly inform him of what I do not know," he said.

"Don't tell me that," cried the old lord, frowning again. "You know well enough, I'll be bound: I offer Sir Thomas an establishment of his own, and he wants a marriage with it—a marriage that is not mine to give, nor the king's either."

"Perhaps the lady's father ——" John began diplomatically.

"Don't play the fool with me, sir," cried the old lord. "You know as well as I do that the lady has no father."

"Her brother, then," said John.

"Her brother and mine are not on speaking terms."

"The marriage would be an opportunity for reconciliation."

Lord Kent shook his head gloomily. "You ought to know my brother better than that," he said; "besides, it takes one to begin a feud, but two to end it."

John thought he perceived a certain weakening of the resistance.

"My lord," he said in his most persuasive tone, "may I suggest—is it not almost certain—that on a proposal from you Lord Stafford would——"

The earl looked very uneasy: his eyes dropped, and when he raised them again it was not to face John.

"The thing is impossible," he said. "Whatever I do I must think of my brother's feelings first. I should offend him mortally by such a suggestion. But there is something in your idea, no doubt," he added, looking fixedly at John once more, "and when my lord arrives I shall be glad to hear you put it forward."

John's consternation showed plainly in his face,—the risk was to be all his, the profit everybody else's; but before he could speak Lord Huntingdon was announced.

John retired to the end of the room while the two brothers exchanged greetings and sat down to talk. They spoke at first of other business, and he had time to reflect upon the dangers of his position: he looked at the great men opposite him as a grain of corn might be supposed to look at the huge millstones between which it was about to pass. Their appearance fascinated him—they were now so unlike, and yet they must once have been so like one another. Both were big men of fine presence; both had the fair complexion, the hooked nose, the broad forehead, the prominent cheekbones, and the sharp chin, too small for symmetry: but even in these points there was a characteristic difference over all. Huntingdon was the red, Kent the yellow variety of the type; the one was florid, full-fed and choleric, an image of physical force, while the other with his drooping moustache and his pale beard divided into two small points after the fashion of the day, made but a weak and sickly effect beside him, and the contrast was heightened, both for good and evil, by Kent's superior refinement and a crafty look that peeped and was gone again like a lizard in a broken wall. Both, it is needless to

say, had more attractive aspects; but none of them were present to John's mind in this interval of apprehension.

Another moment and he found himself in the act of going through the mill. When he came to the name "Stafford," Lord Huntingdon's face turned from red to purple with a suddenness that was almost alarming, and John saw that the elder brother had marked the change with a quick furtive glance: he too, it was clear, had his apprehensions. When the proposal was at last fully before them it was Kent who at once declared it to be impossible.

"I have heard something of this already," he said to his brother, "and I can only repeat that from my point of view the idea is quite intolerable: the Staffords are enemies, and there it ends: I will be no party to asking anything of them."

Huntingdon had lost his hectic colour, but the heavy rings under his eyes remained darker than usual, and he was evidently finding the question an uncomfortable one.

"Body of God!" he said, "why must you send for me?"

"You have brought the boy up these ten years," replied Kent, "and in a matter of such importance I should naturally wish to hear your opinion."

Huntingdon uttered a contemptuous snort. "My opinion of the Staffords is that they are like pigs—more savoury dead than alive. I care little who knows it," he added, as he saw John start. His brutality was no new thing to one who had lived five years in the New June, but this time it was so shameless that even a squire must make some sign of revolt. John felt the indignant blood rush to his eyes.

"But I, my lord," he exclaimed hotly, "I care very much who knows it: and if your opinion is to be reported to Sir Thomas, I beg that you will choose some other messenger."

Huntingdon had a certain liking for John; he did not resent his rebellious tone, but he looked at him with callous and deliberate contempt. "What ails Sir Thomas?" he sneered.

Lord Kent intervened. "It appears that he has seen the girl."

His brother laughed, a boisterous cold-hearted laugh. "Love?" he cried. "That's soon settled: send him abroad—he can finish my Jerusalem jaunt for me."

Lord Kent seemed thunderstruck by the suggestion. "But what of this business of Richard's?" he asked in a lower tone.

"It won't ripen yet: if it does he can turn back, as I did."

He took up his gloves and slapped them upon his palm. "Leave it to me," he said; "I'll give him reasons."

When he had left the room Lord Kent sank back into his seat, a figure of dejection.

"A year!" he groaned; "I may be gone before that."

John looked at his dull eyes and shrunken yellow skin, and

thought that he might not be far wrong: his disease was no secret in the household.

"My lord," he said very earnestly, "could you not at least approach Lord Stafford?"

The old lord did not even raise his head. "I have done it," he replied, "and he refused us: a boy of eighteen! for God's sake don't tell Huntingdon."

XXV.—A PRINCE'S HOUSEHOLD.

The future had tumbled about John's ears: not one stone was left upon another, and for a day and a night he struggled breathlessly among the ruins. Then the old lord sent for him again.

"John," he began, "you are a man of some ambition, and possibly of some sense. At any rate, I am going to work on that assumption." He spoke firmly and with no trace of dejection.

"Yesterday," he continued, "was one of my bad days: we had to acknowledge a check, and I was troubled, for I have only a certain time before me, and none to waste on unnecessary delays."

"I don't understand," replied John, "at least I hope not."

The Earl smiled faintly at this well-meant effort. "Thank you," he said, "but I would rather you looked facts in the face. I am a doomed man; but I am not a dead man, and I don't mean to wear a shroud while I can still use a sword. I shall build as if I had a long lease, and if I drop, Tom must carry on: that means that the sooner he gets his training done the better."

He paused and gave John a searching look. "What did you make of the Colne affair?" he asked.

John felt uncomfortable. Something in the crafty eyes of the questioner brought back the shadows of that night. Instinctively he summoned to meet them the recollection of the morning sun that had put them to flight.

"I thought Sir Thomas was splendid," he replied; "he looked like a picture of St George."

The Earl probably despised this touch of enthusiasm: but he observed with perfect impartiality all human weaknesses, since they were all possible opportunities for his own cool hand.

"Well, well," he said, not ungenially, "saint or no, I thought myself that he made a rather striking figure of a young prince."

"He did indeed," answered John quickly, and then flushed, as he realised that he had assented before he had fully understood. He glanced at the Earl, but saw only a mask of innocence.

"The king destines his nephew for an important part in his scheme of reorganisation; the arrangements are already made, but will take some time longer to mature; we have perhaps a twelvemonth at our

disposal. I was a little startled when my brother Huntingdon suggested a long voyage—a man in my position does not care to lose sight of his immediate successor. But the successor to great affairs must be one who has seen the like: Sir Thomas must be shown something of other kingdoms and their government."

The mask continued to stare innocently in John's face.

"I daresay," the Earl went on, "you have heard all about Henry of Derby's two voyages."

This time John started outright. "But my Lord of Derby——" he began, and stopped short.

"The cases are not perhaps entirely parallel, but what is the point at which you find the comparison so impossible?"

This time John had seen the danger ahead; he bolted hurriedly down the most obvious by-path. "My Lord of Derby took three hundred men—quite a small army—with him," he said, in as natural a tone as he could muster.

The Earl was not likely to have missed the dexterity of the turn, but his look was still one of perfect unconsciousness.

"Very true," he said, "Sir Thomas would gain nothing in Prussia or Barbary: war against savages is no lesson for a Prince. In the end, you may remember, Derby himself sent his army home, and went to Jerusalem—like any other gentleman of his rank."

"Jerusalem——" John was in the dark now, and hesitated to commit himself.

"Yes," said the Earl briskly, "Jerusalem: that includes, of course, France, Milan, Venice, and anything else you please. You will go straight out, as fast as you can travel, and pay all your visits on the way back: so that for the last two-thirds of the time you will be constantly nearer home and more within reach of a possible summons from England."

John bowed: the idea began to gain upon him, and without forgetting his castle in the air, so lately ruined, he began at once to make a fresh one. The new towers would take longer in building, but they would be loftier, and their inhabitants would be the same.

The old lord seemed to hear his thoughts. "It is natural and right that you should have your ambitions," he said, "only remember that the better you serve my ends the better you serve your own. So the future will bring its rewards with it; but in the meantime I must put you into a position where you can do what I expect of you."

John's heart beat fast, and once more the other's instinct dogged its galloping.

"Yes, you will be a knight—when my son attains his full rank: while he is Sir Thomas you are plain John Marland. But I can do something for you at once."

He took a paper from the table and handed it to John, whose eye was instantly caught by the word "Curia" written large at the head of a long list of offices. The Earl commented aloud as he went through them.

"The expense will be considerable, no doubt," he began, "but the king's nephew must travel with as good a household as his cousin of Derby, though he need not make himself ridiculous with a toy army. The Steward and Chamberlain must be knights, and of some standing—I suggest Sir Hugh Dolerd and Sir Walter Manners. You may take your choice of the other places."

John read the list through a second time: in the first column, after the Steward and Chamberlain, came the Receiver-General, the Treasurer, the Auditor, and the Controller of the Household; the Butler and the Lord's Clerk or Secretary; the Almoner, the Herald, and the Chaplain and Confessor. He passed to the second column, and found there the various valets, with or without pages, the clerks to the wardrobe, buttery, spicery, and kitchen, the minstrels, henchmen, physicians, surgeons, barbers, cooks, and waferers. His face fell: he turned back to the beginning once more, and the blood mounted to his temples. Lord Kent watched him with a smile, but left him to speak for himself.

"My lord," said John at last, "I am sorry to find here no place in which I can serve Sir Thomas—or any one else."

"If you had," said the Earl, "we should have bid you good day."

He took the paper from John's hand and turned it over: on the back was written "John Marland to be Master of the Horse and Marshal in Hall."

"When you are moving continually," he said, ignoring John's expression of thanks, "the two offices go very well together: the arrangement worked satisfactorily, I believe, in Derby's voyage."

John acquiesced with decision.

"You will draw knight's wages," added Lord Kent in a flattering and sympathetic tone.

John bowed as stifly as he could. "I understand by that that I am to be accountable only to Sir Thomas?"

"Certainly," replied the Earl, "and will you now ask Sir Thomas to speak to me."

His crafty eyes followed John with satisfaction as he left the room. The new Marshal's feeling was less clear: it was not until he had put some distance between the old lord and himself that his rise in life brought him any sense of exhilaration. Even then he would have given both his offices and all his pay for the smallest pair of gilded spurs.

XXVI.—FAREWELL FANTASIES.

The remainder of the month went by in a whirl of preparation, for on the 1st of October the expedition was to start.

A longer time might have proved necessary, but every one showed goodwill, and everything worked with unexpected

smoothness. To begin with, Sir Thomas, to his Marshal's surprise, raised no objection whatever to the proposed voyage: he made, however, two requests of his father — first, that his brother Edmund should travel with him, and second,—it was by no means second in his own mind,—that he should not leave England without saying good-bye to Lady Joan.

To John's further astonishment, both concessions were granted at a word. As to Edmund — well, the old lord had been long accustomed to the absence of both his sons for a great part of the year; but after what had lately passed between him and young Lord Stafford, any further communication with that family might have seemed utterly impossible. Perhaps Lord Kent had other motives of his own, perhaps he felt his self-respect concerned in doing something to retrieve his late defeat: in any case, he succeeded in bringing about the desired meeting on neutral ground and with every appearance of accident. As far as any one could see, it was what he had calculated it would be, a formal and ineffectual occasion: in the presence of a dozen onlookers, some hostile and all vigilant, the lady was ice and the lover stone. But even icebergs and rocks are not always so inanimate as they appear: their voices are heard among them, and say much that is lost to the uninitiated ear. Besides, there is always one unwatched moment; and barriers may fall in a moment which years could not build up again. Probably Lord Kent's vigilance was less successful than he believed. Something at any rate escaped him, for he would have been surprised to hear the message which Tom delivered to his Marshal on the evening of their crossing, as they leaned together on the stern bulwark of the ship and watched the white cliffs shrinking into the distance.

"I say, John," he began in his abrupt way, "I can tell you now. She sent you her good wishes, and hoped that you would always love what she loved, and hate what she hated. I was not to say that until we had left England."

"I don't understand," replied John, "it sounds so unlike her."

"Unlike her!" exclaimed Tom; "what do you mean? Unlike whom?"

"Well, whom were you speaking of?"

"My good man, whom should I be speaking of?—Lady Joan, of course."

John reflected hotly on the egotism of the great; not recognising that in certain moods all men are alike.

His lord pursued him remorselessly. "I see how it is, John,—you were wrapped up in your own concerns: if by chance it was Margaret Ingleby you were thinking of, I can give you a message from her too."

"Can you?" asked John.

"I told her you were to be my Master of the Horse, and she said, 'What a splendid title; but it won't sound quite so well in Palestine, where all the horses are asses!'" His

laugh was intentionally loud. John ground his teeth in silence; angry as he was, he saw that it would never do to quarrel on a point like this: the suggested nickname might be fastened upon him for the remainder of the voyage.

"I say," inquired Tom in the cheery manner of youth, "you're not hurt, are you?"

"Not at all," replied the Master of the Horse, laying an ambush in his turn. "I was thinking over what Lady Joan said: as coming from her, of course it is more intelligible."

"Very good of you to say so," remarked Tom complacently: it was pleasant as well as intelligible that his lady should wish his dependents to love him—above all to love him as she did,—a very happy phrase. John had his antagonist beneath his foot now.

"Good lord!" he exclaimed, "you don't suppose we are all talking of Sir Thomas Holland, do you?"

"No, I don't," replied Tom in confusion; "but Lady Joan certainly——"

"Certainly not," said John; "you are completely mistaken. Lady Joan was referring to a conversation I had with Margaret Ingleby that day on the moor in Yorkshire."

"How do you know that?" asked Tom.

"It was about the king and the Duke of Gloucester."

"Why should she mean them rather than——" he hesitated.

"Rather than your lordship?" said John. "Well, then, why should she ask you to say nothing till we were out of England?"

Tom's pride struggled hard.

"I don't believe you are right," he persisted.

The Master of the Horse gave the *coup-de-grâce.* "We'll ask your brother," he said, looking about him towards the crowded end of the deck. "I am to love what Lady Joan Stafford loves, and hate what she hates—that's the riddle, isn't it? And you say the answer is——"

Complete surrender followed, and then peace. Each had escaped a dangerous moment, and though they often spoke afterwards of Lady Joan, and sometimes of Margaret, the message and the jest were never heard of again. But they had done their work: they had come to the mill where all is grist that will feed the unresting wheels.

XXVII.—FROM WEST TO EAST.

The young men enjoyed their long journey across Europe, and considered it a new experience. Certainly it abounded in small novelties, but in any wider sense it was really less of a change than they had expected. France they had visited before: they spoke French after a fashion, and numbered plenty of Frenchmen among their friends or acquaintance. Of Italy they knew less; but they had trafficked with Florentine bankers, worn Milanese armour, and drunk Venetian wines.

Tom and Edmund had even a strain of Italian blood, drawn from that Alasia di Saluzzo who had married a FitzAlan some generations back. It is true that the landscape of the South was unfamiliar to them; but they were of an age to think more of men and manners than of landscape, and there has always been a great sameness in the blend of obsequiousness and inefficiency which the wealthy traveller encounters along his route. From hostelry to hostelry, from abbey to abbey they went, with no more and no less monotony than would have attended a journey at home. The hospitality of Courts would have provided more variety, but that was not to be their portion on the outward route: Sir Thomas was travelling almost incognito, and they seldom passed two nights under the same roof. In short, they kept very much to themselves, and carried England with them in their little Curia of forty souls: their thoughts, their talk, their jests were English, they rode on English horses all day, got their songs and sermons from William the Singer and Nicholas Love, ate and drank in the English fashion all evening and dreamed English dreams all night, till at the end of ten weeks they rode into Mestre in the December twilight and looked across the cold dead water of the lagoon.

Indoors they found Sir Hugh Dolerd and his men, who had been sent ahead to make arrangements for the passage to Jaffa. The Senate, on receipt of Sir Thomas Holland's application, backed by a letter from King Richard himself, had been pleased to grant him the use of the *Veniera*, a galley commanded by Ser Santo Venier, which had just returned from the ordinary winter pilgrimage: they had also voted a sum of two hundred and fifty ducats for presents to the young lord. Sir Thomas was delighted: but John smiled to himself over the discovery which he made soon after, that the Earl of Derby's claims on a similar occasion had been assessed at fifty ducats more. He persuaded the Treasurer of the Household to make a note of these figures in the margin of his accounts for the information of Lord Kent on their return to England. Tom was too innocent of royal ambitions to need rebuke.

The horses and more than half the company were left behind at Mestre to wait in winter quarters for their lord's return from Palestine. The more important members of the household accompanied Sir Thomas to Venice, where a lodging had been provided for them on the Riva, conveniently placed between the Piazza and the Arsenal, where the *Veniera* was lying. Her refit had been some time in progress, and in another fortnight she would be ready for sea.

Meanwhile there was Venice, strange and beautiful even in December. The travellers went busily about their buying and their sight-seeing. They were never tired of exploring the high romantic labyrinth of the canals, where they found a

childish pleasure in the long silences, broken suddenly by the musical cry of the boatmen and the swirl of the water at a sharp corner; or they floated idly by the island of San Giorgio at the unforgetable moment when the Ave Maria bell rings over the breathless lagoon, and watched the winter sunset burning the ripples from gold and blue into orange and purple, and then leaving them in an instant to fade from wan yellow and white through silver and cold greys into the final mystery of darkness.

Perhaps for one day their delight was unconscious: certainly before two days were over they realised how great a distance they had come. Their old life lay far behind them and across a gulf, for at Venice they were more than half-way towards the East.

XXVIII.—THE VOYAGE OF THE *VENIERA*.

On the 22nd of December the weather suddenly changed. Up to this time it had been remarkably warm and still, but a keen wind now began to blow from the north-west, which, as Ser Santo pointed out, was good for nothing but a run down the Adriatic. The travellers agreed to make the best of it as he advised, hastily added to their store of warm clothing, took farewell of their magnificent Senatorial friends, and went on board the galley, which was now lying off the Lido Channel, some miles out of Venice. On the day before Christmas Eve, the same being a Thursday, the *Veniera*, with a steady breeze behind her, set sail for Zara.

The Jaffa voyage usually took about six weeks: the time was unnecessarily prolonged by the frequent calls made at such ports as Ragusa, Corfu, and Modon, with the double object of amusing the pilgrims, to whom this trip was probably the event of a lifetime, and of giving the ship's crew opportunities of selling the contents of the pedlar's bundle which every man on board was allowed to take with him. But the *Veniera* was now hindered by no considerations of this kind: speed was her object; she carried a single party of a dozen instead of her usual motley crowd of passengers, and her crew were picked men highly paid; above all, the *provenza* continued to blow day after day, to the immense and unconcealed pride of the young *patrono*, who seemed at times to regard this good fortune as a tribute to his own seamanship, and at times to accept it with superb humility as one more favour from heaven to the ducal family of Venier. Whichever it may have been, it brought the *Veniera* safely to Jaffa within five weeks.

She arrived, too, at an opportune moment: the *Sabbatino* or Deputy-Governor of Jerusalem had come down to Jaffa on affairs of his own, and was

on the point of returning home. He had had a very prosperous season of extortion with the last regular batch of pilgrims, and saw his advantage in encouraging others to come, like Sir Thomas, between the ordinary winter and summer sailings. For a comparatively reasonable price he offered to escort the Englishmen to Jerusalem himself. Ser Santo, who had a special licence from the Signory to accompany the travellers on land, closed with the offer at once, and in two days' time the whole party were safely lodged in Mount Sion with the Hospitallers of St John. To the great relief of at least one pilgrim, the animals provided for the journey were in this case all horses.

XXIX.—GERUSALEMME IRREDENTA.

The nine days which he spent in Jerusalem John found to be the weariest of his life. The way of the sight-seer is always hard; it is doubly so when a continual demand is made not only on his attention and admiration, but on the highest imaginative power, the deepest emotion, and the most heroic credulity of which he is capable. Many of the scenes which the pilgrims visited were beautiful, and in some their feelings were rightly touched: but the true moments were but moments in long hours of standing and staring, while every sense was deadened by the mechanical patter of their dragomen and the pitiless hurry in which they were shepherded from one to another of the innumerable holy places. Above all, John never forgot the misery of the three almost sleepless nights which he and his companions spent, according to the universal custom, in the Church of the Sepulchre. The filth and squalor surrounding the place, the insolence of the Moslem officials who locked them in at night and let them out in the morning, the greed and triviality of the friars who acted as showmen of the most sacred spot on earth, and the ceaseless quarrels of the nine Christian sects who inhabited it—all these were bad, but they were not the worst. Depressing beyond everything else was the feeling of utter disillusionment, the sense of groping in an underworld of frauds and counterfeits, where even the little that might really have been priceless was lost among monstrous fictions, or heaped over with tawdry ornament.

It was a very dispirited company that sat in the upper chamber of the hospital on the last night of their stay. The room had been given up for their sole use by the courtesy of the Prior of St John, but they had hitherto spent very little time in it: this evening, when they had finally escaped from their guides, and had a few hours left to themselves, they were sitting together in

front of a small fire and taking a very sober retrospect of the week.

"If you ask me," said Sir Hugh, the Steward, "I say, under correction of Dom Nicholas, that the whole thing is little better than a peep-show at a fair."

"Don't," said Edmund in a low voice: he laid a hand appealingly on Sir Hugh's knee, and his eyes glistened in the dim candle-light almost as if there were tears in them.

Nicholas looked at him with great affection: then moved his chair briskly, and took up the Steward's challenge in as cheerful a tone as was possible without arousing suspicion.

"I know what Sir Hugh means," he began, "but I confess that I for one am very glad to have been here. We have seen many things that we shall never forget."

"Certainly," said Sir Thomas with approval,—"many things that were well worth seeing."

"I don't know what they are," rejoined Sir Hugh; "the only thing I cared to see, these infidel dogs refused to show me. They say there are a thousand lamps always kept burning in that big mosque of theirs: I should like to have counted them."

Sir Thomas continued to make the best of his expedition. "I daresay those lamps are just as visible outside as inside: about as genuine as the rock from which Mohammed ascended into heaven."

"The mosque is real at any-rate," persisted Sir Hugh, "and they ought to show it."

"What has impressed you most, Sir Walter?" Nicholas asked the Chamberlain.

"The river Jordan, I think: I brought away a jarful for the christening of my next grandchild."

"You have forgotten the walls," said his lord; "you remember we thought the view of them very fine from outside."

"The Church at Bethlehem," added John, "seemed to me the most beautiful building I had seen since we left Venice."

"But none of those things," argued Sir Hugh, "are what we came to see: none of them are in Jerusalem."

"N—no," said Edmund quickly, his eyes lighting up for a moment, "b—but Godfrey de Bouillon's sword is, and that is real enough."

"It was once," murmured the monk half to himself.

"Come, Nicholas," said Tom, "you haven't told us your own choice yet: you are not one of the disappointed ones?"

Nicholas looked up, and John saw that his face had taken the frank impenetrable expression which generally served as a mask for his ironical mood.

"Disappointed? not I," he replied; "I thought everything quite genuine—transparently genuine: and yesterday I caught a glimpse of the Holy Land itself."

Tom looked puzzled. "Yesterday?—I thought you were with us."

"I was at the Place of Wailing."

"So were we," said Tom, "but I saw no view — except a view of some miserable Jews howling."

"I liked those Jews," Edmund remonstrated; "they wail outside the wall because if they went into the mosque they might tread upon the place where the Holy of Holies used to stand, without knowing it."

Tom ignored this plea. "By the way," he said to Nicholas, "I meant to ask you if you knew what it was they were groaning into the wall."

"It was the seventy-fourth Psalm."

The words seemed to convey no very exact information to any of the company, except perhaps to William the Singer, who leaned forward to listen from his place outside the circle.

Nicholas turned to John. "My Lord knows it better as *Ut quid Deus*," he said, "but it is worth hearing even in English." He began to recite it in a quiet tone that had more sadness than passion in it.

> "O God, wherefore art thou absent from us so long: why is thy wrath so hot against the sheep of thy pasture?
>
> "O think upon thy congregation, whom thou hast purchased and redeemed of old.
>
> "Think upon the tribe of thine inheritance, and Mount Sion, wherein thou hast dwelt."

He paused, and there was a moment's silence.

"It has a fine sound," said Sir Thomas at last, "but it doesn't come well from the Jews. They reap what they sowed, and then complain of it. I hate that."

"Yes," replied the monk, "we naturally hate and despise Jews almost as much as we hate and despise our baser selves. But they have their use: they have expressed national repentance in a very convenient form."

"Convenient for those who need it," said Sir Thomas, "but no other people have ever rejected their Redeemer."

"No," replied Nicholas, "we will not compare our case with theirs. Perhaps I did not mean to say 'convenient.'"

The irony entered deep into John's soul: he understood, if no one else did, the tremendous accusation that lay behind the plain words and simple tone; how could he endure to sit by in silence and hear his boy-lord blunder into an argument, which, as he knew only too well, needed very wary fighting.

"I don't think you have quite taken Nicholas's point," he broke in,—"not that we need discuss it here, but I know that he has a fixed idea about the condition of England just now: he thinks the ruling class are oppressive and lawless and revengeful. He seems to me to forget that there are times when a man must strike, and strike hard too, if he is to do his duty at all. But we need not talk about it now, — it has nothing to do with this country."

Tom saw no reason for

cutting the argument short—it rather interested him. "I daresay there is something in what he says, John," he remarked; "you and I have seen some pretty hard cases lately. But times will mend soon; and if you won't mind my saying so, Nicholas, I think you mustn't expect us to take so clerical a view as you do of these matters."

"Forgive me," replied the monk; "it is the wailing of those poor Jews that has got into my head.

"'O deliver not the soul of thy turtledove unto the multitude of the enemies, and forget not the congregation of the poor for ever.

"'Look upon the covenant; for all the earth is full of darkness and cruel habitations.

"'Forget not the voice of thine enemies: the presumption of them that hate thee increaseth ever more and more.'"

Sir Thomas reddened: the point was plain enough now, and he thought his chaplain was pressing him too far.

"My dear Nicholas," he began, with some attempt at severity, "you should remember that if you love England, so do we; and some of us feel strongly that the real patriot is the man who believes the best of his country."

"Ah!" replied the monk in the candid tone of one forced to an admission, "certainly the Jewish patriots never did that: they knew the worst, and could only hope the best, of theirs."

John made an impatient movement at this renewal of the attack. Sir Thomas misinterpreted the gesture as agreeing with his own thought.

"I cannot see," he replied to Nicholas, "why you keep dragging in the Jews. Their history is very good, of course, for clerical purposes—for teaching and preaching and that sort of thing, and we know that it was written for our edification; but as a matter of record the Jews themselves seem to me to come very badly out of it. And whatever they may have been once, you cannot be serious in comparing them with us—now. Look at our wealth, our dominions, our famous battles and naval victories,—look at our position in Europe——"

"Think of our beautiful forests," Edmund chimed in, "and all our castles and cathedrals."

"Besides," added his brother, with an argumentative rise in the pitch of his tone, "how can the Jews of to-day understand anything at all of patriotism when they don't own an acre of land: they *have* no country."

"But they seek one to come."

The deep tones fell upon the altercation and silenced it, as if by irresistible authority: on the outer edge of the circle stood William the Singer, of whose very presence everyone had been oblivious. As they now turned and looked at him in astonishment he seemed to be changed—the same, and yet wholly changed, as a wandering king might be who should suddenly reveal himself without bodily putting off his disguise. His dark eyes looked beyond the company before him with a sombre glow in their depths: his right hand

was half-raised, half-outstretched, and his head bent a little forward, as if he were speaking to some one too far distant to hear his voice but too near his heart for silence to be any longer possible.

"You that are lords of England and masters of manhood, for what will you sell the birthright of your sons? For a little earth, ye that have earth enough? for a little gold, ye that have gold already? for one more cup of wine before the lights go out—wine of oppression, wine of hatred, wine of anger, red wine of strength without softness and of fire without comfort? What think ye to leave behind you? What is it that ye heap up with the labour of giants? Kingdoms of dust, cities and walls of dust: dust for the hungry, dust for the thirsty, dust for the portion of all your children's children. O Jerusalem, dream of the world, visit now the eyes of these men, that they may love thee and live. For the folk and realm that serveth not thee shall perish: yea, those heathen men shall be destroyed by wilderness. But the sons of them that made thee low shall come low unto thee, and all they that despised thee shall worship the steps of thy feet, and they shall call thee the city of the Lord, the Zion of the Holy One of Israel. Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated so that there was none that passed by thee, God shall make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations. He shall also make thy officers peace and thine exactors rightfulness. Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, neither destroying nor defiling within thy coasts, but Health shall occupy thy walls and thy gates Praising."

His voice trembled to the close with so tender and self-forgetful a passion that John, who knew it of old, felt an unreasonable weakness blind his eyes for a moment. His companions were all moved, each in his own degree of sensitiveness: it was for Sir Thomas to relieve the general discomfort.

"William," he said, with a sternness half intended for his own encouragement, "I think you have forgotten yourself: we shall be glad to see you again when you have slept off your excitement."

The singer went out quietly as if of his own motion. At the door he turned and bowed with a simple dignity which made matters worse rather than better for those who remained. The Controller of the Household rose and kicked his chair out of his way. "Half Lollard and half madman, I should say," he growled to his neighbour, Sir Walter.

"I thought they were one and the same thing," replied the Chamberlain, and added in a lower voice, "I never understood why they brought the fellow."

John overheard him. "It was my doing," he said fiercely: he did not know with whom he was most angry.

XXX.—ONE WAY OF GOVERNING.

The *Veniera's* return voyage was hardly less prosperous than her outward run: her oars were seldom needed, and by the 18th of March she was once more lying in the Arsenal at Venice, ready to refit in haste for the ordinary spring pilgrimage. Letters from England were waiting for the travellers. The earlier ones brought no news of importance; but a later packet contained some guarded instructions to John from the Earl of Kent, and gave an account of the situation at home. Affairs were moving, but with extreme slowness: Richard was more firmly set than ever upon his proposed marriage with the young Princess Isabel of France, while the Duke of Gloucester continued to protest violently, in private and in public, against any such alliance. His view was popular with the poorer lords and knights, whose livelihood depended largely upon a renewal of the French war; but there was little sign of any positive disloyalty among them, and on the whole the king appeared to be getting the best of the game, for he was at any rate going forward. The Earl Marshal and the Earl of Rutland had been appointed ambassadors to Paris, with full powers to treat for the marriage, and Gloucester had not ventured to press his opposition beyond the use of bad language—a foolish method, for it left in Richard's hands the power of choosing his own time for calling his adversary to account. In short, Lord Kent was satisfied with the trend of events, and saw no reason at present why his sons should cut short their Italian tour.

So far the letter was evidently intended for the information of Sir Thomas, as well as his Master of the Horse, to whom it was addressed as to a confidential servant practically in charge of his young lord. It contained, however, an enclosure, marked for John's private perusal, and to be destroyed as soon as he had read it. John saw at once that the longer he delayed about this the more likely was his position to become embarrassing: if he could get even half an hour to himself he could master the contents of the document, put them beyond the reach of any one else, and decide on the line to take in replying to Sir Thomas, who had seen the enclosure when the letter was opened, and would be certain to inquire the meaning of it. He accordingly made a hasty excuse, and ran out of the house without giving any one a chance of stopping him even for a moment.

It was still early in the day, and the Riva was plentifully sprinkled with people of both the idle and the busy varieties; it was no place for a man who desired privacy. John walked at his best pace towards the Piazza, for he remembered that until he reached the angle of the Doge's Palace there was no

available turning for a man on foot, and he was still afraid of being overtaken by one or other of his companions. He went so fast as to cause a good deal of inconvenience to two well-dressed Italians, who had followed him from the first moment of his exit from the house.

He was not to escape them for long. At the entrance of St Mark's he found himself in a crowd through which he could only pick his way with some difficulty: this entanglement, which he welcomed as tending to secure him against his friends, delivered him into the hands of his actual pursuers, of whose existence he was ignorant. They skirted the edge of the crowd, and when he finally emerged from it in the direction of the Merceria they came forward to meet him with a natural and courteous salutation.

John's knowledge of Italian was not very advanced, and he spoke it better than he understood it; but the strangers succeeded in conveying to him a message of invitation from the Magnificent Signore Contarini, who was at the moment in the Doge's Palace close at hand, and would be glad to see him immediately, if it was not inconvenient to him.

It was, of course, inconvenient, but John did not feel equal to explaining this without seeming discourteous; he was not even able, though he made some efforts, to discover what Signore Contarini wanted with him, or how he could have sent messengers to him so soon after his arrival in Venice. Possibly there was some mistake: but he had met and liked Contarini during his previous visit, and he ended by following his guides with reasonable cheerfulness.

They led him straight to the second floor of Calendario's building, which, as he already knew, contained the state-rooms set apart for the conduct of business by the highest officials of the Republic; but his memory of them was not very clear, and he passed through the hall of the Council of The Ten without recognising it. His guides knocked at a closed door on the far side of the hall; it was opened at once, and he found himself in a much smaller room whose name and use he had also forgotten. Its only occupant was an underling, who received an order from one of the two guides and disappeared without a word.

Up to this moment John had felt himself to be rather at a disadvantage, but in no real difficulty. After half an hour's waiting, and repeatedly failing to gain further information from his conductors, his mood changed and became first impatient and then suspicious. A quarter of an hour later he explained that he could wait no longer, and was informed by his two companions, with many apologies, that he would not be allowed to leave the room. The situation was no sooner made clear than his memory was suddenly illuminated: this was the Stanza dei Tre Capi del Consiglio, the

private room of The Three, the mysterious heads of the mysterious and omnipotent Council of The Ten.

The door opened, and three gentlemen entered. They wore long black robes over very rich costumes, and each of them bowed to John with severe dignity; they then took their seats at a broad table and motioned him to a place on the opposite side. At the ends of the table sat two secretaries; to right and left of John those who had been his conductors closed quietly in.

"Signore, we are much honoured by your ready response to our invitation, and if we have kept you waiting we pray your forgiveness."

The speaker was the eldest of The Three; he sat in the centre, face to face with John, and eyed him with so calm a gravity that his words sounded almost disdainful.

"Pardon me," replied John, "I was invited to meet a gentleman of the name of Contarini."

"A mistake possibly," said the Venetian. "In any case we are glad to see you. You have received letters from England."

"Private letters."

"Private?" replied his examiner; "are they not from the king's brother?"

"They are private letters."

"On public affairs."

"In any case," said John, controlling himself, "I do not see that your lordships are concerned."

"The Republic is concerned with the affairs of all nations."

"Then the Republic," John retorted, "must use its own sources of information."

The Venetian was quite unmoved. "It will do so," he replied. "But one of your letters contained an enclosure."

John was startled: no one but Sir Thomas had seen him open the letter; yet this could be no random guess. For a single instant he thought of destroying the paper before it could be taken from him. Then he remembered that he had not yet read it himself; the message was evidently of importance, and it would take months to get it repeated from England. In desperation he tried what frankness would do. "There was an enclosure," he said, looking the Venetian in the face, "but I know nothing of its contents."

"That can be soon remedied."

"Not so easily!" replied John, laying his hand on his dagger.

No one moved. "Surely," said the Venetian, "you do not suspect us of such means?"

"Nothing else will do," retorted John, a little ashamed.

The Head of the Council smiled. "Then the Republic must again use its own sources of information." One of the secretaries handed John a paper.

"Be in no haste to leave Pavia; there is a match there, if it could be drawn on, that would bring us more than a boy's first fancy. *Virtutum quœrite lucem.*"

John was bewildered. He read the words with difficulty, and the suggestion contained

in them was as strange to him as the clerkly Italian hand in which they were written.

"But how do I know this is genuine?" he asked.

The Venetian smiled again. "You might compare it with the original."

John's hand went mechanically to his pocket. The paper which it drew forth contained the same message, word for word, in the familiar hand of Lord Kent's secretary.

"It is Greek to me," he said with some vehemence—"Greek from beginning to end."

"The Republic can supply a translation," replied the Head of the Council, "if you will then tell us how you intend to act."

John was silent.

"Come," said the Venetian, who saw that he was really puzzled, "we will do our part first. We gather that the young Lord Thomas has formed an attachment in England; that his father, seeing obstacles to the marriage, has sent him abroad, perhaps to distract him, more probably to gain time, and now hopes that you may arrange a more advantageous alliance at the Court of Pavia. This, surely, is very easy Greek?"

John bowed, but remained obstinately silent.

"The Court of Pavia," continued the other, "has been, and will be again, at war with the Republic. For the moment we have a truce, but we should regret an alliance between that power and the King of England."

"The King of England!" cried John; "he is to marry Isabel of France."

"The present King of England is," replied the Venetian, "not his nephew."

John would have protested against this innuendo, but he remembered uncomfortably certain phrases of Lord Kent's and turned aside.

"You speak of the Visconti, but I see no reference to them. My lord suggests a match, but he does not say with whom."

The Venetian smiled once more. "*Virtutum quœrite lucem,*" he said, "that is not even Greek, it is plain Latin. Count de Vertus—Comes Virtutum—is the title of Gian Galeazzo, Lord of Milan and Pavia."

The whole tangle was now clear, and to his relief John saw the way out of it. He had but to disown intentions which he knew would be as repugnant to Tom's feelings as to his own.

"My lords," he said, "you make too much of this scrap of paper. It is only a suggestion, made without a thought of politics, and not to be communicated even to Sir Thomas himself. I am content to give you my word of honour, if you will allow me to destroy these documents, that I will neither speak of them nor act upon them."

The Three looked at one another and a word or two passed between them.

"We accept your offer," said their chief, and made a sign to one of the secretaries. The man handed a crucifix to John. The Englishman's dignity was offended: he reddened

and kept his eyes fixed on the gentlemen opposite.

The Head of the Council rebuked his secretary. "What is the use of that?" he asked severely, "the signore has passed his word: it was the brazier I called for."

The man hastened to bring a small brazier of charcoal, upon which John laid Lord Kent's message and the copy of it. As they shrivelled into ashes he saw once more the three Latin words, and remembered that only one of them had been explained to him. "*Quœrite lucem*"—what was the "light" they were to seek? He could not ask, for he had abjured the quest: but curiosity remained.

The Three now rose, and conducted him with great courtesy to the head of the staircase. Two of them took leave of him there: the third accompanied him to the entrance of the Piazza, and made a cordial parting in public, which no doubt impressed the crowd of loiterers.

It certainly had its effect on John himself: he forgot that he had been spied upon and arbitrarily arrested, he forgot that he had been coerced, though not against his inclination: he remembered only the courtesy, the power, and the intelligence of his examiners, and went home wondering why other kingdoms could not entrust themselves to a Council of Ten.

XXXI.—THE CITY OF THE HUNDRED TOWERS.

Six weeks afterwards, on a fine evening near the end of April, John had his first sight of Pavia, a romantic cluster of pinnacles silhouetted against a clear sunset sky. It was worthy, he thought, of its title—the City of the Hundred Towers,—but ninety-nine of the towers counted for little in his imagination compared with the hundredth one, the newest of all, that which rose above the great red Castello of the Visconti.

Visconti! the name haunted him, clung to him, seemed to have become a permanent part of his thoughts. For a month past he had heard talk of little but Gian Galeazzo: enemies in Padua, friends in Mantua or Cremona—every one speculated on Gian Galeazzo's future and told innumerable legends of Gian Galeazzo's past. The story was a confused and inconsistent one, but it was clear enough to impress itself on John, and strange enough to fascinate him completely. Besides, he shared to the full our natural love of investigating the smaller actions, possessions, and peculiarities of the great—a minute and genial inquisition which every one indulges in himself under the description of an interest in personality, even when he condemns it in others as a vulgar curiosity.

Whichever it was, Gian Galeazzo Visconti was the man to stir it irresistibly. He had been, from the first, so princely and so unlike all

other princes. A quiet intellectual boy, little given to pleasures, much to reading and thinking; prudent—even wise—beyond his years; content, as he grew older, to sit out of sight, above the luxury and violence of his contemporaries, directing them to his own ends, and abstaining from their boisterous enjoyment of the means. His friends fought his battles, his generals won them: he himself in his impregnable Castello coolly incurred the reputation of a coward to secure the continuity of his far-reaching plans. His conquests were only less vast than his ambitions; yet war was but one among his activities. He founded the Duomo of Milan, the Palace and University of Pavia; patronised art and letters, and was a financier of the first rank. His enemies spoke of him as irreligious, and also as the slave of a superstitious passion for relics. He was a prey, too, they said, to nervous terrors: yet again one of his crimes was the bold and unscrupulous dash by which he had forestalled his uncle in the game of beggar-my-neighbour. Villain or philosopher or both, he was the most brilliant man in Italy, and held himself and his family to be the equals of kings: his sister had matched with Lionel of England, and himself in early youth with a daughter of France. He was now re-married to his cousin Catarina, one of nine sisters whom their father Bernabo, the Scourge of Milan, had dowered with two million gold florins apiece and mated with sovereign princes from Austria to Cyprus. Decidedly this was a man to see, and John was now upon the point of seeing him.

The moment came even sooner than he had expected. Sir Thomas's visit had been arranged some time beforehand, and his Chamberlain had, as usual, preceded him by a day: the Duke was accordingly ready to receive him at once, and an invitation to supper was awaiting him on his arrival. It included all the officers of the household, and Sir Walter Manners understood that it would be a suitable occasion for full dress. There was no time to be lost, for the Duke's hour was eight o'clock, and punctuality was one of his strong points. When John reached his room he found his portmanteaus already open on the floor and a valet engaged in laying out his clothes. He remembered, as he dressed, that this evening would teach him, among other things, how to translate Lord Kent's Latin riddle: and he regretted that there would not be a soul in the Palace with whom he could share the pleasure of solving it.

(*To be continued.*)

MORE LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY CRICKETER.

VI.

To revert to the question of the preparation of grounds. Between forty and fifty years ago it used to be a standing source of bewilderment to me why on our school ground the match wickets, which according to our lights we carefully and laboriously prepared, were in nine cases out of ten atrociously bad, while those on which we played our ordinary school games often were, by comparison, passably, if not positively, good. In the course of eight years—for I went to a public school at the mature age of ten—I only saw one century scored on the school ground in a foreign match, and even that particular innings, if a treat in the way of free hitting, was, as I remember to my cost, anything but a chanceless display. As I was privileged to watch the same batsman a few days later score about a hundred and fifty in an almost perfect innings against the Gentlemen of England on the old Magdalen Ground, I could even then appreciate the fact that there was something radically wrong either about our turf or our system of preparation. But as I am afraid that I returned to the school ground with the impression that we did not do quite enough to our wickets, I did not learn much from my visit to Oxford. To-day I seem to see that we were really doing far too much to turf which might have produced, and indeed really did produce, more satisfactory results if left severely alone.

Here, as a matter of fact, were our systems for the preparation of our match and our game wickets. To take the latter first,—this at a period when, having become a bowler of sorts, I was beginning to take a stronger personal interest in the state of the wicket. To my study before breakfast, when we were supposed to be doing rather than discussing cricket problems, would stroll our school captain, ever dearest of friends and keenest of rivals, a year my senior in age and one place above me in the XI., like myself a fast bowler, and on his day, which came pretty often in his last season, a really brilliant batsman. Alas! that a mistaken sense of duty converted him into an oarsman at Oxford, and nipped in the bud the early promise of an exceptionally brilliant career as a cricketer!

However.

"I say, what can we have to-day? Church and State, eh? No, though, we've had that before. Besides, we're on the same side, and that won't do. Tall and short? Hang it all, same side again. What the mischief did you want to

start growing for? Much better have stopped as you were. Oh, I've got it—Sides of Dormitory. Yes," ticking off names rapidly on his fingers, "that'll do. You've got M—— and W——, and I've got the two A——'s. First class, isn't it?"

"Right you are! You pick your lot and I'll pick mine, and give you my list at breakfast. And then we had better go and pick a pitch, hadn't we? Will you tell old L—— to be out, or shall I?"

"Oh, he's sure to be there,—always is there."

And so, back to our Homer, or at any rate to the more legitimate order of the day, though I fear that neither the wrath of Achilles nor the beauty of Helen interested either of us quite so deeply as the rival claims of the last two or three candidates for places on our respective sides.

There was just enough time between breakfast and morning chapel to find a wicket, never in our case a very lengthy operation.

"Oh, here you are, L——; come along." This to the school professional, by no means a bad coach, and the most deliciously hittable bowler. "Sides of Dormitory to-day. Two o'clock sharp. Bring the tape along, and two stumps. Not quite in the middle. Hereabouts, I think. Here, this will do. Chuck us a stump. First-rate my end. Catch hold of t'other end of the tape. Now then, how is your end, L——?"

"Well, I've seed better, and I don't say as I ain't seed wuss. Not that there ain't a bit of an 'ump on the off-side—just about where you'll pitch, sir," with a side grin to myself.

"Hang the hump! She'll do all right, Tommy! Stick in the stump, L——."

"You be blowed!" with much emphasis from Tommy. "Shift the peg your end a couple of feet, L——. Now how is it?"

"Wuss nor before. There's an 'ole just agin where you'll pitch, sir, or leastways oughter so to do"—this quite a legitimate correction, for if Tommy got cross, he sometimes dropped them very short—"as I could get half my fist into."

"Well—oh, bother! there's the bell. Stick it half-way between the hump and the hole, L——. It'll be six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, and that's fair for both sides, isn't it? Mark it out, L——, and run the roller down it. Come on, old chap, we shall be late. By Jove, it's going to be hot. We *will* have a match!"

And most certainly the knowledge of the presence of the "'ump" on one side and the "'ole" on the other neither damped Tommy's nor my own enjoyment of the game, or caused us to moderate our pace, while the feelings of the other twenty players might be safely left to take care of themselves. For in the matter of cricket-pitches, as of other things, ignorance may often be accounted as bliss, and "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

How dangerous often may be judged from the following

description of the system in vogue for our match wicket preparation. There we literally assessed the value of a pitch by the amount of water —water, I may add, not always innocent of grit—wherewith we contrived to swamp it. Here is the process pure and simple, a process which would make Mr—I beg the gentleman's pardon, he has not got any, and therefore I suppress the meditated initial—Mr Blank's hair stand on end, if he saw it employed to-day. A week before the match deluges of water — as much water in fact as we could induce by promises, by threats, by an occasional application of the flat side of the bat, an impressed gang of workers to drag to the scene of action. These deluges repeated at intervals, sometimes in the cool of the evening, sometimes also under a baking sun, deluges like a doctor's draughts to be absorbed into the system twice or three times in the day up till the evening before or even the very morning of the match. Much rolling at intervals, also done by impressed gangs of labourers—a good many of the fags, by the way, wore hob-nailed boots,—not with a very heavy roller it is true, for the simple reason that we had not got the article, but with a very ordinary roller, whereof the initial weight was sensibly increased by the presence on the shafts of the four fattest boys available. Being myself of the lean tribe, I never aspired to the post of "sitter," but when it came to a solid half-hour's work in the heat of the day, I can safely avow that the *pro tem.* official had infinitely the best of the bargain. Under these circumstances, given a little luck, a little extra zeal on the part of the workers which made them dig their heels in, and a good hot sun, I do not believe that there was a square inch of sound turf in the whole thirty yards by three thus treated. The truly awful graves dug by fast bowlers furnished a sufficient proof of the absolutely rotten state to which we had reduced the ground by the time that we had finished with it.

Small wonder, then, that the scores ruled low, and that the batsman was often more relieved than depressed when he found himself safe back in the pavilion with all his members intact. The opposition batsman, I should say. With our own lot it was not so much that familiarity with danger bred contempt, but rather that we were so much accustomed to balls flying over our shoulders or threatening our ribs that we learned to accept the inevitable as a matter of course, and forgetting to be either frightened or amazed, instinctively cultivated the art of self-preservation. I can remember an old Rugbeian, one of the fastest amateur bowlers of his day, who put in three appearances against us in the course of my last session, thus summing up his performances on our ground:—

"I've never bowled on such an extraordinary ground in my life. I think I have got about

four wickets and sprained my ankle three times. If I pitch them short they go over your heads, and if I pitch them up I get hit to the devil and back again. You fellows ought to carry your wicket with you wherever you go, and I'll vow you'd win all your matches."

As a matter of fact, though we played against some unusually strong sides, we won every match except one on our own ground that season, and curiously enough the one set of visitors who beat us were far and away the weakest team we encountered. They only made forty odd runs, and we counted the match as already in our pockets. But their fast bowler found a spot on which the ball shot dead instead of bumping, and rattled us all out for just over thirty. And then the rain came down for the rest of the day.

It is possible that I owe the weakness of having never had, for more than a few minutes at a stretch, either the skill or the patience to play what is called correct cricket to the circumstance that I was trained upon a ground which the twentieth century cricketer would label "impossible." On the other hand, playing in my own class, of course, I have often thoroughly enjoyed myself upon a wicket that has badly found out more scientific batsmen. Nor should I ever write down the "lion on a lawn" as a really formidable antagonist in a *bonâ fide* country match. I will even go to the extent of saying that I thoroughly agree with the able writer of "Musings without Method" in thinking that cricket, if it is ever to be restored to its old state of joyous and primitive simplicity, will have to be regenerated upon the village green where hard knocks used to be taken as part of the day's pleasure, and gate-money was never dreamt of.

It is only on rare occasions that the old-fashioned wicket crops up nowadays in respectable society. But some fifteen years ago we found at St Peter's Port, Jersey, something very like it. Curiously enough, the wicket looked, like "some parts of the curate's egg," quite excellent, but the very first ball of the match furnished us with a fairly good sample of its real quality and kicking powers. It was long after the real devil—or if any one prefers the term, the original sin—had gone out of my bowling, and the pace of the ball was only moderate at the best. But it rose off the pitch like a rocketting pheasant, first missed the batsman's head, then soared gracefully out of reach of the outstretched hands of the wicket-keeper who was standing back, and eventually pitching for the second time close to the boundary, counted four for the opposition.

In the course of the same tour, on yet another ground in Jersey, our wicket-keeper found occasion to utter words of cheery consolation to a stout batsman who was ruefully contemplating the badly damaged brim of a new straw hat.

"Never you mind, sir—it saved your life."

And indeed, had the head-dress been either cap or Panama, old H. H. Stephenson's gloomy prognostications of an inquest might well have been realised.

A little inquiry as to the why and wherefore of these strange phenomena elicited the information that apparently excellent and guileless turf only thinly covers solid rock, and the effect of an excrescence in the substratum is similar to that produced by a badly laid "spot" on a billiard table. The modern park, or what may be called "hayfield" wickets, though seldom good, are commonly too slow to be really dangerous; but I was once considerably taken aback by the result of quite a slow ball which suddenly popped up on a wicket of this type, and as I thought hit a tail batsman—a groom for choice—on the chin. As it was the last ball of the over, I walked down the wicket to make my peace with the party whom I had thus most unintentionally assaulted.

"I am very sorry," I remarked, "but it's rather a funny wicket."

"Very funny," came the answer in a sort of muffled voice, and with that, to my horror, the speaker proceeded to spit out a mouthful of blood and the shattered remains of a good few front teeth.

Once again—I could not conscientiously advise a nervous, or perhaps I should say timid, batsman to make a strong point of soliciting a place in a match on a certain Abbey ground in Oxfordshire. And if he will have his own wilful way, let me recommend him to stipulate beforehand that the bowlers opposed to him be of the slow and sedate order. For that particular ground will always be in my mind associated with an unusually gruesome experience. Some one informed me the other day that the late highly esteemed secretary of the Surrey Club had been heard to tell a good story, of which the main point was that a single ball had got rid of three batsmen. It was my ill fate some years ago to figure as the principal actor — some readers may prefer "villain of the piece" — in a similar tragedy. Indeed, one way or another, four men lost an innings. For, on the ground in question, I had the bad luck to bowl a ball which was almost as disastrous in its results as the "dolorous stroke" of Balin — or was it Balan? Anyhow, it finished off the innings of the other side with a celerity so startling as to be quite dramatic. No one was more taken aback than the bowler. And this was the manner of it. The ball was bowled in the second innings of a moderately weak side, which we were by way of beating pretty handsomely. I may as well say that I got 0 myself, so that I may not be supposed to be blowing my own trumpet. Seven wickets had fallen in our adversaries' second innings, and a single innings victory for us was just on the cards. But the man who had gone in first was playing a good and plucky game, and stealing sharp runs

on every possible occasion. Presently a ball rose rather sharply and hit batsman No. 9 a nasty crack on the thumb. I can only hope—for I never knew—that the man was not seriously hurt. But a main point was that the thumb bled very freely and that the injured individual had to retire. Batsman No. 10 came in and took guard, and I was preparing to bowl to him when I noticed that his colleague at my end was leaning, with his back to me, on the handle of his bat. As he had run a hard three just before, and it was a hot, stuffy afternoon, I thought at first that he was merely taking breath, or perhaps had not noticed that we were ready to go on. After waiting a few seconds I asked him if he was ready. No answer. I repeated the question. Still no answer. Finally going up to him, I saw that his face was as white as a sheet.

"I am afraid that you are not feeling well."

"Not well," he repeated after me, and almost as he spoke he sank to the ground in a dead faint.

Then it turned out that he had a very weak heart to start with, was considerably run down at the time, that the exertion he had been making on a hot day was altogether too much for him, and that not improbably the sight of blood had completed the mischief.

When he in his turn had "retired ill," or in other words had been carried to the tent, Batsman No. 11 was invited to take his place. But either he was a chicken-hearted mortal to start with or the double catastrophe had temporarily unnerved him. No matter which—he absolutely declined to face the music, and was even heard to remark that he would "liefer take part in a prize-fight."

"You dangerous old devil!" a compliment that I am afraid has been applied to me before, some friend more candid than polite may remark. But let me point out that after all I had only rapped, or "tapped," the thumb of a single batsman—an accident that must occasionally occur to any bowler with any pretence of "devil" about his delivery. And I certainly could not be held responsible either for a weak-hearted man's fainting fit, another man's funking, or a fourth man's retirement from lack of a partner.

My own victim a few hours later was a little sore, perhaps, but in all probability not materially the worse for his day's outing. But the other poor fellow's proved to be a very serious case. Fainting fit succeeded fainting fit in rapid succession, and caused the doctors and many of us considerable anxiety. I was intensely relieved to receive a special message late in the evening, just as I was on the point of starting for Ireland, to the effect that he had really "come to" at last, and I hope that he has had many a good season since.

Infinitely sorry as I have felt when I have damaged a man who has been playing well, let me say that I have

no kind of sympathy whatever with the batsman who deliberately gives away his hands or his legs by way of protecting his wicket. Such a player knows beforehand that cricket is not played with a soft ball, and it is distinctly hard lines on a bowler to be written down as dangerous because a batsman, of *malice prepense*, chooses to put other things rather than his legitimate weapon in the way of the ball.

Two instances of this sort of thing readily occur to me. Poor Tom Pearce, the Herts professional,—what a charming fellow he was!—with whom one way or another I must have played forty matches, had a habit of playing a certain class of ball with his knuckles. Indeed, I fancy that he wore specially made gloves with a view to so doing. I was distinctly on the fast side at that period—*i.e.*, in the 'Seventies—and the usual result of the knuckle play when I was bowling was that Tom threw away his bat and danced about the wicket like a dervish, wringing his hand.

"Very sorry, Tom!" I used to say as a matter of form, but I cannot pretend that I ever really felt so. For two overs later the knuckle-stroke would be repeated, and not infrequently after the dervish dance was over the very next ball would be cut to the boundary.

Again, a Bedfordshire player, a man who played a really fine defensive game, whom I met either three or four years in succession, invariably kept his thumb on the blade of the bat. Naturally enough I smashed that thumb year after year, but he neither bore malice nor, I regret to say, learnt wisdom, but came year after year up to the scratch smiling and confident. Let me add that he never "retired hurt," but stood to his guns like a man, though he must have been suffering tortures, and used to put me off not a little by bleeding all down his bat.

Of batsmen who give themselves away—for it is not always the bowler's fault—from sheer awkwardness, I met with a noteworthy specimen on a college ground in Cowley Marsh. He, too, had a curious experience, painful—unless by any chance he was made of india-rubber — into the bargain, though not very lengthy. He was a big and well-developed man, with a tendency even to *embonpoint*, and judging from his figure, performance, and attitude, I should imagine that he would have felt more at home with an oar in his hand than with a cricket bat. Having arrived just in time to accept the first ball of a new over, he took guard, and presently assumed a crouching attitude, so that his body covered a good deal of the wicket. He missed or mistimed the first two balls, but the ground was a bit fiery, and they were just too high up to justify an appeal, albeit distinctly uncomfortable for the recipient,—it was after lunch, too! With the third ball he adopted new tactics, and retreated in the direction of short

leg,—quite the worst thing of all to do against a fast left-hand bowler who comes with his arm. Again the ball, quite well pitched, rose too high, and — what a vicious thing a cricket ball can be!—ran after him, and caught him a resounding thwack on the inside of the thigh.

For the third time I apologised.

"All right!" he said, and after a brief interval for rubbing we went on with the game. He had apparently been thinking as well as rubbing. So had I. My new idea was a yorker—his flight, this time in the direction of point. He took what is commonly called a flying start, getting well under weigh even before the ball had left my hand. It was unfortunate, under the circumstances, that my intended "yorker" should have blossomed out into a very fast and straight full pitch. Even so a less well-developed man might have won safety. Not so my too exuberant friend, though he bolted like a rabbit. A badly-shot rabbit, too, one of those which it had been better perhaps to miss altogether. Three parts of the fugitive were well past the wicket. But that other part? Well, he retired lbw, as clear a case as I ever saw in my life. For the ball would have hit the middle stump about half-way up.

"And I don't know as the party will find setting on an 'ard chair in the pavilion altogether comforrable," soliloquised our umpire. "No, that he won't, not as I reckons, for a month or more. You did him proper."

Years later a gentleman on the Richmond ground can hardly be imagined to have enjoyed his brief innings. In point of fact he sampled exactly one five-ball over, and he did not play that quite as it should have been played. To be sure the light—this was his account—was all wrong. Anyhow we moved the screen three times to accommodate him, and even so he was not altogether happy. Also I fancy that the remarks of a certain Irishman, who was fielding at point, tended to put him off a bit. It was the first ball of the innings, and might have missed the leg-bail by about three inches if the batsman's thigh had not providentially intervened.

"One — love," announced point in a stentorian voice.

The batsman did a good deal of rubbing, stared hard at point, patted the wicket, which was as hard as a board, and finally suggested that the screen should be moved. With much groaning and creaking on the screen's part, and sundry maledictions from the movers,—for it was infernally heavy,—the task was accomplished.

The second ball was the very ditto of the first, and was played with the thigh as before.

"Two—love," observed point.

Then rubbing, staring, patting followed in due course, and again a request was advanced that the screen might be shifted a few feet. It was moved accordingly.

The third and fourth balls found almost the same spot, both on the ground and elsewhere. Point scored both aloud, "Three—love; four—love," and after the fourth ball we moved the screen for the third time.

The fifth ball was a yorker, which the batsman tried to treat as a half-volley, with the usual result.

"Game!" pronounced point, and I wonder to this day why the batsman did not brain him on the spot.

This is a very egotistical paper. I apologise. But—well, I found myself described the other day in the Register, or whatever they call it, of my old school, as one of the most "terrifying" bowlers ever seen on the R—— or any other ground. Ought I to bring an action for libel against the writer? This is a point to be reserved for future consideration. All I know is, that to many batsmen whom I could name my bowling has been, judging from the way in which they treated it, the biggest treat imaginable. Still, twice in the course of my career I can claim that a batsman ought to have been entered in the score-sheet as "frightened out." Poor Scotton was one instance. He was almost at his best then, and I can quite understand that in his case the game of running the risk of being badly out over in a one-day match on a country ground was by no means worth the candle. He was playing for M.C.C. at the time, and deliberately ran himself out after sampling one and by no means a bad over.

"That was rather a rubbishy run of yours, Scotton, wasn't it?" I remarked to him in the luncheon interval.

"Thank—ee, Ah knows when Ah've had enough. That was a fonny sort of over to send down,—and to an old friend, too!"

Let me say that I only played against Scotton twice in my life, though he used to bowl to me—very badly, too—by the hour on the Magdalen ground.

He had previously come down once—this was before his best day—to play for M.C.C. against a so-called Banbury XI. And on that occasion he, Fred Morley, and myself managed to take six duck's eggs between us, and nobody else on the ground had any part or parcel in our destruction. I was easily caught and bowled by Morley in the first innings, and very finely taken in the country off his bowling by Scotton in the second. Morley I bowled twice, managed to dismiss Scotton with a fast shooter in the first innings, and in the second caught him close up to his bat off a slow ball which I had followed up, and to which he had played back. I accompanied Morley, who, not for the first time in his life, had been the last batsman, to the dressing-room, and there we found Scotton lying on a bench in a state of abject despondency, "bagging a brace" being possibly a novel and wholly unwelcome experience.

"Well, Scotton," I remarked, "you and I are both in the same boat. But I think we can call quits, can't we?"

"Quits!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Whoy, mine was a fair catch enough; but who would have thought of you coming grumbling and tumbling up the pitch like that?"

Poor Scotton! What an attractive batsman to watch he was in his early days, before he had attained quite the first flight! But oh! how wearisome later on, when he had been "By merit raised to that bad eminence," and condemned to adopt the tactics of too many international cricketers.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Very sick indeed must have been the hearts of many cricketers besides myself who sat and watched the Test Match at Lord's in 1905, and hoped by the hour at a time that somebody would presently hit something — even if it were the bowler the wicket — when England was batting.

On another occasion an amateur batsman, who was making runs quite well, was rash enough to remark—

"If that old beast goes on at that end, I shall walk out!"

Naturally enough I was at once invited to bowl from the end in question, and the batsman was as good as his word — walking out without more ado. This to the intense indignation of dear old Donnie Walker, who was playing on the same side.

We lost that match by a very narrow margin, and to this day I nurse a grudge against the slow-moving umpire who managed to intercept —fortunately for him, with the long tail of his coat only —two really hard drives.

Talking about Donnie Walker —once in my life I had a difference of opinion with him on the subject of the written and the unwritten law of cricket which bears on the lbw question. This occurred in the course of a match at Harrow, which we eventually lost, but should probably have won if even one of my three appeals for lbw off swerving full pitches had come off. But how fairly and squarely he met the question, and how absolutely in the right he was, if the wording of the rule is to be taken literally!

"Look here," he said, addressing me, when he saw on more faces than my own looks of dissatisfaction, "I am quite willing that some one else should umpire at this end. But while I am standing, I must say what I think; and my opinion is, that as you are swerving in the air today, that ball would have missed the leg stump by inches. I quite admit that the batsman's foot was in front of the wicket when the ball struck it, and a good many umpires would have given it 'out.' But do you think yourself that any one of those three balls would have hit the wicket?"

I could only reply in the negative—adding, however, the saving clause that I thought a full pitch case of lbw should

be given, and commonly was given "out."

"I don't think so myself," was his answer; "but I don't say that I am right. But please have another umpire, if you prefer it; I shan't mind."

A good many other men besides myself would cheerfully have allowed the dear old fellow to no-ball us to the end of the chapter, if we could thereby have added a few years to what was—we know it now—an unusually valuable life. Not always, I shall still venture to believe, is the good that men do "interrèd with their bones." On the cricket-field, and in the sterner game of life, the examples set us by good and straight-going men must leave their impress.

Yet, after all—so at least I was told last week—it was in the evening, after the day's battle had been lost and won, that I terrified a far younger cricketer to the extent of rendering him speechless and inconsolable till bedtime. Quite unintentional on my part. It was on this wise. We had been playing against a rather weak side of Eton Ramblers, and may be said to have fairly "taken them on" in the last match of what had been for them an unusually busy week—busy, I mean, in the field. For, if I mistake not, they had had the pleasure of fielding out for somewhere about seventeen hundred runs, and had even given away one match—partly of their own good-nature, and partly because the Malvern boys had proved equal to the emergency of performing an almost unprecedented feat in the way of rapid scoring. It was a stale and tired team then that opposed us, and we shelled them out with unexpected rapidity. Did their umpire, by the way, intend to pay me a compliment, or the reverse? What he said, addressing me quite suddenly, on the claim, I presume, of old acquaintanceship, was briefly this—

"Well, you are a wonnerful old man, to be sure!"

And Anno Domini is not a pleasant subject.

Possibly the remark had been overheard by a young opponent, and had set him thinking. For late in the evening, when I was playing Bridge and carefully considering the desirability of declaring "No Trumps," I felt a touch on my arm, and turned round to discover that a youth, whose face I hardly knew, had taken the trouble to bring a chair up to my side and was apparently anxious to inaugurate a conversation. Was he an interviewer, or what?

"You've been playing cricket for a good many years, sir, haven't you?"

A man whose attention is fixed elsewhere, and for whose declaration three other men are impatiently waiting, may be excused if he errs on the side of brevity in answering an equally unexpected and irrelevant question.

"You looked him up, and you looked him down, and you positively glared at him!" so the onlooker informed me, "and then you growled out 'rather

over forty,' and you so frightened the poor fellow that he bolted like a rabbit, chair and all, and sat down by himself in a corner of the room, and never opened his lips again." I myself, on the contrary, blissfully unconscious that I had either said or done anything unusual, proceeded to declare "No Trumps," and won both the games and the rubber. And, after all, "the most faulty men are they that are most loquacious in matters which do not concern them." So at least says an Arabian sage.

Both when watching—this on rare occasions only—and playing cricket it has sometimes appeared to me that a good many bowlers, who may be conscious that even their fastest and wickedest ball does not produce, when once delivered, the desired terrifying effect on the batsman, try to make up for the deficiency beforehand by adopting an extraordinary and what must be fatiguing action. There are those, for example, who bound about like a billy-goat which is meditating assault; others who measure out a prodigiously long run, upon which, starting like lions, they finish like lambs; and yet a third class inaugurate a sort of corkscrew run, by starting from some extraordinary place on either the off or the on side of the wicket. These latter must be a standing source of anxiety to a well-fed umpire, to whom the anticipation of a collision is almost as harrowing as the reality. If my memory is correct, the Indian brave who attempted to upset the bound Deerslayer's nerves with his preliminary antics rejoiced under the title of the "Bounding Moose." And I was irresistibly reminded of that character when I saw a gentleman who used to bowl well on occasion in first-class cricket go through his performances on a school ground. I think I may venture to tell the story.

We had lost the toss; the boys went in; and the "Moose," as I shall elect to call him, was commissioned to begin the bowling. Having carefully stepped out some ten yards, he turned abruptly, eyed the batsman for a moment, and then sprang wildly into the air. Having come down again on the same spot from which he had started, he ran two yards, leapt again, and so alternately leaping and running arrived at the crease and let fly. Out of the ground flew the off stump. There was a shout of "Well bowled!" and then our captain strolled up to me.

"Pretty good bowler, that fellow! Did you see the ball? It came off the pitch like lightning. Well pitched, too. I had heard that he was a pretty good bowler, and I'm glad I've seen him. I wonder where he was born, by the way. I must ask him afterwards. Oh! here comes young B——. I hope he'll get some runs. Not too many, though. I want to win this match."

All this in a mysterious whisper which added weight to his words.

The new batsman took guard,

looked round the field, and then—the "Moose" reproduced identically the same performance. Out flew the off stump for the second time, and "Well bowled!" echoed through the field, our captain, though I seemed to read sympathy with the young batsman on his face, leading the chorus. Again I was the recipient of his confidences, and this time the "Moose" was promoted to be a possible, nay even probable, candidate for the honours of opening the bowling against the Players at Lord's.

"I had heard that he was good, but I had no idea that he was quite as good as that—I do hope that he was born in——but never mind, I'll ask him presently," and the captain beamed all over.

After this sensational start the rest of the over fell rather flat, passing indeed without further incident. I think it was a "maiden," but the point is not material. There followed a bit of a stand, and now and then a loosish ball, and as the telegraph boy began to be busy, the captain's face ceased to beam, and passed through the various stages of surprise, doubt, mistrust, and suspicion.

"He's not quite so good as I thought," he confided to me once, as we crossed over, "but he's not a bad bowler, is he?"

And then—had the "Moose" lost his length or his heart, or what? Or was he by way of trying experiments? Certainly for the space of two overs he served up the most awful stuff imaginable, and the boys took full advantage of their opportunities. Intended "yorkers" developed into slow full pitches, and an attempt to regain a proper length resulted in two or more ghastly long-hops to leg,—quite the worst form of offence whereof a left-hand bowler can be guilty. I shudder now when I think of the amount of these atrocities with which I have presented the batsman in my own time. Glancing at the captain's face after the second of these long-hops had travelled to the boundary, I seemed to read there a true tale of horrified indignation, and was not in the least surprised when, after ordering the "Moose" to vacate the bowler's premises, he came and shouted in my ear—for some men find it quite easy to shout in a whisper—

"Why, he can't bowl a d——n!"

And indeed I am afraid that the condemnation at the time had only been too well earned. But every bowler will have his off-day, and of the left-hand bowler in particular it may be truly said, as of the little girl—

> "When he is good
> He is very, very good;
> But when he is bad
> He is horrid."

THE TAIL GIRL OF KROBO HILL.

About half way down the sea-board of the colony of the Gold Coast the great forest that has marched for many hundreds of miles parallel with the long lines of heavy surf abruptly recedes thirty miles inland, to spread itself over a range of low mountains, covering them with the heaviest tropical timber, leaving a vast grass-covered plain dead flat, of unbroken monotony and highly cultivated. The flat country, with hardly a tree, ends abruptly at the foot of the hills, and the traveller along the three-foot track from the sea leaves in a moment the hot sunlight and dust of the plains for the gloom and shadow of green canopies and the coolness of mountain streams and heavy undergrowth, and journeying along the ridges he looks on the hot land below, apart and distinct as though it had been cut away with a knife. Dusky mountain and sun-scorched plain, the contrast is complete. But there is an exception. Five miles, or perhaps a little more, from the mountain's edge there rises sheer out of the plain a single great rock. It is five hundred feet in height, and a mile or more in circumference. On the south side its summit is covered with timber, on the north a slightly sloping surface of smooth and slippery rock runs to the edge of the precipice. It stands by itself, an outpost to the mountains; not a boulder lies near it—only the one great rock, and its name is Krobo Hill.

In a country where everything bizarre is attributed to the supernatural, naturally Krobo is sacred. Not only is the negro superstitious, but his superstition is always with him. His fondness for meetings and services when he is civilised is but a development of what he did at home, when he ate with his fingers and went about naked. He is for ever on the look-out for signs and portents, he is ever in fear that for lack of attention some evil Fetish may be seeking to injure him. He has learnt for generations to obey and propitiate the "Fetishes" through the medium of their priests. Forest, river, and plain are full of baleful and unnerving influences, and the negro suffers accordingly.

The "Fetishes," the *media* through which the supreme and unapproachable power works, have their own degrees. The smallest undertake the duty of watching the huts or goods of the villagers or fishermen, the greatest exercise more sway than a monarch. They have names, as have human beings. To that extent they are looked on as living entities. When a Fetish in his arrogance becomes too obstreperous, the Government pass an Ordinance directed against him by name to put him down. There are laws to regulate his conduct. By Ordinance, any

Fetish who arrogates to himself the power to grant immunity for a crime, before or after its commission, renders himself liable to abolition. Only a few years ago the Fetish Katawere had a law passed for his special benefit, putting him down and confiscating his property, and these things are duly published in the Government Gazette. Now the country is well under control, but it is not so long since it behoved the British Government to walk very warily in these matters.

The Fetish of Krobo Hill was one of the greatest in the whole of West Africa. It possessed a numerous and most powerful hierarchy, it exacted absolute submission from the surrounding tribes. It was the ruler of the countryside. But it had become even more than this. Through the powers of a remarkably able chief priest it had killed all the other Fetishes for many miles round, and stood supreme. It sent its emissaries far on either hand exacting tribute and presents. No tribe in the vicinity undertook any business of importance without its sanction, it insisted on being consulted in private matters, it could fetch in at a word neighbouring chiefs who were glad to assuage its wrath with the costliest presents. The people of the hamlets planted at the hill's foot, known as the "Krobo Villages," lived humble and secure under its protection, —as did the common folk of the middle-ages squatting under the Baron's castle,—till they became identified with it, and grew into towns haughty and domineering, and plundered their neighbours, who hated them for being under the wing and immediate protection of the Fetish, where all were in the shadow of its menace and power. And so from always having been of very great importance and grandeur it grew greater and yet more great, and waxed so powerful that it reigned absolutely supreme.

But there was one rite and function belonging to the Big Fetish that was destined to get it into trouble. The able old priest, whose skull had for many long years rested in the temple concealed in the wooded portion of the hill, had instituted the custom of bringing every girl who boasted any pretension to family or good looks, when within a year or so of puberty, to the top of Krobo, where she remained in charge of the priests till she became marriageable. These girls were known as the "Tail Girls" of Krobo Hill, from the costume, distinctive if scanty, with which they were invested when they were summoned to ascend and join the *élite* of their sex.

On their heads they wore long conical hats three feet high, shaped like an old strawberry pottle. Round their waists were wrapped, cummerbund-wise, broad strips of dark blue cloth, the ends of which dangled down behind to their ankles, and from which they derived their name. For the rest a girl wore nothing save

her ornaments of shell or bead anklets, bracelets, and necklace. During their stay on the hill the girls were allowed, on occasion when their presence was urgently required, to visit their homes, but under the strictest guard and supervision. It was not a very unusual sight to see a Tail Girl with her curious hat, in a village under the guardianship of her three duennas, surrounded by an admiring crowd of children and old folk, while the young men forbidden to approach gazed from a distance. Many a youth coveting the forbidden fruit would make up his mind to wait for that particular charmer when it came to his turn to climb the mountain.

Every year, at the season of the ripening of the yam, the great annual Custom was held at which all the waiting bridegrooms of the country below assembled on the top of the rock to choose their brides. No youth could obtain any wife but the one allotted to him by the Fetish, no youth who did not attend the Custom could obtain one at all. It did not follow that the most beautiful girls were allotted to the richest men. Not infrequently the priests were impelled to give a particularly fine specimen to a poor man. To gain devoted adherents, men who in the service of the Fetish would stick at nothing, was as great an object sometimes as the further accumulation of money, for the Fetish's money bags were already swollen to bursting-point. By securing the custody of the girls the Great Fetish gained full control of the rest of the people. Of the older men and men of importance, because no one would take for wife a girl that had not the "cachet" of Krobo Hill. Of the young men, because any one of them who had offended it was forbidden to attend the Custom and got no wife at all. Of the girls themselves and of their parents, because she who had not been through the ceremonies was ostracised and looked down upon as being no better than a slave.

Once the old priest's plan was in working order it was bound to succeed. The Fetish had made a successful corner in beautiful girls.

But this very success was ultimately to lead to ruin and destruction, and it was through one of its own girls that it was destroyed root and branch, and the most sacrosanct of its priests hanged gallows-high on the top of Krobo Hill. With the death of the old priest and the loss of his controlling powers matters gradually got out of hand. No priest in the succession was found able and strong enough to rule the hierarchy, and the bloodthirsty instinct of the uncontrolled savage asserted itself. The gods demanded blood, nor were they satisfied with the blood of sheep and goats, and an edict was issued from the temple of the Great Fetish that no one should attend the annual ceremony of the dancing and the choosing of wives unless he brought with him by way of voucher

a skull of a human being. It was still wise enough to let the rule work gradually. The older men were allowed to produce an old skull of some ancestor or some one killed in battle. A skull was allowed to be borrowed, but as the people became used to the idea the Fetish drew the strings tighter, till the rule grew absolute. No one, in spite of bribes, promises, or any inducement whatever, was allowed to ascend the hill on the great night unless he could produce the proper "ticket of admission." So as these became fewer in proportion to the number of people desiring them, and as the younger generation grew up, the Krobo villages and plantations gained a very evil name amongst other tribes, and at certain seasons the paths became very unsafe for the wayfaring stranger, travelling down to the Coast with his load of palm-oil or rubber. But though these things were known they were as yet below the surface. The Government talked of them in whispers, and the terrified people hardly dared to grumble.

A girl's life upon the hill was uneventful. On arrival at the summit, under escort, she was allotted a room in the village where the girls lived with their attendant women, and her time was thenceforward nearly all her own. Every day she and her three hundred companions were paraded and inspected by a burly black-bearded priest and his assistants, and then the day's business was over. So long as they did not attempt to leave it, they were free to ramble and stroll where they would over all the bare wind-swept part of the mountain. The dense grove where the abodes of the priests lay hidden, built round the great temple, they were forbidden even to approach. They used to look out towards their distant homes and wonder what sort of husbands they would get, or inspect the great flat surface of rock which cropped out curiously at one end, and which, worn smooth by the feet of past generations, formed the dancing-floor on the great night. Or in fear and trembling they would crawl to the precipice's edge and watch the young priests, the curates and deacons, far below, tyling the lodge, circling round and round the mountain to keep off any possible intruder; or even if the sun were right they could see a white speck against the dark mountain-side, the home of the Government officer, the Commissioner of the District, who flew the gaily painted flag before his house, and hated the Big Fetish with all his heart.

It so happened that at the very time the Government, having settled most of its big palavers, leisurely turned its attention to the doings of the Big Fetish, the top of whose stronghold could almost be seen from the battlements of the castle where the Governor resided, a Tail Girl descended the hill on her way to the village of Odumassi.

She was a handsome, strapping lass, whom good food and

athletic training had magnificently developed, and many covetous eyes were fixed on her as she strode between two withered duennas, marching in Indian file along the narrow track. According to the Fetish's orders the village was cleared of young men; but in the market-place, on a native stool, a big umbrella shading him from the hot sun, sat an elderly one-eyed man with a few attendants. He was the representative of the King of the Creppis, a neighbouring potentate, despatched by his master to inspect the best of the girl-crop that Krobo could produce, and, if possible, for it was quite on the cards she would be refused him, to book the same. The eye of the old man gleamed as he noted the grand presence of the girl, whose skin shone and bloomed, whom the tall head-dress rendered quite gigantic, and signifying his satisfaction, he, after a few words, closed the interview. The old ladies again placed their charge between them and led the way back to the hill, the girl overtopping them like a giant between a couple of pigmies. They had scarcely cleared the village when two well-grown young men, who had been peering from the bushes during the interview with the ambassador, followed in pursuit, keeping themselves carefully out of sight, catching occasional glimpses of the girl as the path twisted, till the mountain showed up close ahead. From their hiding-place in the long grass they saw the priests conduct the girl to the foot of the path, and they heard the chatter of the old ladies as relieved of their charge they went to their huts, and then they crept back through the bushes to the village, which they regained unnoticed.

But though they had followed together, hid together, and returned together, the young men, for the first time in their lives when in each other's company, had not interchanged one word. Members of the same family, they were by way of being close friends, but the sight of the girl, whom they had said good-bye to and dismissed from their minds a couple of years before, filled them with mutual jealousy and estranged them as surely as were ever two friendly yokels estranged, by the enhanced charms of the village belle returned from a twelve months' residence in London.

They had not fought nor quarrelled, for if by any mischance the old ladies had become aware of their being dogged, the consequences would have been more than unpleasant; but if Koffi, when he found that Cudjoe was alive to the charms of the big Tail Girl and was also in pursuit, could have planted a knife between his shoulder-blades, he would not have done so with more pleasure than Cudjoe would have felt in dropping a handful of Calabar bean into his former chum's soup-pot. As it was, both of them knew they might as well hope to change the colour of their skins and turn black into white, as hope

to catch another glimpse for many months of the desired object, so Koffi went back to his farm and Cudjoe returned to his hunting, and the girl, unconscious of the feelings she had excited, stayed on the hill to be prepared for the great dance, after which she would become a bride, and to hope that the man chosen for her would be rich and, from her point of view, handsome.

Though the negro is shallow, versatile, and happily given rather to make the best of what he can get than sigh after what is beyond his reach, he can on occasions nourish a grudge as keenly, and be as vindictive, as anybody else, and Cudjoe watched with increasing apprehension the application of Koffi to his farming, his reclaiming of more land from the fat, overgrown soil, his journeyings to the coast with nuts and rubber; and when he fetched up a few bolts of cloth and began to trade, Cudjoe nearly exploded with jealousy and hatred. Per contra, Koffi's feelings were equally bitter when he saw Cudjoe's game daily exposed in the market-place, and noted his bright new gun all red varnish and nickel; and when he heard him acclaimed by the whole village for doing battle single-handed with a hippo that trampled nightly on the crops, matters almost came to a climax. On one occasion, when he saw him with a nicely dressed hind-quarter of bush-cow set off in his best cloth towards the mountain, he felt such consternation that he had packed up the whole of his stock, and started on his track to make a vastly superior offering, before prudence prevailed and prompted him to stay quiet where he was.

The year moved on. The countryside became dried up and scorched. The tough blackened grass was set alight, and the country looked to the seafarers a land of smoke and flame. Through the black covering of ashes the fat soil lay exposed; the farms were cleared and planted. Heavy tornadoes rolled up against the set of the trade winds, pulverising the ashes and beating them into a rich manure. Then the rainy season set in, the time of torrential downpours and quiet steady mists so charged with moisture that it was hard to tell where rain began and mist ended, but with occasional days withal of hot sun, till the country bloomed and blossomed, the farms from black turned a pale, then a dark green. The rains ceased, the sun shone bright and warm, the ground steamed; a pleasant season if unhealthy, for the earth, fresh from the rains, smelt clean and sweet, and with a few more days of steady, gentle rain the work of generation was completed. The crops of yams, plantains, nuts, and corn ripened and yellowed. The great "Yam Custom," the harvest-thanksgiving of the negro, drew near, and with it also came the time of the harvest of the girls and the Great Fetish dance on Krobo Hill.

All work was suspended in the villages. Each young man reckoned up his capital and advantages. Cudjoe set out his guns, ammunition, skins, and money, and soothed his anxiety by making veiled allusions in the market-place to the hippopotamus, preening himself on the compliments received. Koffi pulled up the last weeds from his little farms, surveyed his store of kola-nuts and palm-kernels, gloated over his cloths and small articles of trade, and surveyed with pride his flat features and woolly head in a little looking-glass with a tin frame which he had bought up as a trade venture, but found himself unable to part with. Their friends and families admired them equally, admitting that whatever rivalry might lie between the two, there was no other young man in the village to approach either, and a few weeks before the great day the two young men interchanged the first words they had spoken together since the afternoon they had followed the big Tail Girl back to the mountain.

Three days before the moon was at the full, a priest arrived at sunset in the village. He spoke the names of those young men who would be allowed to attend the forthcoming Custom; he ordered them to attend at the hill's base an hour before moonrise, and he finished his speech by informing his awe-stricken hearers that no one would be allowed entrance without the usual token. He then departed to rejoin his colleagues who had been sent on similar errands to the neighbouring towns.

Koffi and Cudjoe, who had listened with the most intense eagerness, no sooner heard their names mentioned than they slipped away; but each an hour later obeyed a summons, and appeared at the house of the head of their family, where they found the elders assembled, and to their consternation heard that there was one voucher short.

The point had not occurred to them before, for neither of them had known of the necessity of producing the ghastly ticket of admission. Bloodthirsty as the Fetish had become, the priests had still some measure of prudence, and as their forefathers had gone, so Cudjoe and Koffi had expected to go, taking it for granted that the means of admission would be forthcoming, whatever they might be; nor, so well were these matters arranged, would there have been any difficulty save for a mistake. As it was, they sat speechless till the conference broke up, and then the elders announced that as there was only one skull for the two of them, Cudjoe must give up any hope of ascending the hill, for the honour had been allotted to Koffi.

The miserable Cudjoe crept into the forest, and sat down on a fallen tree. The ruin of his hopes was absolute. All his labours and preparations, his building up of a reputation, were useless. He might as well throw away his possessions, smash his new guns, and drown

himself, for he knew a quiet death in the river would be better than to try and force his way up the hill. At length, tired of weeping, he crept along the overgrown path to his hut, but on the way hope came to him, and he reached it at a run. He took his two best guns, calculated the weight of his powder and ammunition, the number and quality of his skins, and through the falling darkness set out hot foot for the hill. He was quickly challenged by the watchful deacons. He demanded an interview with their superior, but though he was an eldest son of a chief and of an important family, and though it was but early nightfall, day was breaking before it was granted. Through the long moonlit hours he sat, neglected and despised, listening to the chanting and low drumming that went on far above him. The interview for which he had waited so long lasted but a few moments. He was taken into a hut and received by a tall, burly, middle-aged priest with a black beard. A voice asked him his business. When he had made his proposal, to give up the whole of his property in return for admission to the hill-top and had descanted on its value, the voice which had been quiet while he pleaded informed him that having been summoned he would neglect the order at his peril. To his tears and threats the Fetish made no answer, and after a short talk with the priest he departed, minus one of the new guns which he gave him as a present, and, without venturing a glance at the hill-top, slunk away.

Only one night now was left before the moon was full. He sat nearly heart-broken in the village market-place through the long day, watching the fortunate young men prepare themselves and listening to their excited talk. He saw the village messengers depart bearing upon their heads heavy loads of meat, tobacco, salt, and rum, the common offering of the village, subscribed to by all its members. As the sun sank he heard far off in the forest the faint cries of the arrivals from other outlying towns as they converged on the hill, and at last, half beside himself with jealousy and heart-sickness, walked away to Koffi's house.

Surely the Fetish must have been angry with Koffi and anxious for his destruction, in that he went out that night when he should have kept quiet indoors, and still worse, that he was impelled to admire himself by the moon rays in his little looking-glass. Whatever the influence was, he himself worked out his own undoing. Unable to sleep, and hot with the anticipations of the next few hours, he sallied forth into the quiet moonlight to take a last walk down to his farms.

The noises that night on the countryside were numerous and varied, both from hill and forest, and the sound of Cudjoe's shot passed unheeded.

The long lines of figures waiting in the darkness almost surrounded the hill. As

each fresh party arrived its advent was heralded by much firing from long flint-locks, the amount of noise corresponding to the new arrival's importance, and when all had come, the giving of the signal was awaited in profound silence. But no sound came down from above, where the Tail Girls were undergoing their final preparation.

At last the enormous brassy disk, blurred as a Chinese lantern, sailed up above the mountain. A big drum boomed out a single beat, and a great voice called from half-way down the hill. The ranks of the watchers rippled with anticipation. Again the voice called, and the throng began to move. The path that led to the summit was very narrow and steep. At the foot stood a huge priest, who carefully inspected each voucher before the bearer was allowed to pass; but on this occasion there was no mistake, all the applicants were duly provided, and followed one another in single file upwards. So many were there that the leaders had long been in their places before the last arrivals had set foot on the path below.

At one end of the rocky floor set apart for the dance, and where it joined the wooded part of the hill, sat in state the Arch-Priest surrounded by his clergy. Immediately on his right and left hand the space was filled by chiefs and persons of importance. The young men who, eager yet scared, had been kept back, were allowed to approach and form two crowds, stretching down from the wood to the rock's end. The flat rock was now completely enclosed on three sides by the spectators, and guarded on the fourth by the precipice's edge. There was no sound beyond the rustling of the cloths, as they took their places in silence and sat motionless, till after a few minutes the moon clearing the night mists rose directly overhead, turning the smooth worn rock to a floor of silvery glass, shining and reflecting the rays in little sparkles and points of light.

The High Priest lifted his hand. Five great drums boomed forth the first beat of the dance, and as the sticks fell, three hundred girls,—the pick of the countryside,—each in her tall hat and tail, and with the upper portion of her body coloured white, bounded out from an opening in the Fetish grove directly behind the Chief Priest. So dramatically was their entrance arranged, and so well was the opening concealed, that they seemed to have sprung from the living rock. The drums stopped while the girls postured and swayed, and then to their roar, rising and falling, and the occasional tinkle of jingles, the great dance began. A moonlight dance of savage maidens on a shining floor under nature's own lamp. And never was any ballet in the grandest cities of the civilised world more imposing or entrancing to its spectators.

Each movement was directed by a priest who waved a long

white wand. The lines faced and followed each other, advancing, receding, and intertwining, till the leading files were hard upon the precipice's edge; then, waltzing to the other end, their whitened bodies flashed and disappeared in the shadow of the trees, to reappear in the light as they cleared the wood, as a swarm of fireflies gleam and vanish and gleam again.

The dance had been in progress for more than an hour, and the spectators had not spoken or moved, entranced with the monotonous calling of the drums and the twisting and changing lines of silent figures, when above the drumming there rose a high-pitched challenge from half-way down the rock. Without stopping, the drummers, at a gesture from the priest, spread their left hands over the parchment, and the voices of their instruments dropped to a whisper. Still they continued their rhythm, and the girls went on dancing. Again the challenge sounded, this time from the top of the hill, and a single figure appeared and pushed into the front row of the young men. It was Cudjoe, wild-eyed, his face twitching, and covered with perspiration. His arrival caused no stir. The drummers removed their hands, and again the drums roared over the quiet plain, and again the dance quickened. But now the girls were becoming exhausted. They danced languidly, their eyes half-closed, their great hats falling on one another's shoulders as their heads bent under the weight. Still, so admirably had they been trained, that in spite of their fatigue they kept exact time to the beats, though their feet shuffled over the rock, instead of moving in the springs and leaps with which the dance had begun. The moon began to pale, and the dancing-floor to turn dull and grey. The shadows from the trees encroached and spread over it, the lines of girls were as much in shadow as in light, when the drums suddenly broke into a louder and quicker note. The half-mesmerised girls, still obeying the orders of the directing priest, startled by the sound, roused themselves, and in two long lines came spinning down to the rock's end. Confused and puzzled in the half light, the leaders miscalculated, and before they could halt or turn both of them fell over the precipice and disappeared shrieking.

With their fall the dance came to an end, the High Priest lifted his hand and the drums were silent. The girls, barely able to stand, leant against each other, waiting.

"See," said the priest, "the moon is dying and the salt wind is coming," and at his words the first breath of the sea breeze reached them, playing on the girls' heated skins and making them shiver. "Now let the rows be formed." Obedient, half a dozen of his satellites hastily formed the dancers into four silent panting rows. The Creppi envoy who had appeared in the village, and who was sitting on the right of the priest, rose and leaning on the arm of his attendant walked

between the lines. Twice he walked down the four rows, scanning each face and figure, and then returned to his seat. Cudjoe, who all this time had been sitting unconscious of everything but the girl of whom he was in quest, and whom he had immediately recognised by her height and figure, ground his teeth and covered his head. But if his agony was long his suspense was short. After a few minutes' consultation a priest walked to where the big Tail Girl was standing and escorted her to his superior, who briefly announced that she had been demanded by the King of the Creppi people, and that his master the Great Fetish had been pleased to accede to his request. So saying he handed the girl to the envoy, and another chief walked forward to inspect the girls. But the unfortunate Cudjoe, who sat as though turned into wood at the ruin of all his hopes, awoke, and screaming at the top of his voice, burst through the press and dashed to the path. No effort was made to stop him by the guard at the mountain's top or by those posted along the path. They drew aside and laughed as he rushed by. His progress could be traced in that quiet night by his shrieks, as he reached the bottom and fled across the plain, and many a girl had been allotted and handed over before they died away in the breeze of the coming morning.

The Commissioner of the District had little sleep that night. The faint bellow of the drumming reached him. What was the precise nature of the ceremonies that were being celebrated he did not know, but he felt it an anachronism that the bloodthirsty Fetish and the British Government, at the present moment led by an up-to-date Radical, should run together, with the first the better man of the two. Though in a country where the whites numbered but a few hundreds and the blacks were counted by millions this might be inevitable, to his orderly mind it was very improper. For months past he had in secret gathered together evidence against the thing that disturbed his district,—that in truth *was* his district. Wicked deeds of every kind stood to the debit of the Big Fetish. There were the dates and names of the murderers and of the victims, of the pillagers and the plundered. But from the day when the Government had determined mainly through his urgency to strike, as his keenness increased so his weakness became more apparent. Was there one man great or small among the multitude who had so long suffered, bold enough to stand up and trust to the Government for protection? He thought not, as he walked on his verandah and lit his pipe for the tenth time, adding another match to the heap on the railing. At length tired with scheming, he lay back in the chair with the long rests, and throwing up his feet dozed off. The sky was grey, and the air chilly with the coming of

the morning, when he awoke with a dim sense of having been called in his sleep.

He leant shivering on the verandah rail. A cry came up from the plain below out of the greyness, and again and yet again it was repeated. He walked along the verandah which extended right round the house, to the back where his servant was sleeping, and roused him. Together they stood listening to the call of the sufferer. The sea-breeze strengthened, the east lightened, a great white band grew broad on the horizon, and at once the sun rose crimson out of the sea. With the freshening of the wind, the cry from below was no longer audible; but as the light grew stronger, they saw the tiny figure of a man, his arms raised above his head, hurrying toward them.

"The crying man, sah," the boy whispered.

The figure disappeared in the growth at the mountain's foot.

"Go," said the Commissioner, "tell the sergeant to take his men and bring the man to me."

He saw the police emerge from their huts and slip yawning into the forest, but the morning was so misty he could not follow their movements. A narrow path had been cleared right round the bungalow, preventing the forest from encroaching on the walls, and now on to this path a figure stepped. How he did not attempt to divine, but the Commissioner knew the man from the plain was before him. The fugitive touched the wall with both hands, and began to run round and round the house, crying as he went. A bundle slung to his waist knocked against his knees. Twice he completed the circuit of the house, when there came a rush of police out of the trees.

"Don't hurt him," the Commissioner called, "bring him up here. Tell my servant to come and interpret."

Poor Cudjoe, dead beat, crouched in the verandah corner, his cut feet leaving little red marks on the white boards. Little by little he sobbed his story of the big Tail girl and the events of the past few days. When he came to the murder of his friend and his own subsequent admission to the hill-top, he began to undo the bundle which now rested between his feet.

"Stop," the white man said, "you needn't show it to me; I understand," and Cudjoe gently laid it down.

"And so," the Commissioner said after a long pause, "neither of you got her after all?"

"No, sah," said his servant, "the King of Creppi got her."

"Why then has he come here to me? I don't know him."

"He says when he ran away from the hill last night he only tried to go away as far as he can, but when the white light come he see this house before him." The boy paused.

"Well, what then?"

"In his village, sah, they talk about you, and now he has killed his friend he curse the Fetish, so he come."

"The iron is hot," the Commissioner said to himself while

he stared at Cudjoe, and then he spoke.

"There is one thing," he said, "that I must know, and there must be no mistake. If he wishes he may go now free as he has come. No one shall stop him. But if he answers this question, he must come with me. Did the Fetish, did the priests, know he intended to kill Koffi? You ask him first, then let the sergeant ask him before he answers."

The servant obeyed; but Cudjoe was silent, his face covered with his hands. The sergeant put the question, and the Commissioner dug his nails into his palms,—for Cudjoe jumped to his feet, and, stretching out his hands, cried aloud towards Krobo Hill.

"It knew," said the sergeant stolidly; "he told it. He told the priest, when he asked him to let him come up, that he feared Koffi would get her, and that he would use his head to mount the hill. The same priest he told was the one who handed the girl last night to the King of Creppi."

"And he will swear that?"

"Yes, sah; it is the truth."

"Then get the hammocks and the men ready at once. Has any one followed him? But never mind that. We start in a quarter of an hour. You and your men must watch the house."

The two hammocks hurried and stumbled down the rough path on to the plain. When the hue and cry arrived, it saw from among the trees that the house was closed and a cordon of armed police drawn round it. Far across the plain two little white spots were vanishing into the distance — the tilts of the hammocks bearing the bomb which was to blow the Big Fetish of Krobo Hill sky-high.

For the Government struck, and with no light hand. Before Cudjoe had even begun to realise what he had done the force was ready, and, headed by the Governor himself, the white officers and the soldiers, stiffened by a machine-gun, dragged themselves into the hills. During their march across the hot plain they met not even a solitary wayfarer. The crops, only half garnered, lay neglected, and the farms were deserted. The rustling in the grass and the waving of the high Indian corn tops only provoked a contemptuous sneer and a coarse insult hurled at the spies, from the hard men in the blue knickers and red fezzes, who followed the Prophet and would loot the holiest of temples with as little emotion as they would a sheep-pen, who marched to the loaded gun muzzle with no emotion, save when a chicken came in view behind it. So the expedition clambered up into the forest and tentatively sat down, while the way back was still open, to see whether the tribes would stand by ancient customs and usages, or respond to the cry for reform. It was one thing to march an avenging force, with the full ap-

proval of the countryside, against a common enemy, and another to force a way through a swarm of fanatical savages, defending a religion, and versed, none better, in the art of ambush; and though the result in either case would be the same, yet the Governor had his misgivings as he sat that first night in the forest. The countryside once aflame, none could tell where the blaze would stop; and an appeal for white troops might imperil a K.C.M.G. already overdue.

But he need not have feared, and probably the Big Fetish itself had no doubts whatever on the subject. It well knew how rotten it was internally, and that with the coming of the white man its days were numbered. Its richness and power would only attract its enemies. Though amongst its adherents were many great and powerful men, they were few by comparison, and could not carry the people with them. The news of the advance struck more than terror into its misguided priests. No one was allowed to ascend the hill, which became the scene of ghastly ceremonies and dreadful ritual; and what frantic appeals were made to the powers of darkness, and what sacrifices were offered while events still pended, were never known.

For though they knew, must have known, since they themselves pulled the strings, that the whole system was a fraud, nevertheless by dint of long practice of the fraud, and the unquestioning faith of those on whom they practised, they had to a great extent become deceived by their own deception, and hoped and almost believed that the gods they knew to be false would come to their aid.

With the first streak of dawn, then, there came a beating of drums out of a gorge behind the camp, and the Governor's anxieties were dispelled. The countryside rose to his summons. For one man who had obtained his desire a dozen had nursed a sullen enmity. Those wedded to women who had not been up the hill joined with those who had been plundered in the matter of offerings; those who had, as they considered, given too much for some special beauty and those who had missed the one they desired, made common cause. Rival Fetishes again lifted their heads, and, above all, there was the hope of digging fingers into the money-bags to the filling of which all had contributed. The people threw the Big Fetish of Krobo Hill over with a haste most indecent, and the kings hurried to the Government's aid hot foot. Thenceforward throughout that and the two following days the native allies came pouring in, greedy for plunder, until the Governor had to send messengers out to explain that no more would be needed, and in truth that there was scarcely food enough for those who had already assembled. And the first of all to arrive with much pomp was the King of Creppi himself and his one-eyed ambassador, whom when he saw, Cudjoe would have fled from if his guards had not held him;

but who was publicly turned away from the camp in full palaver with ignominy by the Governor, and the contemptuous rejection of this powerful man struck further dread into the Fetish and encouraged the spirit of its former servants.

But the inhabitants of these villages who sat under the immediate shadow and protection of the gods were in a special plight. Subject to the threats and influences of the priests, hated by their neighbours, afraid to seek the protection of the Government, and not knowing to what extent they would be held responsible for the Fetish's doings, they had nowhere to go, so they gathered in under the shadow of their threatened gods. Humble and panic-stricken they sat at the base of the mountain, hoping at the best to escape utter destruction by the lightnings of the outraged gods or the death-dealing guns of the white men.

The day before the advance a grand review of all arms was held in the forest. The Hausas with their gun formed up, and in front of them the auxiliaries marched past. And never were any seven thousand men more oddly arrayed and curiously armed. Each contingent marched behind its king, who, clad for the occasion in all his golden ornaments and finery, and reclining in his state litter borne on the heads of his bearers, bowed and swung as he passed before the Governor. Many of them, hailing from the auriferous portions of the country, were, with their litters and personal paraphernalia, one mass of gleaming golden ornaments; and as the object of the expedition was to show the white man's power over the Fetish, so every king, unconscious of irony, brought his own Fetish with him for protection.

The men-at-arms, carrying flint-locks, cutlasses, and quarter-staves, swung along with their bands of drummers, blowers upon elephant horns, and beaters of jingles, singing and shouting their prowess, followed by their women and children who marched with them shrieking applause. Lastly came an interminable line of carriers bearing water-pots, cooking-pots, stools, and all kinds of household furniture. Cudjoe, watching the review from behind his guards, felt a thrill of pride and responsibility as he saw the pomp and panoply of war, and dimly realised that he was the man who had caused these forces to be set in array, never thinking of the position he was in himself or of the Government's intention towards him, but pleased with the spectacle and charmed with the noise. It was long past dark before the last files had passed, and then the Governor, calling the kings together for the last time, summed up the whole matter and ordered that the advance should be made at daybreak. He had accomplished his purpose in that he had succeeded in arousing the whole countryside, and the fall of the Big Fetish would now be rightly attributed to the united action of an outraged people.

The sun was directly over-

head when the Hausa advance-guard passed through the first of the Krobo villages. The streets were deserted and the houses empty. The auxiliaries spread locust-wise over them, but neither there nor in the other villages did even a chicken reward them. Everything had been cleared away and hidden. Compounds and houses were as bare as the sea-beach. But when they debouched from the trees and confronted the hill they saw the people crouching round the hill's foot awaiting whatever fate might befall them. They were quite quiet, but when they saw the soldiers a curious rustle and change seemed to pass over them, for men, women, and children shrouded their eyes, drawing their cloths over their heads and shoulders.

But the Governor had no thoughts for such as they—his business lay in another quarter. Immediately the hill was surrounded he, with a strong escort and with Cudjoe as guide, pushed up the steep rough path, the first white man who had ever planted foot on Krobo Hill.

On the supreme summit the path ended at a large flat stone backed by a high grass hurdle, and he halted for breath. The hilltop burned in the sun. Above the hurdle the tops of the trees of the grove rustled in the breeze, shadowless in the hot glare. Far below the auxiliaries stretched out over the plain, and beyond them again he saw the main body of Hausas and their machine-gun. He saw the sun glint on the bayonet points. Presently he was noticed, and all below stared up at him, his figure outlined sharp against the sky.

The whole scene gave a vague impression of a chapter from the Old Testament, and in furtherance of the fancy he saw, when he turned towards the sea, that a great blackness had risen out of it and was beating thunderstorm-wise towards him. He waited no longer. Krobo Hill was no place to be caught on in a belated tornado, so pushing aside the hurdle he stepped on to the rock dancing-floor. A band of men sat in a semicircle facing him and stared stolidly at him.

Doubtless it is inevitable and right that such scenes of bloodshed should be swept away, such abodes of darkness be opened to the light, yet it must have dimly occurred to that band of priests patiently awaiting their fate that something was wrong somewhere,—that it was a strange thing that their religion which had lasted for so long, based on the traditions of unknown and uncounted ancestors, was destined to be swept off the face of the earth at the coming of a newer power.

But no negro tries to resist the inevitable, and no such thoughts troubled the Governor.

At a wave of his hand the shivering Cudjoe was led forward, and the Government interpreter, placing his hand on his arm, recited at full length the story of what had happened, and when the recital was finished laid the skull of the unlucky Koffi on the ground before him.

"Tell the priests," said the Governor, "that that token which admitted this man to the hill has also admitted the Government! Which of these men was the man he had the interview with on that night?"

Cudjoe, his hands shaking so that he seemed to be pointing at every member of the group in turn, at length identified the tall black-bearded priest, and two soldiers at a word from the Governor stepped forward; but before they could lay hands on him the old high-priest, the most dignified figure of all there assembled, rose from his seat in the centre and lifted up his arm for silence. His tall thin frame looked still taller from its long draperies, and his ornaments chinked and shone in the sun.

"Stay!" said he. "Whatever my son has done that I have done. What I have done all these have done. What is known to him is known to us all." And all the priests stood up.

"There are many and dreadful things now sworn against the priests of Krobo Hill," said the Governor, "but the knowledge of the murder of this man Koffi is sworn against one only. The punishment for such a deed, if the offender is found guilty, is death. This wretched man Cudjoe has told all that he knows. He goes free, for without him it would not have been known; but he states he asked this man what he could do, and this man encouraged him to do this deed."

"I knew it," repeated the old man, speaking quite quietly. "Why should I not! I was present when he came. No one must climb the hill without the offering. But hear me," and he faced the Governor and his soldiers without flinching. "Before the white man came this place was holy. When the men came out of the sea[1] this hill was here. As our fathers worshipped while the trees grew and the rivers began to run, so do we worship. We may go, but the Great Fetish may still be here. Take us: we do not fight."

Not even the baldness of the Government interpreter's English could altogether spoil the effect of the old man's words, and for a little while there was silence. Then the Governor gave the order, and the long line of priests, with their hands tied behind them, descended the hill, and were marched through the crowd of awe-stricken people. For the first time since its institution the abode of the Big Fetish was left lonely and deserted, bereft of its votaries.

There was one more scene on the top of Krobo Hill, and it was enacted a month after the arrest of the priests. A gallows stood on the dancing-floor, and at eight o'clock, before the rays of the morning sun had time to reach it, a 7-pounder gun boomed out, and two bodies dangled sky-high. For a full hour the arch-priest and his black-bearded assistant — the two

[1] Alluding to a belief among the tribes that the coast-line was originally peopled by men walking out of the sea.

men whom fate had ordered to bear the penalty of practising a worn-out religion—hung dangling in the sun, blown backwards and forwards against the sky-line in plain sight of the late worshippers below, part of whom wailed, while part exulted.

When the hour was up they were taken down and buried, and then the people, satisfied by ocular proof that the power of the Big Fetish was gone for ever, rushed forward, a shouting mob, to the plunder of the temple and treasure-houses upon the hill. So eager were they, and so mad with the lust of loot, that they overwhelmed the guard of Hausas at the foot, and forced their way halfway up before their rush could be checked. A fight took place that threatened to quickly become a serious riot. The soldiers scrambled up on each other's shoulders, while others, forcing their way through the press with the butts of their carbines, joined their comrades standing above the noisy flood of natives, pushing them over the hillside and repelling them with the bayonet. But the fighting grew heavier, as those from the outskirts pushed up closer, thrusting the swarm farther and higher, till it seemed as though the Hausas must either be pushed over the edge or literally trodden into the path itself. It was indeed fortunate for all concerned that day that the Governor knew the people over whom he ruled, and had made his preparations accordingly. While the tumult was at its height, and before the issue of the struggle was clear, there sounded a noise like the breaking of great waves. A mighty bonfire burst into flame, and with a freshening breeze drove across the hill, showering a rain of soot and ashes both on those fighting on the hillside and on those on the plain below, and the people, shrieking, turned and ran. For three days the mass burnt before it turned black, and the fire died down. One more day and with the last sparks the great fetish house with its countless treasures and curiosities, the accumulation of centuries, the homes of the girls and the abodes of the priests with all their paraphernalia and property, the storehouses and barns packed with the late offerings, vanished. Not a vestige remained. The hilltop was a mass of black slag and powder.

When the ground cooled parties of men with axes and mallets were bidden ascend and cut down such stumps of the fetish grove as the fire had not utterly destroyed and throw them from the cliff. With spades and ropes they dragged the ashes to the edge and flung them to the winds. Before the sun sank that night the rock was bare as the palm of a man's hand.

The work done, the soldiers and men descended and departed through an awed and speechless countryside. The stars shone upon a lonely and deserted rock.

Krobo Hill was finished.

W. H. Adams.

THE HOP GARDEN.

A MODERN GEORGIC IN TWO CANTOS.

BY WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE.

CANTO II.—HOP-PICKING.

"True self-love and social are the same."
—*Essay on Man.*

HAIL, genial Autumn! On th' horizon clear
Thine outlines rise, fair Harbour of the Year;
As the white cliffs, seen faintly o'er the foam,
To wave-worn sailors promise rest at home;
Season not only felt by tree and flower,
The Man, the State, the Muse, confess thy power,
Each owns thy influence. Not to thee belong
The youth of Spring, the burst of lyric song,
Nor all the blended harmonies that tune
The softened strength of Manhood's summer noon:
Yet though the fire must sink; though now are gone
The flowers that once in Fancy's garden shone;
Though the heart leap not to the amorous dance,
And visionary dream of young Romance;
Some balms thou hast, to soothe approaching Age,
More than the Spring can give; Experience sage,
The penetrating Mind, the judging Soul,
The skill to measure Life's proportioned whole;
And if the songs of Love thou must resign,
The ethic Ode, the Elegy, are thine;
To reap these fields thy Muse may still avail,
Though late the harvest. Genial Autumn, hail!

As smiles the mother, when in time appears
Her infant, born with travail and with tears;
As joys the poet, who beholds his scheme
Rise from the dim conception of a dream,
And sees the live creation grow mature,
In form proportioned, in expression sure;
So when our weary Mother, Earth, has run
An eight months' journey round the ripening Sun,
Poised on the autumn's verge, she seems to rest,
And views, well-pleased, the offspring of her breast.

Hushed in the woodland boughs, the birds are still;
Scarce murmurs through the copse the dwindled rill;
The sap more faintly circles through the leaves,
Just tinged with gold; and many a wain receives
From many a subject soil the tributary sheaves.
Barley, and oats, and wheat, have stored their grain,
Alone untouched the ripened hops remain,
Though, thick with flower, the tendrils upward trend,
And golden clusters from the twine depend.
Speed then your gathering bands, ye farmers, speed!
Let oast and bin the reapers' toil succeed;
Lest, while ye still delay, the linnet's beak
A swift destruction in your garden wreak;
Or sudden tempest make Occasion slip,
And dash the brimming goblet from your lip!

So, on an August eve, ere now, I've seen
In the low sun a garden glow serene:
With scarce a breeze each heavy cluster fanned,
Seemed but to wait to-morrow's gathering hand.
In crowns of gold I watched the hop-poles rise,
And Eldorado gleamed before my eyes.
Then on the helpless rows a midnight wind
From ambush sprang, with torrent rains combined,
And lo! at morn, where flamed that dream of gold,
A waste of withered flowers and cankered mould!
So, reared like Babel on foundations frail,
Sinks human pride, so man's ambitions fail:
A breath of autumn blasts a year's desires,
And twelve months' labour in a night expires.[1]

But now, behold! the southern roads along,
Pours from the city's heart the pilgrim throng.
To Canterbury still their way they wend
Through Southwark streets—but with what different end,
With mien how different, from the Tabard's door
Rode forth that joyous pilgrimage of yore!
Though scarce less various seem each motley kind,
For these no bridles jingle in the wind;[2]

[1] The great storm alluded to happened more than twenty years ago, but the foregoing lines, written last spring, illustrate with unfortunate accuracy the destruction wrought in the hop-gardens by the disastrous gales and rains of August in the present year.

[2] Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales,' 170.

No hospitable Host, with converse gay,[1]
Nor Miller's bagpipe cheers them on their way;[2]
But Hunger with his sunken cheek is there,
To-day's Resourcelessness, To-morrow's Care;
From many a dreary haunt of dwindled Trade,
Of sweated Labour and of Crafts decayed,
They quit their alleys, and, with fitful joy,
In Kent's fair gardens snatch a month's employ.

See, 'neath his load yon pale-faced weaver bow
His weary frame! mark well his pensive brow!
Two hundred autumns have been told by Time,
Since first his fathers fled their sunny clime,
To claim the chartered boons this land bestowed—
The equal-measured tax, the safe abode,
The right for each to seek his chosen good,
And worship Heaven whatever way he would;
His art to ply, and, with the State's good-will,
To reap secure the harvest of his skill.
For these 'neath Southern skies they left their loom,
And wove their silken web in London's gloom;
Their homes forsook, and camped on alien ground,
Nor mourned their loss—for Freedom here they found
Oh! had those fathers dreamed what deeds of shame
Should yet be done in English Freedom's name;
Had seen Free Trade their children's rights deny;
Heard a free City's universal cry,
"Freedom is to be rich! Be rich or die!"—
Sure, with such foresight, they had ne'er removed
Their habitation from the land they loved;
Thus free, in chains they had preferred to dance,[3]
And born to slavery, died as slaves in France.

Or that poor wanderer note, recalled by Fate
To watch where opened once his garden-gate;
Where 'neath the rose-clad porch, at fall of eve,
His homeward steps his cottage would receive.
Him, of safe toil and weekly wage assured,
The golden promise of the Town allured;
High on her crest a wave of Fortune bore,
Then left him stranded on a barren shore.

---

[1] Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales,' 790-811.

[2] Ibid., 568. [3] See Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' 239-254.

Familiar things, to Memory, ah, how sweet!
Gaze where he will, his longing vision greet.
Unchanged he sees, against the evening skies,
The lofty spire, the red-roofed gables, rise.
No axe has touched the consecrated glade,
Where through the wood his childish footsteps strayed:
Along each hedge he numbers every tree;
All things have kept their station—all but he.
Like Esau would he now his course retrace,
His birthright's gone; another fills his place.
For him no more that cheerful hearth shall burn,
That lighted casement hail his glad return,
To share the well-earned meal, the wholesome sleep:
These boons *were* his—he turns his head to weep.

Now rises morn, and, with her risen rays,
The farmer's eye his marshalled host surveys:
In equal shares he parts the garden lines;
Each rank distributes, and each post assigns;
But, no less just than wise, leaves every plot
Among th' expectant hands to fall by lot.
Were his the choice, the tongue of envious blame,
Methinks, might blot his equitable fame;
Since loud they triumph who, by Fortune's scheme,
Obtain their portion near the running stream.
More deeply fertile there they know the soil,
Washed from the hill-side slope; there easier toil
Brings to the swelling bin a more abundant spoil.
By lot of old, at Moses' wise command,
The tribes of Israel shared the Promised Land;
Else half Manasseh would, he knew, ascribe
Their brethren's western luck to Joshua's bribe.[1]

Around the garden the blue landscape glows:
Fair is the social scene: away, repose!
Time, Weather, Mood, Occasion, Sun, and Sky,
Bid every roof the household task lay by;
And all alike, the matron and the maid,
Join son or lover and the harvest aid.
Shrouded at first in deep pavilions green,
Proceeds the toil, not silent, though unseen;

---

[1] Joshua xiii. 29-31; xvii. 5-18.

But soon, with glimpse of flying hands revealed,
Blue skirt, red bodice, fleck the brightening field,
As the strong hinds, in each deplenished row,
Lay the stripped poles, like captive standards, low;
Then for their eager troops fresh booty win,
Measure each brimming, feed each empty bin,
Within whose bosom, thick as Danaë's shower,
Descends the golden cluster, flower by flower.
A grateful odour floats upon the breeze,
And lulls the labourer's sense with soothing ease;
Or spreads its soft narcotic influence round,
Where cradled babes lie fast in slumber bound;
Above their heads glad talk and rustic mirth resound.

Meantime, from the gay harvest throng apart,
High in the oast the drier plies his art,
To feed the kiln, and keep an even flame
In the round stove, a wight of peerless fame;
Through all the neighbouring dales renowned as much
For certain judgment as for finer touch.
The loaded wains arrived, he bids them pour
The yellow affluence on the topmost floor,
Heavy with dews of heaven. Anon, below,
He stirs the furnace to a tempered glow,
And feeds the flame with sulphur's brightening blend:
From the moist flowers the drowsy fumes ascend,
Rush through the cowl to mingle with the day,
And in blue vapour breathe their weight away.
Then, hour by hour, amid the dwindled heap,
For the last proof his feeling fingers creep;
And as the shrivelling stalks show hard and dry,
The cooling chamber claims the rich supply.

Thus all conspire to win the common good,
With varied skill, but kindly brotherhood.
October brings the toiling garden rest;
The oast's last yield is in the canvas pressed;
The last red embers in the kiln expire;
The last tired labourer's hand receives his hire:
To Labour and to Wealth alike be given
Exchange of thanks; from both the praise to Heaven:
Then, with glad hearts, let all united come,
And at the Landlord's feast sing Harvest Home.

Fair social Customs of an ancient day!
Must slow disease waste all these charms away?
These viewless links, by Nature's kindly plan
Uniting Earth to Heaven and man to man,
Dissolve in soulless elements, decayed
By the long rot of too luxuriant Trade,
Lost in the welter of oblivious Time,
And unlamented in one poet's rhyme?

O for an echo of that matchless lyre
Borne on the breeze of thy "dull Devonshire,"
Once more in "noble numbers" to record
The harvest gathering and the festive board!
Since, among British bards, alone in thee,
Herrick, was found his "choice felicity,"
Whose verse enshrined Bandusia's crystal charm,
And the plain dainties of the Sabine farm.
Thou couldst command thy lord, on his own ground,
Come with his hinds to see the Hock-cart crowned,
Breathe the fine fancies of a poet's soul
O'er Twelfth-Night revel, and o'er wassail bowl,
And tune, on "curious unfamiliar" string,
The feast of Mab and of the Fairy King.

But other times are ours. Thy gracious art
Scarce saw the lingering Feudal Age depart;
And easier was the task for verse like thine
To praise a world by *all* believed divine.
Then every Saint could claim his festal day,
By faith made holy, and by custom gay;
By stream and fountain Legend wandered free,
And on each hill Tradition marked her tree.
As in the Golden Age, the genial soil
Offered, unasked, poetic wine and oil;
Fancy put forth her swift unlabouring hand,
And plucked the fruit—for all was Fairyland.

Little did then those rural souls profess
Of life's experience, and of learning less.
Far from the clash of civil conflict, far
From factious Senate and from wrangling Bar,
Of Nature's busy universal scene,
The labour of the fields, that lay between

Their saffron daybreak and their sunset glow,
Was all they knew, and all they cared to know;
Like foreign kingdoms seemed each neighbouring shire,
And the world's centre was their village spire.
Yet could their Faith on loftier pinion soar,
And worlds unknown to our dull sense explore.
If smaller seemed their starry system, Space
For them was peopled with the Angel race;
If to their earth too narrow bounds were given,
The larger prospect they enjoyed of Heaven.[1]

Nor was Religion then content to dwell
In starry distance or in hermit's cell.
To rule the busy world she gave good heed,
And curbed th' excess of individual greed:
Taught by her holy text, the Guild surveyed
The realms of toil, and in each ordered Trade
Labour and Wealth alike her equal laws obeyed:
Whether a simpler faith their souls refined,
Or local kinship made their hearts more kind,
With louder voice (for each was bound to each
By mutual service and by daily speech)
Fair Mercy spoke; and lives unused to roam
More dearly prized the charities of Home.

What more than these have we of wisdom won?
Though in her scales proud Science weigh the sun,
Though swift electric streams our bodies bear
Through depths of ocean and through heights of air,
Say if Life's deep our plummet farther sounds,
Than his who scarcely crossed his parish bounds?
Mere Number, born earth's produce to consume,[2]
Can Home or Country in our hearts find room,
Who to our soil confess no binding tie,
Save to sell dearly what we cheaply buy,
And free from household, family, and clan,
No more our neighbour love, but Abstract Man?
What serves, in times when nothing may abide,
Except to drift upon Opinion's tide,

---

[1] "Adspectu fruitur liberiore poli." See Claudian, "*De Sene Veronensi qui suburbium nunquam egressus est,*" from which poem the above lines are freely imitated.

[2] "Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati."—HORACE, Epist. I., ii. 27.

Seize each impression ere it fade away,
Adore to-morrow what we burn to-day,
And vainly struggling from ourselves to flee,
Call our perpetual motion—Liberty?

From ruined Rome did Liberty ascend
To destinies like these? Is this her end?
Thou, whose wise foresight Church and State allied,
And bade them rule as equals, side by side,
The civil Sceptre sacred Truth sustain,
Was then, imperial Charles, thy labour vain?
Of this thy Vision could the ages save
No rack or remnant from Oblivion's wave,
But all must vanish, like that land of yore
By Ocean severed from the Cornish shore?
There, as they tell, when Britain's life was young,
Glittered the castle, and the steeple sprung;
There Saints wrought miracles, there rode the Knight,
For love of Ladies and defence of Right;
Till, swift as thought, th' Atlantic rose to whelm
The living scene, and sunk so deep the realm,
That now its ancient limits none may guess,
And say with surety: "This was Lyonnesse!"
Save when, becalmed, with all his nets afloat,
Some Celtic fisher, dreaming in his boat,
Looks through the wave, and deems he can behold
Far shining spires and battlements of gold.
Then on his charmèd ear, up-surging, swells
The blare of trumpet, or the chime of bells,
And bids him ponder, in believing vein,
What worlds shall rise when Arthur comes again.

Forbid it, Heaven, that thoughts of noble worth
For lack of nurture wither from the earth!
Such do not die; but when Ideas descend
From God, with earthly elements they blend.
Condensed like stars, awhile men's steps they guide,
But mix their life with Sloth, Ambition, Pride;
Till, home returning on their heavenly way,
They burst their robe of perishable clay:
The shattered Form surrounding Nature feeds,
And scatters through the earth celestial seeds.

Long buffeted by strife twixt Pope and King,
Antique Religion from the world took wing,
But with the Image that her soul enshrined
Touched, ere she passed, the Conscience of mankind.
Time, Avarice, Order, Commerce, banished hence
Fair Chivalry, "the nations' cheap defence";
Yet when the soul of Knighthood sought the sky,
To raise our lives was left us—Loyalty.

As springs the infant stream, with slender tide,
And leaps impetuous down the mountain side;
Soon, with a thousand tributaries fed,
Through the low plain it sinks a deeper bed;
Anon by town and tower its waters roll,
And bear whole navies to their ocean goal;
Yet ever, as its mighty volume grows,
It feels the impulse of its cradling snows;—
So, from mixed races and a hundred strains,
Continuous Freedom fills our English veins;
To shores remote its branching currents run,
Yet Blood and Story keep the nation One:
No self-ruled race, through all th' imperial course,
But owns the heart of Britain for its source.

What, though no more be drawn the "Vassal's" sword,
To waste the manors of some neighbour lord;
Nor sovereign "Benefice," nor knightly "Fee,"
Exact the "Homage" of his bended knee?
Yet Kinship, common Speech, and old Renown,
Claim from afar due service for the Crown;
And if in peril England call the "Ban,"
From many an Ocean Freedom sends her "Man."

Let not the heart despair. I see, I see,
A happier age of purged Feudality!
From loyal waves the free Dominions spring,
A hundred Kingdoms but a single King,
Whose will, by no compulsion, all obey,
A patriot Monarch he, free Liegemen they;
Thence, sent from torrid suns, from polar snow,
From Austral skies with alien stars a-glow,
To Thames' far shores the chosen statesmen come,
To guard the glory of their ancient Home.

Each of his country's inmost mind possessed,
They meet their peers, the Council of the Best.
Called by their Sovereign, by their States elect,
They serve no Faction, they advance no Sect:
Domestic bounds their lofty thoughts surpass;
Wealth strives no more with Labour, Class with Class.
Unfettered forethought, free debate is theirs,
Confederate counsels, and imperial cares;—
How through the tangled maze a way to find
What Blood unites by Interest to bind;
With even weight to bid the taxes fall;
To make the Wealth of each the Health of all;
The Empire's tolls in ordered scheme to range;
Fix in her rival Marts the just exchange;
Protect the poor man's toil; rich Greed control;
Guard th' Individual, and defend the Whole.

Such let the issue be! Nor, Reader, deem
In thoughts like these I rashly quit my theme.
Party is Britain's bane. As Faction dies,
The patriot soul shall from the ashes rise:
That soul our arts and tillage shall restore,
With that our vanished Gardens bloom once more.

THE APOCALYPTIC STYLE.

THE student who from some far-off epoch looks back upon our twentieth-century life, will find one phenomenon to perplex him. The age, he will decide, was more critical than constructive, more expository than original. But when, being learned in precedents, he looks for the familiar traits of a rational and pedestrian era, he will be amazed to discover something very much the contrary in several important departments. He will find sections of the Press and groups of politicians thinking, speaking, and writing in a style which he will correctly describe as "apocalyptic." It is not false rhetoric, or vulgar derelictions of taste: for these in any democracy he will be prepared. The phenomenon will be rather a tremendous solemnity in trivial things, a never-ceasing appeal to the most grave and ultimate sanctions, the swinging of the prophet's tattered mantle from inadequate shoulders. In all ages great men on great occasions have used such appeals. The distinction of our age is that little men on little occasions see fit to parody the practice. In the phrase of Burke, the extreme medicine of the Constitution has become its daily bread. Our observer will be a little puzzled by it all. He will find our journalists and politicians dragging in high Heaven to arbitrate in some petty social problem, which is rather one of administration than of ethics. He will find a contest between Mr A and Mr B at some bye-election presented in colours which would befit the strife of Ormuzd and Ahriman. Some tremendous ultimate issue for human nature will appear to be cloaked under the prosaic surface of a struggle between two statesmen for office, or two religious sects for a privilege. The men who make these appeals are in the main sincere; judging from other evidence, they do not lack intelligence; they are not playing a part, with tongue in cheek, but acting in some kind of way on some kind of principles. Their disease is more subtle than grandiloquence: it is not quite what the French call *grandeur;* perhaps it may be best described as a suburban sublimity. All the essentials of the sublime are there, except the great occasion and the commanding character. The observer, comparing it with other journalistic and platform vices, will probably describe it with Plato as the "lie in the soul" as against the more venial lie on the lips. And, having some knowledge of history, he will wonder how we have so completely forgotten the teaching of our own eighteenth century.

It was the fashion in Victorian days to say hard things of the eighteenth century, since every era is apt to underrate

its predecessor. The age in which the British Empire was created: which produced Marlborough and Rodney, Clive and Wolfe: which was dominated by Chatham: which saw the Highlanders march to Derby and the hopeless loyalties of Culloden,—that age was condemned as lacking in romance. The truth is that in no epoch in our long history has the romance of deed and fact been more conspicuous. The eighteenth century saw that for the romantic to flourish it must be nourished and strengthened by what we are accustomed to call common-sense. The true Romantic is not the vapouring young gentleman with odd clothes and exuberant hair, but some such type as those Georgian sea-captains who wore woollen underclothing and loved food and wine and the solid comforts of the hearth when they were not about their business of fighting. This spirit of high enterprise based on sound calculations, of chivalry without pose and eloquence without gush, is the romance which is peculiarly eighteenth-century and peculiarly English. Our forefathers are said to have distrusted "enthusiasm," and they would have gladly admitted the charge. They did distrust whatever was opposed to good sense and sane human instinct. They were not afraid of the intellect, and saw no cause to forego the exercise of their native wits merely because a dogma was presented with Sinaitic solemnity. They did not respect earnestness unaccompanied by intelligence, and why should they? The lesson of the eighteenth century both in literature and politics was that for every matter there is an appropriate style. It could admire the heroics of Chatham while it laughed at the rhetoric of Beckford. We call a man well-bred whose manners are nicely adapted to the varying situations of life. The eighteenth century demanded breeding — which is to say that it asked for a manner adequate to the substance, and rejected what fell short or exceeded.

The so-called Romantic Revival is often described as a revolt from eighteenth-century standards. It was, more correctly, in its best form a natural development. It demanded an expression in literature for a side of life which had never been forgotten by the plain citizen. But the danger of a movement which is mainly literary is that it is apt to go beyond the justification given by the living world. Romance now and then forgot reality, and instead of being a tremendous fact became a literary pose. Dellacruscans and Spasmodics revelled in wild verbiage; emotion turned to sensibility; idealism slipped into transcendentalism; the truths of democracy became the whimsies of revolution. We are not attempting a history of the pathology of literature, so it is sufficient to note the fact that that great and splendid movement, the Romantic

Revival, which has so profoundly influenced our modern thought and expression, tended also to make the world forget a truth which is essentially romantic, the eighteenth-century doctrine of the appropriate style. The doctrine is old as Aristotle, and indeed is no more than the belief that facts are the foundation of everything, and that literature as well as statesmanship must keep close to them. It asks for a style organically related to the facts, and maintains that sublime imaginings and exalted rhetoric, being addressed to a human audience, must be in accord with the ancient human sense of fitness.

The degeneration of the romantic movement is one source of the apocalyptic style, but many other springs combined to fill the channel. One was the influence of Mr Gladstone, for foolish things come frequently from splendid origins. To Mr Gladstone a grave and prophetic style was the natural medium of thought. He had the great character and, repeatedly, the great occasion which we have laid down as the necessary preliminaries for the exercise of this manner. But he had no humour, and in consequence he would expound the trivial in a style which only his amazing gifts of voice and presence saved from being comic. His devout followers imitated him in his vices. A certain type of Gladstonian donned the giant's robe with sad results. It was easy to copy his solemnity, his incongruous appeals to morality and religion, his lack of common perspective. What could not be copied were the fire, the imagination, the withering passion which accompanied them. There being but one Gladstone and many Gladstonians, the foibles of a great personality became the eagerly sought virtues of a political school. Much is due, also, to the conditions of our modern cheap journalism. Half-educated writers in the better sort of cheap paper, having to deal with matters about which they are imperfectly informed but more or less sincerely convinced, fall into the apocalyptic style as the easiest. When you are short of arguments it is so much simpler to fulminate and prophesy. But the main source is to be found, perhaps, in the considerable part which Nonconformity has played of late in both literature and politics. In dissent the pulpit and the platform have rarely been distinguishable. The fashion which began with the Puritans of making the august words of Scripture the counters of ordinary conversation has been maintained, perhaps out of a belated sense of romance, by those who believe themselves to be their spiritual descendants. The process is that which we have already observed. Stern men engaged in a contest of life and death may fittingly use the speech of high tragedy; but the same accent becomes comic on the lips of comfortable persons busied with some less vital struggle.

Whatever the cause,—and

we leave the analysis to some pathologist a few centuries hence,—the fact is before us. We do not believe that England has lost her traditional phlegm. A Continental observer from a brief study of some of our newspapers might imagine that the nation to a man had been converted to the worst kind of Rousseauism. Of course it is not true. The average Englishman is as solid and sensible as he ever was. But he has got as his official interpreters a number of gentlemen who are resolved to make the world believe that he is a feckless neurotic being, living in a whirl of confused primary emotions. Let us be very clear, however, about what we mean by the apocalyptic style. It is not the ordinary exaggeration of party warfare. Politicians must always put their case, as a mathematician would say, several powers too high. The fashion has been recognised since first men herded into communities, and the exaggerations, being known for what they are, are innocuous. Wilkes once told Lord Sheffield that he thought Lord Bute a good statesman, but that it was his game to abuse him; and if Wilkes's virile libels were conceived and taken in this spirit, how much more the decorous depreciations of our own day! The men who thundered against Mr Fox dined with him at Brooks's and willingly pocketed his losings. It is allowable to describe every measure of the Government to which you are opposed as the last word in human folly, and every amendment of your own party as a shining instance of human wisdom. It is perfectly fair for one class of paper to portray Mr Asquith as a brigand without a redeeming virtue, and for another class to show us Mr Balfour in colours which would have shamed Iago. It is the rule of the game, and nobody takes it seriously. Every one is aware that the much abused public man is as respectable a citizen as the rest of us. The fashion is harmless, because each side knows that it is exaggerating and that the other side knows that it knows this. The sin is only against good taste, and that is not very important.

Nor is the apocalyptic style the false emphasis and gross rhetoric which disfigure so much of our modern journalism and oratory. That incurable romanticist, the public, hankers after splashes of colour, and those who cater for its taste provide them. The young lions of 'The Daily Telegraph,' with whom Matthew Arnold was so angry, were very innocent people after all. They murdered the King's English and jangled the nerves of Culture, but in their own crude way they ministered to an ancient and honourable craving. We can still find their "lithe," "sinewy," and "nervous" style, their dubious purple, their slipshod heroics, in most columns of the popular press. In literary criticism the thing is rampant. Buoyant gentlemen dispense praise or blame in resounding *clichés*

which have long since lost any meaning. In politics it flourishes still more, for there is greater scope for the oriental fancy of the writers in a debate than in a book. One newspaper in especial deals with our sober Parliament in a style which would not be out of place in chronicling the disputes of the Girondists and the Mountain. A murmur of dissent becomes a "low growl of earnest wrath." A bored Minister gets up to reply to an attack, and is no doubt much surprised to learn that "there was something indomitable in his even, fearless gaze." A very bad joke is made: "Liberals were convulsed," runs the comment. There are rules in the game, which must be followed. We used to talk of "the nation," but the correct phrase is now "the popular heart," and the correct epithets for the organ are "deep," "rough," and "holy." You must never by any chance speak about the "working men"; the right phrase is "the toilers," and you will greatly increase the effect if you manage to refer to their "dumb strivings" and "passionate discontent." These examples come from one side of the House, but you can get nearly as good from the other. In the days when Imperialism was prominent on platforms and in newspapers, there were many striking examples of dithyrambic prose. There is very little harm in it all. Its only faults are vulgarity and silliness, which can do small mischief to readers already steeped in these qualities. It might even be argued that the writers in their odd fashion are doing a public service. They preserve the glamour of politics for the average man. Just as a reporter in the Press Gallery maintains the dignity of Parliament by straightening out a stuttering incoherent speech into some semblance of argument and grammar, so the people who write so floweriy of representative government encourage the desirable belief that there is something in it. "Let not ambition mock their useful toil."

The apocalyptic manner has some kinship with what we have just described, but it differs from it in one important point. Its offence is not only against good taste. It is not used solely for popular effect or as a convention in party warfare. There is in it always an appearance of conviction, of desperate earnestness, which distinguishes it from the merely literary vices we have glanced at. Its vice is not literary, but moral. Let us repeat its definition. The apocalyptic style means the habitual use of the most solemn appeals on behalf of trivial, or at anyrate inadequate, causes. Its favourite counters are conscience, honour, patriotism, morality, righteousness, and religion. It seeks to raise every question to that exalted plane where the ultimate battles of humanity are fought. It cannot discriminate between pedestrian matters which belong properly to the sphere of opportunism and common-sense and those grave problems which

are in their essence spiritual, and to which no consideration of expediency or practical wisdom can ever apply. It is a misplaced seriousness, which stales by foolish use the weightiest sanctions of life.

It will be at once retorted by some devotees of the manner that to serious eyes all things are of the most serious, and that it is only to a shallow analysis that there is any separation between the finite and the infinite. As a proposition in metaphysics this is indisputable. No doubt to the poet and the philosopher a flower in the wall contains the universe, and our most trivial problem, when pushed to its final issue, involves the laws which keep the planets in their courses. There is a school of writers who win a cheap originality by harping on this truism. A little easy dialectic can break down all our current definitions and show that every quality shades into its opposite; that black is only black because it is also white; that the comic is more tragic than tragedy; that progress is backward and reaction advance. It is largely a trick of words with a thin philosophical justification behind it, and when used in its proper place the trick is harmless, and even pleasing. But the grasshopper becomes a burden when he carries its antics into the practical sphere. The world is conducted by means of certain definitions in language and thought on which we consent to agree. To be perpetually upsetting these definitions is to make yourself for practical purposes a nuisance. A lawyer who, instead of interpreting the law as he finds it, endeavours to expound the anomalies of all human justice, will make a very bad business of his case. It may be perfectly true that to the seeing eye a pot of beer contains all the stars, but this is not a relevant argument for or against a reform of our licensing system. The truth is that we are beginning to be cursed in the practical business of life with belletristic jargon. We are losing our sense of relevance, and importing into the practical sphere considerations which have no meaning there. There is a danger, in a word, of our forgetting common-sense —which we may define as a wise appreciation of the working rules of human society. To drag those alien immensities into a prosaic argument is to be guilty not only of silliness but of impiety. At Oxford, in the days when appeals to the Divine were more common in philosophy than happily they are to-day, a certain examiner is believed to have set as the first question in a philosophy paper, "Write down what you know of God, and do not mention Him in any subsequent answer." To speak with all reverence, Heaven has no more to do with formal logic than formal logic has to do with Heaven.

The writers of the apocalyptic school, to do them justice, would not adopt this flippant line of defence. Their justification is that they are in earnest, that they believe in

certain truths, and think it right to testify to the belief at all seasons. They are men of some intelligence and numerous convictions; but the two things are divorced in their minds. Their creed, being largely based on emotion, forbids them to weigh fully the meaning of their tenets. Having reached their belief by some kind of rational process, they prohibit reason from any further activity. They wield the fine weapon of faith like a bludgeon, and use it for servile tasks for which it is wholly unfitted. If a Toledo blade is used to poke the fire or stir the pot, it will soon lose its temper and may haply damage the fingers of those who degrade it. For the purpose of argument we assume that the convictions, of the use of which we complain, have been honestly reached and are fervently held. We credit the apocalyptics with both intellect and morals. What we wish to show is that by these methods they are doing their best to degrade the sanctities in which they believe.

Let us take as our first instance the use which is made of the patriotic appeal. It will show us the vice in its least harmful form, and yet undeniably a vice. A fashion has grown up among some writers of arrogating to themselves the defence of national wellbeing, and treating their opponents as traitors to this cause. Now mark what the accusation means. A man who is not a patriot does not merely blunder in his views of national policy: he blunders intentionally, for he wishes the nation ill. It is a comparatively rare temperament, and in its mingling of vanity and inhumanity it is the most detestable temperament on earth. The unpatriotic man is born without the homely instincts and faltering loyalties which ennoble human nature. The spectre of his bloodless self stands between him and his kin, his race, and the whole world of men. His first thought is for his own posturing figure, and his last dwells in the same dismal region. To call a man unpatriotic, therefore, is to saddle him with an awful charge. Liar and debauchee are less damning accusations. But when the term "unpatriotic" is flung about casually, all that the writers mean is that the object of their attack is mistaken in his views of national policy. It may be A's conviction that the safety of Britain requires the addition of ten millions to the naval estimates and compulsory military service. It may be B's conviction that we should economise on service expenditure so that wealth may fructify in private pockets, and that any form of compulsion on the citizen weakens his ultimate force of resistance. But both aim at the same thing—the security of Britain: they differ only in the means. Neither of them is unpatriotic, and to scatter that charge lavishly is to weaken one of the most appalling terms of condemnation in the language. A man who loves his

country may be wrong-headed and dangerous, but he will never be unpatriotic. There have been unpatriotic men in our history: they exist to-day; they will continue to exist till they are wiped out at Armageddon. If we are to preserve this weapon of attack — the patriotic appeal— sharp and bright, let us be very careful how we use it for irrelevant purposes. To call a man unpatriotic when you mean that he is stupid, is to be guilty of the central fault of the apocalyptic style. It is to use a solemn appeal on an inadequate occasion. Those who toss about an ultimate sanction so lightly are open to the charge of deficiency in serious passion. The man who loves his country best cannot be apocalyptic in his tone. He is modest in the presence of so great a cause — a cause which is certain and simple, however complex be the rest of his creed. The words of the most moderate patriot will be those of Halifax, the father of all moderates: "Our Trimmer is far from idolatry in other things; in one thing only he cometh near it. His country is in some degree his idol. . . . For the earth of England . . . there is divinity in it, and he would rather die than see a spire of English grass trampled down by a foreign trespasser."

This misuse of the word "patriot" has been admirably exposed by the critics of a school which on all other matters is sworn to the apocalyptic. The vice is confined, as we have said, to no single party; but as with one side it is associated with false appeals to national pride, so on the other it may be known by its false moral fervour. The humblest of the questions of the day is turned into a case of conscience. By a strange and most short-sighted intolerance, difference of opinion is assumed to involve a difference of moral code. At a recent bye-election the successful candidate received a wire from a club of supporters congratulating him that the "forces of hell had not prevailed against him." The phrase is typical of the whole apocalyptic attitude. To these writers the world is a device in ink and snow—the radiant child of light and the scowling sons of darkness. The audiences at Pleasant Sunday Afternoons are enjoined to ask themselves what their Lord would have done had He been in their case— and their case is probably a County Council election. The advocates of the feeding of school children at the public expense enforce their appeal with the text "Suffer the children." Take any half-dozen contemporary measures, and you will find wonderful specimens of apocalyptic hysteria. The opponents of Old Age Pensions, for example,— honest gentlemen, as sincerely anxious as any one to find some remedy for the condition of the poor, — are de-

scribed as aged Giant Popes gnashing toothless gums as they see the Christians and Greathearts of progress breaking into their dark citadels. Those who refuse to sanction a rash scheme to relieve unemployment are, in this fashion of speech, monopolists who gloat over human misery. There is no need to multiply instances. Sometimes the tone is that of the street preacher, sometimes that of the decorous moralist in his study, but the essential quality does not change. In it all there is the same prostitution of sacred things to trivial purposes. It is not the ordinary rhetoric of politics. That may be often vulgar, but it is never impious. That confines itself to mundane things, and does not paw the ultimate verities. The apocalyptic manner declines to deal with questions on the plane to which they naturally belong. It declines to give them, therefore, their logical and legitimate consideration. It insists on elevating them to a moral or religious plane with which they have, for the practical purposes of life, no earthly connection. Do its votaries, we wonder, never stop to consider that a case must be bad indeed when for its defence they appeal to conscience rather than to reason?

One such appeal has been so prominent of late years that it is worth fuller notice. Under the Education Act of 1902, Nonconformists of various persuasions were compelled to pay rates, part of which went to the upkeep of Church Schools. These ratepayers did not "hold with" the teaching in Church Schools, and very naturally they disliked paying for it. Let us be very clear as to the nature of this objection, for it is important to the argument. The Nonconformist did not regard Church doctrine as definitely immoral; he merely thought his own better, as he had every right to think it. What he objected to was that one religious faith was getting preferential treatment from the presumably impartial State, and if this annoyed him seriously he was entitled to seek redress by every means in his power. Passive resistance may have been bad policy, but it was at any rate straightforward and intelligible. But unfortunately his lay and clerical leaders saw fit to describe their revolt as one of conscience, and to lay claim to the title of martyrs. Yet there was no suggestion of conscience in the matter. If they had considered Church teaching as something really wicked, then it would have been their conscientious duty not to rest till they had abolished the Church root and branch. By continuing as citizens of the State they would have been sharers in its iniquity. But of course they had no such view. What they asked was "their rights," as a London cabman does when he is underpaid. A cabman who protests in intemperate language against the smallness of his

fare and is promptly arrested is as much a sufferer for conscience' sake as any passive resister. It is a mere accident that the subject-matter of the dispute was concerned nominally with religion. The point at issue for passive resisters was as purely secular as the cabman's. We have no desire to minimise the Nonconformist grievance. Let it be all they claim for it, and it still has nothing to do with conscience. A noble appeal was degraded when a political agitation claimed the sanction which sent a Latimer to the stake and a More to the scaffold.

The strife about indentured labour in South Africa saw the climax of the apocalyptic style,—at least we would fain hope that such amazing heights of extravagance could not be exceeded by a sane people. To a few honest souls, who were incapable of looking squarely at facts, and were at the mercy of words and their emotional associations, Chinese labour may have really appeared to be a monstrous thing, wholly outside the pale of argument. But it is perfectly certain that such people were few in number, and too unimportant to influence opinion seriously. The apocalyptic writers had sufficient intelligence to appreciate the difference between such a form of labour and slavery; but the distinction which they would make in thought they could not or would not embody in words, because of the style to which their souls were in bondage. There were weighty arguments against the experiment—political arguments, social arguments, economic arguments; even, in a limited sense, moral arguments. But few of these were brought forward either by press or platform. The whole question was treated in a curious vein of pulpit eloquence. It was a "stain upon the honour of Britain," a "prostitution of human dignity," a "gamble in human lives," a "living sacrifice to Mammon." A remarkable anthology of apocalyptic abuse might be compiled on the subject. It is easy to slip from honesty once the restraints of good sense are withdrawn. It was only a short step from such appeals to the picture of Chinamen in chains, with its most logical companion piece of bloated Celestials jeering at emaciated British workmen, with which for a bad season the hoardings were garnished. It was another short step to a public repudiation of such methods when their work was done, and a belated return to accurate speech. We would credit the writers of this school as a rule with earnestness and honesty, but it is an honesty which in its very nature must be separated by only a narrow line from cant.

Our argument is directed only against the abuse of such appeals, not against the appeals themselves. We object to their becoming a method, because in their very nature they are exceptional and abnormal. Given the adequate occasion, and they constitute

the most moving type of human eloquence. The great masters of oratory have used them at critical times in the history of the nation. You will find them in the speeches of both the Pitts. Burke, at the height of his great argument, has metaphors and appeals which

> "tease us out of thought,
> As doth eternity."

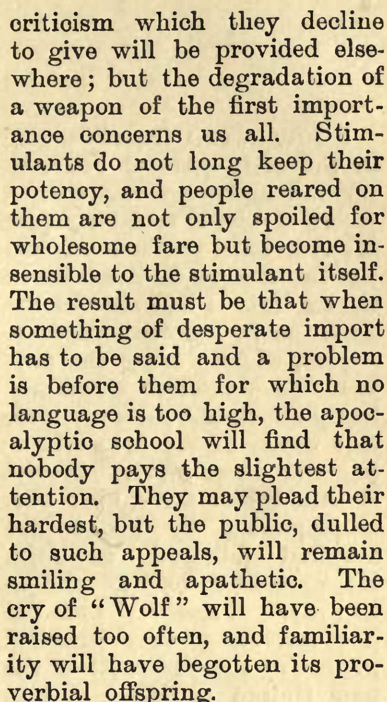
Disraeli had moments when the glitter of his fireworks seemed to change to the lightnings of heaven. Bright, pleading against war, could summon to his aid the invisible company of angels; and what man alive in the last forty years does not remember passages when Gladstone seemed to forget the party leader in the prophet? With the greatest the manner is frequent, for the great occasion is common; but even with lesser men, the occasion may give the inspiration which warrants the manner. If we had to select a perfect instance, we would take Chalmers' reply to a foolish critic who recalled the early days when he was busied with mathematics rather than the care of souls. "Strangely blinded that I was! What, sir, is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude and the proportions of magnitude. But then, sir, I had forgotten two magnitudes. I thought not of the littleness of time—I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity." Another instance is Lincoln. He transacted the business of life in phrases of a home-spun simplicity. He never fell into the turgid heroics which disfigured most of the Northern oratory. But when the great occasion came, as in the Gettysburg speech, he could reach a height of sublimity to which the nineteenth century saw no equal. It is the same in literature as in oratory. Carlyle, living at white heat and seeing far into the foundations of society, can wear the mantle of Isaiah with dignity, but those who have nothing of Carlyle except his lack of nice discrimination appear only as mountebanks in the garb. Ruskin had the trick of looking at everything *sub specie æternitatis*, but he was a master of prose, and he had the imagination and insight of a poet. Besides, the eternities were his business: he was professedly writing a kind of philosophy, and attempting to show how metaphysics were intertwined with the thread of our common life. He was apocalyptic, but apocalypse happened to be his aim, and the manner was therefore in season. It is of the Carlyles without grip and the Ruskins without poetry that we complain. That fatal phrase *sub specie æternitatis* has fallen into a use of which Spinoza never dreamed. It is capable of an easy emotional interpretation, and cheap culture has taken it to its heart. Half the fools who muddy the waters of argument will quote it to justify their treasons against sense.

The trouble is that the thing is not a vice of vulgar people

with sordid aims, but of men endowed with a certain degree of character and intelligence. The apocalyptics are in earnest, and they have wits enough to keep them straight if they cared to exercise them. We are all familiar with the type of popular paper—and for that matter of popular speech—that dances attendance on the mob, and will give it any food its capricious appetite may seek. Such performances are bad enough, but after all they only heighten the vulgarity of what is already vulgar, and debase what is already beyond hope. They appeal to common and trivial passions, and put the instincts of the gutter into gutter language. We call those responsible for them frivolous, and the reproach is deserved. But is there not a far more dangerous frivolity in those who prostitute the most solemn appeals to trivial purposes? The first vice is only vulgar, for it uses degraded weapons; but the second degrades the finest weapons in our mortal armoury. The apocalyptics offend against light, which is recognised by theology as the unpardonable sin.

There are three consequences which must flow from the manner. The first is the mental and moral degradation of its practitioners. The style is a kind of spiritual dram-drinking. The writers have forgotten what Stevenson has aptly called the "piety of speech." The world of facts in time will cease to exist for them. The powers of observation and thought which depend upon a spiritual *ascēsis* will become atrophied. Just as certain poets are said to have seen landscape in ready-made blank verse lines, so they see all problems in the shape of a few well-worn emotional *clichés*. The appeals themselves lose all meaning for the appellants. Their solemnity departs, and they become lack-lustre tricks of speech doing duty in a mechanical round. A second consequence is that the business of criticism is badly done. Useful criticism must be *in pari materia* with the thing criticised. It would be absurd to condemn a romance because it had not enough of the Gospel in it, and it is equally ridiculous to criticise a policy from a standpoint which has no relation to it. Every human institution is in need of criticism, but to be effective that criticism must be relevant. The case for the attack or the defence needs to be put, but it cannot be put by means of a harmonium or even a dignified organ. Finally, the apocalyptic style must lead to the cheapening of serious things in the public mind. If the ultimate appeals are used for common matters, there will be no further appeal left when the matters are uncommon. It is conceivable that some day we may have to fight an anti-social monopoly, but who will listen to men who have clapped the name of monopoly to a dozen types of legitimate enterprise? The old love of liberty

is declining, and some day a new form of slavery may arise, but the cry of slavery will have grown meaningless from farcical use. Honest men may yet have to band themselves against unpatriotic forces, but how weak will be the patriotic appeal! Conscience—the right of the individual to his own sacred things—may once again have to be defended, but a new word must be found, for the old will have lost its majesty. Those who busy themselves in denouncing differences in policy as lack of patriotism, breaches of public honour, or stains upon national morality, are spoiling the weapons of attack against real disloyalty, real dishonour. This is, indeed, the gravamen of the charge. That the writers are demoralising themselves is their own look-out; the relevant criticism which they decline to give will be provided elsewhere; but the degradation of a weapon of the first importance concerns us all. Stimulants do not long keep their potency, and people reared on them are not only spoiled for wholesome fare but become insensible to the stimulant itself. The result must be that when something of desperate import has to be said and a problem is before them for which no language is too high, the apocalyptic school will find that nobody pays the slightest attention. They may plead their hardest, but the public, dulled to such appeals, will remain smiling and apathetic. The cry of "Wolf" will have been raised too often, and familiarity will have begotten its proverbial offspring.



A VISIT TO MOULAI EL HAFID.

I JOURNEYED from Tangier in the early part of June, to try and make my way to Fez where Moulai el Hafid had just arrived, as I wished to find out the true state of affairs in the capital. I had studied the situation in Morocco from the papers, which during the past year have been so singularly badly informed, and almost the last words I read before leaving the coast were, "Moulai el Hafid has arrived at Fez, accompanied by about five hundred followers in rags. He proceeded to the Mosque to pray." These few lines did not convey a very cheerful picture of the prospects of the new Sultan of Morocco, and did not augur well for the success of my journey inland. Finding I could get no one to go with me to Fez from Tangier, I took steamer to Larache, a little port forty-eight miles down the coast, accompanied by a guide called Rabet, who could speak a little French, a little English, and had an acquaintance with several other languages. At Larache I bought a horse, hired mules, and rode inland twenty miles to Alcizar, where my real difficulties commenced. I was told it would be impossible to get through to Fez, but this is invariably the answer one receives when travelling off the beaten track, and it has long since ceased to trouble me. I soon found an invaluable companion for the journey in Mr Harry Carleton, brother of Bibi Carleton, our Consul at Alcizar, who speaks Arabic like a native, and is well known and respected among the Moors.

Our first step was to buy Moorish clothes. Carleton elected to travel as a mountaineer, but I wore the white flowing robes of a Moor of the upper class. We had difficulty in procuring mules, because the Caid of Alcizar, a rabid pro-Hafidist, had issued stringent orders that none of the towns-people were to assist Europeans to go to Fez under divers pains and penalties, for he supposed their presence would not be welcome to his master. After a long search and much bargaining we came to terms with a swarthy negro muleteer, who agreed to carry our baggage to a village called Shimaja, thirty miles on the road to Fez, where we could pass the night with a Caid who was friendly to Carleton. I elected to ride a horse on the road; but my companion preferred to sit on the top of a pack, declaring that on a long journey it was the more comfortable. We discarded all superfluous kit — carrying only a tent, some tinned provisions, a change of clothes, a Martini-Henry rifle, and a large revolver which I had purchased in Tangier. Owing to the Act of Algeciras, there is great difficulty in taking arms and ammunition into Morocco. I brought two rifles out from

England, but they never got farther than Irun on the Franco-Spanish frontier, where they were seized by the Customs officers, who told me that, in addition to paying a duty equivalent to twice their value, I would have to obtain a permit from the Minister of War to carry them through Spain. Not wishing to delay my journey because of two old Mausers captured in the Boer War, I abandoned them to Spain. Just before the train started the gendarmes, touched with remorse, suggested that I should give them half a visiting card, and on my return, if I produced the other half and it fitted, I should receive my rifles back. To this compromise I agreed, and in consequence arrived at Tangier weaponless. After much trouble I bought the revolver of the Chief-Constable of Cadiz, who had been obliged to sell it after a spree at Tangier, the conclusion of which found him with his ready money exhausted. I also bought fifty cartridges; and this weapon, carefully loaded, never left my side during my stay in Morocco. I only had to draw it on two occasions, and never to use it. On my return from Fez three months later I tried it on the sea between Larache and Tangier. Six times on pulling the trigger there followed the click of a hammer without any report. Four more cartridges were tried without result, and only the eleventh went off. Never put your trust in a second-hand foreign-made weapon!

The evening before I left Alcizar I witnessed a unique exhibition of snake-charming, and one which I never wish to see again. I was standing with Bibi Carleton and his brother Harry outside their house, when a fanatic came up, wildly gesticulating, calling down curses upon us, and holding in his hand a large, live, and poisonous snake. His hair was dressed in ringlets, after the fashion of the early Victorian ladies, and his whole appearance was ferocious and disgusting. He was followed by a crowd of people who pressed round him, and wishing to clear the space, he took the snake by the tail and swung it round at arm's-length, quickly dispersing the spectators. The holy man then became pacified, curled the snake round his neck, and even allowed it to crawl partly down his back. Bibi Carleton said to me, "This man is a frequent visitor here, he is a fanatic, and we must humour him by giving him money." (Thus even does fanaticism yield to the power of money.) I handed over some silver, and most of the spectators did likewise. But this philanthropy instead of calming the man made him wilder than ever. He seized the snake by the tail, uttered fearful cries, and rushed at the spectators. In a trice the street was cleared. Then he came in my direction, but having an intense horror of snakes, and not wishing to cause trouble by threatening to shoot him, I fled inside the house and watched the proceedings from this vantage-point. What followed disgusted

me. This devoted child of the Prophet placed the head of the snake between his teeth, held the tail in his hands, and exerting all his strength stretched it out beyond its full length, until it broke off at the neck, leaving the head in his mouth. Then having swallowed the head, he walked down the street, at intervals biting bits of the still wriggling body. This was the last I saw of him.

On the following morning we left Alcizar at dawn, and did four good hours before the African sun appeared in all its glory and with all its accompanying discomfort. An hour after the sun rises the horses and mules lose their energy and seem to give up all hope, their brisk step dies away, their heads droop, and with parched tongues lolling from their mouths they crawl along at two or three miles an hour. We passed through some splendid country. On the grass plains through which the road ran, herds of cattle, flocks of sheep and goats, camels and mules, were grazing. The villagers were at work in the cornfields reaping the harvest, and as they toiled they sang a strange, plaintive song, which really means, "Oh, Allah, be good to us, we are working our best." Travellers on the road were few, and were mostly muleteers. They eyed us with curiosity, and quickly discovered that I was no Moor, in spite of my native attire. Rabet, my interpreter, a native of Tangier, replied in various ways to the inquiries of the passers-by. At one time I was an Egyptian Mohammedan, having just returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca, and now on my way to the Shrine of Moulai Edriss at Fez; to another I was the English Ambassador, and Carleton the German Minister, on our way to the capital to acknowledge Moulai el Hafid as Sultan; to others we were consuls, merchants, or Jews,—anything, in fact, which entered this accomplished liar's head.

Near our first camping-place we met three soldiers, bearing letters from Moulai el Hafid to his friends in Alcizar. They became very friendly when we told them we were on our way to visit their master, and suggested that, as travelling was not safe, we should wait for them at our first camp, where they would rejoin us after having delivered their letters, and thus we could make the remainder of the journey together. To this we agreed, so, leaving the oldest of their number, who was tired out with the speed with which they had travelled, with us, the other two continued on their way, the present of a dollar securing their affection for all time. At 4 P.M. we crawled into Shimaja, and were greeted by the chief, who gave us a site for our tent, forage for our animals, and green tea to cool our thirst. This village was typical of most on the road to Fez: they are really temporary camps placed amidst the wheat-fields, and are moved every year or two years to cleaner ground. The houses are miserable hovels, made of mud and straw, and blackened with

smoke. Children, dogs, and hens, and even donkeys, have free access to the huts, and all repair there for shelter from the sun and rain. During the day the villages are left to the children and dogs; at sunset the women return from their work in the fields, and the herdsmen drive in the cattle and sheep for food and protection. When all the cattle, sheep, goats, mules, horses, and camels, not forgetting the swarms of dogs and storks, are safely gathered within the fold, the noise is indescribable. Feasting then commences. The Moors love late hours, especially during the hot weather, for the men sleep during the day whilst their wives are out working in the fields, and thus they can sit up the greater part of the night to watch over their flocks, and protect them from cattle-raiders from neighbouring villages. Throughout Morocco there is a continual state of open hostilities between the tribesmen, and raids are frequent.

After spending a few days in a Moorish village you are struck by two facts—(1) the laziness of the majority of the men; (2) the amount of work that women have to do. They are kept hard at toil in the fields throughout the day; they are the hewers of wood and drawers of water, they do all the household work, and at the same time bring up large families. The men, with the exception of the labouring class who work in the fields with the women, spend the day sleeping, gossiping, or riding round to neighbouring villages to call on their friends. Thus the richer the Moor the more wives and concubines he has, for they are his servants, and perform the household duties and all the hard manual labour. The result on the appearance and physique of the women of Morocco is naturally bad. There are many who are born with good looks and good figures, but at an early age their hard lives destroy their charms and they become slovenly and prideless, mere drudges to obey the commands of the master whose former affection has passed to younger and more handsome rivals. This is one of the great evils of polygamy, for the Moor being constantly able to renew the sharers of his heart and home, takes little trouble to preserve in comfort and good health the faithful companions of his early years.

But to the weary traveller who has to be off at sunrise on the following morning, this feasting is far from welcome. At 8 P.M. our host brought before us a bleating lamb, and explained that he was about to slaughter it in our honour. It is customary to kill the animal in the presence of the guests, but as a concession to our dislike of blood the lamb was despatched out of sight. After waiting hours for our meal, I fell asleep. At midnight I was aroused, and presented with the liver beautifully cooked on skewers. Then followed another interval of sleep, and at 1 A.M. the Moorish national dish, *coscous*, was brought in. Our servants and the villagers continued to feast and to keep up an in-

cessant chattering until 4 A.M. Fortunately we did not have to move off at an early hour, having promised to remain a day in camp to await the return of Hafid's soldiers from Alcizar. This delay was far from agreeable. The sun was abnormally hot, and there was not a leaf within miles to which one might fly for shade. It is impossible to sleep or to rest under the circumstances, and you lie in your tent cursing the sun and eagerly counting the seconds until it sinks below the western horizon. We had promised the soldiers to wait for them until 1 P.M. the following day, but on account of the heat we changed our minds and decided to move off at dawn, and allow them to overtake us on the road. It is a difficult task to get your caravan packed and started at the appointed hour. Your Moorish servants have no idea of time or punctuality, and dislike early rising. Therefore you must call yourself, kick the lot of them from under their blankets, and keep doing so until your tents are struck and your mules packed, for if you take your eye off them for a moment they fall asleep again. You are well rewarded by an early start, for you can ride four or five hours until nine o'clock, and these are the coolest and most pleasant hours of the day. Then between nine and ten you choose a suitable spot, pitch your tent, and have lunch. We camped for the night in a large village on the Sebou river called Warga. Here the people were not so friendly, but the Caid, who knew Carleton, made us very welcome, and offered the customary gifts of a sheep, chickens, eggs, sugar, and tea.

We had only been in camp a short time when the soldiers rejoined us from Alcizar, bringing Bibi Carleton with them, much to our surprise. He told us he had received a letter from Moulai el Hafid asking him to come to Fez immediately, as he wished to consult him. That night we had a great reunion of Caids and Headmen in Carleton's tent, and listened to many interesting stories of how the movement in favour of Hafid was progressing. Cup after cup of green tea went the round until a late hour.

On the following morning we made an early start, and covered nearly fifty miles before camping at the *kasbah* of a Caid perched among the hills about six hours from Fez. The heat was very great, and our animals could hardly complete the stage. At dawn we were off again, and by 1 P.M., after what seemed an unending passage through the hills, I had my first view of Fez Djedid (New Fez). It was a cheering sight after our long ride, the pleasure of which had been entirely spoilt by the great heat. We waited for our tired pack animals to close up, and then rode towards the gate. Round the town were masses of white tents, where the soldiers of the Mahallas were camped, and the plain was dotted with mounted men in their picturesque white robes. Near the gates it occurred to us for the first time that we had nowhere

to go to, so we stopped and had a consultation, and decided to make for the British Post Office, which had been left in charge of a Moorish gentleman, Mr Mikowar, after the flight of the consuls in August 1907. The streets were crowded with Moors, Jews, and Berbers, and we hurried through them with the hoods of our *jallabs* and *sulhams* wrapped round our heads to hide our faces from the wondering throng. Many of the Berbers who had come from the south with Moulai el Hafid had never seen a European before, and eyed us with much curiosity, but we were allowed to pass unmolested. On arriving at the post office we were informed, much to our surprise, by Mr Mikowar, who is a prosperous banker of Fez, that the news of our coming had preceded us, and that Moulai el Hafid had ordered him to prepare a house for our use. To this we were conducted. It was large and airy, having five large rooms and a kitchen, all built round a small garden, in the centre of which was the usual tank of running water. Moulai el Hafid had ordered Mikowar to supply us with all we wanted, and this gentleman had filled the house with Moorish carpets, elegant brass bedsteads, sheets and blankets, chairs, tables, and cooking utensils. In addition, Hafid had sent a Caid and four soldiers to take up their permanent abode with us, to watch over our safety by day when we sauntered forth into the streets, and to guard our house by night. But after the first few days I discarded the escort, and went all over Fez alone with my Moorish guide. It was no easy matter to drag the soldiers from their comfortable mattresses; and if you succeeded, it cost you in tips at the rate of about a dollar a mile per man. On the morning after our arrival I found we were to be treated during our stay as the guests of Moulai el Hafid, and were not to be allowed to buy even our own food. Such is the hospitality of this barbaric race. Even a special cook was placed at our disposal. At dawn the imperial administrators knocked at the door, bearing our *mouna* (food) for the ensuing twenty-four hours. The items were: a whole sheep, a dozen chickens, countless loaves of bread, eggs, fresh butter, green tea, coffee, sugar, melons, plums, apples, pears, potatoes, tomatos, and onions. This supply was continued up to the time of my departure. Naturally it was more than we required for our own use, and the inhabitants in our neighbourhood were not long in discovering this. Henceforth a crowd of soldiers, friendly but impoverished Caids, poor children, and even Jews, attached themselves to our household uninvited, and lived on the Sultan's generosity. I made repeated efforts to keep some order amongst this unruly throng, which grew to such dimensions that at times we could not secure sufficient food for our own use. It was snatched up before our cook had the chance of securing the choicest portions.

Therefore every two or three days I was obliged to turn everybody out of doors; but it was of little use, for back they came with renewed vigour.

When I arrived at Fez I should have found, according to the newspapers, the city in a state of uproar, with Moulai el Hafid and "his five hundred ragged followers" holding their own with difficulty amidst thousands of the supporters of Abdul Aziz. How different was the reality! The city was outwardly calm, the officials were performing their administrative duties, and Hafid was quietly at work establishing his government. I spent the first few days calling upon the Ministers in order to become acquainted with the leaders of the Hafidist movement. The three most powerful supporters of Hafid are El Glawi, Caid of the Atlas, Si Aissa Ben Omar, Caid of Abda, and Si Abdul-karim Shergui, the Caid of the tribes round Fez. Si Aissa is Foreign Minister, and El Glawi the Prime Minister, or Grand Vizier as that official is known in Mohammedan countries. When one considers that Hafid had only entered the capital three weeks before, he had established a firm hold on all sections of the populace in a remarkably short time. This was by no means an easy task, for he had to deal with the warlike Berbers, who had come with him from the south, ever ready to loot; with the townspeople who, since the departure of Abdul Aziz, had enjoyed complete freedom from taxation and were therefore somewhat out of hand, and with the fifteen thousand Jews in the Mella. But he succeeded in reconciling the conflicting interests and making himself popular with all classes. So assured was Hafid of his position, that he set aside nearly all the conditions under which the people of Fez had consented to receive him as Sultan. One of these was that no Europeans should be allowed to enter the capital, yet here we were as his guests. The Jews were delighted to see a Sultan once again established at the Marzhen. For a year, ever since their friend and emancipator Abdul Aziz had gone south, their lot had not been a happy one. They were denied the privileges granted them by Aziz, were jostled and insulted in the streets, and lived, or professed to live, in hourly terror of their lives. I am inclined, however, to think that they exaggerated their dangers. When Hafid entered Fez they trembled all the more, for they argued, like others, "Here is a fanatic, determined to close his country to the foreigner, who will be wanting money, and who will grind us down with heavy taxation, as well as curtail the rights and privileges granted us by Abdul Aziz." These fears were groundless, for Hafid's first step was to ensure their proper protection, and from the day he entered Fez the Jews were once again able to walk outside the Mella in safety. Hafid charged nothing for this protection, much to the surprise of the Jews, and they were merely called upon to pay,

equally with the Mohammedans, the old imposts on the sale of certain articles and the octroi charges at the gates of the town, which had been in force under Abdul Aziz.

Nevertheless, for the first two months after Hafid entered the capital there was an Azist party in the town, hardly formidable enough to make their presence felt, but who worked quietly in the interests of their old master. They were to be found among the business class, who had enjoyed special trading rights under Aziz, and who had made large sums of money by catering to the many weaknesses of that monarch and his corrupt gang of advisers. These gentlemen knew that their bright day of spoliation and speculation was at an end with the advent of a man who is above making money at the expense of his country; so they schemed to bring about his downfall. The agents of this party filled the French press with false reports, which they sent off in shoals to Tangier day by day. You found them at the palace eating the Sultan's bread and enjoying his protection and favours, yet doing all in their power to blacken his character, and to make Europe believe that his success was purely temporary, and that any moment his downfall might take place. One of these men, the agent of the French post office, a native Algerian who spoke French perfectly, came to see me day by day. His conversation always opened up in the same manner. Drawing me into a dark corner (beloved by the conspirator), he would whisper in my ear, "Je vous assure, monsieur, que la chute de Hafid est seulement une question des jours. Il n'a pas des armes ni d'argent ni d'ammunition. Les Fasis le détestont. La ville est prêt de proclamer Abdul Aziz le moment qu'Hafid quitte Fez." Day after day this gentleman would come to me with this same story. Another strange character at the court of Hafid was a certain French Commandant called Benomar. He wore a gay uniform of his own design, and on his breast were displayed medals for hot service in Tunis, Algeria, and Tonkin, as well as Khedivial stars and British medals for various campaigns in the Soudan. No one could state accurately his nationality. He professed to be an Algerian-born French subject who had served in the Coastguard Service in Egypt after leaving the French Army. He said he had served under Kitchener ("homme terrible"), under Hunter ("homme gentil"), and under Wingate ("homme très intelligent"). On Hafid's arrival at Fez, the Commandant offered his services as military instructor. The Sultan accepted them, and every day the Commandant went out to drill troops, who refused to obey him on the grounds that he was French. The Commandant also prepared a scheme for the reorganisation of the Sherefian Army, which he tried to get the Sultan to adopt. The latter had by this time become suspicious of Benomar, having

heard he was a spy, and resolutely refused to receive him. From that time forth the Commandant was a pathetic figure, hanging round the palace waiting for his audience which never came. He had red hair, a nose which had suffered from a violent collision, huge red side whiskers, a gigantic moustache, a light blue uniform, baggy white knickers, bare legs, patent-leather shoes, a red turban, a gold sash, and a gigantic sword. His gestures were theatrical in the extreme, and he could keep up an incessant flow of conversation on the subject of the reorganisation of the Moorish Army, declaring that in his able hands it would become a splendid fighting machine. The Commandant was one of the most pessimistic on the subject of Hafid. He came to me day by day with the tale that his downfall was certain, and frankly advised me to fly before it was too late. When I left Fez he told me he corresponded not only with the French Government, but also with General D'Amade!

I had only been in Fez a few days when I received a summons from Hafid to visit him at the palace. The palace is composed of a jumble of buildings covering a huge area, and as difficult to traverse as a maze. Mixed in hopeless confusion are mosques, reception rooms, private apartments, courtyards, and the harem. The exterior is a uniform white, and the palace having been unoccupied for a year was sadly in need of repair. On the occasion of my first interview I went to the Grand Courtyard, where I found the Moroccan Army assembled, the guns drawn up, and the band playing lively and familiar military airs. The Army was delightful. It looked as if a committee composed of Lord Lansdowne, Arnold Forster, Brodrick, and Haldane had been unable to come to a decision as to what was the most suitable uniform, and therefore each had clothed a portion according to his fancy. Some of the soldiers wore red coats, some green, some blue, and some yellow, whilst the infinite variety and colour of the breeches added to the circus-like effect. The rifles were of many patterns—Gras, Martinis, Mausers, Remingtons, and Lee-Metfords. The bayonets were stuck through belts and buttonholes, or down the back to protect the spine from the sun. Many of the companies were made up of boys, for the father of a large family introduces a few of his sons into the ranks in order that their names may swell the deferred pay-sheets. Under the portico leading to the palace I found the Foreign Minister and all the big officials seated. The Sultan was receiving deputations from the tribesmen that morning, who brought him presents of money, horses, saddles, and other gifts. A continuous stream of warriors were being passed politely in by the palace officials, and kicked out as soon as their gifts had been delivered. Meanwhile the band in the courtyard kept up a lively concert. After a wait of two hours my summons came, and

I was conducted by the Foreign Minister into the presence of Hafid, through a long line of Moorish flunkeys, who held out eager palms for tips. Hafid was seated on a sofa at the end of a passage which did not even boast of a carpet. On either side were lumber-rooms filled with boxes containing toys left behind by Abdul Aziz. A single attendant stood by the Sultan and brushed away the insects and flies. I spent nearly two hours with Hafid, during which he talked freely on a great many subjects, political, social, and commercial. He seemed to delight in comparing his own country with Europe, and to note the differences. Moulai el Hafid is a handsome, strongly-made man, thirty years of age, who impresses all who come across him with his patriotism, his sincerity of character, and his sagacity. This was the first of many pleasant hours I spent in Hafid's society.

A Mohammedan people enjoy one great advantage over all others,—they never suffer from the anticipation of that which is to come, and, as a natural result, they can always enjoy the present, although only a few hours may separate them from disaster, or even from death. Their implicit belief in an ordained future imparts a dignified repose and outward calm to all their actions. Thus in spite of the trials and troubles which threatened the State during my stay at Fez, a smooth surface of unchangeable serenity veiled the inner thoughts of every individual, from the Sultan to the nigger at his gates. On what were their minds concentrated during these eventful days? Apparently on the most trivial matters. An English Department of State during a war, home disturbances, or a financial crisis, presents a scene of indescribable bustle and confusion. Every official, from the harried Secretary of State to the bemedalled commissionaire at the hall-door, looks worn-out and ready to drop. Tempers are testy, collars become soft, harmless inquirers are jostled about with small regard, and hasty meals, snatched at odd intervals, throw the frail human machine still further out of gear. When the period of stress is over there are gaps in the ranks. Some have resigned, unable longer to withstand the departure from the normal speed of life, and others have even succumbed to the wear and tear of critical times. Now is all this necessary? Do we not attach too much importance and urgency to those affairs which revolve in our own particular orbit. Could we not in this respect study with advantage the Mohammedans, and in some measure acquire that repose and control of the feelings which spring from the power to completely detach the mind from the past and from the future, and to concentrate it on the enjoyment of the present. Undoubtedly, to obtain this perfection the observation of certain outward forms common to the whole community is very necessary. These must become so much a part and parcel of the life of the nation that the question of setting them aside in times of

emergency, and thus deranging the daily routine, never arises, because no emergency, not excepting death, can equal the importance attached to the observation of these outward forms. Thus Mahomet, when he ordained that the Holy Men should ascend the minarets and call the faithful to prayer seven times a-day, did more to steady the nerves of his followers and to preserve their health than all the rest-cures and quack medicines of Western civilisation. It is not the actual prayers which do the good (though far be it that I should belittle their salutary effect!), — it is the complete detachment and rest which they bring, and the accompanying break in every individual's occupation at certain hours of the day. Surely it would be an excellent innovation if Secretaries of State, officials, business men, and Members of Parliament were obliged to carry mats under their arms and at fixed hours to rest, and if of a religious turn of mind, to pray. This practice, if introduced into Europe, would materially assist to keep all in a slow and measured tread. During a Cabinet Council, when some polemical measure was under discussion, such as the "Abolition of the House of Lords," "Votes for Women," or "Old Age Pensions," surely there would be fewer wild decisions, internal dissensions, and hasty resignations if at the sound of the mueddin's voice calling the faithful to prayer our Ministers adjourned to their mats and rested awhile.

How differently do they behave under similar circumstances in Fez. The affairs of State are conducted at the Marzhen, which is made up of the Sultan's palace and Government buildings. The scene is far more animated and picturesque than the outside of a Government Department at Whitehall. Ministers and officials do not arrive in cabs and taxis, but each rides up on his horse or mule, accompanied by a numerous and resplendent retinue. The saddles are of many colours,—purple, red, orange, and green,—and each rests on a foundation of blankets, ten in number, all variegated, and this mass of colours shows up well against the white of the palace. Inside the courtyard, which is large and rectangular, the officials, sightseers, and petitioners crowd under the arcades, seeking shelter from the broiling sun. At the far end is the Sultan's pavilion in which he gives audiences, and the majority of those in the court below are waiting to see him. Some have been for days in attendance, others for weeks, and although their patience merits reward, the majority will go away disappointed unless perchance they bring gifts to the Sultan, which will give them a precedence over the empty-handed. Those who are rich have the better chance, for they can anoint the palms of the long line of hungry servitors who guard every step of the Sultan's stairway. The unfortunate who have no money stand but a poor chance of gazing on the Well Beloved. During the mornings, the

Foreign Minister is always in attendance on the Sultan at the palace to make presentations. He is installed, with his secretaries, in a little room, thickly matted and carpeted, the only furniture being a small desk containing paper and envelopes and sealing-wax. Here the staff of the Foreign Office sit for hour after hour, apparently waiting for something to do. If a letter has to be written and despatched, it is handled with the utmost care and deliberation; and if a consultation is held, it is conducted on the same leisurely lines. For the rest, each official remains master of his own thoughts, takes snuff, others fall asleep, and at intervals an old nigger, carrying a goat's-skin and brass cups, hands water to the thirsty Under-Secretaries of State. Occasionally a series of regular thuds from the courtyard arouses a faint interest among the onlookers. They come from a corner where a little group of palace servants have assembled, and the sound is produced by punishment being meted out to some slave who has erred, and who has been sentenced to so many strokes of the birch-rod, which may run into three figures. This throws a great strain on the executioner, and after one becomes tired another steps into the ring to take his place, so that a uniformity of stroke may be obtained throughout. The victim is held down by four attendants, but the negroes, who are a stoical race, seldom struggle or cry out during this visitation.

It must be borne in mind that even this leisurely programme is adjourned every Thursday, which is a Day of Rest, and every Friday, which is the Mohammedan's Sunday, and whenever a reasonable excuse can be found for a holiday it is invariably seized upon. I have known State affairs adjourned, at a critical period, for twenty-four hours, to celebrate the anniversary of the marriage of the Sultan's wife's sister. Even the agitated times through which we were passing allowed of no departure from this settled routine, and the patriotic Minister who saw the precious moments slipping by, comforted his conscience with the reflection that Abdul Aziz and his advisers were taking matters just as easily at Rabet. In Morocco it is not etiquette for one political party to steal a march on the other.

After a short stay at Fez I became on very friendly terms with most of the leading men, and I was frequently entertained at their houses. The Moorish hours for meals are at three in the afternoon, corresponding to our dinner, and a supper late at night, generally between eleven and twelve. The Arabs are famous for their hospitality, and I spent many pleasant hours at these strange barbaric feasts. Shortly after my arrival the Foreign Minister, Si Aissa Ben Omar, was commanded by Moulai el Hafid to give a dinner in honour of the few Europeans who had drifted to Fez. Si Aissa is a remarkable man, the typical chief of a large and powerful

tribe, and the typical father of a multitudinous polygamous family. This splendid type of the Moorish father has sixty-three sons, all of whom can ride with the exception of the youngest, a child of three, and they form a mounted escort for their father. It may be assumed that Si Aissa's daughters outnumber his sons in the proportion of two to one, and thus the Foreign Minister's family approaches the very respectable figure of two hundred, which should at least ensure for him the commendation of President Roosevelt. Si Aissa has a very fine house at Fez, formerly the property of Tassi, Abdul Aziz's finance Minister, who robbed the State and filled his own pockets so successfully. On the arrival of Hafid at Fez Tassi's house was confiscated together with 35,000 dollars found buried in the garden. When Si Aissa is not at the palace he conducts affairs of state sitting in his garden, and it was here that he gave his dinner to the small party of Europeans. On our arrival we sat for a considerable time before our host made his appearance. You are always kept waiting in Morocco, even if you arrive an hour behind time yourself. Si Aissa is, however, one of the most punctilious of men in the performance of the ritual of his religion, and he allows no circumstance to stand between him and the observance of his faith. When at length he appeared, followed by a single attendant carrying a mat, he passed us without salutation, gazing neither to the right hand nor to the left. Walking to the fountain, he carefully washed his face and hands, and then knelt in prayer on the mat, his gaze fixed towards Mecca. His prayers were carried on with the greatest animation, and frequently he would rise to his full height, only to fling himself on his face after the manner of those abdominal exercises prescribed by Sandow. His devotions lasted twenty minutes, and judging by the frequent side-glances in our direction, he was making a special appeal to Allah to forgive him for entertaining the infidel. His prayers at an end, Si Aissa greeted us cordially and gathered us round him in a circle, where we sat cross-legged on mats, so as to be in reach of the dishes, which are placed in the centre. A Moorish feast is of the most primitive kind, although the food is good and well cooked. All the familiar adjuncts are missing. There are no tables, chairs, plates, knives, forks, spoons, cups, or glasses. No drinks except water out of a bowl which is passed from hand to hand, and green tea which is served in little cups at the end of dinner. There is just the one large dish, round which all gather and each secures what he can, grabbing for the choicest portions. Dinner generally consists of four courses: two of stewed meats, one of roast chickens, and the fourth of the national dish *coscous*, which is made of ground corn, and can be served with meat like a pilau, or made up as a sweet. At your side are placed large dishes filled with sliced water-

melons, which take the place of drinks. At the end of dinner more fruit is brought in, and a slave hands round cup after cup of sweet tea, flavoured with mint. At first the idea of eating out of the same dish with your neighbour with your fingers does not appear very attractive to the European, and at times it is a difficult process, but habit soon reconciles you to the change, and you find that in many ways it has its advantages over the usual method. When roast chickens were brought in I thought they would be difficult to carve with the fingers. The mystery was quickly solved by the Foreign Minister, who seized one of the birds and tore it into its natural divisions with remarkable skill. When the last dish is removed a slave enters with a bronze basin, a kettle of cold water, and a piece of soap, and each guest washes his hands. The dishes then are borne away to serve at a dinner of minor officials, after which the leavings are conveyed to the soldiers and servants. During this dinner given by Si Aissa Ben Omar I noticed a continuous stream of ill-clad tribesmen who came in at the front door, marched solemnly past the spot where we were at dinner, and then went out at the back. The reason for this procession I only learnt afterwards. It was a harmless deception on the part of Si Aissa Ben Omar, who had arranged that deputations of the tribesmen should see us Europeans at dinner in order that they might return to their homes with the tale that Moulai el Hafid was already recognised by the Powers, and that the Foreign Ministers were at Fez. After dinner we were entertained by Moorish musicians. The four most talented in Fez had been hired for the occasion: one of them thumped a guitar, another a triangle, and the two others played violins upside down as if they were 'cellos, the four singing, the while, the most passionate and indecorous love-songs. The result was a dreadful dirge, which would most certainly have been fatal to any courtship under Western rules. One of the four was famous as a comedian. He had red hair, a fair skin, and side whiskers after the manner of a rural groom. He could imitate any species of animal or bird with great skill, but his *pièce de résistance* was to take off various tunes he had heard on the gramophone. The result would have driven Edison, even recalling his own early discordant notes, to despair; but it sent the Foreign Minister, the great Caids, and the Under-Secretaries into convulsions, and of course we laughed too at Morocco's Dan Leno. Thus the evening passed. Such was the peace and detachment, that it was impossible to believe we were isolated in a city seething with fanaticism, while outside its walls civil war raged. It was an admirable lesson how to leave the past to the past, the future to the future, and to take the present as the gods ordain.

E. ASHMEAD BARTLETT.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE REWARDS OF TALENT—*SIC VOS NON VOBIS*—THE TREATMENT OF THE PROLETARIAT—THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFIT—CONTEMPT OF SCIENCE.

THE solid rewards of human industry are distributed with a careless and accidental hand. If money be the aim of man's endeavour, the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Not a few there are who at the end of a life devoted ceaselessly to toil discover that they are rich only in esteem. Their work, which has been an aim in itself, has brought them by pleasant paths to the cold brink of poverty. The fault is not theirs. Money and the desire of money, which alone produce wealth, have passed them by. The last commodity which finds a ready market is talent in the arts, in literature, and science. The fate of the poet is familiar to all. *Laudatur et alget.* Flattery and neglect pursue all those who have not the wit nor the cynicism to bring their wares to the most convenient market. The man of letters and the painter give a genuine pleasure to many generations. The historian and archæologist, delving in the past, uncover the secrets which Time has jealously kept. He who spends his days in scientific research brings health, safety, and riches to many who pay him neither in money nor in gratitude. The intrepid traveller penetrates the inhospitable desert that he may open new routes for trade and thus increase the prosperity, while he extends the boundaries, of his fatherland. But it is not for themselves that men of talent and research give their lives to toil. *Sic vos non vobis* may be said with truth to the most of them. They work in obedience to knowledge and temperament, and put in the second place the profit which their work affords them. They cannot, like comfortable officials, expect a sure reward in their years of inactivity. They cannot look at death with the certainty that those who have depended upon them will be well cared for. They know all the anxiety which is the common reward of a single-minded life; and though they share the happiness they must needs leave the profit of their work to others.

Yet those who care for the things of the spirit, who discover new sources of energy, who traverse hitherto unknown continents, deserve whatever the State can do for their help and solace. They and theirs should come not as suppliants asking for a dole. The country should freely give, and they should freely receive, that which their generous devotion to their art has made it im-

possible for them to hoard. A Government paper just published, with the title "Return of all Persons now in receipt of Civil List Pensions charged on the Consolidated Fund," sets forth in a simple table the practical gratitude shown by the country to the distinguished men and women who have served her. It is not altogether an amiable record. It brings home to us in melancholy shape the sad inequalities of fate. The sculptor whose statues adorn our public squares, the writer who has given delight to thousands, the man of science whose researches have changed the whole current of modern life, purchase no estates and found no families. And how inadequate is the support offered to their widows and daughters! It is assuredly permissible to look at the gift-horses of others in the mouth, and as we turn over the pages of this return we are astonished not at the generosity but at the penuriousness of the Government. Here are the relatives of honoured and honourable men receiving from the State, which has profited by the energies of their husbands and fathers, some such poor pittance as £25 or £50 a-year. Is this all the reward that a rich country can find for its peaceful heroes? Is this the amplest expression which the national gratitude can find?

Nor is it possible to discover from the return any principle of distribution. That it is not easy to weigh in an equal balance the claims of painter and humourist, of naturalist and soldier, of historian and civil servant, may be admitted at once, and it is the defect of our system that many professions depend for their reward upon the same fund. But even when the difficulties are acknowledged, it is still evident that a very delicate task has been performed without much tact or wisdom. The one shining merit of those who have granted the pensions is that they do not seem to have been swayed by the feelings of partisans. There is hardly a trace in the Return of political bias. Such pensions as the Government has been able to give have been awarded without an eye cast upon the ballot-box. For the rest, nothing but hazard can have dictated the amount of income bestowed on this one or that; and we are forced to the conclusion that no attempt is made to estimate the value of services done to the State, and that the sum given depends upon nothing else than upon the balance which lies for the moment to the credit of the Treasury.

With all its imperfections, the Return is an interesting document. Its pages bristle with familiar names. In almost every line there is proof that distinction in literature and science is its own sole reward. Few men of the Victorian age, for instance, were more ingenious than Faraday, who pointed out with prophetic eye the path of progress since followed by his successors. Douglas Jerrold awoke to laughter a stern and serious

generation. Livingstone, a pioneer of the same blood and bone as Drake or Hawkins, opened the desert of Africa to commerce and civilisation. Richard Shilleto, the Porson of his age, was as profound in Greek scholarship as he was quick in epigram. Richard Jefferies, who taught those who will learn to look into the hedgerow with the eyes of a poet and a naturalist, has just emerged from the obscurity which too often overtakes men after their death, and has come into his proper heritage of fame. Advancing to yet more recent times, we discover the name of Walter Pater, who revealed to English writers a new field of expression, and taught the English language harmonies that it knew not before. These are some of the men who gave their lives to their craft without rest and without regret, and who died poor. Poor, not in the sense of the millionaire who attempts ineffectually to disburden himself of the gold he cannot spend, but poor because the ends which they pursued bring more profit to others than to themselves. That they deserve a posthumous reward is evident; it is evident also that the reward is too often inadequate.

The truth is, politicians, by the very nature of their profession, take but small interest in science or literature. They seek most ardently what is profitable to themselves, and they are inclined to believe that all is well so long as votes are cast upon their side. Men of talent and their friends are an insignificant part of the population. Even if they were organised—which they will never be—they would not be strong enough numerically to influence a single closely contested election. The amount — £24,665 — annually set aside for the widows and daughters of distinguished men is commensurate with their political influence. And, small as it is, this sum satisfies the claims of more than half a century. Clearly, it cannot be said that our Governments, in rewarding intelligence, have erred on the side of a wanton generosity. There is a very different tale to tell when the sacred proletariat is discussed. For that, indeed, no favour is too great. Millions, not thousands, are lavished upon it. Services done to the State are rewarded by £24,665. Those who have been attentive only at the ballot-box divide among themselves many millions. Where will you find a more instructive contrast? Compare the pensions on the Civil List with what are known as Old Age Pensions, and see how far intellect lags behind in the race. The motive is clear enough. The Radical politician sees, or believes that he sees, an advantage to himself in the distribution of universal pensions. He is convinced that the bribe of five shillings a-week will prove irresistible. So he makes no inquiries. A simple calculation suffices him, and he lightly promises that the mere act of survival at seventy shall be paid for at the rate of five shillings

a-week. There is no pretence to reward merit. Votes are cast by the just and the unjust, the wise man and the fool. Therefore all are eligible who pass the limit, and as few questions as possible will be asked, lest susceptibilities should be wounded. And having framed his Bill without knowledge, forethought, or research, our learned Chancellor of the Exchequer hies him off to Germany, that he may learn the truth too late. And thus it is that a wealthy country, which spends millions a-year on the thriftless and degenerate, can afford no more than a poor twenty-four thousand wherewith to recompense industry and intelligence.

Our late Prime Minister, with his eye fixed on the hustings, magnanimously declared that the feelings of the people should be reverenced. Those who are responsible for the Civil List Pensions see no need of a similar delicacy. The few recipients of their favour are not worth conciliation, and they make it quite clear that "pensioners" are entitled to no respect. Beggars, in brief, cannot be choosers, and the gift of the Government is too often made as humiliating as possible. To the poor annuity granted to widow or orphan there is attached an unmeaning and unnecessary affront. Lest it should be thought that distinguished services are of themselves sufficient for a reward, attention is called to the poverty of the recipient. This is, indeed, to give with one hand and to take away with the other. The terms of insult differ with the years. Some twenty years ago the Treasury politely based its generosity on the "destitute condition" of its pensioners. To-day it refers, in mitigated terms, to "straitened circumstances" and "inadequate means of support." It is idle to distinguish between these offensive formulæ. It is still more idle to explain them. They have neither meaning nor necessity. It is perfectly clear that no lady would apply for a pension if she were happily provided for. Straitened circumstances are a common factor, which tact and kindness would instantly eliminate. So far, all the pensioners make the same appeal, and deserve the same treatment. If their means are straitened, as they should be in every case, the Government need not insist upon an obvious misfortune. And as the statement is not invariable, the insult is all the harder to excuse. After all, the pensions are given not for poverty but for distinction, and it is on this that the Treasury should lay all its stress. No gift is so welcome as a gracious gift. Not even the crossing-sweeper at the corner would thank you if you accompanied your copper with a reference to his "destitute condition." Again it is the democracy which is at fault. Respect is reserved for those who vote in their thousands, and who are worth a bribe. If a member of the despised middle class makes an appeal for aid, he must be content if it be answered with contumely. We cannot hope

to see the rewards of learning increased. Is it too much to ask that henceforth they shall be given with proper humility and respect?

Unhappily the whole design and purpose of modern life is to pamper the degenerate and to preserve the unfit. To succeed in politics, it now appears necessary to cover the working man with extravagant flattery. Not long since a mob orator told his audience that motor-cars belonged to the men that made them. He put a very low price upon brains, and affected not to understand that had it not been for the wisdom of the inventor no motor-car would ever have run upon our roads. Indeed, had the working man been left to the mere toil of his hands, he would still cover his nakedness with leaves and fill his belly with acorns. The complicated machinery of modern life has effectively proved the uselessness of undirected muscle; and by a curious paradox it is at this moment that undirected muscle acclaims itself, and is acclaimed by a party in the State, to be omnipotent. The paradox is explained by the fact that politics are completely divorced from truth. Democracy, proceeding logically from false premisses to a false conclusion, asks us to believe in the sanctity of universal suffrage; and since, until the inevitable reaction comes, this belief will be generally accepted, the present leaders of the people are privileged to talk nonsense. The harm they do does not end with speech. Words turn to deeds, and we are in danger of destroying all that is good in the State that the bad may triumph. We educate the half-witted; we preserve the weak; we starve the intelligent, that the thriftless man may not go without his comfort. The millions that we spend in enforced and public philanthropy are thrown carelessly into the sea. Nor is the evil thus achieved compensated for by a lofty motive. The sentimentalist who from pity would help the degenerate is foolish, may be, but he is not base. The politician who would destroy the decent fabric of society merely to collect votes, is base beyond the expression of human speech. For an immediate and paltry advantage to himself he destroys the security of his country. Science and history are alike opposed to him. History teaches no lesson more eloquently than the destructiveness of democracy, and science is now coming to the aid of history. It is not always that men of science condescend to the practical application of their theories. For the most part they are content to pursue the path of research with the calm indifference of lotus-eaters; and if they be thus content, we would not fling at them a word of reproach. The many speculations indulged in at the recent meeting of the British Association need no excuse. The imagination and insight which are the necessary equipment of what used to be called natural philosophy are their own reward and justification. Who could follow with-

out interest Professor Francis Darwin's theory of plants and flowers, which he endowed with sensation, reflection, and even memory? If the man of science reject his conclusions, the poet long ago accepted them; and the poet divines the truth long before the philosopher arrives at it by his slower process. But one scholar there was at Dublin who insisted upon the application of zoological laws to human life and human policy. Professor Ridgeway, who presided over the Anthropological Section, with equal force and lucidity carried his theories to a sane and logical conclusion. He pointed out that though for half a century natural selection and the survival of the fittest have been the accepted commonplaces of science, no statesman has ever considered their bearing upon his schemes of reform. Our system of education is based on the fallacy that all men are born with equal capacities, and are therefore fit to be given the same chances. It is the favourite thesis of the Radical politician that the child of the labourer, sprung from many generations of labourers, is the equal in intelligence of the child sprung from many generations of the middle and upper classes. If the breeder of horses accepted this principle he would very speedily fall upon ruin; he would find spavined cart-horses where he expected racers, and presently the whole breed would suffer. But politicians are less wise than raisers of stock. To please the voter they have devised educational ladders, and gaily assert that equal chances alone are required to ensure the equality of man. That they waste the country's money is nothing to them. The elaborate machinery which they invent is useless, and they still persist. The statistics given by Professor Ridgeway are startling enough, but they are not likely to turn a single demagogue from the path of error. "According to information obtained from one of our great industrial centres," says he, "where the educational ladder enabled any child who passed the fourth standard in the primary school before it was eleven to rise into the secondary schools, it was probable that no more than five or six per cent of the children of the working-classes had, at the age of sixteen, the same amount of brain-power as the average children of the middle classes at the same age." If these statistics be even approximately correct, the folly of our legislators is evident. For the sake of a few "sports," who in any case would probably find their way to the top, the proper development of the race is retarded. The vast waste of educational machinery is not the worst crime. In order to push on the lowest class, which by heredity and training is unfit to be advanced, the middle class is being gradually ground by taxation out of existence. In other words, the lessons of science are shamefully neglected, not from motives

of generosity or of pity, but with the avowed intention of capturing votes. If this fatal policy continue, the whole people must inevitably sink to the level of the lowest. "In ancient days," as Professor Ridgeway pointed out, "the chief end of the legislator was to produce a stalwart brood of citizens capable of bearing arms in defence of their country and advancing its material prosperity." The legislators of to-day keep the opposite end in view. Their purpose is to encourage the wastrels, because they are numerically superior, and therefore seem to be better worth attaching than the thrifty and industrious. It is difficult to exaggerate the injury thus inflicted on the State. Despite the optimism of the Socialists, it is impossible to spend the same shilling twice; and the money squandered on the vain attempt to "elevate" the lower class must perforce be withdrawn from a more profitable use. The middle classes, in fact, are asked not merely to educate, feed, and clothe their own children, as they are in duty bound to do: they are asked to contribute vast sums of money for the education of the class beneath them. Increased taxation compels late marriages and small families. The middle class, hitherto the best source of our national strength and intelligence, will dwindle and degenerate, that the descendants of the unemployed and unemployable may flourish. Thus shall we become an easy prey to the stronger nations who still have the courage to repel the advance of democracy, and to believe that energy and intellect are better qualifications for citizenship than unthrift and idleness. And the politicians to whom our degradation will be due will incur the greater disgrace, because they neglect the plain teaching of science and do their utmost, by laws and taxes, to ensure the survival of the unfit.

SKETCHES OF PERSIA IN TRANSITION.

[*This unvarnished history is given neither to pique the imagination of the morbid nor to disgust the susceptibilities of the sensitive, but to enable the readers of 'Maga' to realise something of the passions, lusts, selfishness, and immature morality of the Persian people. From Kermanshah in the West to the Afghan border in the East the whole country writhes under the terrors of unbridled Moslemism.*]

TABRIZ, *September* 2, 1908.

THE NEMESIS OF NAIB MAHAMED.

NAIB MAHAMED KHAN was a virtuous man. His brother Naib Ali also laid claim to similar perfections. No one in the Akhrab quarter of the town ever dreamed of taking any step that affected the quarter without first consulting Naib Mahamed. There were two reasons why the people thus leaned upon the Naib. The first was that Naib Mahamed was a very short-tempered man; and the second, that he never gave advice gratuitously, and had ten armed retainers. So no one doubted the virtue of the Naib, and Naib Ali basked in the light of his brother's good deeds.

Now the Naib was not as other men. He avoided the housetop, and he had beaten such as he suspected of sycophancy. The Naib, although he was fifty, had only married one wife. Even though she bore him no child he never favoured another. And when he returned from the great pilgrimage, he broke through all the customs which the Mullahs maintained to be orthodox. That is, he abused the elders of the quarter who came out on the Mianeh Road to salute him, and he had all callers who came to ask of his health laid by the heels and beaten, bidding his servants to tell them that his health or ill-health was none of their business. He ruled the quarter with a rod of iron, and Naib Ali was his *ferash bashi.*[1] In the first place, the Naib controlled the water. Now everybody knows that Tabriz draws its water-supply from artificial bore-holes in the neighbouring hills. The duct for the Akhrab quarter belonged to the Naib, so that really the people lay in the hollow of his hand. If they displeased him, there was no water. If the Mullahs but hinted at unrighteousness in his actions, there was still no water. If the Naib wanted money to pay a debt, there was no water until the money was found. Then it is said that the Naib agreed with no man. If one could be

[1] Head factotum.

found courageous enough to argue with him, the Naib would maintain that the sky was red or that Mahamed was a Babii. In his protestations he feared nor God nor man.

Thus it was, when the Shah granted a Constitution to the people of Persia, that the Naib showed displeasure at the action of those reform enthusiasts who rushed headlong into politics and established seditious debating societies throughout the town. All the quarters of Tabriz, except Akhrab, established their local assemblies. The leading greybeard of Akhrab approached Naib Mahamed Khan on the subject. The Naib was puffing at his silver-mounted hubble-bubble. He was seated, cross-legged, under one of the trees of the avenue down the main street of the quarter, and gave the greybeard curt answer—

"What does Akhrab want with an Anjuman?[1] It has water: that is sufficient!"

The hint about the water was convincing enough, and throughout all the Tabriz troubles the quarter known as Akhrab alone abstained from politics.

Sattar Khan and Baghir Khan led the people against the Government and the Mujtehid.[2] The Naib would have nothing to do with the movement. He refused support, either in men or in money, to both parties. Akhrab remained a peaceful faction, apart from the general movement. But when Rakhim Khan came to Tabriz to do the Shah's bidding, and when his brigands from the Karadagh hills began to pillage the town, the Naib put the quarter of Akhrab into a state of defence. He sent for the quarter's architect, and selected designs for loopholed gates. The architect estimated that it would cost two hundred tomans[3] to build the gates. The Naib immediately had him cast upon his belly and bastinadoed. "To think that the quarter of Akhrab, controlled by Naib Mahamed Khan, should be satisfied with such paltry gates."

Under the blows of the rod the estimate for the gates rose to a thousand tomans.[4] The money was at once collected, for the water was turned off until the last kran had been paid, and the gates were made. It was credibly stated—outside Akhrab be it said—that the money paid to the carpenters and masons employed on this public work did not exceed 112 tomans; but then what was 1000 tomans compared with the blessings of peace.

But though there was no flaw in the Naib's hardness of heart, yet there was a weakness in his wisdom. This weakness lay in the confidence he placed in Naib Ali his brother. Naib Ali also had hardness, and he was devoid of wisdom. The quarter, during the civil war in the town, was happy enough in its armed neutrality. It was

---

[1] Local Assembly. [2] Spiritual father—chief Mullah. [3] £40. [4] £200.

so happy that timid merchants from the other quarters took refuge in it. The Naib was glad to receive them at the small price of 30 tomans per head. But the time came when the Central Revolutionary Committee in the town began to levy a poll-tax upon the rich merchants. A fight for freedom and the people's rights costs money. The names were proscribed, and a moiety fell upon certain refugees in the Naib's quarter. Sattar Khan sent his messengers to collect the due. The messengers were brought before the Naib's brother, who called them "sons of dogs" and had them thrust out beyond the new gates. Now the average Persian merchant is a miser before he is a patriot, and the news that Naib Mahamed Khan was protecting merchants from subscribing to the Revolutionary Committee's funds brought a horde of *patriots* into his quarter.

This brought a further remonstrance from Sattar Khan. Naib Ali, surrounded by a batch of newly-arrived merchant refugees, cocked his *kula*,[1] and had the revolutionary messengers laid by the heels and bastinadoed.

"So much for the sons of dogs, who do not respect Naib Mahamed Khan and Naib Ali, his *ferash bashi!*"

Not content with this, Naib Ali seized an unfortunate newsboy who was selling revolutionary pamphlets on the highway. The shrieking wretch was flogged until his weak, little life left his emaciated form.

"Son of a she-dog, thou, at least, shalt never be the father of dogs, as is thy master!" laughed the Naib's *ferash bashi*, as they flung the battered body into the roadway.

. . . . . .

Naib Mahamed Khan, lying on the flat mud roof of his house, turned uneasily in his sleep. There was not a breath of air. The heavy atmosphere seemed to hang upon him like a weight. The sand-flies, bred of his own water-courses, worried him. He longed for dawn, and wondered vaguely why the dogs were barking, and why the voice of the *muezzin*[2] calling the people to prayer was so raucous. Then a shot rang out. Naib Mahamed did not move. At this period night-firing was a common occurrence in Tabriz. There was another shot. Then a whole volley, and, what was more surprising, they were quite close. The firing was so close that Naib Mahamed, sitting up on his mattress, saw the reflection of the flashes.

What did it mean?

"Fly, fly, Naib Saheb," shouted a voice from the skylight. "They have surrounded the house, and two of the *gulams*[3] are killed."

The Naib was not slow-witted; neither was his house a blind alley. In less time than it takes to write this, he

---

[1] Persian cap.

[2] The mullah calling the people to prayer before daylight.

[3] Servants.

was over the parapet of his roof, and, by means of wooden projections in the wall, had reached the temporary haven of his walled orchard. But he had been unlucky, and he felt the burning sear of a bullet strike across his shoulder-blades. The hurt was not sufficient to incommode him yet. He dived into the bushes, sought the exit of the water-course, and gained the next garden. Still following the water-course, and creeping through the narrow arches that passed it through the walls, he reached the fifth garden from his own. Here he had time to think. The firing continued. It had aroused the whole quarter, and the general hubbub by alarmed householders drowned the quavering exhortations of the *muezzin.* The Naib had to decide as to which of his friends in this emergency he could trust—a difficult problem at all times to Persians, but more especially so for the chief of a quarter. In power he could count upon the whole section: fallen, he was without friends. Ali Hassan Khan, in whose garden he stood, was at least a relative. His wound was rendering him faint. He staggered on and claimed *bast*[1] from the trembling women gathered at Ali Hassan's door.

When day broke, all that remained of the Naib's rich house was smoking *débris* and blackened walls. Naib Ali, the *ferash bashi,* they had found with a loose woman in an outhouse. Both had been despatched with the brass-bound butts of Berdan rifles. Their bodies were thrown out to join those of the servants lying bruised and battered on the highway. The Caucasian avengers carried out the bodies. One was missing! Where, then, was Naib Mahamed Khan? He could not have escaped, as all the alleys were stopped. The raid, like all Sattar Khan's military measures, had been very carefully designed. Achmad Khan, Sattar Khan's lieutenant, scratched his shaven head. Then he sent for the public crier. In half an hour the streets resounded with the crier's penetrating voice.

"*Anjuman Mukadas Millin-en Hükmi der* [*By order of the most honourable public assembly of representative citizens*], *dwellers in Akhrab give ear. If there should be one so foolish or so base as to have given refuge to Naib Mahamed Khan, son-of-a-dog and grandson-of-dogs, it would be wise to declare the same: for it shall be done unto the giver of 'bast' to this son-of-a-dog as will be done to Naib Mahamed Khan himself. Take heed in the name of God and the Prophet, for there is no God but God, and Mahamed is the friend of God.*"

Achmad Khan knew his Persians. In half an hour Ali Hassan stood before him, and salaaming meekly, said that "Naib Mahamed Khan, son-of-a-dog, wounded and unrepentant, lies in my house.

[1] Refuge.

"Give me time," he continued, "and I will have him thrust out from my gates!" Thus without a moment's hesitation Ali Hassan committed the crime which is anathema to all good Moslems from Stamboul to Delhi. He delivered up the blood-fugitive to whom his women-folk had granted asylum.

They thrust the Naib out into the street. Weak from the loss of blood, he could not stand. As they dragged him out into the fairway, he pleaded for his life, and promised to fight for the Constitution. But the Caucasians spat in his face, and beat the life out of him with the butts of their rifles and with stones.

And from this time forward Sattar Khan collected the "sinews of war" from Akhrab quarter, and drew 300 fresh riflemen to join the rebel camp.

THE STORY OF THE EXPERT ARTILLERIST.

This is the story of a shameful thing. But there are many things that are called shameful in the West which are but ordinary custom in the East.

Now the young men of leisure in Tabriz, if they could write, immortalised the beauties of Rhubaba in verse. They wrote odes to every feature and limb of her small, plump body—from her straight raven hair that was brushed stiffly down her back to the little henna-pinked toe-nails upon her dainty feet. And it was the custom amongst them to spend their best efforts in describing the delights of her well-moulded figure. Those of the *jeunesse dorée*, however, who could not write couplets to be tucked away under Rhubaba's divan cushions extolled her beauties in the tea-shops, and were prepared to wager that she set the fashion in starched silk *trouserettes* by wearing fourteen pairs at one time.[1] With us in the West such conversation would fill the hearer with disgust at the immodesty of the speakers. It is for reasons such as this that this story is shameful. But in Persia it is nothing. It is but an incident in the day of work or pleasure.

There was no excuse for Rhubaba. No extenuating circumstances of birth and upbringing. When she had come to the house of Sharif-sa-dé as a twelve-year-old bride, the fame of her beauty could not be concealed. For three months Sharif-sa-dé was a good husband. Then he died of cholera. By Mahamedan law Rhubaba was free to make her own choice in a further venture. Hadji Ibrahim, the third Mujtehid, having heard of her beauty, took

---

[1] Persian ladies of high degree are accounted fashionable by the number of pyjamas they can wear at one and the same time.

it upon himself to expound the law to her, and in consequence of his lucid teachings she gave him the three months' marriage contract that is so popular with these priests. Hadji Ibrahim, like the rest of his kind, besides being a libertine, was a hard-headed business man. He argued that Rhubaba's beauty, if he brought her home and planted her beside his life-contracted wives, would disturb the peace of his house. Therefore he took a separate house for her alone. He selected the position with care. It is the same house in which Rhubaba still reigns—not a knuckle-bone throw from the main bazaar, yet to reach it you have to pass through a network of small dark alleys. And everything came to pass as Hadji Ibrahim had designed. The Mujtehid's mosque was in the Devachi quarter, a mile away. Was it likely that Rhubaba, whose beauty was so far-famed, would remain unassailed when her husband's hours at the mosque were so long, and he had perforce to spend four nights a-week in his own home in Khïban? But the Mujtehid showed no animus. He told Rhubaba that it was impossible for him to carry the shame of her peccadillos into his own home, and suggested that she should pay him a rent for the house. The rent was high, but the way was easy and comfortable, and Rhubaba assented. Thus it was that Rhubaba, the peerless, became the leader of a certain feminine fashion in Tabriz.

I had not known Hassan Ali more than a week when he told me about Rhubaba. He told me in an offhand manner, as if the fair courtezan was nothing to him. I had been asking him something about Persian women and their type of beauty. Then seeing I was interested, he said quickly, "Will you see her, yes?" I said that I had no particular wish to know his disreputable acquaintances.

Hassan Ali turned up the palm of his hand, which is the extremest evidence of impatience that it is possible to drag from him.

"How little you understand us Persians. You should see Rhubaba. Besides being the most beautiful, she is the most important personage in Tabriz at the present moment, Sattar Khan and the Russian Consul-General included. Yes?"

I tried to explain that to visit her ladyship did not synchronise with our English view of the fitness of things.

Again he made the hurried gesture with his palm.

"Is not the whole history of your Europe wound upon the pink fingers of courtezans? Yes? Remember that in the eyes of all good Mahamedans as am I and Rhubaba, that you are unclean, and therefore a thing to disgust. Come, therefore, with me and see the most beautiful woman in all Persia!"

. . . . . .

The human estimate of feminine beauty is comparative. If I may be taken as a connoisseur of feminine beauty, I

must allow that I was disappointed in the peerless Rhubaba. However, I would not have had Hassan Ali know this for worlds. But I am anticipating. We sauntered down the Rasta Kucha (straight road) as if we had no object but to kill time. The bazaar, that should have been so palpitating with life, bore the aspect of a deserted tunnel. Nine-tenths of the shops were boarded up, and where at the corners we should have found hucksters, were now groups of armed men, looking very fierce in their leather cartridge-holding waistcoats. The only familiar sound that we could not escape from was the "Huk, huk"[1] of the beggars. As we came to our turning Hassan Ali appeased the wretches with a handful of nickel, and we slipped into what appeared to be a blind alley reserved for the refuse of dogs. But it was not blind. A sharp turn to the right, another to the left (Hassan Ali evidently was long familiar with the way), and then we were in a larger passage. A pair of iron-studded gates faced us. Hassan Ali knocked four times. This produced a shuffling behind the gate, and the wooden bolt, innocent of grease, creaked back. Just a crack was opened, and there was some demur before even Hassan Ali's guarantee was accepted.

It was a wonderful change. From the squalid solitude of a narrow passage between mud walls we entered instantly into quite a pretty garden courtyard. The garden was a mass of unkempt scarlet geraniums. There was a tiny cascade in one corner, which, with a soft musical cadence, fed an alabaster tank. The soft sound of the falling water was most soothing in the morning heat. Above the tank half a dozen poplars raised their slender heads, and their lower branches and the red tiles of the garden walk were alive with white pigeons. The tiled walk led to the double stairway to the house. If it had not been for the semi-wild arrangement of the garden, the frontage of the house would have been gaudy. As it was, the stucco, and the vivid colours of the roughly-enamelled bricks that picked out the door and windows, were in keeping with the whole enclosure. The scene in its unconventional Orientalism was delightfully restful.

We were conducted up the stairs by the *gulam*, a little unprepossessing one-eyed man, and motioned to wait a minute in the half-verandah, half-open reception hall, which filled the major portion of the front face of the little house. The *gulam* passed into an inner room. He was gone a minute, and then summoned us to enter. You must not prepare yourself for a scene of Oriental splendour. Rhubaba's boudoir was not like a Turkish Pasha's palace. In fact, the only real splendour centred in her own well-rounded figure. The room was small, lighted by

[1] Huk = right (*i.e.*, right to live).

day with a tier of latticed windows, by night with a pendent cut-glass candelabra. The walls were distempered in pink and terra-cotta. The flatness of the colouring was relieved by two pictures,—the one a cheap, coloured print of the Shah, taken when he was *Vali-Adh* at Tabriz; the other a cheap woodcut of Sattar Khan, as the Garibaldi of Persia, which had recently been on sale in the bazaars at five shaïs a copy. The floor was exquisitely carpeted with many rugs, and on two sides of the walls were low divans.

Rhubaba herself was sitting upon a quilted silk mattress, with the stem of a silver-caparisoned hookah parting her full red lips. She bowed gravely as we entered and motioned us to seats upon the most distant divan. The officious *gulam*, by lumbering in with a chair, emphasised my European gaucheness, and thereby spoiled the picture. There was another visitor. A young Persian was sitting on the foot of the lady's mattress.

But at present our eyes were for none other than Rhubaba the peerless. It may appear strange to you, but in all my long sojourn in Persia, so rigorous is the duty of the veil, that save for the pinched faces of the little beggar girls this was the first youthful female face that I had seen. How shall I describe it? I have already committed myself to the truism that all feminine beauty is comparative to the accepted views of the person making the estimate. In her own surroundings, this plump little lady, as she sat with one pink hand resting on the stem of her hookah, possessed a certain fascination even for the foreigner.

Her face was full and round. The natural glow of her warm skin had been slightly heightened with rouge, just as the peculiar beauty of her black curling eyelashes and heavy eyebrows had been strengthened with a suspicion of antimony. The raven hair was brushed straight down her back, and in front cut into a seductive fringe that lay in one enticing curl across her forehead. But it was in her smile that you realised the real beauty of Rhubaba. All that she possessed was concentrated in that smile. Otherwise she was a plump little woman of a very ripe complexion, but too heavy in figure to be really graceful. According to Hassan Ali, she was sumptuously dressed. To me, who had never before seen Persian ladies except in their outdoor attire, she was quaintly clothed. A chemisette of gauzy silk, trimmed, it seemed, with pendent jewels. A small surcoat of rich brocade, cut so as not to hide the beauties of the bejewelled vest. Wonderful trousers that stood stiffly away from the waist downwards to the knee, and then encircled the leg tightly in many folds. Add to this, neat little white cashmere socks, and a cross-legged pose that would have been unwomanly if it had not been for the stiff breadth of the upper hose, and you have the picture of Rhubaba as I saw her. Except

upon her henna-shaded fingers, and upon her vest, she wore no jewels.

I admired the deference with which Hassan Ali paid her the customary compliments of a Persian greeting. I believe Hassan Ali to be a clever humbug, but he certainly bandied compliments with Rhubaba as if she possessed his whole soul. Having exhausted his greetings, he proceeded to explain my visit. What he said I do not know, but I could see that he was discussing me by the flashes I received from Rhubaba's soft, luminous eyes. Then the conversation turned to the other visitor, and I looked at him for the first time. He was an aristocratic Persian youth, quite fair, with a finely-modelled face. He was simply dressed, but it required no costume to proclaim the fact that he was a Persian aristocrat. Presently Rhubaba invited Hassan Ali to join the Persian youth at the foot of her mattress. He accepted with alacrity, and took from her hand the hookah-stem as she daintily presented it. Now I knew that Hassan Ali, as a general rule, did not smoke. But he was too finished a courtier to refuse this special mark of beauty's favour. Presently I, too, was summoned to sit upon the cushion at the little lady's feet. But the honour of the pipe-stem was not extended to me. A cigarette was my lot. Then the one-eyed *gulam* brought in sherbet: a thin sweet drink in long-stemmed bottle-green glasses that might have been East Anglian ware. It was an insipid nectar. We were not, however, left long in undivided possession of Rhubaba's favour. Other visitors arrived. Men in long grey frockcoats, with waists festooned with a double tier of cartridge-belts, who clattered their rifles as they stacked them in the hall. These were rebel leaders. The sons of Mars are always privileged worshippers at the shrine of the daughters of Venus, so at a signal from Hassan Ali we rose to go. Then Rhubaba paid me the first and only individual compliment that I have ever received, or shall receive, at her hands. She picked a cigarette out of the tortoiseshell box at her side, lit it at the live coal in the hubble-bubble, and passed it to me. It was a regal little piece of coquetry, and seemed rather to impress than anger her other visitors. They all rose and bowed politely as we, also bowing, withdrew.

"That cigarette is a reward, yes!" said Hassan Ali when we had again reached the unsavoury passages leading to the *Rasta Kucha*.

"A reward! What for?" I queried.

"You see, Rhubaba knows most things in Tabriz, and she knows that your sympathies are with the Nationalists. Yes! All those men who came in were Nationalist leaders, and the gift of that cigarette was to tell them that you were to be trusted. Yes!" Hassan Ali's tiny eyes were twinkling again.

"Hassan Ali," I said, "you are an incorrigible humbug.

You know perfectly well that I am strictly non-partisan in this matter. I don't know what lies you have been telling to that little lady, and I am not responsible for any lying statements you may make about me."

"I am a d—d Persian, yes!" he answered with that delightful mock humility that is quite his own and is perfectly irresistible. No wonder he was a favourite with Rhubaba.

"Were those visitors all rebels, Hassan Ali?" I asked presently, as we reached the bazaar.

"Not all. Mirza Hussein, the youth who was there when we first came, is doubtful. Yes!"

"Doubtful?" I answered in surprise. "How can any one be doubtful in the heart of the revolutionary quarter?"

"The house of Rhubaba is neutral ground. Yes!"

"Neutral?"

"Yes, neutral. Rhubaba is very clever in diplomacy. If she had been born and educated an Englishman, she would have been a Minister. England would not then have signed the Anglo-Russian Convention. Yes!"

"Hassan Ali," I said with such severity as I could command, "you villain! Why drag that ill-fated Convention into everything?"

"Because it is the cause of everything. Besides, Mirza Hussein is a Russian subject. Yes!"

"A Russian subject?"

"A naturalised Russian subject. Naturalised for commercial or other reasons, yes! If he were not, he would not walk about the bazaars as he does at present. But it is time for my food. Good-bye."

With a limp hand-shake and a pleasant smile Hassan Ali left me. He is an incorrigible rogue, but clever, as well as a delightful companion.

. . . .

The following morning I found Hassan Ali, all smiles, waiting for me in the American tea-house that was our usual rendezvous. He met me with the following cryptic assertion—

"There is no doubt about Mirza Hussein's loyalty now! Yes!"

"Why, what do you mean, Hassan Ali?" I said, scenting some mystery.

"Why, I will soon have to go to his burial. Yes!"

"What? You don't mean that that nice young fellow we saw yesterday is dead!" I said in genuine horror.

"As dead as the monarchy he was foolish enough to support," answered Hassan Ali benignly. "This d—d Persia is very unhealthy climate just now. I disgust it very much. Mirza Hussein died of fever in his own house this morning. Yes!"

Later on Hassan Ali, having confidence in my discretion—a confidence based chiefly upon my small knowledge of Turkish,[1] — unfolded to me the following gruesome history.

[1] Turkish, not Persian, is the language of Azerbaijan, of which province Tabriz is the capital.

I give it in my own words, as Hassan Ali's clipped English is apt to become a little tedious if you have too much of it.

Rhubaba, after she opened her doors as a popular favourite in Tabriz, had the whole of the world of Azerbaijan at her small feet. But she was a wilful little lady, and though every monied person, from the Vali Adh to Ferakh Shah the carpet merchant, at one time or another graced her reception-room, yet she was only accessible to wealth on six days in the week. The seventh, *Jum'rat*, she kept sacred to herself and her real affections. Hence it was that the languishing young poets in their verse extolled *Jum'rat* before all other nights. It was all part of a cleverly-thought-out scheme, for it does not follow that only those that have money have information.

No one precisely knew why Mirza Hussein became a Russian subject. It is true that he spent a year in the Russian military school at Kars, but that was no reason why he should have changed his nationality. He was the son of an ex-governor of Aderbil, who during his term of office had been suspected of being too friendly with the Russian Consul-General. However, at that period that was nothing, the Vali Adh himself was setting the tune. But when times changed and the Constitution was granted by the same Vali Adh, now become Shah, and the Anjuman was established in Tabriz, the leaders of the people became suspicious of Mirza Hussein and his Russian connection. By the ordinary machinery of the Anjuman nothing could be found against him. Then it was that Rhubaba was consulted. Mirza Hussein was a comely youth. Some friend brought him to Rhubaba's reception-room. Rhubaba accomplished the rest; for what Persian youth could withstand Rhubaba when she made the advances? Mirza Hussein was no fool. He was content to bask in Rhubaba's smiles; but he was as secretive as a stone. Rhubaba exercised all her wiles. She petted him; she banished him, while she received his rivals. But all to no avail. Mirza Hussein took all that she gave but vouchsafed no Russian information in return. In her moments of solitude Rhubaba bit her pink nails in her chagrin and annoyance.

Then, as the world knows, the deluge came. The Government party, Russian-backed, held Devachi; the Rebels held Khïban and Amra Khuz. Both parties had modern cannon and ammunition, and neither knew how to use them. One morning, without previous warning, the Royalists began to burst shrapnel with perfect accuracy over the Rebel barricades. How had they learned this modern art of which yesterday they were ignorant? At last the Rebels remembered that Mirza Hussein had been in the military school at Kars, that he was a Russian subject, and the son of a Royalist. Moreover, one was found who said that he had been seen in Devachi. The accusation was

not brought. That is not the Persian way. But Sattar Khan, the rebel leader, sent for Mirza Hussein and asked him to set his fuzes for him. The young patrician turned up the palm of his hand and replied that he was sorry, but he did not know the fashion of shell fuzes. At Kars he had been a cavalry cadet, and they learned nothing about such things.

But the shells from Devachi still continued to burst with disconcerting accuracy. If Mirza Hussein had not been a Russian subject his life would not have been worth a minute's purchase. It was about this time that Rhubaba forgave Mirza Hussein and took him back to her bosom. He was glad to return, for he was fond of Rhubaba, and, besides, Rhubaba's Rebel *clientèle* were of service to him. The morning that I saw him on Rhubaba's divan was the first *Jum'rat* since he had been received back into favour. As to what happened after we left—that is to say, what happened during the night—we can only surmise. It is probable that Rhubaba is herself responsible for the crime. That when Mirza Hussein, received into her confidence, slept with his head pillowed in her lap, she, with her own pink hands, drove the thin point of the Caucasian knife through his eyeball far back into his brain.

It was before daybreak that they knocked at Mirza Hussein's father's house, and told him that his son was lying dead in the courtezan's house by the bazaar, and suggested, if the ex-Governor wished to avoid the scandal of the discovery that his son had met his death in such a place, that it behoved him to have the body removed before daylight.

Thus it was that Mirza Hussein died of a fever in his father's house, and that, by a curious coincidence, the Royalist gunners at the same time ceased to fire effective shrapnel into the Khïban barricades. As for Rhubaba, her reception-hall is neutral ground. It is always full: only you will find more Rebels than Royalists there.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE BLUE MOSQUE.

I went down to the Khïban quarter, ostensibly to see the Rebel barricades erected there. Really the object of my visit was the Blue Mosque. Now Lord Curzon, quoting Taxier, —because he himself never was at Tabriz,—says the Blue Mosque "is the chief work of Persian, perhaps of all Oriental, architecture." It certainly is a magnificent ruin. So magnificent that, although it has been in *débris* for generations, yet the dignity of its architecture remains. It has now been decided that the Blue Mosque was built by Shah Jehan in 1464, though some authorities maintain that it was Ghazan Khan who originally accepted the architect's designs. When it was in repair the Blue Mosque must have been a per-

fect example of dome construction. The 24-foot high doorway, which is still in a fair state of preservation, is a fine example of the Persian arch. The whole structure, within and without, was originally covered with glazed tiles—the blue-and-white tiles, of which the art of manufacture has long since been lost. The dado of the inner building is of huge blocks of alabaster, larger than anything that can now be quarried in Persia. These slabs are inscribed, in ornate arabesque caligraphy, with verses from the Koran. The delicate blending and beauty of the tile-work cannot be adequately described. Above the doorway, and all along the series of arches which once supported the great dome, the Koran is quoted in the setting of the blue tiles. The reason that such a work of art has been allowed to fall into its present state of decay is simple. It is a "Sunni" mosque, and consequently boycotted by the Tabrizis, who for generations have been "Shiahs."

For many years this beautiful relic was the dust-heap of the town, the shelter of waifs and strays, the protection of bazaar dogs from the midday sun. But lately it was discovered that the tiles had a commercial value, and the Vali Adh[1] had gates put up, and placed the mosque in the hands of proper custodians. But at the present moment it has been put to quite an original use. The mosque stands upon a slight eminence, and the outer walls have appealed to the followers of Baghir Khan, rebel, as valuable in the scheme of defences of the Khïban quarter. So the parapet has been built up and loopholed, while a little mud flanking tower has been added to form a coign of vantage for a tiny brass cannon.

"The mosque is like Persia. Yes?"

I turned to find my friend Hassan Ali, the English-speaking Persian, at my elbow. He must not, however, be confused with Hassan Ali of Akhrab. That is quite another man: Moslem nomenclature is annoyingly limited.

"How like Persia?"

"Is it not a magnificent ruin? Yes?"

Hassan Ali's small bead-like eyes twinkled, and his brown oval face puckered into his engaging smile.

"Surely not so desperate a simile as that, Hassan Ali?" I answered.

"The simile is good. Yes! I know what is in your mind. Yes? You are thinking how you are to get some of those blue tiles to take to your home. That is why you are so glad to see me. Yes? I will arrange!"

I assured him that, much as I should like a tile or two, or more for that matter, yet nothing had been farther from my mind at the moment.

"Yes, I know," answered this man of docile mien and irresistible smile. "The simile is good. Yes? Poor Persia, all you foreigners want to take

[1] Crown Prince, who is usually named Governor of Tabriz.

'a tile or two' away from her decaying walls. Yes? Russia, a whole arabesque fresco; Turkey, a series of tiles to make a complete text of the Koran; England, just a little southern mosaic; and Germany, late in the scramble, just one tile. Yes? When you have all finished what shall we have left of our ruins? Just the dust of the bricks! Poor Persia!"

I suggested that he was taking rather a pessimistic view of his country's condition.

"Well," he answered, "we Persians may be fools, but we are not so blind to our own interests as some European countries! Yes?"

"By which cryptic remark you mean?"

"Why, your England! Yes!"

"England? Why, England has retired from Persian affairs!" I said, with an effort at banter.

"Hence her infirmity of sight! Yes!" And although I could see that Hassan Ali was serious, yet his eyes twinkled as if he were pitching me a jest.

"Really, Hassan Ali, it is too hot here in the street to enter into a discussion of British diplomacy. But what is wrong?"

"You, too, have the infirmity of your people. Yes! Don't you see that at the very moment when you sacrificed years of diplomacy, a generation of commercial honesty and decades of Persian hope and trust in you, Persia was a ripe pear that had grown rotten at the core. It was ready to drop into the hand that shook the tree. Russia knew, and smiled when you made the agreement. You could have shaken the tree! Yes!"

"Well, we left it to another, Hassan Ali, to spoil the orchard!"

"And you are not ashamed! Do you not know how we disgust the Russian? How Azerbaijan, that might have been English, will never be Russian? Yes?"

"But you said just now that the pear was ripe, that the tree only had to be shaken?"

"I said that you British could have shaken the tree. But not the Russians! Yes!"

"Why not the Russians, Hassan Ali?"

"They are afraid! Yes!"

"Afraid? Afraid of whom?"

"The Turk! Yes!"

"Hassan Ali, let us go home. It is too hot here to discuss the diplomacy of nations!" Yet I knew that every word he had said was true. That if it had not been for the Turk, the Cossack by this would have been in Tabriz. The Persian at least can thank Japan for this one mercy. What claim to thanks we may be entitled to is not directly apparent. England's attitude in Persia is judged by Persians much as ruined minors would judge a defaulting family lawyer!

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCXVII. NOVEMBER 1908. Vol. CLXXXIV.

SOME MEMORIES OF MY SPARE TIME, 1856-1885.

BY

GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY BRACKENBURY, G.C.B.

It has often been suggested to me that I should write the story of my life, and more than four years ago a publisher, writing to me on the subject, said, "You must possess such an ample and varied store of materials, that I feel sure your only difficulty would be as to what to leave out." I declined all such suggestions, as in my mind the last twenty years of my life quite overshadowed the earlier years, and no record of them could yet be published. But, as an amusement for my vacant hours, I began to jot down some recollections of the earlier years, and it grew upon me that in them I had led, as it were, two lives, an official life and another that was not official, and that some reminiscences of the latter might be published without indiscretion. Hence these "Memories of my Spare Time," in which my official life is only mentioned as far as is necessary to connect the memories together, or to relate an occasional incident which seems worth preserving to illustrate the manners of other times.

Commissioned to the Royal Artillery in April 1856, I joined at Woolwich early in June. The service was then very different from what it is now. The race of hard-drinkers had not quite died out, and under one of them it was my lot to serve. My first parade as a commissioned officer was a Sunday morning church parade. After inspecting the men, I saluted my senior officer and asked if I might march off the "persuasions,"—the term used to

denote those who were not of the Established Church. "You may march the whole lot to ——, for all I care," was the muttered reply.

After two or three weeks, our company of Garrison Artillery was ordered to Plymouth. We railed to London Bridge, the terminus in those days of the North Kent Railway, and marched in single file to Paddington, where my superior officer formed up the company on the platform, ordered them to pile arms, gave the word "Dismiss," and disappeared, the greater number of the men at once bolting out of the station and into every public-house in the neighbourhood. With the help of the sergeant-major and other non-commissioned officers, I mounted a guard over the arms, and sent patrols to collect the men, so that when the commanding officer returned I had them formed up in such order as their condition allowed. We got them into the train, when, in a very thick voice, I was told to warn the men in every compartment that they were not to bring any drink into the train. Then, about 10 P.M., we started. At the first station we halted at my commanding officer put some money into my hand and told me to get him a soda-water bottle full of brandy. I dutifully obeyed, but on my return (the uniform of a subaltern was in the dim light undistinguishable from that of a gunner) he suddenly turned on me, and saying "What have you got there?" seized the bottle and flung it on the rails, ordering me to get into the train. I did so, and presently, when we had again started, he asked, "Where's my brandy?" His language may be imagined when I told him he had just thrown it under the train. Poor fellow, he had been so conspicuously gallant in the Crimea, and he had so many good qualities, that he was saved as long as possible, but some three years later the inevitable blow fell, and he was compelled to resign.

Plymouth, or rather Devonport, was a very pleasant station in those days. There was no "Flying Cornishman," the journey to London was a long one, and there was good society in the neighbourhood. Lawn tennis, golf, and even croquet, were unknown. But there were boating and bathing, archery parties, picnics on Dartmoor, cricket matches on the Hoe, and a delightful cricket week with dances at Teignbridge. There were many other dances, and the Devonshire girls in their crinolines were very pretty. In the winter there was hunting, Trelawny being Master, and that quaint character old Limpety huntsman, while among the well-known characters who followed the hounds were Tom Lane and Parson Bulteel. So there was no lack of amusement or of occupation for my spare time.

Two memories stand out conspicuously from that year at Devonport. The Royal Yacht, having encountered bad weather in the Channel, put

into Plymouth harbour with the Queen and the Prince Consort on board. They decided to travel to London by train, and before starting reviewed the garrison on Mount Wise, where I had the honour for the first time of marching past Her Majesty. After the parade I was sent for by the Adjutant-General of Artillery, who had come down from London, and an order was dictated to me. It commenced, "The Queen having for the sake of uniformity commanded that all the army shall wear a moustache," and continued by forbidding the wearing of beards which were still being sported by the veterans of the Crimea. It was easy for them to shave off their beards, but not so easy for the young subaltern of eighteen to wear a moustache.

The second memory is of hearing Thackeray deliver his lectures on "The Four Georges." I can remember, as though it were yesterday, that tall commanding figure, and the mingled pain and pleasure with which I listened to the scathing torrent of satire.

In 1857 came the news of the Indian Mutiny. I at once volunteered and had the good fortune to be accepted for active service. I was acting as Adjutant of the R.A. in the western district, and told my colonel, a Peninsular veteran, of my desire to see active service, asking him to forward and recommend my application. He said he would forward, but would not recommend it, as my services could not be spared. Knowing there were plenty of senior officers ready and willing to take the adjutancy, I begged him, when laying my written application before him, not to say that I could not be spared. But he would not be persuaded. Meanwhile, I had written to my uncle Colonel Sir Edward Brackenbury, an old friend and former comrade in the Peninsula of Sir Hew Ross, the Adjutant-General of Artillery, begging him to help me. He called on Sir Hew, who sent for the papers. "How old is the lad?" said Sir Hew. "Only nineteen," said my uncle. "What, only nineteen, and his colonel says he can't be spared! he must be a good lad,—he ought to have a chance on service." And so the very remark which was intended to keep me back was the cause of my being chosen. I was ordered to Woolwich, and spent the last two days before embarking in playing cricket for the regiment.[1]

Then followed a year's campaigning in Central India, and

[1] 'Bell's Life' of August 23, 1857, shows that I made 27 (top score of either side in the first innings) and 0 runs against I Zingari, and keeping wicket, stumped two and caught three. We played twelve a-side. The captain of the opposing team was the Hon. R. Grimston—the "Bob Grimston" so dear to the cricket memories of old Harrovians, and to whom the author of "Leaves from the Diary of a Country Cricketer" devoted a chapter in last June number of 'Maga.' The bowler who disposed of me was the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, better known to the present generation as the Right Hon. Spencer Ponsonby Fane.

I have often wondered how any of us survived. I was landed on the beach at Madras (there was no pier then) at 7 A.M. in a tunic and busby to superintend disembarkation of ammunition, and kept there without any food but biscuit till 7 P.M., when we marched ten miles to St Thomas' Mount.

A week or two later we were ordered back to Madras to embark there for Masulipatam, whence we were to march to join General Whitlock's column in Bundelkand. At midnight we paraded at St Thomas' Mount in a tremendous storm of wind and rain, and marched through the night to the beach at Madras. No staff officer met us, no surf boats were in readiness. At last a staff officer arrived, and from him we learnt that a message had been despatched the previous evening to the Brigadier at the Mount telling him to put off our march, as the high surf would not permit of our embarking. We afterwards heard that he had gone to bed before the message arrived, and his servants dare not wake him. Drenched to the skin, our men were put up in the banqueting hall in the park of the Governor's residence at Guindy, while the officers were taken in as guests at the club or elsewhere. Our baggage was on board ship, so we had an uncomfortable time for two or three days.

When, a few days later, we started up country our men had no helmets: they campaigned all through the hot weather in forage-caps with white cap-covers. Needless to say, the sun took its revenge; and in one month, between mid-April and mid-May 1858, my battery lost 20 per cent of its officers and men from solar apoplexy, which at that time the medical officers knew only one method of treating — to place the sufferer at full length upon the floor and pour water upon his head and chest. Alas! what gruesome scenes I have watched in that terrible month at Banda!

On Easter Eve the column of which my battery was a unit started to cross a bad *ghát* (a hill pass). I happened to be on advanced guard that day, and we got over; but the transport behind broke down, the *ghát* became encumbered with dead and dying animals and broken-down waggons. With the advanced guard had come the Chaplain of the Force, and on Easter morning he wished to administer the Sacrament. He had with him a flask of sacramental wine; but there was no bread, only weevily ration biscuits as hard as stones. He asked if any of us had any biscuits. One officer produced from his holster a few gingerbread nuts, and with fragments of these, "the best and purest wheat bread that could conveniently be gotten," the chaplain administered the Sacrament; and never, I firmly believe, was it partaken of with greater reverence.

In 1858 I was invalided home. It was the year of a magnificent comet, which

afforded a glorious sight each evening as we steamed through the Bay of Bengal. On arrival at Suez we drove in brakes to the rail-head in the desert, for not only was there no Suez Canal, but even the railway to Suez was not yet complete.

Whitlock's column, with which I served, was the fortunate captor of the "Banda and Kirwee" prize-money, which for many subsequent years formed the subject of debate in Parliament, and of a gigantic litigation, in which seventeen firms of solicitors and twenty-seven counsel were engaged. I joined the committee which represented the actual captors. Its secretary and moving spirit was the Rev. Mr Kinloch, who had been chaplain to Whitlock's force, and of whose legal ability our leading counsel, Sir Roundell Palmer and Sir Hugh Cairns, formed a very high opinion. We claimed the whole amount. Others claimed to share on the doctrine of constructive capture. The case was argued in the Admiralty Court before Dr Lushington, and we won. The law expenses, which all came out of the fund, were over £60,000; but the amount remaining was sufficient to make every private's share upwards of £70.

After my return I had a spell of work as a subaltern of the depot brigade at Woolwich. During this time was made my first contribution to literature, in some verses sent to 'Punch.' In 1859 I received a very pleasant invitation to a shoot for the 1st September, my twenty-second birthday, but could not obtain leave, and vented my feelings in the form of a parody on Tennyson's "May Queen," which appeared in the number of September 17, with an illustration that the proprietors of 'Punch' kindly inform me was drawn by Captain H. R. Howard.

In 1860 I was called upon to make a serious decision. The adjutant of the brigade was, like myself, a cricketer, and finding that it was impossible to combine as much of that game as he wanted with his military duties, decided to resign his appointment. The post was offered to me on the condition that I would give up cricket matches, and I accepted it on those conditions, thus electing for work in preference to play. For two years and more I had very hard work in this post, and very little spare time.

In 1862 I was appointed lieutenant of a company of gentlemen cadets at the Royal Military Academy, when cricket, rackets, and billiards again took up much of my spare time; but I found means to read and study my own special branch (artillery), and to learn something of the arts of military administration, of strategy and of tactics, on which subjects there were but few English books available.

In 1864, while holding this post, I was offered and accepted the appointment of Assistant-Instructor in Artillery at the same institution.

Not long afterwards I had a curious experience, and hap-

pily a rare one, in that in an English court of justice I saw an innocent man sentenced to death. A relative of mine, who was a Middlesex magistrate, had got an order for us to see the prison of Newgate. After going over the prison and seeing the condemned cells, the pinioning-room, the scaffold, and the "Birdcage Walk," that narrow passage under whose uneven flags are buried in quicklime the bodies of the executed murderers, under their initials carved on the stone wall, we said that we had only to see a man sentenced to death to complete the dreadful tale. The warder told us he thought we could do so if we went to the adjoining Old Bailey, where the Saffron Hill murder case was being tried. We went there, sent in our cards, and were given seats on the bench. The trial was near its end: we only heard, as far as I remember, one or two witnesses for the defence, the reply of the counsel for the prosecution, and the summing up of the judge.

The story of the case was shortly this. There had been a row in a public-house between some Italians and some Englishmen. The gas had been turned off, and when it was again lighted an Englishman was found stabbed to death. The police arrested an Italian named Polioni or Pelizzoni,[1] a workman for the well-known firm of opticians, Negretti & Zambra; and it was his trial at which we were present.

The summing-up of the judge seemed to me eminently impartial, and he left the verdict entirely to the jury. The jury retired, and the prisoner, a small frail man, was taken out of court. During the absence of the jury darkness came on, and a few lights were lighted in the court. Presently, after an interval that seemed endless, the jury returned, and the prisoner was brought back into the dock. I believe there was not a soul in court who did not at that moment pray that the prisoner might be acquitted. But, in answer to the question put to the jury, the foreman's reply was "Guilty." The prisoner turned pale as death, tottered, and fell back into the arms of the two warders at his side. Asked by the judge if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed, he was completely unable to speak. Then Baron Martin put on the black cap and passed sentence of death.

How often has that scene come back to my memory! The dim light, the hush of expectation, the sigh that went through the audience as the jury pronounced the fateful verdict, the aspect of that wretched man, the judge's voice, broken by emotion as he pronounced the awful sentence, which ended with the words, "And may God have mercy on your soul!"

We could not speak. We

---

[1] He was tried as Polioni, but in his evidence on Gregorio's trial swore that his name was Serafino Pelizzoni.

left the court in silence, and in silence we drove home. The sequel of the story is interesting. A few days later Signor Negretti received a letter telling him that Polioni was innocent, and that the Englishman had been killed by another man named Gregorio Mogni, a cousin of the prisoner, who had fled to Birmingham, where he was working. Negretti went to Birmingham, found Gregorio, and told him what had happened. Gregorio said that he could not allow Polioni to be hanged for the crime he had committed, and returning with Signor Negretti to London, gave himself up. Polioni was respited, and Gregorio was placed on his trial. The Grand Jury, doubtless feeling that they could not help to hang a man who had given himself up to save his comrade's life, found a true bill, not for murder, but for manslaughter. He was convicted, but recommended to mercy by the jury, and was sentenced to a term of penal servitude. Then Polioni received a free pardon for a crime which he had never committed. A subscription was raised to send him back to Italy, where he was at once arrested for having evaded the conscription, but petitions were presented to the Italian Government, and he was soon released.

In my new appointment I had a good deal of time at my own disposal, as the hours of teaching were limited: there were at least two days in each week free from the duties of the class-room, and there were vacations at Easter, in summer, and at Christmas. This time I was anxious to employ more profitably than in mere amusement, and Colonel (afterwards General) Lefroy, Director of the Advanced Class for Artillery Officers at Woolwich, suggested to me to make a study of the early history of our arm, and write some papers for the Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution. It soon became evident that if I was to write anything original my researches must be carried beyond such material as could be found in any of the military libraries of Woolwich and London.

The first author with whom these studies brought me into contact was Mr John Hewitt, the author of 'Ancient Armour and Weapons in Europe,' an interesting personality. Tall and gaunt, dressed in black and wearing a high black stock, he looked a relic of a past age. He was a bachelor, and lived in lodgings at Woolwich surrounded by books almost entirely bearing upon the one subject of interest to him. For years he had been employed in the Tower of London, and had compiled the official catalogue of the Tower Armouries. He helped me with many references to MSS. and printed works bearing on my subject, and gave me much useful aid and counsel, especially impressing upon me that no one engaged in antiquarian research should ever accept a quotation or a statement at second-hand, if it were possible to refer to the original authority.

My next step was to obtain a reading ticket for the British

Museum, where for many months all my spare time was spent in the Reading-room studying mediæval chronicles, or in the Manuscript Department verifying references, and later making drawings from illuminated fifteenth century MSS. And here may be given one example of the importance of Mr Hewitt's doctrine of verification. Searching for information as to the use of cannon in the fourteenth century, I found a statement in Sharon Turner's 'History of England during the Middle Ages' that an account of the expenditure of the Ordnance Office in the Tower during the reign of Edward III. showed "a maker of gun stones and two gun founders." Turner gave as his authority 'Bree's Cursory Sketch.' This latter gave as its authority Harleian MSS. 5166. Procuring this MS., I found at once it was not fourteenth century writing. The Museum authorities pronounced it to be of the seventeenth century, and the details to be not of the household of Edward III., but of that of Queen Elizabeth.

The keeper of the MSS., Mr Bond, to whom I had obtained a letter of recommendation, introduced me to Mr (now Sir Richard) Holmes, then an assistant in the MSS. Department. His help, which was freely and cordially given, was invaluable to me, as he knew the mediæval MSS. so well that he spared me unnecessary search, and found for me at once those which would be of use to me. A friendship sprang up between us which, though we have not seen each other for many years, still, I hope, exists on his part, as it does on mine.

Holmes, while at the Museum, occupied some of his spare time in designing stained-glass windows. In 1868 he accompanied Lord Napier to Abyssinia as archæologist to the expedition, and sent me a copy of an etching of the head of King Theodore taken after death. In 1870 he became Her Majesty's Librarian at Windsor Castle, where he found himself in thoroughly congenial surroundings.

In the Museum I also made the acquaintance of that great artist, Mr Burne-Jones, who was drawing in the MSS. Department. He was in those days a very picturesque figure.

Another assistant in the MSS. Department was a Mr Ward. Wanting to verify a reference to a manuscript in Swedish, I applied to Holmes, who introduced me to Ward. When the latter had kindly translated the passage to me, I asked him how he came to learn Swedish. He said: "Oh! I learnt Swedish and Norwegian and Danish in order to learn Icelandic."

I cannot too strongly express my sense of the kindness shown to me by the Museum officials. The MSS. Department was a delightfully quiet retreat; and every possible facility was given to me, with the result that before ceasing work there, I had not only a copious sheaf of notes, but a goodly collection of drawings

of bombards from fifteenth century manuscripts.

I paid a few visits to the Public Records Office, where Mr Joseph Burtt very kindly took me in hand. But search made in fourteenth century records, with the help of an expert, failed to produce any information of value. This was also the case with the Bodleian Library, my visit to which during my summer vacation in 1865 only resulted in a delightful summer holiday and an amusing incident. Great kindness was shown me by Dr Jelf, the Dean of Christ Church, and Mr Sydney Owen, Reader in Indian Law and History in the University, whose brother, Colonel C. H. Owen, was then Professor of Artillery, and my immediate chief at Woolwich. One cannot imagine a more pleasant place for a quiet summer holiday than Oxford then was in the long vacation. The river, almost free from boats, and in those days there were neither steam nor electric launches, was deliciously peaceful. Still more peaceful the college gardens, in their summer glory.

To return to the Bodleian. I had an introduction from Mr Bond, of the British Museum, to Mr Coxe, the keeper of the Bodleian. This I duly presented. Mr Coxe said, "The man to help you is Payne-Smith." He introduced me to Dr Payne-Smith (afterwards Regius Professor of Divinity), saying that I wanted to see any drawings of a cannon which they might have in fourteenth or fifteenth century MSS. Dr Payne-Smith turned to me and asked: "What is it you want to ascertain? Is it any point connected with the dress?" The ecclesiastical mind had leaped to the human canon of the Church.

In 1865 I produced a first, and in the following year a second, paper on "Ancient Cannon in Europe." In these two papers I gave the result of my researches down to the year 1400 A.D., and ended the second paper by saying that thus far we had to trust to verbal description alone, but that in the next paper we should enter on a period when we should have the varieties of form and material portrayed by the artists of the fifteenth century. Alas! I entrusted my precious sketches to a gentleman who undertook to draw them on wood with a view to their being engraved. A fire took place at his rooms, and the whole outcome of my long labours was destroyed. I had neither time nor heart to commence over again, and I abandoned the subject.

It was perhaps as well that it was so, for nothing is more fascinating than antiquarian research, and it is all-absorbing. I had thrown myself into the work, had become a member of the Royal Archæological Institute, and joined its Council. I had become a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and before that learned body had read a paper maintaining that the *teleria* so constantly mentioned in fourteenth century registers and inventories in connection with cannon were the

beds or supports in which the guns were placed, and not, as had been previously held, handles or trails for the carriages. Under other circumstances, I should probably have spent all my energies in the details of archæology; but the crushing blow of the loss of my drawings became my salvation. At the same time, I have never regretted the time thus spent, for it taught me the importance of getting to the root of any subject of study and the value of precision and accuracy.

I owe to this connection with the Archæological Institute one of my most pleasant memories, —a fine summer week spent in visiting the chief objects of archæological interest in London, under the guidance of the best authorities. Among other places we visited the Tower of London, where in the chapel Mr Clarke, the greatest authority on mediæval castles, read us a paper on the history and architecture of the Tower; and Westminster Abbey, where in the chapter-house Sir Gilbert Scott read us a paper on the architecture, and Dean Stanley a paper on the history, of the Abbey.

Years afterwards, on the invitation of a friend, I visited Westminster Abbey with a party from a working-man's club in Soho, when we were shown round by Canon Farrar. After the Canon had talked to us about Major André, whose monument is in the south aisle, a little tailor, who was one of the party, whispered to me, "The worthy Dean is very interesting, but not very correct in his 'istory." Later we had tea in the hall of Westminster School, and my friend said a few nice words of thanks to Canon Farrar. Up jumped the little tailor and said, "I 'ad 'oped to 'ave 'ad the pleasure of proposing the 'ealth of the worthy Dean myself; in fact, when Colonel —— began I felt quite nonchalant"!

While I was engaged on these archæological papers, which brought no grist to the mill, I was asked by Colonel Lefroy if I should care to contribute the military articles to a new edition of Brande's 'Dictionary of Literature, Science, and Art,' about to be published by Messrs Longmans, Green, & Co. I undertook this work, and thus made the acquaintance of the Rev. George W. Cox, the editor of the Dictionary, and of Mr William Longman, the publisher. Mr Cox, who had retired from the cure of souls, and kept a preparatory school for Sandhurst at Farnborough, was a profound scholar, and author of a well-known book on Aryan mythology and several important historical works. He was a kindly and sympathetic editor. An ex-scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, he was strongly opposed to the Rev. Charles Kingsley's appointment to the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge University, as Mr Kingsley well knew. One day I was visiting Mr Cox at Farnborough, and told him I was going the next day to visit Mr Kingsley. He said that Kingsley was a charming personality, and the author of some clever novels,

but that his appointment to be Professor of Modern History was an iniquity. On the following day I told Kingsley I had been visiting Mr Cox. All he said was, "Cox is a scholar and a gentleman."

My introduction to Mr William Longman led, indirectly, to my undertaking more literary work. He was at this time engaged in writing 'The History of the Life and Times of Edward III.,' a period to which my archæological studies had been largely directed, and this gave him an interest in me. He introduced me to Mr Walford, the editor of 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' who published an article of mine on "Mediæval Armour," and he asked me to meet at dinner, at his house in Hyde Park Square, Mr Reeve, the editor of 'The Edinburgh Review,' with a view to my contributing an article to that famous periodical; but Reeve utterly declined to take any interest in my archæological studies, and asked what on earth was the use of them,—a question which I could not answer.

At Mr Longman's request I edited a treatise on 'Drill and Manœuvres of Cavalry, combined with Horse Artillery,' by Major-General Michael W. Smith, who was commanding a division in India. It was a wonderful book, full of elaborate mathematical calculations as to pace and formations, some of which were worked out like problems in Euclid, while in others there were trigonometrical formulæ two full printed lines in length. It was published in 1865, little more than ten years after the cavalry charge of Balaklava, in which certainly neither algebra nor trigonometry had played any part; nor, indeed, does it appear that they have consciously been applied by any commander in any subsequent cavalry action. But the main principles were sound, and have since been adopted — greater simplicity and less complication in drill, the abolition of the law of pivots, and the removal of the rear rank to such a distance that it could neither impede the action nor become involved in the disorder of the front rank.

Mr Longman also introduced me to Mr J. A. Froude, editor of 'Fraser's Magazine.' My first article in that magazine appeared in 1866, a review of an American work on the Operations against Charleston. From a perusal of that article I arrive at the conclusion that we have without doubt become more humane in our methods of war in the last forty-five years. From a correspondence between himself and General Beauregard, published by General Gillmore, the author of the work in question, it is clearly established that, in a letter written from his headquarters, five and a half miles distant from Charleston, General Gillmore only gave four hours' notice of his intention to bombard the city, and that he opened fire upon it at half-past one in the night. General Gillmore says that "no military results of great value were expected from this firing.

As an experience with heavy guns, . . . the results were not only highly interesting and novel, but very instructive." It is doubtful if a more cynical paragraph was ever penned; and it is difficult not to agree with General Beauregard that the bombardment was "an act of inexcusable barbarity."

In December 1866 I published in 'Fraser's Magazine' the first of a series of five articles on Military Reform, the last of which appeared in August 1867. Looking over these articles by the light of forty years' subsequent experience, it is a pleasant surprise to find how few opinions expressed in them I have seen any occasion to alter, and how many of the reforms advocated have since been introduced. Of only one of these will I now speak. I pointed out more than forty years ago the necessity of unity of military administration, and the injury inflicted on the public service by the dual administration of the Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief, and said: "It remains only to go forward in the direction in which we have advanced, but where by halting half-way we have spoilt all. When we have the whole control of the army vested in one responsible Minister, then, if Parliament does its duty, the army will be properly governed." I advocated the appointment of a Chief of the Staff. Twenty-one years later, before Lord Randolph Churchill's Select Committee on the Army Estimates, and again when Lord Salisbury's Government appointed me a member of Lord Hartington's Royal Commission on Naval and Military Administration, I still advocated the same reform. The Royal Commission made a recommendation to this effect in their report, which was published in 1889. But it was not till fifteen years later (1904), when I was within a few days of my retirement from the active list, that, on the report of Lord Esher's Committee, the report of Lord Hartington's Commission was given effect to by the abolition of the office of Commander-in-Chief and the appointment of a Chief of the General Staff.[1]

On October 15, 1866, when he had seen the MS. of my first paper, Mr Froude wrote to me—

"Your article is good and strong, and promises even better behind it. I do not wish in any way to interfere with you. You can develop your subject best in your own way, and I have only to ask you how much space you are likely to ask. I cannot begin with you till December. If, therefore, you like to go on and enlarge your present article to double its size you can do so."

On November 27 he wrote—

[1] In the course of my remarks in 'Fraser's Magazine' on the absurdity of the double government, I quoted the following order of April 1867: "The Secretary of State for War, with the concurrence of his Royal Highness the Field Marshal Commanding in Chief, has directed that the pockets of the overalls and trousers be placed at the corners of the seam at the top instead of at the side."

"Let me press upon you in the matter of style—condensation. The sailor's rule for grog—three-fourths spirit and all the water you add spoils it, applies pre-eminently to writing on practical questions."

Again, on January 3, 1867—

"May I suggest that you should try a little more condensation. In writing, as in speaking, the fewer the words in which a thought is expressed the deeper it penetrates. You are apt to hover about your point before you settle upon it. You will gain in force if you can manage to go direct towards it. Nor would I be afraid of plain speaking."

On January 22, before he had seen my second paper, he wrote—

"Your articles will be effective exactly as you can make them shorter and more vicious."

On March 14, after the appearance of the second article, he wrote—

"You will have seen from the tone of the debate, and from the languor of public interest on a question of moment so intense, that the lash must be laid on with the double thong if it is to receive the slightest attention."

On March 25 he wrote saying that he was on the point of leaving England for four or five months, and that the Magazine would be managed for him in his absence by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. This was when he was going to Ireland to complete his famous work, 'The English in Ireland.' He said that he would speak to Mr Kingsley about my papers, and if Mr Kingsley wished to have all the space at his own disposal for other purposes, he would propose that I should finish the series at leisure after his return at the end of summer. The letter ended thus—

"I fear no good is to be looked for this session, and I am disheartened about the results to be expected from Reform. The present 'situation,' I fear, will end in an arrangement between the leaders of parties which will leave things substantially just as they are. Idleness, ignorance, routine, and the convenience of the great families will continue absolute till the Devil comes in the shape of a sharp war—and then woe betide them and us."

I have always been grateful to Mr Froude for his criticism. I saw him from time to time in his study at 5 Onslow Gardens, where he was always courteous and interesting; but I never got within his outer shell of reserve, and his letters to me never had a warmer ending than the official "Yours faithfully." Eight years afterwards, in 1875, we met in Natal, where he had come as an emissary from Lord Carnarvon, to endeavour to promote South African Confederation. There my friend Colonel (now Sir William) Butler got more into his confidence and intimacy in a day than I had done in six months, but in the woes of Ireland they had a subject of deep common interest to both.

Early in April I heard from Charles Kingsley, bidding me to go on with the papers on Military Reform, and saying he was much pleased with the last. He wished me to take up the question of reform of the Military College at Sandhurst, in which he was much

interested, and on which he wrote to me at some length. In a letter of July 12 he wrote—

> "You will do very little good, I warn you, because beside the Military party which will wish to keep things as they are, the whole of the dissenting Radical party will be opposed to any real reform of the army. They are glad enough to revile its faults, but would be sorry to see them amended, lest it should become strong and popular. Moreover, you will not mend Sandhurst till you mend the education given at schools. Sandhurst lads' time is taken up there in learning what they ought to have learnt at school. What Sandhurst wants is discipline and public spirit. The former can be got. The latter not till a great war, which will make the officer again necessary and valuable in the eyes of the people."

By this time a friendship had been established between us, and this last letter ended with the friendly "Yours ever," which from a big editor does so much more to get the best out of a contributor than the cold "Yours faithfully" of Froude. I visited him at Eversley, and have a most happy recollection of a blazing hot July or August afternoon, when we lay together on the dry crisp moss on the moor and talked of all things in heaven and earth. I was young—not quite thirty—full of energy and desire to reform the world, and of despair at the dead weight of apathy and official obstruction, and got up from our talk a happier man. Throughout all Kingsley's conversation there ran a cheerful vein of optimism, the optimism of the man who wrote "Blow, blow, thou strong North-easter." And he infected me with his belief that "it will all come right in the end." As we walked home we met, leaning on a gate, a disreputable-looking old man. Kingsley talked kindly to him, and gave him a shilling. Then he told me the man was a poacher and ne'er-do-weel, but he said, "It will all come right in the end for him too."

This was just before he started for the West Indies, the visit that had been his dream for years, and which he was "at last" to enjoy, and commemorate in the book of that name. He was like a boy anticipating a delightful holiday.

In 1870, when I was working for the Red Cross during the Franco-German War, he wrote to me introducing some ladies who were on their way out to work for our society, and spoke of "you noble fellows of the Red Cross, whom I wish I were among, but it cannot be." After his death Mrs Kingsley wrote asking me if I would send her any letters of his in my possession, for publication. She said—

> "My memory takes me back to a day on our mount at Eversley with you and him and a long and earnest conversation about the army and other things. I want to represent by his *own words* every phase of his mind. He loved your profession deeply, but owing to so many of his correspondents being unknown to us, or if they were known, by the very circumstances of their life obliged to move about from place to place, and probably, therefore, not preserving any letters, I have very few letters to officers, the very people he most

loved to work for and associate with. He has fought his fight and earned his rest, though rest *there* implies probably nobler and greater work."

With the series of articles on Army Reform my connection with 'Fraser's Magazine' ended. I went to Paris for the French Exhibition in the summer of 1867, and visited a good many theatres. On my return I sent Mr Froude a paper on the French Stage, about which there was at that time much correspondence in the English papers, to the effect that the chief attraction of the French theatres was the indelicacy of the plays acted there. The object of my paper was to contradict this theory, and to show that it was the strength of the plot, the wit of the dialogue, and the quality of the acting that attracted French audiences, and that a play which depended only on its indelicacy would never succeed. To prove this I had sketched lightly the plot of one such play, which was a failure, contrasting it with other plays free from indelicacy, which were highly successful. Mr Froude sent me back the paper, writing, "I have read your paper on the French theatres, and I am sorry to say I cannot accept it. If such plays ought not to be acted, they ought not to be written about. The objection to one is an objection to the other, and the same in kind if less in degree." I felt snubbed, and I wrote to Mr Froude no more. The paper in a different form was subsequently published elsewhere, but this will be told later on.

In the autumn of 1867 Mr Anthony Trollope started 'St Paul's Magazine,' and I offered him a paper on "The Military Armaments of the Five Great Powers," which appeared in one of his earliest numbers, followed shortly afterwards by a paper on "Parliament and Army Reform," and other articles. There is not much of interest in the few letters from Mr Trollope which I possess. In one of them he writes, "Do not be too severe on Governments. Having known something of Government work for very many years, my conviction is that as a rule our public men do their work as well as their very peculiar circumstances in subjection to a representative government allow them to do. I do not think our public men are niggards, or are disposed to be mean by disposition."

At the end of February or beginning of March 1868 I paid him a week-end visit at Waltham Cross. Mrs Trollope, whose beautiful feet made a great impression on me, was there, and the only other guest was Mr John Blackwood, the publisher and editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' with whom in after years I formed a very pleasant friendship. I am not sure whether Mr Trollope was at that time still in the service of the Post Office, but I remember his telling me that he had decided not to leave the public service till he had made from his writing and invested sufficient capital to give him an income equal to what he would lose by retiring from the public service. He was a great smoker.

One wall of his library where he worked was entirely hidden by small cupboards or bins, each with a separate glass door, and fitted with cigars, stacked across each other "headers and stretchers" like timber, so as to allow free circulation of air. On wet days the doors were all kept closed, in dry weather they were open. He told me that each year he got a large consignment of cigars from Havana. There was a pointed stud stuck into the wood above the door of the bin in use, and as soon as this bin was empty the stud was moved to the next bin, and the empty one was filled from the latest chest. This had gone on for years, the cigars longest in stock being always those smoked.

He had a long thick beard, which it was difficult to keep one's eyes off, as it had a singular attraction for fragments of cigar-ash.

He told me that he began to write at five o'clock every morning, and wrote a certain number of hours till it was time to dress for breakfast, never touching his literary work after breakfast. I remember telling him that I always worked at night, and his saying, "Well, I give the freshest hours of the day to my work; you give the fag end of the day to yours." I have often thought over this, but my experience has always been that the early morning is the best time for study and taking in ideas, night the best time for giving out thoughts.

I said that I envied him the gift of imagination, which enabled him to create characters. He said, "Imagination! my dear fellow, not a bit of it; it is cobbler's wax." Seeing that I was rather puzzled, he said that the secret of success was to put a lump of cobbler's wax on your chair and sit on and write till you had succeeded. He told me he had written for years before he got paid.

My paper on Parliament and Army Reform in 'St Paul's Magazine' brought me into touch with Sir Charles Trevelyan and his son, now the Right Hon. Sir G. O. Trevelyan. The latter wrote to Trollope that he and his father were so much interested in the paper that he took the liberty of asking the name of the writer. The letter lies before me, endorsed "Is there any objection to 'giving you up' to Competition wallah and father? —Anthony Trollope."

I had taken up a very strong line in favour of the abolition of purchase in the army, for which Mr Trevelyan had moved a resolution in the House of Commons that had been defeated in May 1868, and I was very glad to make the acquaintance of the two men who were doing more than any other to bring about that most important reform,—the father by his writings, the son by his determined attitude in Parliament. Sir Charles was also advocating a number of other reforms with which I was in sympathy. He urged promotion in the higher ranks by selection instead of by seniority tempered by rejection for want of money,—a reform

that was impossible while the purchase system endured. He pressed for the employment of time-expired soldiers in civil situations. In one of his letters to me he says, "I have long been of opinion that this ought to be done, but it is only lately, since I have applied my mind more closely to the point, that I have perceived what a power there is in it. It is a highly just idea, and is likely to be extremely popular and to exercise a great influence over the whole question of army reform." He was also greatly interested in the improvement of the education of officers, a subject that occupied much of my attention.

When Mr Cardwell brought in his bill for abolition of purchase in 1871, it was opposed in Parliament by two of my greatest friends, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and Colonel the Hon. Augustus Anson, men who were in sympathy with me on almost every other military question. Loyd-Lindsay lived to recognise the value of the measure, which, as Lady Wantage says in her Memoir, cleared the ground for those further measures of reform which marked Mr Cardwell's tenure of office, and inaugurated a new era in our army organisation. I do not know whether Anson ever changed his views on this question, but our friendship continued a close one till his death.

I don't remember exactly how long I wrote for 'St Paul's Magazine,' but I find letters up to November 1869, the last asking me for a paper on Military Education for the number of February 1870.

(*To be continued.*)

A HIGHLAND SCHOOL SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

BY THE WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD.

BY tradition my knowledge of Glenalmond goes back to 1847—"Sixty years since," as Sir Walter might have said. Two brothers of mine, older than me, were in that little company of fourteen boys who on May 4, 1847, drove from Perth to Glenalmond, the first settlers in what then was a region as desolate as Labrador. They were shy of each other at first, and ceremonious, even to the extent of calling a little lord, one of the company, by his title. Next day they called him Spooney, a name which implied no contempt or even disparagement, but friendliness, as almost all nicknames do. Jupiter and Juno, Rufus and Pudding, Paddy and Fatty were of the party, I think, but only the Warden could correct me if I am wrong. The owners of these names were certainly at Glenalmond in the very earliest years of its existence as a school. From the beginning it was a very happy place: how could it have been anything else?—how can it ever be? The river, the hills, the moors—the liberty, the variety of amusements, the freedom from the stern discipline of cricket and football, also from any very arduous mental fatigue—made it a boy's paradise, happier, I believe, even than the famous school Winchester, of which it was a colony planted in the north—a *propugnaculum ecclesiæ* sent there by Gladstone and Mr Hope Scott—a *propugnaculum* also of the English public school system.

The colonists—like the Trojans of the Æneid—carried with them names and traditions of which I can recollect only Olivers Battery—standing up—Long-half and Short-half—repetition, sweat, &c.

The leader of the colony was Charles Wordsworth. He was a great scholar, a fine and stately gentleman; he had played cricket and rowed for his university, against Cambridge, and was an admirable skater. Such a man was naturally regarded by the boys with much pride, and even greater awe, for he was perhaps too dignified and stern—hence he was called "Grumphy," from a habit which he had of coughing slightly before admonishing or punishing.

The writer well remembers being taken on a winter evening in 1853 by one of his brothers to the Warden's study to be examined in elementary Greek grammar; how he—not the Warden—nearly "dropped down dead," as Sidney Smith recommends curates to do in their first interview with a bishop. My diffidence, certainly not my knowledge, must have helped me, for I passed, and was immediately taken to the

manciple's room to be measured for a gown. Gowns were worn by the boys from 1847-1854, when Dr Hannah abolished a garment which had few advantages, and those not of the kind contemplated or desired by the inventor: they were ugly and heavy, but they were admirable receptacles for game-birds' eggs and other unlawful things; pistols sometimes, though not often, for the possession of pistols was a capital offence. The gowns were warm, at any rate, and could be tucked up round your waist. Probably they were designed, like the convict's dress at Dartmoor, for purposes of identification—not that we were criminals, though unquestionably poachers — sportsmen — naturalists —some of us all these at once.

Dr Wordsworth brought with him several young Winchester and Oxford men as masters. Mr Witherby ("Old John") is always affectionately remembered by O.G.'s who were at the school between '47 and '70. He is still alive, an old man, who knows more than anybody else about the early history of the school. He was much beloved, for he was very kindly and good-natured, perhaps too much so, to the boys in his class (we did not use the word form); being a good scholar, he was impatient of slow and blundering attempts to translate Virgil, and any sensible boy soon learnt how to give Old John his head, and let *him* translate.

Mr C. B. Mount, who is still alive, and lives in Oxford, a friend and neighbour of the writer, was not to be outmanœuvred in this way, and you had either to know your work fairly well or to write out "lines"—50 or 100 from "As in praesenti"—as an "imposition." Punishments of this kind were unwise and mischievous — they were everything that punishments ought not to be; they were not deterrent, for ingenious and fascinatingly dangerous expedients, which may still be known at Glenalmond, and which I will neither reveal nor defend, considerably abridged the labour of writing out the amount required. Nor did a "pos" meet another object or end of punishment. It did not reform or improve the criminal, either morally or intellectually. You learnt nothing by writing out irregular perfects of very irregular verbs, a process which confirmed you in your hatred of grammatical anomalies, and even of the classical languages, supposed to be taught in this way. I have no doubt that now the punishments at Glenalmond deter and amend, and are even welcomed as rational and wholesome.

Both Mr Witherby and Mr Mount were Wykehamists, and, if I may be allowed to say it, admirably represented the Winchester traditions.

Nor can I omit the name of "Cockey Taylor," who looked after our music and the singing in chapel: he was one of the quaintest of men, very shrewd and grimly humorous, a good cricketer of the most exasperating kind, with a defence like a stone wall, and a

useful wicket-keeper and counsellor generally.

The Bishop of Bristol was our cricket hero. He came to us from Cambridge in 1857. He may perhaps read these reminiscences, so I must be careful. For a man who had been taught to bat by Julius Cæsar (by the small boys vaguely identified with a Roman general of that name), and had learnt from that great cricketer how to hit to square-leg, we could feel nothing but reverence and admiration. His singularly handsome face and figure; his strength of character tempered by kindness,—boys are extraordinarily good judges of masters, and like both strength and kindness,—made him a hero. If he ever reads this he will forgive me this impertinence of praise.

Last, but not least, among the masters of my time came Bishop Barry, who was sub-warden till 1854. Here again I must be careful, and not speak the whole truth about him. He came from Cambridge, a very high wrangler and high classic — a double-barrelled man of remarkable distinction. Never shall I forget his appearance of patient dignity as he taught us Euclid on a blackboard, and his frequent use of the words "So far so good,"—a phrase which seemed to contain, to me at least, something of irony, and a sinister meaning, for the "so far" was generally the end of one's tether. Dr Barry left when Wordsworth left. Both of these eminent men were inevitably called away to work not necessarily higher than, but different from, work in a school of sixty or seventy boys. Its smallness was the defect of Glenalmond; there was then no effective competition or vigorous intellectual life, the condition of which is one hundred boys at least.

Dr Hannah, commonly called Gru, either a Greek interjection or a variant of Grumphy, became warden in September 1854. He was a man in many ways different from his predecessor: a man of affairs rather than a scholar in the purely classical sense—a learned Aristotelian and logician, not a master of Latin prose nor of Greek Iambics; an intimate friend of Sir William Hamilton, with whom, when Rector of Edinburgh Academy, he used to have vigorous discussions of philosophical questions. He was not a good teacher of boys save in one point—viz., that he got some work out of the clever ones, and made them think a little. He was meant by nature to be a university professor, and his heart was in Oxford. But he was a good organiser, as he showed himself to be in later years when he became vicar of Brighton; he cut down expenses, and improved the financial position of the school and its discipline, and increased its numbers in spite of a disastrous outbreak of scarlet fever which checked its growth for a time. Though no "sportsman" himself, he won the hearts of many by his almost feverish interest in our cricket matches with the Edinburgh Academy. I re-

member being accosted by him when I was going to the wicket at a critical moment of the match in which, by the aid of the Bishop of Bristol, we defeated the Academy. I was nervous, but not as nervous as was Dr Hannah when he said, "For Heaven's sake play steady!" That is the way to win boys' hearts, far more effective than any sermon, at least of the high philosophical kind which he used to preach to us. His letter to Mr Gladstone, the answer to which showed unsoundness in that statesman's mind on the question of the Church of Ireland, was a political event, for it forced Gladstone's hand. Curiously enough, the letter was rewarded by him with the vicarage of Brighton. He would be a cynic who should say that Dr Hannah was worth silencing.[1]

All the authorities, from Wordsworth to Hannah,—the last by his keen interest at least,—took part in the school games. Wordsworth, a Bishop when I became a Glenalmond boy, had no time for cricket; for the six previous years he had played it frequently and taught his boys how it ought to be played. I saw him skate, and he seemed to me a supernatural being. The masters joined us in cricket, football, old-fashioned hockey, and fives, and as they played well, some of them at least, all of them vigorously, they acquired fame and influence. The justifiable and inevitable reaction against extravagant athleticism which is now approaching will not, we may hope, make us forget that games are an education.

Glenalmond had to encounter many prejudices and misunderstandings. In the early days it was thought to be a nest of Papists, between whom and High Churchmen the distinction was, to the minds of many Scotchmen, too subtle to be worth considering, nor is it even now clear. It was said, and by some persons believed, that the Glenalmond boys played cricket in their surplices! This libel must have caused Dr Wordsworth, a member of the first Oxford University eleven, more pain than any attack on his theological views, or any imputation of Tractarianism. He was a High Churchman of the old school, sometimes called "High and Dry." Indeed his life was made, if not miserable, yet burdensome and anxious, by frequent collisions with Tractarians among his clergy. The volume of 'Sermons preached at Glenalmond' faithfully represents the Glenalmond teaching of fifty or sixty years ago —"a sound rule of faith, and a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion." Mr Leach, in his 'History of Winchester' (p. 438 *et seq.*), speaking of the tide of depression which set in at Winchester in 1846 and flowed for ten years, writes as follows: "Another cause that no doubt tended in the downward direction was the reputation of Dr

[1] See Gladstone's 'Gleanings of Past Years,' vol. vii. p. 131.

Moberly and the second master, Charles Wordsworth, of being extreme High Churchmen. It was unfortunate for Winchester that Radley was started by a Wykehamist, William Sewell, on the most extreme High Church lines, and that Charles Wordsworth was selected as the first Warden of Glenalmond. From all these causes the school went down and down till in 1856 it reached the nadir of sixty-eight Commoners." Gladstone had selected Wordsworth, his former tutor at Christ Church, for whose scholarship and character he had the highest admiration, but not because of "extreme" High-Churchmanship. "Incedo per ignes suppositos cineri doloso": Glenalmond, like Radley in England and St Columba's in Ireland, was unquestionably founded in the interests of what may be called the Moderate High Church party, as distinguished from those who followed, or all but followed, Newman to the Church of Rome. The founder of Glenalmond strongly sympathised with the Scotch Episcopalians. Gladstone was no Jacobite, for he was already perhaps a Liberal, but he was endowed with an extraordinary faculty of holding diametrically opposite opinions with undisturbed conviction that both were true; he was no metaphysician, but he rivalled Hegel in the power of "harmonising contradictions." He loved "the suffering and Episcopal Church of Scotland," of which Mr Pleydell was a member, for its fidelity to a lost cause, its patience and vitality under the penal laws, not long before his birth repealed, and for its untainted orthodoxy. He desired that Scotland should have a public school like his own Eton, though not only for the sons of wealthy men, but for the sons of poor gentlemen, especially the clergy, indeed for boys from every class and church, even for unhappy little Presbyterians who might be brought into the true fold, to the great benefit of Scotland, which was both ecclesiastically and socially divided against itself. In 1840 he wrote to Manning, "Hope and I have been talking and writing upon a scheme for raising money to found in Scotland a College akin in structure to the Romish Seminaries in England; that is to say, partly for training the clergy, partly for affording an education to the children of the gentry and others who now go chiefly to Presbyterian schools, or are tended at home by Presbyterian tutors. In the kirk, toil and trouble, double, double, the fires burn and cauldrons bubble: and though I am not sanguine as to any very speedy or extensive resumption by the Church of her spiritual rights, she may have a great part to play. At present she is weakly manned, and this is the way I think to strengthen her crew." In the autumn of 1842 Hope and the two Gladstones made what they found an agreeable tour, examining the various localities for a site: finally, after much consideration of Dunblane, they decided on the

high ground overhanging a "mountain stream ten miles from Perth, at the very gate of the Highlands."[1]

The Scotch are a peculiar people, and difficult to comprehend, as will be found by other statesmen than Gladstone, in the times which are to come. A Scotchman gains much, it is said, by taking "the high road to England," but he loses something if he becomes thoroughly Anglicised—viz., the power to remain in touch with his countrymen in the north. Gladstone was a Scotchman, like many very great men, but he had the misfortune to be born and bred in England: therefore he miscalculated the strength of that Presbyterianism which is natural to the mass of the Scottish people, and will for ever prevent "the resumption by the Church of her spiritual rights." A Scotch Episcopalian born and bred, and loyal to his Church, is here merely stating what he believes to be a fact: he recognises that while Episcopalianism appeals to one side of his countrymen's very complex character, a *perfervidum ingenium* which calculates no consequences, Presbyterianism appeals to the other side of it, that love of freedom, of independence, of individualism, and that common-sense which, south of the Tweed, are supposed to constitute and explain satisfactorily the Scottish character.

Glenalmond was opened only four years after the Disruption. "The toil and trouble, double, double," had ended in the noble but disastrous sacrifice made by the Free Churchmen: noble, because it meant, for all they knew to the contrary, loss of position, churches, income, and practical destitution; disastrous, for it broke up finally and completely the unity, or semi-unity, if there be such a word, of Presbyterianism, the national religion. Stanley's epigram to the effect that none but Scotchmen would have made the sacrifice, and none but Scotchmen would have made it for such a trifle, is witty and double-edged, but it is not true. It was no "trifle" about which the Free Churchmen "went out." The question was not merely a legal one: behind it or underneath it were greater issues than could be decided by any court of law—the relation between Church and State, which is a problem to be solved by the national will; the right of congregations to choose, or have a voice in choosing, their ministers; the "Headship of Christ." The Free Churchmen may have been wrong, but they were not quarrelling about trifles. The risings of '15 and '45, and the Disruption, are proofs that neither of the two great sections of the Scottish people have a monopoly of enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, Quixotism, call it what you will.

Presbyterians, all of them sensitive, exasperated by the long struggle, Free Churchmen and adherents to the Auld Kirk

[1] See chapter vii. of Morley's 'Life of Gladstone,' pp. 230, 231, vol. i.

alike, saw in the foundation of Glenalmond an insidious attempt to propagate Episcopacy, which was distasteful to both, and to introduce, as the most potent means of doing so, a new and English system of education, that given by public boarding-schools in place of the system to which they were accustomed and which had produced admirable results. Glenalmond was taken to be "a college akin in structure to the Roman Seminaries in England," not in structure only, but in spirit and teaching. Can we wonder that the new school was not enthusiastically welcomed in the land of Knox, nor by the most essentially conservative, and (may a Scotchman say it?) the most "easily provoked," of all the nations upon earth?

To come to less dangerous topics. A day at Glenalmond in the "fifties" was somewhat of a hardening process, like a day at Winchester — the old Winchester; in some respects more severe, for the Glenalmond climate in winter is, though healthy, not a warm one. I have vivid memories of 1854-1855. We did not undergo privations as cruel as those which our troops were suffering in the Crimea: we were not starved, nor did any of us die from fatigue, nor want of shelter, nor disease. But in that terrible winter we slept in rooms supposed to be warmed by a system of hot air, evil-smelling and inefficient; the water in our jugs was often frozen into a solid mass, for the temperature was frequently near zero. We had to rise at 6.30 and be in school-room by seven, our washing often deferred. Our toilette, such as it was, had to be made *sub luce maligna* of little oil-lamps, easily upset, hot to the touch, and very dangerous. Why the College was not burnt to the ground is to me incomprehensible. The hour from seven to eight was spent by hungry and shivering boys in learning and saying repetition. No Society for the Protection of Children then existed: if it had existed it would have found a "field of work" at Glenalmond. We breakfasted at eight on weak tea or weak coffee and bread and butter, all save those fortunate boys who had brought from home large hampers, and had made them last; or whose pocket-money was liberal enough to provide for more than a few weeks' surreptitious luxuries. At 1 P.M. we dined on "the simple fare provided by the College," an unfortunate phrase used in an address given by ——, a phrase which excited protest and derision, for boys have much sense of humour. It must be confessed that our dinners were good and satisfying, but one hearty meal a-day is not enough for growing boys. Tea at six was like our breakfast. A loyal Glenalmondonian would be sorry if it were thought that he wished to describe his old school as a kind of Dotheboys Hall, where the boys were starved—he would rather describe it as too Spartan; but the Spartan discipline produced fine boys and men, and Glenalmond has produced the same—

good soldiers and many of them, good colonists and administrators, despite its meagre teas and breakfasts.

One more criticism and my ungracious task of fault-finding will be finished. Our hours of study, so called, were too long; most of the boys were supposed to spend nine or ten hours a-day in preparing work and doing it in class. The work to be prepared was scanty, and our standard of preparation was not high. Hence there was ample time for perusing in school hours what we considered the productions of the best authors, far superior to Ovid or Horace or Xenophon or Thucydides, who could not write like Fenimore Cooper or Marryat or Mayne Reid or Walter Scott. No reading could have been better for us, but when done in school hours, though none the less attractive, for stolen hours are sweet, it did not improve our moral tone, and tended to bring classical learning into contempt. We had only one half-holiday in the week, on the blessed Saturday. On Saints' Days there was a whole holiday from eleven to six, to which we looked forward eagerly, not entirely as strict Churchmen.

But at Glenalmond boys were, and are now, the happiest schoolboys in the United Kingdom, for they had, and have, all the materials for happiness. Cricket and football were not "organised" into the rigid system which has made them not games or play, but business of a very laborious and often irksome kind. Small boys were not compelled to spend their play hours in fielding while the great cricketers practised; nor in learning football if they did not like it. Nor was a "big fellow," with no aptitude or taste for cricket and football, unpopular and condemned by public opinion if he did not play them, but fished, or "collected" birds or beasts or plants. Not that there was any lack of patriotism or public spirit in the school. Any boy who could be made useful in games and whose services were needed would have sacrificed his hobby if required to do so; but there was not at Glenalmond that rigorous conscription of reluctant "duffers," who may at the best possibly be trained into third-rate athletes, which prevails in many public schools nowadays, and embitters the life of many boys who dare not complain, and, if they did, would meet with little sympathy.

The charm of life at Glenalmond was its "infinite variety." There was, of course, plenty of skating; in the Crimean winter the river was frozen from November till the middle of April, and skating was possible from the falls of Buchanty to Logie-Almond—skating of a rough kind, often over blocks of ice where the broken water was frozen into fantastic shapes, such as one sees in pictures of the arctic regions, though on a smaller scale. A day on Paton's pond was a thing to be remembered; several whole holidays were given that winter, for the mas-

ters were as fond of skating as were the boys. Hockey on the ice is not the highest kind of skating, but it is the most delightful, and it was played with great vigour on the long expanse of Paton's pond.

Fishing was another of our delights. The Almond trout were small, running not more than five to the pound; but they rose freely, and in the hour and a half before dinner the best fishermen used on good days to catch two dozen of them. St Mark's day, and St Philip and St James's days I remember as among the happiest days of my life. The senior boys were given "leave out of dinner," and had seven hours of rapturous freedom. Two of them, or nearly two, were spent in running to the Narrow Glen, or Sma' Glen as it was sometimes called. It seems to me impossible that I, never much of a runner, could have done such feats, for five hours' wading and the two journeys made a very creditable performance. Equally happy were the days spent in 1858, my last year at Glenalmond, on Loch Freuchie, with four other boys—two of them now gone. We were allowed two days at Whitsuntide, and stayed at the little inn at Amulree, under a promise, which we faithfully observed, to behave ourselves, and resist the temptations of Athol brose, for which the inn had a sinister reputation. The Loch Freuchie trout in those days were small but very numerous. We caught, I think, amongst us more than forty dozen—no great feat, for a good breeze was blowing on both days, and the fish were very innocent. Pike were put into the loch a few years later, and when I fished it in 1868 the sport was very poor.

Bathing in the Deep Hole in summer—what a joy it was! It can be hot in the Highlands in June, far hotter than the Southrons imagine. So many boys bathed three times a-day —at noon, in the afternoon, and in the evening—that the Warden had to interfere, for they were making themselves deaf. The small boys bathed at Rufus's, and sometimes in the Pool of Siloam. I wonder whether these names survive. Every one learned to swim, a branch of education of more practical value than some other branches thought to be more important. There were other pleasures which cannot be defended — squirrel - hunting, or rather squirrel-stoning, a cruel sport, in which I am ashamed to have delighted. Nor was the plundering of game-birds' nests justifiable. It had the charm of the possibility of collision with the keepers, and of being pursued, but rarely captured, for hardy boys of fourteen or fifteen are "faster on their legs" than all but the youngest of keepers.

But the school was on the whole well-behaved and wholesome. I can remember few serious "rows." Only one remains vivid in my memory—the plunder of the heronry at Logiealmond by four boys who got out of the college in the very early morning, and returned with eggs taken by

somewhat dangerous climbing. They got out of college and into it by the burglarious device of neatly filing the iron bars of a back window, so that they could be removed and replaced at will. In this they displayed, as the sub-warden said, "an ingenuity worthy of a professional thief," a phrase which gave much pleasure to the criminals, indeed to all of us, for it was a real compliment. They, unfortunately, in their hurry replaced the bars carelessly, which negligence led to their detection and a sound flogging. Flogging was comparatively rare at Glenalmond. Caning was the ordinary method, the other being reserved for serious offences.

Fights were few, which I have always thought curious, for the boys were high-spirited and courageous, as the Glenalmond military record proves. But when a fight did occur it was a good one, carefully arranged and fought to a finish; as was fought a curious combat between an unpopular and somewhat tyrannical prefect, challenged and attacked at once by two boys of moderate size and great activity. I have never seen a bull-fight, but I cannot imagine it being more deliciously exciting than was this contest in the big schoolroom after tea and in the presence of the whole school. The little ones were getting the worst of it when the prefects wisely interfered. I can see that battle with my mind's eye now, though it took place fifty-five years ago.

Fain would the writer be a Glenalmond boy again, and he envies those who are now at that happy school: it was a happy school fifty years ago; it must be still happier now, for the boys are better fed and better warmed than they were in the "fifties"—I was going to add "better taught," as indeed they are, but I fear that kind of improvement is not so directly conducive to happiness (save perhaps of the very highest kind) as comfort and good, I do not mean luxurious, feeding.

I should be glad if these dim and meagre reminiscences gave pleasure to the present generation of Glenalmond boys, and to their predecessors who are to be found in every quarter of the globe and in every calling; some of them no doubt unlucky, some successful; all of them, I am sure, loyal to a school which has a singular power of winning the affection of its sons.

P. A. Wright Henderson.

SOME LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer?" The first gleaning of Sir Walter's glorious harvest was done by Lockhart in his inimitable biography of his father-in-law. Many others have since gathered in the same field or a portion of it, and, in later days, Mr David Douglas has ably edited the great man's journal and his familiar letters. Still a few fragments here and there remain unappropriated, and of these is a bundle of correspondence written to Mrs Maclean Clephane of Torloisk (the burnt tower) and her daughter Miss Anna Jane Clephane. Mrs Clephane was the widow of General Douglas Clephane, heir to the families of Douglas of Kirkness and Clephane of Carslogie, and his children, of whom the youngest was born after his death, bore the names of their three ancestral families, Douglas Maclean Clephane. General Douglas Clephane had appointed Sir Walter Scott guardian to his children, and the letters before us were written partly on business, partly as friendly correspondence. Everything that came from the pen of Sir Walter was coloured by his individuality, and each of these letters gives some hint of the wizard's potent charm. His correspondents were ladies with whom he was in perfect sympathy, so that, in writing to them, he was able, as it were, to let himself go, and always to speak out of the fulness of his heart. Mrs Clephane was a Highland dame of the noblest type, clever, brave, cultivated and, it may be, somewhat autocratic. From the casual references to her in his journal, and from the tone of his intercourse with her, we can quite imagine that, if required, she might have formed a characteristic figure in one of Sir Walter's romances. She was full of Highland lore, could join heartily in Sir Walter's quests for Highland ballad and melody, and was constantly referred to by him on doubtful points in verse and tune. Her three daughters were equally sympathetic with their guardian. They had many accomplishments: they were linguists, musicians, and artists, and their cultivation made them fit to take foremost places in Sir Walter's familiar society. The eldest, Margaret, married Earl Compton, and subsequently became Lady Northampton. The second, Miss Anna Jane, died unmarried, and the third, Miss Williamina, married and became the mother of poor Mr de Norman, who, with Mr Anderson and Mr Bowlby, was tortured and done to death in 1860 by Chinese barbarity. The present Marquis of Northampton is the grandson of Margaret, and it is to his kindness that we owe the privilege of reading, and quoting from, Sir Walter's

letters to Mrs and Miss Anna Jane Clephane.

And now for the letters themselves. They are too many to reproduce here *in extenso.* Two of them have in great part already been published, having been included in Lockhart's Life, but the remainder, dating from 1809 to 1830, have each their value, from the fresh light that they throw upon the writer's idiosyncrasies and the broad geniality of his character and judgment. It is not intended to go through the letters seriatim, as if one proposed to make a precis, but we may venture to gather some of the fruit with which they are so richly adorned.

And it is only fitting that 'Maga,' now in her green old age, should first be allowed to quote with pride the hearty words of appreciation with which Sir Walter greeted her *début,* nigh a century ago, in the world of letters. Writing from Edinburgh to Mrs Clephane in 1818, he says—

"Our principal amusement here is 'Blackwood's Magazine,' which is very clever, very rash, very satirical, and, what is rather uncommon nowadays when such superlatives are going in — very aristocratical and Pittite. The conductors are John Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart. The former, well known by his poems, is very clever but somewhat whimsical. Lockhart is a very clever fellow, well informed in ancient and modern lore, has very good manners, and is, I think, likely to make a very distinguished figure in society. They have made themselves hated, but at the same time feared, by the Edinburgh Whigs, who are so much accustomed to have all the satire and fun their own way that they stare a little at finding their own batteries occupied and turned against them. I hate personal satire myself—it is a clumsy weapon and seldom fails to recoil on those who use it. But yet those who have set the example in such a kind of warfare are not entitled to consider themselves as ill-used when met by sharpshooters of their own description."

It was perhaps natural that Sir Walter fell into the universal error that gave the conduct of the Magazine unreservedly to Wilson and Lockhart. At no time did William Blackwood allow the supreme control to pass out of his own hands. It may be allowed that the young lions whom he had harnessed to his car had no little influence in choosing the road to be followed, but they ever were made to feel that the reins were firmly held, and, as the 'Annals' record, "the veto was always in Blackwood's hands."

To go back to the first of the letters. It is dated Edinburgh, February 5, 1809, and it is a very sufficient index to the mutual pleasure that Mrs Clephane and Sir Walter took in their intercourse about the subjects which they loved.

"The air, my dear Mrs Clephane, which you did me the honour to request, I have now the pleasure to send you. It is not, I am told, quite perfect, but it is going where any of its defects (the nature of which I don't understand) will be easily corrected, and its beauties, if it has any, improved. It is really a Highland air and sung by the reapers, so I dare say it is no stranger to you, to whom all lays are known that were ever sung or harped in Celtic bower or hall. I need not say how much I was obliged by your kind remembrance of my request about the Borderer's lament.

"Mrs Scott is not so fortunate as to play much herself, but our eldest

girl begins to sing and to practise a little on the pianoforte with some hopes of success. She is indulged with a copy of the ballad, for the beautiful original is reserved to be inserted in a precious volume of mine, in which I keep what I value most. I have not heard of Miss Seward this long time, and grieve at your account of her health. She has a warm enthusiastic feeling of poetry, and an excellent heart, which is a better thing. I have some thoughts of being in London in a few weeks, when I hope to see you, as I have a world of questions to ask about Highland song and poetry, which no one but you can answer. One day or other I hope to attempt a Highland poem, as I am warmly attached both to the country and the character of its inhabitants. My father had many visitors from Argyllshire when I was a boy, chiefly old men who had been *out* in 1745, and I used to hang upon their tales with the utmost delight.

"You mention an air to Lochinvar, but, I believe, mean the enclosed. The said Lochinvar has been lately well set by Dr Clark of Cambridge. I had no tune particularly in my view when the ballad was written."

The "War-Song of Lachlan, High Chief of Maclean," has been published among Sir Walter's miscellaneous poems, and is probably familiar to all students of his works; but it is interesting to know that it was, in the first instance, written for and sent to Mrs Clephane, an enthusiastic clanswoman of Maclean, who, with her daughters, is asked to "accept my attempt" (to versify the Maclean's song) "as a trifling expression of my respect for the clan, and my gratitude for the pleasure I have received in your society particularly." And it is a signal instance of the rapidity with which the author's teeming brain shed its fruits, even amid distracting and uninspiring surroundings. The letter containing the song is dated Half-Moon Street, 1809, and in it Scott says: "On my return home before dinner, finding I had half-an-hour good, I employed it in an attempt to versify the Maclean's song." This was when he was visiting London for the first time since his fame had been crowned by 'Marmion,' and he was in all the whirl of a society that was eager to offer him homage, besides being desired to be in town by the Lord Advocate with reference to some circumstances in the procedure of the Scottish Law Commission, which had the poet for its secretary. It may be remarked that the first draft of the song, as sent to Mrs Clephane, differs in some small details from the published version. Whether Sir Walter himself made the alterations, or whether they have crept in by the pains of an editor, cannot be said. The first draft seems to a humble critic to be almost more vigorous than the published version.

As is sufficiently well known, Sir Walter was always ready to give anybody a helping hand, especially in literature, and was never more happy than when doing so. In 1809 he was much interested in making a success of Joanna Baillie's first drama, "The Family Legend," founded upon the story of the Lady's Rock,[1]

[1] See Thomas Campbell's ballad, "Glenara."

and we find him inviting himself to tea with Mrs Clephane and proposing to read to her the play which had been submitted to him by the authoress. He says: "I have promised to do my possible to bring it out at Edinburgh, and have no doubt of its success, but I wish to consult you about 'a commodity of good names' for the chieftains introduced, for Miss Baillie has not been fortunate in that particular." Mrs Clephane must have been able to supply the names required, and the eventual representation of the play was a triumphant success. Probably it owed as much to Sir Walter's interest and exertions as to its own merit. As Lockhart says, "Scott appears to have exerted himself most indefatigably in its behalf. He was consulted about all the minutiæ of costume, attended every rehearsal, and supplied the prologue. The play was better received than any other which the gifted authoress has since submitted to the same experiment."

In a letter dated October 1809, a forecast was given to Mrs Clephane of 'The Lady of the Lake.'

"It is neither Ingratitude nor Forgetfulness, my dear Mrs Clephane, which has kept me so long silent, but that foul fiend Procrastination, which has sometimes the aspect of the first and always the laziness of the other, without, I hope, the more odious qualities of either. Why we should wish to put off till to-morrow that which most we wish to do would be something difficult to conjecture, were there not riddles in our nature more worth solving and as difficult to answer. I will flatter myself, however, that you and my dear young friends sometimes think of me, and without more anger than may justly be bestowed upon a very lazy fellow who is daily thinking of your fireside, without having resolution to embody his enquiries and kind wishes in a piece of square folded paper. I have little to plead from serious occupation, for my autumn has been idly enough spent, heaven knows. I wandered, however, as far as Loch Lomond, and with difficulty checked myself from wandering farther and farther. I think the main drag-chain was that I could not hope to find you in Mull, and consequently must forego all hopes of learning Gaelic and acquiring the traditional information with which I should otherwise expect to be delighted. I have besides my Highland epic still in view. I have indeed begun to skirmish a little upon the frontiers of Perthshire and Lennox, into which I was led by the romantic scenery, the number of strange stories connected with it, and above all by the inveterate habit of coupling the lines together by jingling rhymes, as I used to couple spaniels in sporting days. But I reserve my grand effort till I should know a little more of the language, and above all till I can have the honour of visiting you in your lovely isle. The Douglases enter a good deal into my present sketches, which I have some thoughts of working into a romance, or romantic poem, to be called The Lady of the Lake. It will, should I find time to continue my plan, contain a good many lyrical pieces. As to the rest, I have been idle as comfortably as a man can be, when there is no sun on the brae and no fire in the chimney, one or other of which I hold to be indispensable to the pleasures of indolence. Among other attempts to supply the want of their exhilarating influence, one of the happiest has been to let my little Sophia *croon* over Montrose's lines, and hope I might one day introduce her to the young songstresses who introduced them to me in their musical dress."

The same letter goes on to tell of his eldest son Walter's

entrance at the High School, and of his own feelings being like those of Leontes in "A Winter's Tale." But the same sentiments are expressed, and the same quotation is referred to, in a letter to Joanna Baillie, already published by Lockhart, so they need not now be repeated. In a voluminous correspondence, such as that of Sir Walter, it is inevitable that the same train of thought and almost identical passages should be found in letters addressed to different friends, and, for that reason, it is unnecessary to notice some of the letters now before us. It seems wonderful, however, that in the masses of his letters which have been brought to light, so few should be found to overlap each other in ideas and expression, even when the original recipients were people not likely to meet, and who might well have been fobbed off with duplicate epistles.

In a letter of January 18, 1812, there is an expression of Sir Walter's delight in his new purchase, Abbotsford, and of his consciousness that his brain must be called upon to pay the expenses which he contemplated.

"I have not only been planting and enclosing and gallantly battling nature for the purpose of converting a barren brae and haugh into a snug situation for a cottage, but, moreover, I have got the prettiest plan you ever saw, and everything, in short, excepting a great pouchful of money, which is the most necessary thing of all. I am terribly afraid I must call in the aid of Amphion and his harp, not indeed to build a city, but if it can rear a cottage, it will be very fair for a modern lyre."

And in a later letter he again tells in classical analogy how he looks to meeting the expenses of his property by the harvest of his brain—

"I continued to be at Abbotsford for ten days in the vacation after Christmas, and kept the moor gallantly from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, working away at my new territories, which now embrace all the beautiful bogs and springs which we passed so wearily upon Sunday forenoon in the last autumn. It promises me as much work as ever the bog of Ballygalley, &c., gave to the successive lords of Castle Rackrent—only, God forbid I should have a lawsuit about it. I would not for a penny that people in general knew how much I would give up rather than defend myself at the law. But I shall be half-ruined with drains, dykes, and planting accompts, only that by good luck my farm on the verge of Parnassus has been so productive as to make amends for the losses which I must sustain by my possessions on *terra firma*, for by good luck, like the nobility of Laputa, I have possessions both in the flying island of my imagination and the bogs and brambles of earthly mainland."

One is not accustomed to look upon Sir Walter Scott as a matchmaker, except in dealing with his heroes and heroines in fiction, but once at least he appears in that character, whether or not of conscious purpose may not perhaps be absolutely certain. In 1815 he begs "to introduce to your" (Mrs Clephane's) "kind notice and hospitality two young friends, of whom, both by our friend Morritt's report and from the little I have seen, I am inclined to think very well: the one is Earl Compton, son of Lord Northampton, the other Mr Pemberton—they are

well acquainted with some friends of yours." An ulterior design might be surmised in the succeeding words: "Lord C. will give Margaret a book with my kind compliments. It contains a very pretty panegyric upon your father." Apparently Mrs Clephane and her daughters were living in Edinburgh at the time, for soon afterwards a note was sent: "My dear Mrs Clephane,—Lord C. dines with me to-morrow, chiefly that I may introduce him to our little friend Donaldson. Will you and the young ladies look in in the evening at eight o'clock, and if Miss Clephane can come, I hope she will prevail on Miss Dalrymple to honour us. I think Lady Hood and Miss Frances Mackenzie will be with us, and no one else, unless perchance Will. Erskine." If Sir Walter had a definite benevolent purpose in introducing two young people to each other, he must have had much satisfaction in the result, for in April 1815 we find him in London writing to Lady Abercorn: "I am tied to this town just now as *l'homme de confiance* of a fair Scotch woman who is about to be married into your high circle, and so we are up to the ears in settlements, &c., but for which circumstance I would have offered my personal respects at the Priory." How great was the affection felt by the bride-elect towards her guardian is shown by a letter that she wrote announcing her engagement. In it she says: "Do you know, through it all, who has been father, brother, everything to me?—Mr Scott." And she also very clearly saw and appreciated Sir Walter's intellectual magnetism, for she tells elsewhere how she had been meeting a very dull man: "When I met him before, at Mr Scott's, I did not think him dull, but *he* inspires and enlivens everybody who comes within his reach."

Another instance presents itself of Sir Walter generously devoting his great powers to the assistance of a more humble toiler in the same fields with himself. Alexander Campbell's 'Albyn's Anthology,' once very popular, is little known nowadays, but Sir Walter furnished the words of several of the songs and ballads contained in it, notably the "Macgregor's Gathering," "Nora's Vow," and the last three verses of "Jock o' Hazeldean," and these have since been included in collections of his poetry. There is a short mention of Campbell in a letter written to Lady Abercorn and published in Sir Walter's 'Familiar Letters,' in which he calls him "a poor man, a decayed artist and musician, who tried to teach me music many years ago." The fuller references to Sir Walter's connection with Campbell, occurring in letters to Miss Clephane, are of great interest.

"It was, I believe, during your absence from Mull that Alexander Campbell, the publisher of a new and ample collection of Highland and Scottish tunes, made his rounds in the Western Isles. He has been very successful and has recovered some beautiful airs, which he gives nearly as you would sing them, that

is, in their own simplicity, with no other ornament than the taste of the performer can give, and a few notes of characteristic symphony. I have taken the liberty to put your name down as a subscriber, as I think you would like to encourage the undertaking. Campbell is half musician, half poet, and, in right of both capacities, half mad. If he travels again this year, I will send him to Torloisk. I assure you he travels like a Highland Bhaird in his complete tartans, 'with dirk and pistol by his side,' like Master Frog when he went a-wooing. I wish you very much to give him your advice and assistance in his labours, that is, if you approve of what he has already done. He is a thorough-bred musician, and can take down music readily from hearing it sung. Some of his tunes are really very prettily arranged, and I am beginning to give him words for them. One tune I am quite *engoué* about. It is decidedly an old Scottish air, but is entirely new to me. The only words which were remembered by the young woman (a Miss Pringle) who sang it were these."

Here follows the first verse of "Jock o' Hazeldean." Sir Walter eventually composed and added the three succeeding verses which complete the well-known song. In a later letter—

"I am unhappily answerable and most reluctantly so for the imperfections of Allan Moidart. The truth is, that I had promised Campbell to get him a proper sett of the words, and always forgot to write for them, till the man of music, who is a kind of warrior, came and besieged me with account of press stopping, and Lord in heaven knows what of grievance and vexation, till between hope and despair I ran down and dictated the verses I remembered, and as I remembered them. One verse I was sensible I omitted, but my utmost efforts could not recall it to my memory. Pray send me a correct copy, for 'Albyn's Anthology' (blessings on their harmony who gave so absurd a name) is thriving like a green bay tree, and we shall have a new edition forthwith."

It will always be a curious matter of speculation why Sir Walter Scott was careful to conceal for so long a time the fact that he was the author of the Waverley Novels, going so far on several occasions as to deny categorically that he had written them—*e.g.*, in a letter from him to Mrs Hughes, "I really assure you I am *not* the author of the novels which the world ascribes to me so pertinaciously. If I were, what good reason should I have for concealing, being such a hackneyed scribbler as I am?" He said in the famous speech at the theatrical dinner in 1827, when he at last acknowledged the authorship, "Perhaps caprice might have a considerable share in the matter," but it is hard to believe that such a marvellous abnegation of literary renown, and perhaps advantage, is to be attributed to caprice alone. Dear and intimate friends as the Clephanes were, they were deliberately mystified by Sir Walter, equally with others. But in their case it was only mystification of a most legitimate kind that was practised, and we do not encounter the blunt denial, which somehow always jars a little upon us when we meet it elsewhere. Writing to Miss Clephane in 1816 Sir Walter says—

"I will take care that you get a curious and interesting work, which, notwithstanding an affected change of publishers, &c., and a total silence

concerning former adventures in literature, I believe you will agree with me can only be by the author of 'Waverley.' They call it 'Tales of my Landlord,' and I have not laughed so much this some time as at parts of the second tale. The first is hurried and I think flat, but the second opens new ground (the scene being laid in the Covenanting times), and possesses great power of humour and pathos. Such at least is the opinion of all here and in London, who are madder about it than about anything I remember."

This reminds one of Sir Walter's letter to John Murray (who, though he along with William Blackwood first published 'Tales of my Landlord,' and had no doubt in his own mind as to the authorship, had not been admitted to the inner circle of the illuminati) denying "a paternal interest" in the 'Tales,' and supporting his denial by offering to review them. "I have a mode of convincing you that I am perfectly serious in my denial,—pretty similar to that by which Solomon distinguishes the fictitious from the real mother,—and that is by reviewing the work, which I take to be an operation equal to that of quartering the child."

After the final collapse of Napoleon's power at Waterloo, many English people rushed to the Continent, from which they had been so long excluded; and a strong light is thrown upon the apprehensions entertained at that time about foreign travel by the advice and many cautions given by Sir Walter to the Clephanes, who in 1816 were contemplating a visit to Italy.

"As for your journey, I would to God you had a gentleman with you. Why not Captain Clephane, who has not much to do? I really fear you will find travelling uncomfortable, notwithstanding Mrs Clephane's firmness and good sense. At least, when I was on the Continent I found more than once a pair of loaded pistols in my pocket were necessary to secure both respect and security. It may doubtless be better now, but the English are always unpopular on the Continent, and the innkeepers extremely encroaching and insolent when they see occasion, and the speedy legal redress of the next Justice of Peace altogether out of the question. And I believe the banditti are very troublesome just now in Italy, although it applies rather to the road between Rome and Naples than to Northern Italy. Do ponder all this well. If you were men in your persons as you are in your sense and spirit, I would wish you to go by all means. As it is, I sincerely hope you will have some proper male companion."

In a later letter from which we will not quote at length, as it has already been published in Lockhart's Life, Sir Walter much approves of the ladies going to Italy by sea. It is amusing to note, however, how here he lapses into a form of remark which, like complaints of the deterioration of servants, seems to be common to all generations. He says, "Whatever folks may say of foreigners, those of good education and high rank among them must have a supreme contempt for the frivolous, dissatisfied, empty, gad-about manners of many of our modern belles." We, in our day, hear a good deal of the independence and restless pursuit of amusement by the contemporary fair sex as contrasted with their more staid grandmothers; and 'Maga's' latest recruit tells, in

his delightful romance, 'The Old Country,' [1] how a high-born dame in the fourteenth century criticised the young ladies of her day, "Who dress more like men than women, and waste all their time and money in going about from one tournament to another."

There was considerable political excitement in Edinburgh in 1821, and it was accompanied by an attempt to get up an illumination. Neither Sir Walter Scott nor Mrs Clephane were in sympathy with this, and did not propose to light up their houses. Sir Walter writes thus to Mrs Clephane—

"I cannot think the magistrates will be so absurd as to refuse their protection to us non-illuminés, nor do I think there will be any riot, the night being so bad. But I think, without any male friends in the house, you would subject yourself to much alarm, and unnecessarily, and therefore I would be in readiness to light up, if they command you, or when they approach your street. I intend patiently to submit to broken panes, but, if they proceed to break doors, which they have the impudence to threaten in case of obstinate recusants—

"'Ils seront reçus,
Biribi,
À la façon de Barbaru,
Mon ami.'"

In one of his visits to France Sir Walter must have met Béranger, or at least come across some of his newly published songs, for the refrain of one of them, "Biribi," &c., was ever ringing in our great Scotsman's ears. We find it in this note to Mrs Clephane; it is quoted in the Journal, and also in one, if not in two, other of his pieces of familiar writing. Spirited song in any tongue ever appealed to his sympathetic taste.

A long letter was written to Miss Clephane, March 2, 1824, which is so interesting and characteristic, and contains so much wisdom, that most of it must be transcribed. After some advice about the investment of a sum of money, Sir Walter proceeds to talk about Thurtell the murderer, who was a subject of "national" interest at the time:—

"Notoriety is a fine thing, even when one is notorious only as a villain. Think of a Miss stretching her memory so far as to recollect that she had danced with Jack Thurtell, when he was an officer of marines on board of Admiral Otway's flagship at Leith. The only chance of a man living in her memory was his becoming a murderer. I am very happy to hear that Mrs Clephane's factor continues to do well. I hope she will not spoil him as ladies do gentlemen by too much confidence and indulgence. Laidlaw will be happy to hear that he does credit to his recommendation. By too much indulgence I particularly mean the suffering accompts to get ahead. There is no such bar as settling them regularly, excepting the certain inconvenience that arises from their smacking of age. Besides, sums of money are always apt, without gross dishonesty, to melt into the hands of factors, who perhaps use a few pounds at first in advance of their own salary, and end by getting into deep and serious arrearage. . . . Sophia has had rather a distressing time of it, but is now much better, indeed quite well, excepting weakness. I am very sorry for the loss of her infant, because I would willingly have had a cautioner for poor Johnnie Hugh. He is not

[1] The Old Country. By Henry Newbolt. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

strong—on the contrary, very delicate, and the parents are so much wrapped up in him that it makes me tremble when I look at the poor little fellow. He is so very smart and clever, and at the same time holds his existence apparently by so frail a tenure, that one is inclined to think of the alarming adage of Gloster, 'So wise and young they say never live long.' It is however wrong to anticipate evil, and I have seen so many instances of wise young children growing up into buirdly hussars and stark young fellows with no more wit than is necessary to keep them out of fire and water, that I will e'en harden myself on the subject, and croak no more about the matter.

"I think it more than likely that the defunct gamekeeper and his dog have fallen under unjust suspicion in the matter of poor Puss. It is the instinct both of dogs and cats, but particularly of the last, when in the extremity of age and sensible of the approaches of death, to seek some secret place to die in, and thus the remains of these creatures are seldom seen, unless of such as have been killed by accident or violence. I have known many instances of this, but one I witnessed was so singular that, even now, I cannot think how the creature managed. It was an old cat which belonged to a bachelor uncle of mine, and was, almost of course, a great favourite. We found it on the garden walk, apparently in a fit. It had been very ill and had not eaten on the preceding day. My uncle concluded it was dying, and we lifted it off the walk and, the sun being very hot, we stuck some boughs of briars round it by way of arbour. While we walked two turns, it escaped from under the arbour, and by no enquiries could we ever hear any word of it again. Doubtless it had crept into the wooded bank of the river which was at hand in order to die unobserved—a singular provision of nature. . . . We are to have a fancy ball next Thursday. I am told there are to be thirty Queen Marys. Having a suit of court mourning which will pass muster without being much out of the ordinary way, I will be there to see what they make of it. I fear we want wit and impudence to get over such ground handsomely.

"Lord bless your old aunt for bringing you down to the lowlands. I hope when Mrs Clephane, Williamina, and you come within the magnetism of Auld Lang Syne it will bring you on to Abbotsford. Oureske or Whisk" (a terrier given to Sir Walter by Mrs Clephane) "is in great preservation, but *hauden down* by a very fierce terrier of mine of the Pepper and Mustard breed, hence called Ginger, which flies at it whenever it opens its mouth, and Oureske's Highland spirit being cowed by a luxurious effeminacy of life makes no play for the honour of her native Kintail. Mrs Maclean Clephane may not like to hear this, but it's very true for all that. Do you know that I have two great faults as a correspondent—one, that I never know how to begin a letter; the other, still more formidable, that when I write to those I like I can never end until the paper ends it for me. Like a stone set on an incline, I can never stop till I reach the bottom of the hill."

Sir Walter ever took the strongest interest in the pursuits of his wards, and, in 1824, he wrote at length about the preference shown by the youngest for drawing over music.

"I don't approve of Williamina sacrificing music for drawing. The former is much more of a social accomplishment; besides, excellence in music may be much more easily attained by a mere amateur than excellence in drawing or painting. A song sung with feeling and truth of expression is pleasing to everyone, and perhaps *more* pleasing than a superior style of execution to all but the highest class of musicians. It is different with drawing, where that which falls short of perfection is not so highly valued. Not but what I think sketching from nature is a faculty to be cherished in all cases where nature has given the requisites. It encourages the love of the country

and the study of scenery. But figures seldom answer, for how can a young lady acquire the necessary knowledge of anatomy?"

Probably Sir Walter's judgment on this point will be questioned by many people. As a matter of fact, Williamina went on with her drawing and with the greatest success. When she was about twenty and living at Rome, Horace Vernet, the great French artist, said of her talent, "Ce n'est pas la main d'une demoiselle. C'est un bras de fer." The later letters in the bundle before us are principally on business matters, or speak of episodes in Sir Walter's life with which those who love his memory and are familiar with his history are already well acquainted. The dark cloud of misfortune had fallen upon the evening of his days, and he was making the gigantic struggle to preserve his honour untarnished which was the greatest, if the most melancholy, glory of his glorious career. How his indomitable courage never failed, and how he succeeded in keeping his shield without speck or stain, are known to all, and the sad story needs no repetition or emphasis. In a letter telling the death of his wife, "the companion of twenty-nine years and upwards," he writes with the grief of a sorely stricken man, but with the most valiant patience and composure. In another, the last, dated 1830, he expresses to Miss Clephane all his sorrow at the untimely death of Lady Northampton, the Margaret Clephane in whose marriage in 1815 he had been so deeply interested, and for whom he ever entertained such a paternal affection, and his sympathy with those who mourned her loss. Sorrow and sympathy were never more touchingly conveyed, though he says, "I like neither the common display of grief nor the ordinary topics of consolation."

And, in 1832, he himself passed away.

WALDEN.

BY EDMUND CANDLER.

In the club at Taunggyi they were talking about the Chin expedition. A telegram had come in that a young pioneer officer named Walden had been killed in an attack on a village. The name recalled to the doctor and the D.S.P. a shy reserved young subaltern who had passed through Taunggyi on a shooting trip to the Salween, and had gained some notoriety by killing a dacoit.

"The only thing he bagged the whole time, save a brace of peahen," the policeman remarked.

Cocksure Smith, a major of parts, then on the road to Kentung, said he knew both Waldens very well. But the policeman, fumbling in an Army List, found that Walden the dacoit-slayer and Walden of the casualty list were the same man. Then a *chaprassi* came in with a newspaper sent in by the Commissioner.

"Latest details of the affair at Mwebingyui, in which Lieutenant Walden and Sepoy Prem Singh lost their lives, . . . &c." The doctor read it out.

"The fellow must have been off his head," said the D.S.P. when he had finished; "it was sheer suicide."

"Why, of course," said Smith; "Walden was jilted. I knew the girl. And now I come to think of it, he owed De Souza a lot of money."

At this point of the discussion I slipped out of the club.

I knew perfectly well why Walden threw his life away, but held my tongue. It was not a story one could tell in a room full of people, even if one were indifferent about it. The major certainly would not have understood. Yet the telegram had not surprised me in the least, and the details that followed seemed like an old tale. To understand them one must know Walden as I knew him, as no one else did. I do not think he had any other friend with whom he might be called intimate.

When we first met he was a very small boy at M——: he left in his second term. Afterwards I stayed with his mother in Kent, where he was working with a private tutor, and I spent a day or two with him in London before he sailed for Burma. Then on the way back from his shooting expedition he stayed with me in Taunggyi. I think he chose the Shan States for the trip because I was stationed there. All told, the days we spent together do not amount to more than a few months, yet when you have heard all I know of Walden you will see as clearly as I do that what happened at Mwebingyui was

not only natural, but that it had to be.

Walden's schooldays were too short to be formative. He left M—— before he was twelve. The boy was really too callow at that age to stand by himself in a public school. His childhood had been unusually secluded. But the choice was thrust upon Walden's mother peremptorily.

A distant cousin had the gift of a foundation scholarship which fell vacant by an unexpected chance. Walden must be cast on the whirlpool then and there, perhaps with too little strength to float, or his mother must give up all thought of M——, and send the boy, when more matured, to one of the great cheap day schools, a place fruitful no doubt in Academic honours, but without any particular tone or prestige, and too modern for traditions. To Walden's mother such an education seemed altogether uninspiring. It was starting the boy with a handicap. So much depended on early associations. His father and grandfather had been at M——, and it had pained her to think that her son must be the first of the family to start equipped with the second-best. Then the chance came. The boy was delicate, timid, sensitive, and very young. But she must think of his career. It was difficult. She was still undecided when she took him to London on a tentative visit to his tailors. He was fitted for an Eton jacket. A sympathetic assistant suggested a top hat, and Walden's mother, remembering that "toppers" were worn at M—— on Sundays, assented. But the smallest size enveloped her son completely and rested on two angular collar-bones. She laughed, but felt very near crying. No, she couldn't push him out into the whirlpool, not yet. Then she felt strangely happy; she would have his companionship for another three years at least. Then, like many good women, she began to analyse her happiness, and fancied she saw a flaw of selfishness in her decision. She was thinking of herself before the boy. So the conflict in her began again; she was torn different ways. In the end she chose the Spartan part, and Walden was sent to M—— at the age of eleven.

In the middle of his second term Walden caught a bad chill. On one of his lonely rambles before afternoon school he had waded through some flooded marsh-land to a trap he had set for a water-hen in a riverside osier-bed. It was a cold February afternoon, and an icy wind was blowing. Three days had passed since he had set the snare, and each day he had found his name on the compulsory football list. He lay awake at night after the other boys had gone to sleep, but he did not confide to any the hope which he already felt to be half-credulous, and which alternated with a dread lest the bird had been caught by the feet and was lingering in pain. He was shy of confidences. If he caught the bird he would let another dis-

cover and celebrate the triumph. Perhaps the head of his study would have it plucked and trussed for a Saturday night supper. Here lay the seeds of popularity. He went to sleep with his vision strained on a patch of brown reeds and dead thistle with a wedge of sand between, where the trap lay. On Wednesday his name was not on the compulsory list. The river had risen and the fields were flooded, but he started towards the osier-bed, springing from one island of sedge to another. He was soon so wet that it was not worth while turning back. He found the trap had shut to,—there was no water-hen in it.

The matron of Walden's house was a stern lady. He dared not face her with his sodden clothes and ask for a change. He sat through afternoon school in them undetected. The whole adventure was typical of Walden. The next day he was "staying out." In the evening he babbled of water-hens. His mother was sent for. Before the end of the term she took him away, a shadow of a boy affected in the lungs and needing constant care. His schooldays were over.

Very few M—— men can remember anything of Walden. At first he came in for a good deal of bullying. When he found himself in a scrape, as every fag must frequently do in his first term, he had a way of stiffening himself, presenting his shell as it were. When an elder boy struck him and asked him for an explanation of anything, he became monosyllabic, or even speechless. Other boys naturally thought him mulish in this mood, and were inclined to kick him out of it. He was irritatingly passive and unresponsive to punishment. So he was punished more. If the truth were known, this inelasticity was a protective measure, not against bullies, but against himself. He was really callous to most things, only he had a standard, an extraordinary one when one considers his youth. He would not lower his flag to any one, no matter who challenged it. Tears might come, but never entreaties or recriminations. He was appallingly afraid of making an ass of himself. Even during his short stay at M——, I think this came to be recognised, and he was respected for it.

An incident towards the end of his first term at M—— gained Walden some immunity from rough treatment. One afternoon, when he was preparing for a lonely ramble, he heard a clatter in the passage and laughter half-stifled with running. Two fags, little older than himself, threw open the door and entered breathless. "Walden, you're playing in the house practice match, no rot, come and see." It was a fact,—his name was posted on the list on the bathroom-door. Several of the bigger boys were kept in, and most of the smaller ones were running in the under-sixteen paper chase. To make up the twenty-two, the captain of the house could only have recourse to Walden. He read his name on the notice-board

with a kind of helpless dread. In half an hour he must be on the field, and he felt he was going to be shamed and miserable. For it was part of Walden's self-consciousness not to understand that other people can make allowances. Most boys of his age would have been content to toil in the wake of the ball with some show of pursuit. But Walden felt that he must be an integral part of the game. It distressed him to think that he must fail whenever there was a call upon him. Besides, he was afraid. He stiffened himself for a period of pain and ridicule.

They were waiting for the whistle.

"Can you kick with your left foot?" the captain asked Walden.

"Yes, I think so."

"Then play half on the left, and don't funk."

For a few minutes the play was on the other wing. Then Ticehurst, the fastest forward in the school, got hold of the ball and came straight down Walden's wing. He did not look at the skinny little boy who came running towards him, but went straight on, thinking, no doubt, that the brat could take care of his own skin. But Walden ran clean into him, to all appearances as airily as if he were leaping through a hoop. They collided on the ball. Ticehurst tripped on the leather, fell over Walden, and spun a few feet beyond him. Walden scrambled up first, not much hurt, and passed the ball to one of his own forwards. Every soul on the field cheered him. Ichor ran in his veins; he was beatified; he sought immolation. All that game he went straight for the man: he was infernally in the way of the other side. But there were no more collisions. The big boys paid him the respect of avoiding his charges, and when his head came in contact with the stomach of Tubby Barlow, who was gingerly trying to circumvent him, it was the big boy who was doubled up and suffered. Then five minutes before time the impossible happened. Walden kicked a goal. The ball, a new and light one, was dropping at the perfect angle. Walden centred it wildly. A muff goal-keeper ran out to meet it, but it dropped a few feet short of him and bounded over his head between the posts. Then the whistle blew. Walking home, Walden was bathed in an entirely new atmosphere of content. That day was like the birth of the sun in his school life. Twice during the next week Ticehurst greeted him with a kindly word of chaff. The house captain once called him "kiddie." Every one was kind to him until they had forgotten. And they did forget, though Walden was chosen to play regularly in the under-sixteens. But he was not a good player, not a bit agile or fast; only the persistence of his obstructiveness, awkward as it was, came to tell for his side. At the end of each game he would review his failures and expect to be left out of the next. So he gained little in self-confidence.

His modesty explained the first red-letter day as a casual phenomenon. But he never forgot it. Even in the Chin Hills, I make no doubt, he thought of it a dozen times a day, and derived comfort from it.

Walden's illness put an end to his football and his school-days too, and it marked a relapse in his development but for which his career might have been very different. For nervous self-concentration does not thrive at a public school. Either the boy is routed and taken away, or he becomes assimilated, yields to the communal instincts of the place, and finds himself wrapped up in its traditions. To this end, which includes the maturing of un-selfconsciousness, every sane assertion of self, as Walden's in the house practice match, is a progressive step. That is the first function of a school like M——. And Walden was not of the stuff to be routed. There was quite enough in the boy, only he wanted experience to give direction to it.

Walden's mother did not understand this. After a prolonged interview with a specialist, her immediate and vital concern was to keep her son dry. To this end, certainly a natural and sensible one, she rented a house in the Weald of Kent, near the Sussex border, a beautiful deeply-wooded country of large distances, where thin strips of pasture and leafy hop-gardens stand out from the woodland like an occasional clearing in the forest. Here Walden spent six not unhappy years. The dreamy solitude of this period, passed between the woods and the library, influenced him deeply, but not in a way calculated to equip him for the profession to which he had been devoted. Walden was to be a soldier. That was early decided by his father, and his mother did not dare to tamper with the family destiny, or divert one name from the list of soldiers that distinguished it. There were moments of conflict, but again the Spartan choice prevailed. If the State considered her boy physically fit, then he must serve his country, as his father had wished. It was her business to see that he went up sound to the examiners.

The woods helped her. In his long solitary walks he gathered strength, but in a way he suffered from them. They filled his life so completely that he did not respond to other companionship. Three great belts of woodland, in any of which a stranger might lose himself and wander half the day without recrossing his tracks, stretched to within easy distance of his mother's house. Walden knew every drive and alley of them. Under one upland beech he had read 'Woodstock.' On a bank of foxgloves, protected from the sun by the thin shade of larches, and regarded by pheasants, squirrels, and hesitating rabbits, he had devoured 'Waverley' and 'Anne of Geierstein.' Sometimes he only came to dream. Stretched on his back in the ling, looking up at the blue

sky through the leaves, he became wrapped up in the brooding silence, permeated with the atmosphere of the woods, aware of the conscious, hidden life around him that always seemed on the point of becoming articulate,—and he carried this silence and far-away concern back with him into the haunts of living people. His mother loved books, and gave a bent to his tastes. Her perfect sympathy saved her from bruising the boy's spirit and bringing him to earth with a shock. She would start with him into the woods and try to infect herself with a little of his absorption. Had he found a jay's nest yet? she would ask. Were the blue-bells at Angley in full colour? His tutor, a brilliant young wrangler, the vicar of a neighbouring parish, with a small charge of souls and something of a sportsman, thought it his duty to attack Walden sometimes with brusque exhortations.

"You should wake up, you know. Why don't you play cricket?" The words would strike Walden as a careless gust of wind sways a young pine. He bent momentarily to such disapproval and straightened himself in the recoil.

In the winter Walden used to read in the library in a deep arm-chair beside a log-fire. Before he was sixteen he had finished all the Waverley novels, read half the English poets and a number of engrossing books on campaigns. He took the classics in his stride. Virgil and Catullus were his familiars, and he needed no goading in Greek. Mathematics he was spared beyond the point that sufficed for Sandhurst. In the woods he lived with his heroes of the fireside. So he dreamed away his boyhood, and came to lead a kind of dual existence. Daily he explored the woods, subtly aware of their beauty, and when the alchemy of the slanting sun set all the trunks of the pines ablaze, though he was conscious of moving in this transfiguration, his spirit would be ranging far away with Hereward and Nigel, Nicholson and Alan Breck. Then he would wake and measure himself with these heroes, aghast at the abyss between his conduct and his ideals. He was tortured by a morbid self-distrust, he felt his diffidence was nothing less than failure, he read into his timidity a name he dared not spell even in solitude. Once when he was dreaming of the clash of steel, he met a man carrying a scythe and felt his spirit wince. Again he was charging with Nicholson's men into the breach at Delhi, and remembered he was gun-shy. When Philipson cowered among the crags of Geierstein, it was Walden who was shamed. Yet when swords were drawn and shots were fired in earnest, would he falter? He vowed he would not. Ah! if only he could stiffen himself as he had done at M——, and lead men to think him indifferent to peril, it would be almost as good as being brave.

In his sheltered home life,

one would think, Walden had little chance of putting himself to the test. But he found a way. During one of my short stays in Kent an accident gave me a clue to his methods. I remember we were coming home one September evening from a long walk in the Heathfield direction, when Walden drew me aside from the main path down a sequestered drive. He put his hand on my shoulder, made a mysterious gesture, and slipped on ahead, taking care not to tread on a fallen twig or on any rain-swollen straws which the pheasants had plucked from the sheaves. In this part of the wood, under the arched hazel cover, it was already growing dusk. Strange shadows lay across the path in front of us. Here a stump took the shape of a crouching man; a half-concealed birch-trunk gloomed a spectral white. Eerie noises in the undergrowth made us pause, and every now and then a pheasant rose at our feet with a whir and rattle that proclaimed our intrusion. Others ran in front of us, an agitated procession, before making their escape. Rabbits plunged into safety. The path began to wind, and I felt that any sudden curve of it might lead us into the arms of the terrible guardian of the woods. I was not a particularly nervous boy, but this hunted feeling, this evasion of a lurking presence which might be watching me unseen, gripped me with fear.

We had gone about a quarter of a mile down the drive and passed a score of coops when Walden touched my elbow. I looked ahead inquiringly, then at Walden.

"Don't you see," he said with a catch in his breath, "the pheasants are coming towards us; some one is disturbing them." As he spoke he slipped into the hazel cover and lay down flat in the grass. I followed his lead. Presently a keeper sauntered by, sprinkling grain in front of the coops, a few yards from our heads. He was an unconscionable time in passing. I could hear Walden's breathing and my own. When he had gone on we emerged and struck down the path in the direction he had come. I thought the pheasants we put up would bring him back. But Walden would not run, though he was panting with tense excitement. When he had breath to speak coherently, he muttered—

"Dangerous time, this,—the keepers are generally feeding the pheasants."

"Then why on earth did you come this way?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know; it's not bad practice for scouting."

"But scouts should hunt in couples," I said; "you must feel rather jumpy when you are alone."

"I do," he said.

And this quiet admission set me thinking. Logically, of course, this skulking in the neighbourhood of a hostile phantom would not bespeak any out-of-the-way courage in the ordinary full-blooded boy; but what, I wondered, was the hidden flame that seemed to impel this tissue of nerves and

sensitiveness through the ordeal? Thinking it over on the way home, I began to understand Walden.

We parted the next day, and I did not see Walden again until we met in London the day before he sailed for Burma. You must imagine him now a rather tall, ascetic youth, very thin and angular, but with a kind of grace which disengaged itself from his shyness. His shyness did not make him awkward, and it was never so noticeable as his air of abstraction. This grew on him, and sometimes seemed to rout his self-consciousness altogether. I remember being astonished seeing him stand in a London club full of men he did not know, gazing abstractedly at the elms in the park, apparently unconscious of himself and everybody else. Looking up suddenly from my paper and seeing him standing there, quiet as a stone, I felt myself transported to the woods. He seemed to carry the atmosphere about with him.

I next saw Walden in the Shan States. It was a perfect cold-weather morning when I rode out to meet him, and I felt some vicarious pride in the flushing of his sword. The *boh's* head had already arrived in Taunggyi for identification. We sighted each other far off, on a wide open plateau, margined with wooded hills, from whose boulder-strewn peaks stood out the jagged and ruined spires of Buddhist shrines. The plain was bowered with highland dells gay with the purple and cream flowers of the Bauhinia, and the blossoming wild pear and crab-apple. The sal-trees, I remember, on the dry hill-slopes wore an autumnal red and gold that lent a rich mellow tint to the distance.

We drew up beside a village, a mere cluster of half a dozen houses, a pagoda, and a few pipal-trees, which do duty for the village inn; and we turned into the shade of one of these, where my servants had lit a fire and were cooking rice and quail. Here, stretched out in the cool shade, beside a monstrous, grotesque image of stone, niched and moss-grown, with the accompaniment of sympathetic turtle-doves, Walden told me how he had killed the dacoit at Mongpawn.

He had been awakened, he told me, at two in the morning by a rifle-shot. He admitted, as if he imagined it a rare trait, that he was horribly afraid. And no wonder. That is an appalling hour to be projected from the dream state to a life-and-death encounter. It is a time when any healthy soul would crave for comradeship, a trusted hand to grip or voice to pierce the eerie and pregnant silence. Have you ever been awaked from sound slumber by the *réveillé* when the camp is rushed, or on a ship in collision by the rush of feet and women's cries? Have you heard the suicide's revolver ring through the still house in the quiet hours of the morning? One must not judge men in these crises by a light-of-day standard. One wakes to the echo, and dimly re-

members the shock as something in a past life. For a moment the spirit is detached from the body, and ranges alone, shivering on the threshold over which it is to be instantly and mercilessly hurled. The body shudders at the separate existence. All the past that has been so warm and real is a dream, an illusion. Then there dawns a consciousness of that phenomenal thing, the individual, and a dreadful fear of its extinction, the pathetic reluctance of the soul in starting on that cold journey alone, the cruel homelessness of the infinite. All this is a second's revelation, a glimpse of the soul's plight that does not nerve one in summoning the physical resources. When the call is sudden, to be answered by a spring and a struggle, the comfortable animal instinct that is latent in us is our friend. But Walden had to lie still and wait the attack; he must not betray his whereabouts by a breath or motion. The darkness and stillness were intense. As Walden told me his story, I remembered our adventure in the Kentish Weald, when I could hear and see the efforts he made to control his breathing. And that was all make-believe; I wondered how he answered the strain of the real thing.

The shot that woke him was fired at his bearer and coolies, who were sleeping beside his pony under the piles that supported the rest-house. They made their escape into the jungle: his orderly would have stood by him, but Walden had sent him back on some errand to the last camp. So he was alone. The shock of the report frightened his pony, who broke from the tether and bolted through the undergrowth. The echo of his hoofs was followed by a long silence. The next thing Walden heard was men whispering, and what sounded like the disturbance of the *débris* of a fire: they were fanning up the embers. Walden was well armed. He drew his revolver from under his pillow: his rifle lay by his side. That meant eleven shots. Then he groped along the wall for his shot-gun. He found it, and also his cartridge-belt. Fumbling in the dark, he felt for the lead and wax head of a ball-cartridge, and slipping it into the right barrel, he jammed shot of some kind, probably No. 8, good enough at close quarters, into the left. The click of the breech in the tense silence must have sounded like a rifle-shot; no doubt he thought the dacoits could hear his heart beat. He slipped away from the spot where he had been sleeping on his valise, and sat with his back to the wall covering the door, the revolver in his hand and the rifle and gun on each side of him. There was only one door in the bamboo shanty, approached by a ladder from without, and no windows. So he was well placed. If he kept still, his assailants would not know where to shoot. Presently he heard them coming up the ladder. There were

three or four he judged by their smothered ejaculations. One of them swung an ember: it cost him his life. Walden fired three shots with his revolver. The leader fell to the first, and at the same moment another behind him fired blindly into the room, hitting the wall ten feet from Walden's head. They scrambled or fell down the ladder, and held another muffled parley underneath; one of them seemed to be wounded. Walden sat waiting, without a sound or stir, until it became light. But they slipped away into the darkness, leaving their *boh* on the field. Walden found him in the morning lying at the foot of the ladder.

The *boh* turned out to be a particularly elusive malefactor who was being hunted, through some false scent, at least a hundred miles away in another direction. The affair, with additions, found its way into the papers. Walden and his orderly were said to have attacked the *boh* in his lurking-place, killed him, and dispersed his followers by the ruse of an imaginary force behind them. Anyhow, there was the *boh*, dead, with Walden's bullet through his head, and you would think a boy of twenty would be pleased at the distinction. But Walden chafed rather at the letters of congratulation and newspaper cuttings that reached him in camp.

"What could I do," he said, "but skulk in the dark and shoot? I couldn't miss the door at ten yards."

By the time he had finished his story I gathered he had gained nothing in confidence through the encounter: if anything, it aggravated his morbid self-distrust. He felt, I think, that he needed vindication more than ever. Perhaps he thought his sensations in the vigil at Mongpawn must be his normal state in action. He translated his lonely communion with death to the battlefield, where, if he had known it, men like himself taste a rare joy. For battle is like the cold stream into which the timid bather plunges hesitatingly, to receive an exquisite nerving thrill which transcends fear. Walden was for seeking the brink, though conscious only of the first numbing grip of the tide. A few hours in the firing line, one bayonet charge, might have laid the ghost which haunted him. But it was not to be.

At dinner that night Walden unfolded to me his project of following the Dihong river through the Mishmi country to the point reached by the intrepid native survey agent, Nain Singh, in his exploration of the Tsang-po river in Tibet. He had a wild idea that by travelling only at night, and lying *perdu* all day, he might get through in the teeth of hostility. He had also some impracticable notions about food. I tried to explode the whole idea carelessly; but it was no good, and we turned to other things. It was after midnight, when we had been talking for hours about old

times, that an impulse made me speak.

"Walden, old man," I said, "you are on the wrong tack. Give up this Mishmi idea. It is not fair on your mother." And I could not help adding, "You couldn't have been more game, you know, at Mongpawn. It isn't everybody who would have kept his head and done the right thing."

He looked at me perplexed, half incredulous that I had divined the secret of his broodings. I wanted to explain that this fear of being afraid was nothing but a morbid fancy, a malady of inexperience, a fatal kind of hallucination, and quite ungrounded. But it would not have been any use.

"Oh, I'll get through all right," he said; "it's not so difficult as you think."

And I have no doubt he would have tried if it had not been for the Chin expedition. When I saw he was with the force, you may imagine how eagerly I followed the campaign. I hoped Walden would win the V.C. There was a great chance that he might find himself and vindicate the latent soldier in him. He was certain to distinguish himself in some brilliant or mistaken way. You will understand that the telegram did not surprise me.

It was quite a small affair, and ought never to have happened. Walden was in command of a fatigue-party who were cutting a path to the water-supply, when they were attacked by a band of Yokwa Chins in thick bamboo jungle. The tribe had come over twenty miles that day, through an apparently impervious country, to offer their submission. All their neighbours had capitulated, and the rumour of burning villages and captive chiefs had spread fear to the most remote strongholds. So Shain Byik, the Yokwa chief, came hurrying in to prove that he also was "friendly" and submissive. The mood might have been permanent had not his first vision of the invaders been Walden's fatigue-party, detected by the ring of their *kukris* against the hollow bamboo stems, and then cautiously observed through the enclosing thicket. Now Shain Byik was before all things a shikari, a raider, a head-hunter; the diplomatist in the man owed a transient and spurious ascendancy to events quite outside his control. Naturally, then, as he crept up to his unconscious quarry he recognised with a glow of pride that rare gift, so often denied by woodland spirits, the perfect relations between the hunter and the hunted. There may have been a moment of indecision, when the vanishing diplomatist would have diverted the rickety old Tower musket from the unhappy Sikh at the end of the barrel. But Shain Byik, being human in his fashion, fired, reluctantly perhaps, and Sepoy Prem Singh fell to the ground with an ounce or more of telegraph wire in his chest. Then the Yokwa men scrambled up the steep Khud into Mwebingyui.

Walden did the wrong thing. He ought to have gone back to camp, only half a mile distant, for a force sufficient to capture and burn the village. Instead he plunged into the jungle on the heels of Shain Byik, with his handful of men, most of whom he soon outdistanced. I can picture him, wildly elated, and flushed with his chance, pressing on to Mwebingyui and the hour of his vindication. He found it in the narrow entrance to the village, beneath the stockade, where two men cannot walk abreast.

When I turned into the club they were discussing Walden again.

"Now that dacoit business," Cocksure Smith was saying. "He tackled him alone in the dark in a *zayat*. The fellow must have had nerve."

By general consent Walden was very much of a *boh*.

"What was it the *naik* said in the evidence?" someone asked. And the Doctor read again:—

"I followed Walden Sahib until he fell. We were only three, the Sahib, myself, and Gurdit Singh. I do not know how many there were behind the stockade. The Sahib was a great Bahadur."

It was just the epitaph Walden would have asked for. And it was true enough. In his own pathetic way he was one of the bravest souls alive.

THE HEROES OF PERTHSHIRE.

THERE is no keener incentive to bravery in the field than what may be called the spirit of the club. A common origin, a common interest, will not merely hold a body of men together, but will inspire it to deeds of unexampled heroism. The eye of the town or the village is sharper than the eye of the Empire, and the natural soldier will fight with a finer zest if he knows that his neighbour is at his side. It is not everyone whose imagination can embrace a country or a cause. Everyone is on his mettle if he remembers that his deeds are watched by those who know him "at home." In brief, there is a local as well as a national patriotism, and a wise Minister at War will always do his utmost to encourage local names and local enthusiasm. To give but a single instance: it has been of incalculable value to Britain and the Empire that the Royal Highlanders have been known for wellnigh two centuries as the Black Watch—a title at once fierce and picturesque, which should put pride into the hearts of those who claim it and strike terror into a reluctant foe.

Never has the local feeling of which we speak been more eloquently celebrated than in the Marchioness of Tullibardine's 'Military History of Perthshire.'[1] From beginning to end the book is a pæan, well composed and admirably sung, to the glory of a single county. That Perthshire deserves all the praise thus lavished upon it cannot be gainsaid. Her brave sons have sought and found adventures all the world over, and wherever they have fought, on the burning plains of India or on the heights of Ticonderoga, they have taken with them their native love of romance. Their descendants cannot read of their exploits without pride, and even a southerner, who takes the local feeling for granted, must acknowledge the breathless interest of the exploits here recorded, and share the just enthusiasm of Lady Tullibardine and her colleagues. Nor is the work a work of mere pride. It is a work also of vast research and sound scholarship, designed with ardour no doubt, but carried out with patient care and erudition.

By far the most famous of the Highland regiments is the 42nd, otherwise known as the Black Watch. The date of its origin is uncertain. The author of 'A Short History of the Black Watch,'[2] recently pub-

---

[1] A Military History of Perthshire. Edited by the Marchioness of Tullibardine. With portraits, illustrations, and maps. Perth: R. A. & J. Hay.

[2] A Short History of the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders), 1725-1907. To which is added an Account of the Second Battalion in the South African War, 1899-1902. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

lished, a history in which the achievements of the Royal Highlanders are set forth with a modest and business-like simplicity, declares that the regiment came into being at least as early as 1725. Mr Andrew Ross, in the 'Military History of Perthshire,' gives it a far earlier birth. He dates its "historic succession" from the 3rd of August 1667, when Charles II. issued a commission under the Great Seal to John, second Earl of Atholl, to raise and keep such a number of men as he should think fit "to be a constant guard for securing the peace in the Highlands" and "to watch upon the braes." The chief duties of these men were to suppress the drivers of creachs, "thieves and broken men" as they were called, and to bring to justice blackmailers and blackmailed, doubtless on the sound principle that the pigeon is not much better than the rook. That they performed these duties efficiently is certain, and they may have been drawn from the same classes from which the Highland regiments were presently recruited. But their duties were not the duties of soldiers, and though a "historic succession" of a kind may be continuous, it is not easy to connect the six companies of Highlanders raised in 1725 with the bodies of men who fifty years earlier watched upon the braes. These six companies, whose sombre tartans, a stern contrast to the red coats of the regular troops, gave them the name of the Black Watch, were enrolled for the plain purpose of guarding the Highlands against disaffection. Though the officers were Whigs, the gentry of Perthshire and the neighbouring counties eagerly enrolled themselves, glad that they were permitted once more to bear arms. Many of the privates were gentleman-soldiers, who, to the surprise of the English, "had gillies or servants to attend them in quarters, and upon a march to carry their provisions, baggage, and firelocks." Gallant as they were, the Highland companies were still no part of the national army. A foolish distrust, bred of the sympathy which the Scots still professed for the exiled Stuarts, prevented a Hanoverian king from calling to his standards the heroes born and bred north of the Tweed. And when for the first time the Highlanders were invited to join the British Army, an unhappy misunderstanding led to mutiny. The Highland regiment regarded an order to march to England as a breach of faith. They had enlisted, said they, for service at home, and the suspicion, alive in their minds, was encouraged by agitators, who declared that, "after being used as rods to scourge their countrymen, they were to be thrown into the fire,"—in other words, to be sent to the plantations. Had the king reviewed them, all might have been well, but they were left to General Wade, and his presence did not allay their distrust. In brief, some of them

made a dash for the north, were stopped in the Midlands, brought back to London, and condemned to death. Three were shot, and the rest of the regiment was sent into Flanders, there to begin a career which for courage and devotion is unsurpassed in the annals of Great Britain.

The auspices were bad. The event proved their injustice. In after years it was the proudest boast of the elder Pitt that he enrolled the Highland regiments. "I sought for merit," said he, "wherever it was to be found: it is my boast that I was the first Minister who looked for it and found it in the mountains of the North." Though Pitt made a better use of the Highlanders than any Minister had yet done, the boast of priority was unjustified. He was the first to send them out of Europe, but they had already proved how valiantly they could fight for Britain when he summoned them across the Tweed. It is at Fontenoy that the real history of the Black Watch begins,—a history which, full and active as it has been, is yet unfinished, and the author of 'A Short History,' conscious that its future will be glorious as its past, has left some ten pages of his book blank, which his readers may fill up as the years pass. An apt symbol of an unbroken, irrefragable record! And Mr Allan M'Aulay is merely using the language of a pardonable exaggeration when he says that "to epitomise the history of the Black Watch—the oldest Highland regiment now on the establishment of the Army—is to epitomise the making and defending of the British Empire at some of the most important stages of its existence.' At Fontenoy, where first the Highlanders met a foreign foe, they gave a generous promise of what they were presently to achieve. Fortune did not fight upon their side, but they covered the retreat in such fine order that Lord Crawford pulled off his hat to the regiment, saying they had won as much honour as though they had gained a victory. Henceforth, wherever the Empire was in danger, there was the Black Watch, ready to march to the skirling of the pipes. At Ticonderoga and in the West Indies, in Cuba and at Fort Pitt, the Highlanders distinguished themselves, and so apt were they for the profession of arms that in 1759 a young corps, whose men nine months before were herding sheep, landed in Guadeloupe and took two redoubts with drawn swords. It will give some idea of the regiment's activity if we recall that its first absence from home lasted thirty-two years, and of the regiment's loyalty to Scotland if we record that many of the old soldiers, when they landed at Portpatrick, "impelled by characteristic attachment to the soil of their birth, leaped on shore with enthusiasm and kissed the earth, which they upheld in handfuls."

They sojourned but a year in their own land. In 1776 the regiment sailed for America to oppose the revolution of the

colonists, and shared in the general disaster which overtook the British arms. Meanwhile the Government had proved its appreciation of the Highlanders' genius for fighting by raising a 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch. Britain never stood in direr need of soldiers than in 1780. She was at war with France and Spain. She had not yet accepted the revolution in America. India saw Haidar Ali in arms, and the Armed Neutrality of Northern Europe was a constant menace. The Highlanders generously responded to Britain's appeal. As Mr Walter Blaikie says in his excellent account of the Second Battalion, or the old Seventy-Third, within eighteen months 12,500 men joined the Army, though the memory of Culloden was but a generation old. Truly Pitt's scheme had been justified by the event. Well might he boast to the English House of Commons that he had drawn "into their service a hardy and intrepid race of men, who, when left by their jealousy, became a prey to the artifice of their enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the State." The past was forgotten, and a common glory had achieved what without it the Act of Union might never have achieved — a solidarity of interest and a national ambition. That there were still waverers is true. Mr Blaikie tells us of one, John Oswald, the son of an Edinburgh goldsmith, who, having purchased a commission in the Royal Highlanders, accompanied the 2nd Battalion to India. There he adopted the dress and customs of a Hindu, and fed upon vegetables. He likewise became so violent and eccentric that he was forced to resign the adjutancy of the regiment and leave the Army. At the outbreak of the French Revolution he professed the popular doctrines and joined the army of the Republic. Logical in devotion to his new faith, he enlisted his two sons as drummers, and all three were killed in the Vendée in 1793. There is in this story a touch of the romance which has never deserted the Highlanders. Wherever they have lived and fought, they have carried with them the fearless picturesqueness of their indomitable mountains. Here, to cite another example, is a letter addressed by Colonel Macleod to the Sultan Tipu, and quoted by Mr Blaikie. "You or your interpreter," thus writes Macleod, "have said in your letter to me that I have lied, or made a *mensonge.* Permit me to inform you, Prince, that this language is not good for you to give or for me to receive; and if I were alone with you in the desert, you would not dare to say these words to me. An Englishman scorns to lie; this is an irreparable affront to an English warrior. If you have courage enough to meet me, take a hundred of your bravest men on foot, meet me on the sea-shore, I will fight you, and a hundred men of mine will fight yours." In these words

is the real epic ring. Thus might Greek have challenged Trojan outside the walls of Troy. Thus in the age of chivalry might an English knight have bade a Frenchman come forth to meet him. And it is pleasant to think that not much more than a century ago West could challenge East in these clear and simple terms of heroism.

And the Highlanders possessed many other qualities, besides their feeling for romance, which fitted them for the field of battle. Theirs was the true spirit of the soldier. The lust of fighting was in their blood. They loved nothing better than a worthy foe. Truly they might have wondered with the Prince de Ligne how it was that a soldier did not die of joy when he had won a battle, or of grief when he had lost it. Bred in poverty, they could endure the hardships of a campaign gladly and without fatigue. It was not their desire, as it was Joseph Bonaparte's, to make war like a satrap. Their contempt of luxury was matched by an honourable courage, in their minds the highest of the virtues. The discipline of the clan, moreover, had taught them the habit of military obedience. They knew that he who would rule must be ruled, and nothing more surely redounds to their credit than the fact that during the retreat to Corunna they held themselves with a better restraint, and in the battle lost more men, than any regiment in the army. Their native fastnesses had taught them, besides the lesson of fortitude, how to make war upon the worst of foes — a harsh, inhospitable country. In fighting the Indians of North America they proved themselves perfectly adapted for the difficulties of savage warfare, and in 1765 Captain Stirling led his company on a dangerous journey from Fort Pitt down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to Fort Chartres. He was away for ten months, he traversed three thousand miles, and he rejoined the regiment without losing a single man.

When war broke out with France, the Highlanders were sent once more on active service. In the opening campaigns there was little glory to be won by the bravest. Troops ill led and opposed always by greater numbers had small chance of distinction. Yet what chance there was was eagerly taken by the 42nd. On the 5th of January 1795 the 42nd occupied Geldermalsen. In front of them were some piquets of British cavalry and two guns. The French, attacking the piquets, seized the guns, which the 42nd, charging, at once retook, with the loss of no more than four men. For this exploit the honour of wearing the Red Heckle was conferred upon the Black Watch, an honour justly and highly esteemed unto this day. The West Indies, called "sugar islands" by Sheridan in contempt, were next the scene of its bravery, but it was in Egypt that the regiment won its proudest

laurels. At Alexandria the Highlanders performed prodigies of valour. They drove off two battalions of infantry, and did more than their share in destroying two regiments of cavalry. When Sir Ralph Abercromby was taken prisoner, it was a private of the 42nd who shot his captor. Even when the regiment was broken, the men continued to fight individually, and it is no wonder that Sir John Moore, who was witness of their prowess, encouraged them eight years later at Corunna with the words: "Highlanders, remember Egypt." No sooner was Corunna fought and won than the 42nd was despatched on the ill-fated expedition to Walcheren, which should have been a brilliant victory, and which was made a disastrous defeat by infamous generalship, and in which of 758 Highlanders who set out, 554 were rendered unfit for duty by fever. This was but a momentary check: the 42nd played its part in the Peninsula, and fought at Waterloo with the 73rd, until in 1815 both regiments encamped in the Bois de Boulogne, whence it returned home, having earned for its colours eight well-merited distinctions.

Neither time nor change has impaired the courage and energy of the Highlanders. In the Crimea and in India they did but repeat the triumphs of Egypt and the Peninsula, and many a grave in South Africa speaks with a silent eloquence of their intrepidity. That they have achieved so much is the more remarkable, because their sympathies were not always with the reigning house of Great Britain. The men of Perthshire were for two generations the loyal, hapless champions of lost causes. They fought for those whom they believed their rightful kings with a devotion which brought them ruin for reward. The two most interesting chapters in Lady Tullibardine's book are Mr Walter Blaikie's chapters on Perthshire in the '15 and the '45. It is impossible to read this history of ill-requited loyalty without sorrow and regret. The Jacobites gave all, and asked nothing in return. They fought for an idea, and never considered what their gain might be. If they failed, they failed because those for whom they suffered knew not how to appreciate the sacrifice. When, in January 1716, Mar declined to give Argyll battle, "What did the Chevalier come hither for?" asked his soldiers. "Was it to see his people butchered by Hangmen and not strike a Stroke for their Lives? Let us die like Men and not like Dogs." That was the spirit which has brought them victory on many a field, but it availed nothing. The Chevalier was persuaded at last to leave the country. He burst into tears. "Weeping is not the way to win Kingdoms," said Prince Eugène, and truly James was not of the stuff that conquerors are made. His followers acquiesced as bravely as they had fought, and found in death or exile a sad reward for their loyalty.

The '45, as it was more

fertile in heroism, so came nearer to success than the '15. Prince Charles Edward lived and breathed in an atmosphere of romance. He possessed a power of compelling affection which, added to what the men of Perthshire believed the righteousness of his cause, was irresistible. And Mr Blaikie has given us an account of his gallant attempt to win a throne, in which he omits no single touch of the picturesque. He recalls all those small details which the grave historian contemns, and which impart life and liveliness to the narrative. He tells us that at Blair Prince Charles ate his first grouse, and for the first time saw pine-apples; that he gave a ball to the ladies of Perth, but himself took but "a single trip," and then went off to visit the guards; that he breakfasted at the house of Gask, where a lock of his hair is kept unto this day, to witness if rumour lies. The invasion of England, and the panic which it caused, made King George tremble on his throne, but the Jacobite army suffered as much from desertion as from the lack of military genius, and though Lord George Murray did whatever became a man, he was not strong enough by himself to win his master a crown. Then the Hessians came to the aid of the English, and after Culloden the poor remnant dispersed, "every man to his own house, and he did not know where it was." Failures as these two risings were, they will remain ever a source of pride to Scotland. In them chivalry spoke her last word, and from them came the tradition of beauty and courage, so nobly sustained by Sir Walter Scott. High and low showed how heroes could live and die. Here, on the one hand, is Lord George Murray, who gave himself body and soul to the cause, and who spent the last fifteen years of his life in an ungrateful exile. Holland knew him, and Poland. From Cleves to Utrecht, from Utrecht to Emmerich, he wandered aimlessly, and when he visited Prince Charles in Paris, the man for whom he had sacrificed all not only refused to see him, but ordered him shortly to leave the French capital. A pleasant memory to cherish in an alien land! There, on the other hand, is plain John Macnaughton, an old servant of Murray of Broughton, who, unjustly convicted of having killed Colonel Gardiner at Prestonpans, died rather than betray his masters. Even on his way to the scaffold he was promised a free pardon if he would turn King's evidence. He answered that the Government had done him enough honour in ranking him with gentlemen, and he hoped they would leave him in quiet to suffer like a gentleman. When simple henchmen could show so fine a spirit, what might not their masters have achieved had they been bravely led and honourably trusted? Nor was the revolt without its humours. Where friend fought friend there was occasion for many a kindly office, for many an unrehearsed effect. In some

aspects the strife resembled an amiable game rather than a battle to the death. There was, for instance, the case of John Rattray, condemned to the scaffold after Culloden, who owed his life to the strangest accident. He was captain of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, of which company Lord President Forbes was secretary. How could the secretary tamely look on while his friend and captain went to his death? So Forbes asked Cumberland to spare Rattray, and an unwilling pardon was granted. The best of such a strife is that it could not and did not leave too bitter a memory behind. On either side were men too brave to harbour a long resentment. Within a few years even Lord George Murray was proud that his sons should hold commissions in the British Army.

But after all, it is not uprisings nor regiments which are the highest pride of a county: it is men. And Perthshire may well boast her roll of honour. First upon it stands the name of Montrose, a magnanimous patriot, who realised for Cardinal De Retz "the ideas of certain heroes whom we find nowhere but in the Lives of Plutarch." Throughout a singularly gentle career he upheld, in all hazards, the cause of his king and country. The splendour of his brief triumph fired the imagination, not merely of Britain, but of Europe. Foreign courts loaded him with titles and offered him high commands. But, as he said, he was "no merchant of his faith." He had drawn his sword for Charles, and when his king no longer needed it he sheathed it in sorrow and disdain. There never lived so simple and single-minded a gentleman. He had but one thought, but one aim. His own verses eloquently describe his glorious, unhappy life—

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch,
> To gain or lose it all."

He lost it all, a victim to the jealousy and disloyalty which were the common lot of those who defended the cause of the Stuarts.

The House of Atholl has given not a few heroes to Perthshire. There was the Marquis of Tullibardine who served Marlborough as an aide-de-camp, "the first Scotte man that had that favor," who commanded his regiment at Oudenarde, where "he had the honnour to begin the attack on the left, being commanded with five hundred grannaders to take post of a very close ground and keep the ennemie off till the cavellrie came up," and who fell at Malplaquet, "shott thurrow the thigh, but woud not come off." There was Lord John Murray, who commanded the Black Watch and fought for the Whigs, and his brother Lord George, who fought for Prince Charles, and concerning whom something has already been said. Of General John Reid, to whom his men were "much attached for his poetry, his music, and his bravery in the field," who composed "In the Garb of Old Gaul," which

is still the slow march of the 42nd, and whose name is commemorated by a professorship of music—Lady Tullibardine gives an excellent account. Mr M'Aulay is less happy in his Life of Sir David Baird, the peculiar merit of whose campaign in Egypt he seems to miss. It was the General's forethought in digging wells at two points out from Kosseir and in establishing depôts of stores along the route that made the campaign a triumph. Nor can we accept the too positive statement, made in another chapter, that Lord Cochrane was "entirely innocent" of the charge brought against him in 1814 that he "induced the subjects of the King to believe that Napoleon was dead, and thereby occasioned a rise in the Funds." Whether Cochrane was guilty or not will never be positively known. By his own act he lost the chance of a fair trial, and though we may sympathise with the pride which dictated this course, we must still regret it, as we regret the fact that political animosity robbed Britain of the services of this intrepid leader. When it was too late, Cochrane received a free pardon, and was restored to all his honours; and no more than thirty years ago a Committee of the House of Commons paid to the eleventh Earl of Dundonald the arrears of pay of which his grandfather had been deprived. It declared that no responsible advisers of the Crown could have restored Lord Dundonald to honour had they still believed him guilty; and it made the declaration by a bare majority. In this uncertainty of a single vote the case must rest. But to-day the guilt or innocence of Cochrane is unimportant. Such a man as he showed himself must be esteemed by his positive virtues. Even if he did a little wrong, how many deeds of valour did he not do! When the episode of the Stock Exchange is crumbled into oblivion, Cochrane, "the least romantic of men, compelled to lead the most romantic of lives," as he described himself, will still be remembered as one of the greatest captains of all time.

And the tale of honour is only half told. What county would not be proud of Stewart of Garth, Gordon Drummond, Robert Dick, Evan Macgregor, and the gallant Hope Grant? Nor need Perthshire live only in the glories of the past. One of the last heroes honoured in this roll of fame is the eighth Earl of Airlie, who was killed at Diamond Hill in 1900, and who wrote after Magersfontein: "I like the Boers and am very proud to be fighting against them, . . . I am very happy;" and who when he left England thus expressed his last desire: "Remember, if I am killed in action, whatever memorial you put for me, that you say on it, I had died as I wished." There breathes the true spirit of the soldier, which is as active to-day as it was when Scotland was the theatre of romance, and when the men of Perthshire gladly laid down their lives for him whom they believed their rightful king.

THE NEW JUNE.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

XXXII.—THE WHITE HART.

WHEN John reached the large ante-room where the guests assembled before supper, Sir Thomas and Edmund had already been received by the Duchess, who was still standing with one of them on each side of her opposite to the door by which the later comers were entering. A little behind her, the Duke, a slender well-built man of forty, with a proud face and quick turn of the head like a hawk, was talking keenly to a group of gentlemen much less richly dressed than himself; by him, listening with bright eyes, was a girl of sixteen, evidently a younger sister of the Duchess, whom she resembled and completely outshone. Her complexion was like the smoothest ivory; she wore a wreath of brilliant stars in her dusky hair; and her long dress of delicate rose-coloured silk fell away from a stiff bodice latticed with gold thread and studded at every joint of the trellis with a single diamond.

"*Quœrite lucem*," said John to himself: but he could never be sure whether he said it before or after he heard the voice of the Chamberlain presenting him to her Most Serene and Magnificent Highness Donna Lucia Visconti. Either way, the riddle was answered beyond doubt; and as he saw his young lords both turning restlessly in her direction, he thought almost with pity of another lady at home in England. Joan Stafford, for all her little air of command, was a gentle creature, bred up to expect obedience: this was a child with the profile of a conqueror, and if she had been bred in a hovel she would have ruled everything within reach. John was relieved to see that when the procession was formed it was Edmund who fell to her share.

The banquet of civilisation is generally a tiresome and disappointing ceremony, and probably has always been so; but there are pleasant exceptions, and Gian Galeazzo's hospitality was certainly exceptional. To begin with it was magnificent, even beyond the senatorial magnificence of Venice; but it had for an Englishman more unusual elements—a wider liberality, a continual slight novelty, a less impersonal courtesy. The high table was reserved, here as elsewhere, for the principal guests, but the principal guests were neither chosen nor arranged by the ordinary rules of precedence. Poets, painters, wits, and university professors sat mingled with noblemen, bankers, and generals; the select company included not only Sir Hugh Dolerd and Sir Walter Manners, as might have been expected from their

knightly rank, not only the Master of the Horse and the four other chief officers, but Nicholas Love as representing the learning and William the Singer as exemplifying the musical talent of England. John, as Marshal in Hall, had been informed, rather than consulted, about these arrangements: they disconcerted him, but he was even more astounded to see the Duchess and Sir Thomas placed in the centre of the table, while the Duke himself took an undistinguished seat lower down. Not far from him, but on the opposite side, Edmund was still more out of the general view, among the scholars whose company Donna Lucia evidently preferred. To the young Englishman beside her she showed an intermittent and patronising kindness.

The two hours which were spent at the table John found to have passed like a gallop with hounds; the poet on his right proved, to his surprise, more congenial company than the soldier on his left, but both were ready to talk, though they asked more questions than they answered. From time to time he ventured a glance towards the Duke, and more than once imagined that the great man's eyes had only just turned away from watching him.

At last the songs were over, and the Duke's public orator pronounced a neat but embarrassing eulogy on Sir Thomas, speaking of him as a royal and illustrious prince, and proposing his health as the favourite nephew of the King of England. Then, when the cheering had ceased and the Duchess had risen to withdraw with her ladies, the door of the banqueting hall was thrown wide open to admit a procession of huntsmen dressed in green and white, who advanced by two and two, sounding their horns. The last four carried shoulder high an enormous platter of wood, covered with greenery, upon which rested a couchant hart beautifully made in pastry of the purest white. The bearers placed it upon the high table, where it was admired by the whole company; then John saw the Duchess speaking to Sir Thomas, and pointing at the same time to the gold chain round the hart's neck, from the end of which hung a miniature dagger or hunting knife, with sheath and handle of gold set with emeralds.

Sir Thomas took the chain in his hands, but looked irresolute. He had of course seen many of these conceits, or dishes of fantasy, before; but the white hart couchant was King Richard's badge: he seemed not to have caught the exact bearing of the jest, or to know what was expected of him.

The Duchess spoke to him again, with a little laugh. This time he drew the knife and drove the point into the hart's neck, with the action of a venerer killing the real animal. A stream of red syrop gushed out from the wound; the spectators applauded and chattered, while one of the huntsmen broke up the hart and handed to Sir Thomas the sweetmeats with which it was filled, for distribution among

those nearest to him. When this was done Tom appeared to his Master of the Horse to be rather at a loss: he stood there holding the gold chain in one hand and the knife in the other until the Duchess, with a sweep of her fan towards the group of ladies around her, seemed to invite him to bestow on one of them the gift for which he himself had no further use.

He blushed, but replaced the dagger in its sheath, and without a moment's hesitation offered it to Donna Lucia. She accepted it with a cold but very stately curtsey, and handed it in her turn to Edmund, with an air of indifference so absolute as to seem almost childish. There was another outburst of applause and laughter, and the ladies swept out. As the gentlemen rearranged themselves and sat down again to their wine John looked about him in some bewilderment. But none of his friends were within reach, and before he could move the Duke himself bore down upon him. He introduced to John a young nobleman of his own age, and flitted lightly away along the hall, speaking to every group in turn, and sitting so short a time with each that at the end of ten minutes no one knew exactly where he was.

XXXIII.—A DIALOGUE IN THE DARK.

John's new acquaintance was a lively youth, who made the conversation rattle. He was an inmate of the palace and evidently at his ease in the house, sufficiently so to offer John a stroll outside the banqueting-hall, which had by this time become very hot and airless. They passed out through the ante-room and down into the courtyard, crossed this and reascended by a smaller staircase. They were now in an open loggia, where the dim cloudy sky was just visible through round-headed arches. As they approached the end of it John perceived by the noises which came faintly to them that they were not far from the festivity they had just left. His companion confirmed his impression, pointing to a small door in the wall along which they were passing. "A private passage," he explained; "you can return by it at any time when you think Sir Thomas may be needing you."

He turned away again to the front of the loggia, and the two leaned against the parapet under one of the cool dark arches. The Italian's lively manner fell to a quieter and more serious strain: he spoke earnestly of the Duke's wonderful achievements and of his great scheme for a united dominion of Northern Italy, devoted to peace and the liberal arts.

John was sympathetic, but inclined to sleepiness; the conversation sank lower and lower, into monotone, and finally to silence: his eyes closed, and for some time he was barely awake.

"You liked Venice?"

"Beautiful," murmured John.

"The Doge's Palace?"

"Very fine, . . . very fine."

There was again a silence, in which John's thoughts floated him smoothly back to the *Stanza dei Tre Capi:* yes, he knew all about the Doge's Palace.

"I suppose you saw The Three," said the low, soothing voice beside him.

"Oh, yes, I saw The Three."

He saw them once more in the dreamy pause which followed. The soft voice went with his thought, like a familiar companion, a shadow of himself, almost unnoticed, quite unconsciously accepted.

"They questioned you? of course they would wish to question you: they would be anxious to forestall any alliance of England with Pavia."

This, too, John remembered, and also his own feelings on the point, and his agreement with The Three. He was not to speak of it. He remembered that. He did not speak.

"Their anxiety was easy to allay: you had no ambitions of the kind for Sir Thomas; you could give them your word on it."

John was silent: he knew he must not speak. He began to be a little less sleepy.

"You might even promise them," continued the voice, "that you would never mention the subject or pursue it."

"Quite so," thought John: and the effort not to say it roused him completely.

"The Three would believe you, but they would not trust you. They would have you watched until you left Pavia."

John was startled for a moment. "But how could they?" he asked; "for them Pavia is an enemy's country."

"They would employ a servant of your own: have you no Italians with you?"

"Only one, and he is not from Venice."

"Where did you get him, and why?"

"I engaged him at Padua, to buy for us. We are taking a lot of furs and jewellery home for presents, and we could not do the bargaining ourselves. Jacopo is doing it for us."

"Do princes buy?" said the Italian, with a peculiar intonation of quiet scorn which John had not heard in his voice before. "The Duke will give you more than you can carry: Jacopo is superfluous, and Jacopo is a spy."

"Would you dismiss him?" asked John doubtfully.

"'Dismiss' is a good word," replied the other, laughing gently. "Yes, I should always dismiss an enemy."

"In England," said John, "we think more than that of a man's life."

"In Italy," the quiet scornful voice answered, "we think more still of a man's life-work. What is a pawn here and there in the game of kings?"

The Englishman had no reply: he felt uncomfortable.

"After all," he said at last, "the man can do us no harm: there will be nothing for him to report."

"He is reporting at this moment."

"Reporting what?"

"No need for alarm," re-

plied the quiet voice, "if he dies before the gates are opened. But he is reporting that your young lords are both in love with Donna Lucia."

"Then he is blundering: Sir Thomas is set upon an English marriage, and his brother is no alliance for the Duke. He is a younger son."

"Older or younger," said the voice, "an Earl's son is no match for a Visconti. But it is hardly an Earl's coat that these boys wear: there are possibilities in it."

John saw before his mind's eye the many shields which Kent Herald had punctiliously set up in every house where they had stayed—the lions of England, differenced with the narrowest possible bordure of argent. They had left a perfect trail of royal armory all along their route. But that meant nothing.

"You are mistaken," he said, "the relationship is on the mother's side only: they are not in the line of succession."

"Possibly," replied the other, "but that would hardly interest the Duke; he will be content to wait and see."

"See what?" asked John, almost indignantly.

"See who will distribute the sweets when the White Hart is broken up."

John remembered suddenly that look of embarrassment on Sir Thomas's face; and then, that it was a long time since he had left the hall.

"I must go back now, I think," he said.

His companion raised himself from the parapet on which he had been leaning. "This way:" and he stepped towards the private door.

John was surprised that he went before his guest, surprised too that he seemed to be taller than when they walked together before. Through the half-lit passage he followed him with a nightmare feeling of strangeness: it came back to him that his companion of an hour ago had seemed a gay and harmless youth,—he longed to see his face again and know where he had been so mistaken.

The door of the banqueting-room opened and the figure in front stepped quietly into the noise and light—then turned and faced him with the Duke's eyes.

"I am glad to have talked with you," he said, as if to end the audience.

"My lord," cried John hastily, "my lord, you will leave me Jacopo?"

"Too late," replied the Duke with perfect good-humour, "he has been dismissed already."

XXXIV.—THE FOUNDER OF THE CERTOSA.

Jacopo's disappearance was naturally the subject of many conjectures among the Englishmen, and John, who alone knew the truth, had a good deal to bear during the next few days. He began by feeling the man's death to press almost upon his own conscience; and he would have

confided his trouble to Nicholas, but that he feared the revival of a discussion in which he had never come off very happily. Then as time ran on he became more and more reluctant to betray the Duke, whom his thoughts were learning to justify to an extent which he dared not have confessed in words. Gian Galeazzo fascinated him: not by the royal hospitality with which he entertained the travellers, or the incredible richness of the presents with which he loaded them, not even by his keen intellect and personal charm; but by the example which he gave of a brilliant success in personal government. If John had envied the Venetians their Council, how much more must he admire a ruler who had all the secret and unlimited powers of The Ten, and added to them the magic of kingship and the driving force of a single dominant will. In his absolute sovereignty as in the splendour and refinement of his tastes, the Duke of Milan was exactly what John and his friends wished their ideal King of England to be. The ideal, of course, required some sacrifices; but John began to believe that even strict justice and the lives of men are sometimes a small price to pay for the success of a system or an idea. On the other side of the account it must be entered to his credit that he continued to detest cruelty even while he condoned it, and that he would have given his own life more cheerfully than another's, in any case where the ideal demanded that a life should be given.

This was an inconsistency which his new Italian friends were not slow to point out, in the brisk disputations which kept the ducal palace so much alive. Not only John himself, but Sir Thomas, and, above all, Edmund, were regarded by them as devotees of an old-fashioned chivalry, based on obsolete scruples and unworthy, in spite of its romantic charm, to guide reasonable men in a scientific age. The three young Englishmen argued stoutly, and laughed away what they could not answer: but they all thought it rather hard that they should be smitten on both cheeks,—for Nicholas continued to lash them for hard-heartedness while the Pavians buffeted them for the weakness of their conscience. They found support in one quarter only, and that an unexpected one. Lucia, with all the haughtiness of the Visconti, had more imagination than most of them, and a warmth of feeling which was shared perhaps by none. After two days of almost contemptuous indifference, she had revised her judgment: for she found in these shy, naïve young Englishmen more of the spirit which fed her own high reveries than she had ever met with in any of her Italian admirers. From the moment when she saw through the veil of strange manners and embarrassed speech that they belonged to her own order, the Order of the Chivalrous Heart, which has never known of any dif-

ference but one between men, she insisted with the childlike wilfulness of her character that they should be her constant companions so long as their stay lasted. Fortunately, in the two days before this change of attitude took place, Tom had had time to remember a dearer allegiance, and Edmund to digest a hint from John on the latitude allowed to younger sons. So neither of them entirely lost his head, though both drank pretty deeply of the sweet wine that was poured out for them. As for Gian Galeazzo, he treated them both with perfect confidence, watched them with unperturbed interest, and smiled in John's face whenever he found himself observed.

Their first expedition outside the walls of Pavia was to the great monastery which the Duke had recently founded. It was planned, like other Carthusian houses, in imitation of the Grande Chartreuse; but Gian Galeazzo intended it to eclipse all previous foundations of its kind, and he was devoting the most minute and careful attention to every detail of the work. The architect's plans were for the time his favourite subject of conversation, and it was particularly agreeable to him that Sir Thomas had in his train a monk of the Charterhouse, whom he could question as to the arrangements of the seven monasteries of that Order already existing in England. He made Nicholas ride by his side, and in his eagerness drew continually farther and farther ahead of his other companions: the Duchess followed with Sir Thomas, Lucia with Edmund, John next with Trivulzio, the young nobleman who had helped to mystify him on the first evening, and a company of guards and servants brought up the rear.

It was a May morning, but the weather was still as cheerless and gusty as it had been during the greater part of April. John was struck, when the cavalcade passed the Porta da Milano and came out into the rain-sodden country, with the immense desolation of the view. They were travelling along a raised causeway between two chill and dreary canals: on each side extended a monotonous landscape of marshy pasture and green rice-fields gleaming coldly here and there with standing water; in front the road ran straight to the horizon without a bend or feature of any kind to relieve its weariness.

Only once in this solitude did they come upon any sign of human activity: a single group of peasants with a mule-cart stood drawn up on one side of the causeway to give them passage. They saluted the party with every appearance of good-will, and readily told Trivulzio, when he questioned them on John's behalf, their business and their place of abode, a village to the north, in Milanese territory.

"They seem loyal enough," John remarked as they parted. "I suppose they knew that it was the Duke?"

"They have good reason," replied his companion; "they are old enough to remember a very different lord of Milan."

He lowered his voice and pointed to Donna Lucia to explain his caution. "It was her father, you know, whom the Duke deposed; and not one finger raised by man, woman, or child in all Milan to save their beloved master! You have heard what they used to call him?"

"The Scourge?" said John. "I know; but I thought I had also heard that his successor was severe."

"Why not? He loves to keep discipline, but he is not capricious; no burying men alive or hunting them with dogs. He plays to win, of course; but we say without flattery that he is death to his enemies and life to his own people. What else should a ruler be?"

"I agree," John replied. "You are fortunate—very fortunate."

Trivulzio caught the tone of regret and hastened, as the very fortunate will, to concede a fraction by way of discount. "I don't mean to say," he continued, "that I consider any man perfect."

"Oh?" said John, pricking a ready ear. "Where is the dint in so fine a blade?"

But as he spoke the riders in front wheeled sharply to the right: the cavalcade entered a lane deep in mud and broken by the passage of heavy waggons, where it was necessary to move warily and in single file. At the end of it, behind a confused wilderness of felled tree trunks, wooden sheds, and blocks of uncut stone, rose a gigantic hive of scaffolding peopled by a swarm of workmen, noisy and cheerful, among whom moved here and there a superintendent in the white habit of the Carthusians.

The hour which followed was spent in the curiosity, disappointments, and discomfort which are the common experience of visitors to uncompleted buildings. In its present early stage the Certosa was for the most part merely a reproduction in relief of the groundplan which the Duke carried in his hand; the walls of the church and conventual buildings were but just beginning to rise above the foundations, and the only part of the whole mass which bore any resemblance to its destined condition was the square cloister surrounded by twenty-four separate little cells or cottages for the fathers of the monastery. Some of these were already inhabited by monks whose knowledge of building made them useful superintendents; they had a temporary chapel of wood, and made shift to bear hopefully their present discomfort, for, as the Duke explained to his guests, the regular life of the Carthusian is one designed above all others to combine the dignity of a gentleman with the assiduous piety of a religious. "He lives," said Gian Galeazzo, "when duty does not take him elsewhere"—here he bowed to Nicholas—"in a house of his own, complete with oratory, parlour, workroom, and storeroom; he has a garden to himself, his meals are brought to his door by a lay brother, and he is entirely free from all menial occupation. Yes, it is a life for a gentleman—too good for a duke."

He turned again to Nicholas. "What was your recreation?" he asked. "Were you a gardener or a craftsman?"

The monk was slow in replying. John glanced at him in surprise, and saw that he was deeply moved. His massive temples were dyed with a deep flush that John knew well, and his eyes glistened. "My lord," he said at last, "I had hoped to write—to translate at least—we have so few books in English."

The Duke assented with marked courtesy. "You are right," he said; "I recommend to you the works of St Bonaventura: perhaps you will accept a volume or two from my library."

Tom joined with Nicholas in thanks for this offer: he knew nothing of St Bonaventura, but he knew the value of such a gift, and he was the one of all the party whom the Duke had succeeded in really interesting in his new foundation. He alone had power, like Gian Galeazzo, to make such plans and carry them out, and he shared that playfellow's sympathy which to this day makes itself felt whenever two wealthy men discuss the water-supply or lighting apparatus of their country houses. The time might very well come when he would wish to build a monastery himself, and if so, it would certainly be a Carthusian one. Yes, for the moment at least, he was quite as much interested as Nicholas.

Edmund, meanwhile, was talking with the two ladies. John saw his opportunity, and drew Trivulzio a little aside.

"You were interrupted—on the way here."

"No need to finish now," replied the young Italian, pointing to the Duke, whose head was still bowed over his plans; "you can see for yourself."

"Every man must be allowed his hobby," said John, smiling at his friend's scornful tone.

"Not when it is against public policy."

"I am rather anti-clerical myself," said John; "but the Carthusians——"

"Oh! it's not one rather than another," Trivulzio interrupted; "it is the whole thing."

"The Church?"

"Well—Christianity: the whole worn-out suit of clothes, the rags we are made to hang out on high days and holy days, as if they were really our habitual wear."

John was a little staggered. An interest in Lollards had been hitherto his farthest venture into unorthodox territory. "What would you have the Duke do with Christianity?" he asked.

"Abolish it."

"By ducal decree, I suppose," said John; "but why?"

"Because it is impracticable, and wastes our time and force; because it is the support of the weak, and the welfare of mankind depends on the increase of the strong; because it is an unreal view of the world, and keeps us from finding a truer one."

"Well, we needn't discuss all that," replied John; "the point is that the Duke evidently holds a different opinion."

"Not he," said Trivulzio,—"he, least of all men."

"But he founds a monastery."

"Yes, and goes to service after service, and prays to saint upon saint—that is just what I complain of: his actions fall so far short of his beliefs."

John laughed outright. "Very like the rest of us," he said, "but upside down. I should like to hear his own comment on that."

"You shall," replied Trivulzio, somewhat nettled; "he is coming towards us now."

The Duke and Nicholas had rolled up their plan, and were moving slowly down the cloister, followed closely by the rest of the party. As they drew near to the corner where the two young men were standing, John glanced at his companion, and judged from his sullen look that he meant mischief. He determined to forestall him, and stepping a pace forward to meet the Duke, boldly flung himself and his antagonist into deep water together.

"My lord, will you judge our quarrel? One of us asserts that Christianity is an impossible and undesirable ideal, and that it is time we gave up the public profession of a life which we do not really follow. The other maintains——"

He stopped, and looked at Nicholas in some embarrassment.

The shadow of a smile appeared and faded on Gian Galeazzo's face.

"Yes?" he asked, glancing from John to the Carthusian. "What does the other maintain?"

"If he is John Marland," said Nicholas in his most innocent tone, "he maintains and believes that the life of man is only possible or tolerable in proportion as it resembles the Christian life."

"And what does Sir Thomas say?" asked the Duke, turning to his guest.

"I agree to that," replied Tom in his quick short way. "I have never thought there was any question about it."

Lucia smiled faintly in her turn. She looked at Edmund, but Trivulzio was eager to speak in his own behalf.

"I accept what my Lord Thomas has said: there never is any question about this—until one begins to think, and then there is no longer any question about it."

Tom flushed a little, but was silent: he was not quite sure of Trivulzio's intention or of his rank.

The young Italian was quick enough to take warning. He went on in a more serious tone: "Surely to look frankly at the world is to see that it is not ordered, and never has been ordered, by the Christian rule. We do not, for instance, love our enemies or meet force with meekness. We could not: to do so would mean the triumph of brute stupidity instead of the dominion of the best."

Tom felt himself on firm ground again: he had clear ideas on government.

"I am all for the dominion of the best," he said; "but you are confusing two different cases—two opposite duties. Certainly we do often resist evil and kill our enemies; but

we do it only as we are commanded by the Christian law, in defence of the rights of others. We who govern have received a *fidei commissum*,—we are trustees for the commonweal."

Trivulzio bowed. "Your lordship, if I may say so, has been well educated for the part; but by whom were you appointed a trustee? By yourself, or your family? Reason and Science forbid any other answer. And in your country, I am told, there are two parties in the State, both of which claim to be trustees for the commonweal. Which of them is not, in its own opinion, resisting the evil in accordance with the Christian law? How do you decide between them?"

Tom hesitated; and Nicholas answered for him.

"We judge each party by the acts and character of its members."

Tom's face cleared; but the irony which escaped him was not lost on his antagonist.

"Good!" cried Trivulzio; "the pot calls the kettle black, and you fight it out like men. Your 'law' has nothing to do with it after all: the stronger wins, and, as I have had the honour of telling you, Christianity fails by every test."

John felt a fierce desire to fling his glove in Trivulzio's face, but a better equipped champion took the chance from him.

"N-n-not a bit!" cried Edmund, his eagerness bringing back his boyish stammer. "You go too fast, b-both of you. I don't agree with anything you have said. It all depends on what you want. You want life, and so do I, and so does every one; but you think death is the opposite of life, and spoils it; and I think you're wrong. I think life is not just living, but giving. And I don't know whether the Christian life is practical, or only ideal and impossible, but I'm sure it's the one heroic thing in the world; and I don't care where it takes me or how soon it ends, so long as I have it. And where can you find any failure in that?"

It was the longest speech he had ever made, and it left him breathless, with bright eyes and the blood well up in his cheeks. There was a moment's tense silence: then Lucia moved towards Edmund with the poised irresistible sweep of a sea-bird and laid her hands upon his shoulders. He sank on one knee before her, and she, with a gesture half-queenly, half-childlike, stooped and kissed him on the forehead.

"You are my knight," she said, with perfect indifference to the whole world about her; "and if I cannot have you, you may be sure I will have no other."

The Duchess glanced nervously at her husband, but Gian Galeazzo was as imperturbable as ever.

"The Lord Edmund has it," he said in a tone of cool decision, "and I continue my building. Let us go home now to dinner."

XXXV.—BACK TO THE BEGINNING.

John was decidedly startled by the little scene in the cloisters of the Certosa. If any one was to be attracted by the Light of Pavia, he had vaguely hoped it might be Edmund rather than his brother; but now that the candle had moved so suddenly and effectually towards the moth, he remembered with dismay that he himself might have to answer for the result to two great lords. His own master, Lord Kent, would of course stand to gain by it, but he would not gain what he wanted—an escape from the Stafford entanglement. The Duke—well, the Duke had spoken pretty plainly on that first evening; it was not likely that he would allow anything to tie his hands before the true moment of decision should be reached. He would be no more bound to Edmund than he considered himself bound to Frederick of Thuringia, a suitor whom he had handled so adroitly that the poor Margrave could neither carry off Lucia and her dowry once for all, nor set himself free to seek a fortune elsewhere. John feared the ducal wrath.

He need not have perturbed himself. Gian Galeazzo, having once determined that this part of the game must wait until other pieces should have moved, looked with great coolness on the escapades of a boy and girl: they were only expressing their feelings, and he had never yet failed to overrule feelings by policy when the time came. But for all his detachment, he was not careless: the ceremonies, gaieties, and athletic exercises of a brilliant court were multiplied so incessantly that the young Englishmen were distracted to the verge of deadness, and even Lucia's imperious simplicity found but few opportunities in a life that was lived perpetually among a thousand pair of eyes—the keenest in Europe. Finally, when the whirl was at its height the Duke carried off his guests to Milan, where the building of the Duomo and the festivities of another noble society engaged them afresh. They returned to Pavia in mid-June, to find that the ladies had already gone north for the summer months. Lucia had left a ring to be given secretly to Edmund; it fell, of course, into the Duke's hands, and remained there for some days. When he presented it to the young gentleman at a farewell interview, he openly named the giver, but at the same time handed to Sir Thomas a precisely similar jewel from himself. For Edmund the significance of the gift remained; for other eyes, then and afterwards, it was entirely confused.

At the end of June the Englishmen took the road again, heavily laden with the outpourings of Gian Galeazzo's munificence. Their journey was by no means over, but the tide of its excitement had now passed the full, and every

week seemed longer than the last. August they spent in the hills with the Marchese di Saluzzo, a friend and distant kinsman of the Hollands. Their host, a chivalrous and cultivated gentleman, had been present at the jousting at St Inglebert, and had introduced a description of it into his poem, "Le Chevalier Errant," which was recited more than once to the company by the Marchese's French minstrel. It gave rise to many pleasant talks and reminiscences, but led in the end to a difference which strained the patience of both author and audience. The Marchese believed, and recorded, that King Richard himself had been present at St Inglebert, but that he had been cast completely into the shade by the brilliant success of his cousin Henry of Derby. The Englishmen protested in vain that Richard, to their certain knowledge, had never been in France since his accession, and that Derby, who took part only in the later and less strenuous jousting, when the French champions had long established their superiority, could not be said to have distinguished himself at all. They felt hotly about it, for it was their own party which had borne the brunt of the contest, John himself among them, and they had come to look upon Derby with a certain hostility, partly jealous and partly caught from their elders. This feeling was now intensified by the mere accident of a mistake in a poem; they ended by forgiving the Marchese and scoring their annoyance up against the man he praised.

September they spent in France—partly in Paris, partly in Picardy with the Count of St Pol, who had married Lord Kent's sister, Maud, and was enthusiastically devoted to England and the king, his brother-in-law. He kept the travellers until the middle of October, and then accompanied them to Calais, where Richard's long-projected marriage with Isabel of France was by this time in the final stage of preparation. The ceremony took place on the 26th of October: a day of triumph for the king's party, for not only was the truce between the two countries formally prolonged for thirty years, but the French king bound himself irrevocably to Richard's interest when he placed in his hands so dear a hostage as his seven-year-old daughter. "Take her," he said with a touching forgetfulness of his royal dignity; "she is the creature I love most of all things in this world, except my son and my queen." Richard and his friends accepted the trust with real enthusiasm; the pretty childishness of the little queen appealed to them not less than her position as the sign and symbol of so great an alliance.

On the 13th of November they brought her home to London, where the splendour of her reception was only marred by the growling of Gloucester—louder than ever, because more impotent.

Towards evening the two factions became more and more

violent; the noise of jeering and even of blows came to John's ears as he sat in the hall of the New June, paying off the subordinate members of his young lord's *curia.*

"We've been away a year, William," he said to the singer, "but things don't seem to have changed much at home."

William looked tragically gloomy. "No," he replied, "the water shows no change till the dyke bursts."

"Why should it burst? Richard will rule now, if he has never ruled before. I happen to know that he had long consultations with the French king."

"He had better have talked with the chancellor," said William.

John's curiosity was pricked. "Dormans?" he asked. "What could Dormans tell him of government?"

"Nothing," replied the singer. "To deaf ears all are dumb: but there was an echo in the air yonder—'though they deny it a hundred times, kings rule by the suffrage of their people.'"

John's head went up. "That is why they so often do it ill," he retorted, and then with a sudden rush of anger, "You may believe me, my friend, when I tell you that the time has gone by for grumblers—we shall make shorter men of them presently."

Outside the uproar increased. An hour later there was close fighting up and down the city. Gloucester's partisans were cut off and driven south across the river: they got away with little serious injury, but in the jam on London Bridge the poor old Prior of Tiptree fell and was trampled to death.

XXXVI.—THE SPIDER'S LAST WEB.

In April 1397 the Earl of Kent lay dying. He was fully aware of his condition, and made no attempt to conceal it from others, but not even the faintest shadow of change was allowed to pass over his behaviour or his view of the world. To those who knew him less intimately he appeared to be an edifying example of constancy: but John, with whom, as his son's most confidential adviser, he had several consultations during these last weeks, was often amazed and sometimes scandalised at his pertinacity. It seemed unnatural to him, though Nicholas assured him that it was the most natural thing in the world, for a man who had all his life walked in the ways of craft and acquisitiveness to go on by the same path to the very edge of death itself. Certainly this man never faltered or turned aside for a moment, and John remembered his last interview with him as the strangest of all.

By Lord Kent's own request he had come to Friday Street on the morning of St George's Day: Sir Thomas had gone to Windsor with his uncle, much

against his inclination, but his father had declared that there was no risk in his absenting himself for this one day, and had added that he wished to have an hour's talk with him on the following morning.

He was still in this confident mood when John arrived, and he insisted on being left entirely alone with his visitor: even Father Gilbert, his chaplain and confessor, must quit the room with the rest. "My good father," he said in reply to an expression of reluctance, "I paid the Pope a pretty penny that you might give me plenary absolution at the most useful moment: I am not going to throw my money away—be sure you will be called when the moment comes."

He made John sit close by his bedside, and began at once to speak to him in a quiet slow voice, that sounded almost inhumanly matter-of-fact.

"It is a very awkward time for me to die," he said; "the king has laid his game well, but someone ought to be there to see that he plays it out; and then there's our own share—we shall not get much that is worth having unless we keep our heads. Tom is young—he will be too tender: and my brother is always too violent—he may make himself too unpopular for promotion. As I cannot be here myself, I must leave my instructions with one or two of the best of you, and trust that you may be able to carry them out."

John ventured to hope, quite sincerely, that they might yet have the advantage of Lord Kent's advice at the critical moment.

The dying man ignored the remark as completely as though he had not heard it.

"I select you," he continued, "because you are fairly capable, and have no personal interest in the matter: nothing to gain, I mean, one way or the other. I have taken care that you shall have nothing to gain: the king has promised me that you shall receive neither land, money, nor knighthood for at least two years from now, whatever happens; so as this business will certainly be on within two months, you will have no ambitions to make your hand unsteady."

John flushed. He did not know whether to feel more flattered or insulted at this candid treatment. But the old lord paid no kind of attention to his feelings.

"Let us take the king first," he went on; "we Hollands stand or fall with the king—like mistletoe, with no roots of its own, as some fellow said once. Huntingdon had him disciplined for it, but it is true. Well—I think Richard looks fairly safe this time: he has peace everywhere abroad, France is bound to him firmly, and at home things have changed very much for the better. No one likes Gloucester now; his grumbling is stale, and has no substance in it. Lancaster has come over completely since his Beaufort brats were put on the warm side of the blanket. Derby is a fox, but he will never risk himself to save another, and when you

have done with Gloucester you can put the dogs on to him.

"Now, remember, John Marland, there must be no weakness about this, — no weakness of either kind, no mercy and no blind rage. Gloucester dies, of course, but Arundel must die too. You must all see to that. It is unfortunate that he is my son's uncle, because remarks will be made, but the fact is irrelevant and you must none of you flinch. On the other hand, to go to extremes with Warwick would be mere self-indulgence: he is a hateful creature but a weak one, and what we need is not his blood but his broad acres. His stud, too, is worth looking after—remind Sir Thomas when the time comes. Warwick must fall to his share, because it will look better for Arundel to go to Huntingdon, who is no relation. Gloucester will cut up among the rest — Scrope and Nottingham and Despenser."

He lay back upon his pillows and closed his eyes, partly no doubt from weakness and fatigue but partly too, it seemed, in tranquil enjoyment of the conquests he was planning: there was an expression of mild thankfulness about his mouth with its drooping yellow-grey moustache, and it was even more marked when he lifted his withered leaden-coloured lids again and looked placidly at John.

"If you get through this affair well," he said, "you will see your way more clearly to the next. Lancaster, I understand, holds more than one-fourth of England: no one would raise a finger for the Beauforts, so when once old John is gone you have only young Henry of Derby to settle with. Remember that I am against your moving while Lancaster is alive: if you do, you must use a stalking-horse —Nottingham or Salisbury—but it would be far better to wait. In the meantime keep Richard up to the mark about titles: Sir Thomas and Huntingdon must both be dukes if they are to be suitable candidates for any good portion of Lancaster's holding."

John was as capable as any one else of distinguishing right and wrong. He knew that the plans to which he had been listening were a subtly woven tissue of cunning, greed, and callousness, but he was not conscious of any feeling of repulsion; on the contrary, he was tempted to smile at what he heard. This quiet, shrunken, decrepit old man, so near the end of all his powers, was plotting the removal of great landmarks and the foundation of splendid fortunes as coolly as a sick child might plot the rearrangement of his father's garden. Historic dynasties were to be uprooted here and new ones planted there without sanction and without difficulty. There was an air of unreality over the whole thing, and the contrast between these gigantic crimes and the feebleness of their proposer was decidedly humorous. Nevertheless John concealed his smiles.

"The Imperial Crown," continued Lord Kent in a musing tone, "I hardly know what to

say about that. The Germans are plainly tired of that drunken sot Wenceslas, but their offer was not a firm one. It was I who got Richard to send the Commission of Inquiry. You understand that it does not matter which way they report. If favourably, the king gains enough popularity to strike at once; if, on the other hand, they find there is little or no chance for him, they are to say that the electors consider his position too insecure while certain malcontents are at large. That gives him a pretext against Gloucester: the Commissioners will be back in a few weeks now, so you must be getting ready. Now let me hear you repeat my instructions."

At that John's brain reeled: never had any blow so stunned him. The humour, the unreality, the scenic remoteness had all disappeared in a flash; he had been pushed at one stride upon the stage, as he had thought it, and found the play after all deadly earnest and the daggers sharp. He was silent — the power of speech seemed to have deserted him, —but the mere effort to put this villany into words of his own had suddenly shown him the truth. He had looked into the cup that he was ordered to hand on, and he saw that the draught was more than half of it rank poison.

"Have I made myself understood?" asked the quiet, tired voice.

"Perfectly," replied John, "perfectly."

"Then let me hear you repeat my instructions."

There was no escape. "You wish," stammered John desperately,—"you wish the king to impeach the Duke of Gloucester and the Earl of Arundel: you wish . . ." and he went miserably through the whole scheme, seeking refuge at every step behind the phrase which seemed to divide his superior's responsibility from his own. At last it was over, and he had time to comfort himself by the reflection that nothing could induce him to keep the plot alive a moment after its author's death.

"Now," said Lord Kent with satisfaction, "I have explained things to my brother Huntingdon and to you: you show the more intelligence, he has the more goodwill. There remains only Swynnerton; he should be here by this time. Be good enough to send him to me directly he arrives."

Swynnerton! John heard the name with the despairing rage of the drowning man who feels that he can no longer bear up against the stream.

XXXVII.—MEN AND MOTIVES.

That night John and Swynnerton met for a handshake only, but they sat together for an hour next morning in the hall of the great house in Friday Street, while Sir Thomas and Edmund were taking their turns in their father's room

upstairs, and John found that, in spite of painful associations, there was a good deal of pleasure in renewing what had once been so intimate an acquaintance. Swynnerton certainly was not the old Roger of the days of St Inglebert, but still less did he appear to be the ruffian John had at one time thought him. He was still short of speech and decided in manner; but he had acquired the urbanity of the man of substance, and his peculiarities were now rounded into a general impression of character and good sense. He spoke gravely and dispassionately of Gloucester's position, and John felt reassured. Then the old warmth began to rekindle as he remembered that Roger had left a wife and a very comfortable home to take his share of the risks they were about to face, and heard that he, too, by Lord Kent's arrangement, was to receive no immediate reward.

Lord Huntingdon passed through the hall while they were talking and went upstairs. Ten minutes afterwards Sir Thomas came down, glowing with an excitement which he controlled but could not conceal.

"Isn't my father a masterpiece?" he exclaimed in the sudden, eager manner which he had not yet left behind. "There he lies dying by inches, but he thinks of everything and everybody. He has given in about my marriage; and he has got my uncle round too: we have just shaken hands on it."

John offered no congratulations and Sir Thomas commented on the omission.

"I beg your pardon," John explained. "I was wondering what Lord Stafford would say."

"So am I," replied Tom. "My father says he gave him a hint some time last year; but he thinks it would be better if I opened the question afresh on my own account, without any mention of him."

"Quite so," said John, and fell to musing once more over the wide and intricate web of guile, in the midst of which this old spider lay waiting helplessly for the last enemy to destroy him in his turn. Clearly he had foreseen that the question of this marriage would inevitably be raised once more as soon as Tom had succeeded to his earldom, and might prove fatal to his combinations by dividing nephew from uncle: he had therefore won over Huntingdon to withdraw his objections at this last solemn interview. John had no reason to disapprove of the move, but it reminded him unpleasantly of the greedy and cold-blooded purposes for which the whole web had been woven, and his face clouded perceptibly.

"What is there to look so black about?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Nothing; I was only thinking."

"Thinking in thunder," said Sir Thomas,—"rattle it out, man."

Why not? John took a sudden resolution. "The truth

is," he said, "I was wondering how far my lord has laid his plans before you, and how far he has left it to us to do—afterwards."

Sir Thomas nodded gravely at the last word. "I think he has told me everything," he replied, "but of course we shall talk it all over." His face brightened. "He says we have only a few weeks to wait now. There are archers on the way already — two thousand of them, from Cheshire: the best shots in England, and every man as tough as his own bowstring."

John still looked gloomy.

"Come, John," said his young lord, "I don't understand you. You and I have been hoping for a war these five years, and now you look glum when it comes."

"Not I," replied John; "I'll take the fighting thankfully: but what comes afterwards?"

"I have no idea," said Tom cheerfully, "and upon my word I don't care."

"What?" cried John incredulously, "you don't care? What do you look to gain, then?"

"To lose, you mean," replied Tom, laughing. "We hope to lose the sound of Gloucester's scolding. By the way," he added, "I've not heard where we are to send the fellow when we've caught him."

John made no reply: Swynnerton stretched his right hand open, and brought it down edgeways upon the palm of his left with a sharp sound.

Tom stopped laughing and turned to John. "Seriously," he said, "what does it all matter to us? We have a good cause and a good fight: we win gloriously, and the king reigns as a king should reign. He has never had a fair chance yet." He spoke with a touch of boyish enthusiasm that warmed John's heart.

"Right!" he replied more brightly, "only I heard of other motives—upstairs."

"Ah!" cried Tom, "don't spoil it all with motives. A sick man has his fancies—shut up indoors day after day, it is not to be wondered at—but we needn't take much account of them."

Lord Huntingdon here passed through and called to Swynnerton, who rose and followed him out of the house. Sir Thomas nodded after them over his shoulder.

"There goes my uncle," he said, "with another set of motives: he offered me some, but I said 'Thank you, I would rather take the game as it comes.'" He rattled on for some time in the same vein, to John's unspeakable comfort: and then dismissed him for the night to the New June.

(*To be continued.*)

BY ANCIENT ROUTES THROUGH THE UPPER EGYPTIAN DESERT.

I. THE EASTERN DESERT AND ITS INTERESTS.

BY ARTHUR E. P. WEIGALL.

I KNOW a young man who declares that after reading a certain explorer's description of a journey across the burning Sahara he found to his amazement that his nose was covered with freckles. The reader will perhaps remember how, on some rainy day in his childhood, he has sat over the fire and has read sea-stories and dreamed sea-dreams until his lips, he will swear, have tasted salt. Alas, one's little agility in the art of narration is wholly inadequate for the production, at this time of life, of any such phenomena upon the gentle skins of those who chance to read these pages. Were one a master-maker of literature, one might herewith lead the imaginative so straight into the boisterous breezes of Egypt, one might hold them so entranced in the sunlight which streams over the desert, that they would feel, wherever they might be seated, the tingling glow of the sun and the wind upon their cheeks, and would hold their hands to their eyes as a shelter from the glare. The walls of their rooms would fall flat as those of Jericho, and outside they would see the advancing host of the invaders — the sunshine, the north wind, the scudding clouds, the circling eagles, the glistening sand, the blue shadows, and the rampant rocks. And the night closing over the sack of their city, they would see the moonlight, the brilliant stars, the fluttering bats, the solemn owls; and they would hear the wailing of the hyænas and the barking of the dogs in the distant camps. If one only possessed the ability one might weave such a magic carpet for those who knew how to ride upon it, that, deserting the fallen Jericho of their habitation, they would fly to the land of the invaders which they had seen, and there they would be kept as spell-bound and dazzled by the eyes of the wilderness as ever a child was dazzled by a tale of the sea.

But with this ability lacking it is very doubtful whether the reader will be able to appreciate the writer's meaning; and, without the carpet, it is a far cry from Upper Egypt, where these words are written, to the fireside where they are read. Nevertheless I will venture to give an account here of some journeys made in the Upper Egyptian desert, in the hope rather of arousing interest in a fascinating country than of placing on record much information of value to science; although the reader interested

in Egyptian archæology will find some new material upon which to speculate.

The Upper Egyptian desert is a country known only to a very few. The resident, as well as the visitor, in Egypt raises his eyes from the fertile valley of the Nile to the bare hills, and lowers them once more with the feeling that he has looked at the wall of the garden, the boundary of the land. There is, however, very much to be seen and studied behind this wall; and those who penetrate into the solitudes beyond will assuredly find themselves in a world of new colours, new forms, and new interests. In the old days precious metal was sought here, ornamental stone was quarried, trade routes passed through to the Red Sea, and the soldiery of Egypt, and later of Rome, marched from station to station amidst its hills. The desert as one sees it now is, so to speak, peopled with the ghosts of the Old World; and on hidden hill-slopes or in obscure valleys one meets with the remains of ancient settlements scattered through the length and breadth of the country.

The number of persons who have had the energy to climb the garden wall and to wander into this great wilderness is so small that one might count the names upon the fingers. Lepsius, the German Egyptologist, passed over some of the routes on which antiquities were to be met with; Golénischeff, the Russian Egyptologist, checked some of his results; Schweinfurth, the German explorer, penetrated to many of the unknown localities, and mapped a great part of the country; Bellefonds Bey, the Director-General of Public Works in Egypt under Muhammed Aly, made a survey of the mineral belt lying between the river and the Red Sea; and during the last score of years various prospectors and miners have visited certain points of interest to them. The Government Survey Department is now engaged in mapping this Eastern Desert, and two most valuable reports have already been published; while for a few years there existed a Mines Department, whose director, Mr John Wells, made himself acquainted with many of the routes and most of the mining centres. Thus, most of the journeys here to be recorded have not been made over absolutely new ground; though, except for the expert reports of the Survey Department and some papers by Schweinfurth, it would be a difficult matter to unearth any literature on the subject. In describing these journeys, one is often enabled to indulge in the not unpleasing recollection that one is writing of places which no other European eyes have seen.

Those who have travelled in Egypt will not need to be told how the Nile, flowing down from the Sudan to the distant sea, pushes its silvery way through the wide desert: now passing between the granite hills, now through regions of sandstone, and now under the limestone cliffs. A strip of

verdant cultivated land, seldom more than six or eight miles wide, and often only as many yards, borders the broad river; and beyond this, on either side, is the desert. In Upper Egypt one may seldom take an afternoon's ride due east or due west without passing out either on to the sun-baked sand of a limitless wilderness or into the liquid shadows of the towering hills. For the present we are not concerned with the western desert, which actually forms part of the great Sahara, and one's back may therefore be turned upon it.

Eastwards, behind the hills or over the sand, there is in most parts of the country a wide undulating plain, broken here and there by the limestone outcrops. Here the sun beats down from a vast sky, and the traveller feels himself but a fly crawling upon a brazen table. In all directions the desert stretches, until, in a leaden haze, the hot sand meets the hot sky. The hillocks and points of rock rise like islands from the floods of the mirage in which they are reflected; and sometimes there are clumps of withered bushes to tell of the unreality of the waters.

The scenery here is often of exquisite beauty; and its very monotony lends to it an interest when for a while the grouping of the hills ceases to offer new pictures and new harmonies to the eye. Setting out on a journey towards the Red Sea one rides on camel-back over this rolling plain, with the sun bombarding one's helmet from above and the wind charging it from the flank; and, as noonday approaches, one often looks in vain for a rock under which to find shade. Naturally the glaring sand is far hotter than the shady earth under the palms in the cultivation; but the stagnant, dusty, fly-filled air of the groves is not to be compared with the clear atmosphere up in the wilderness. There are no evil odours here, breeding sickness and beckoning death. The wind blows so purely that one might think it had not touched earth since the gods released it from the golden caverns. The wide ocean itself has not less to appeal to the sense of smell than has the fair desert.

Descending from the camel for lunch, one lies on one's back upon the sand and stares up at the deep blue of the sky and the intense whiteness of a passing cloud. Raising oneself, the Nile valley may still be seen, perhaps, with its palms floating above the vaporous mirage; and away in the distance the pale cliffs rise. Then across one's range of sight a butterfly zigzags, blazing in the sunlight; and behind it the blue becomes darker and the white more extreme. Around one, on the face of the desert, there is a jumbled collection of things beautiful: brown flints, white pebbles of limestone, yellow fragments of sandstone, orange-coloured ochre, transparent pieces of gypsum, carnelian and alabaster chips, glittering quartz. Across the clear

patches of sand there are all manner of recent footprints, and the incidental study of these is one of the richest delights of a desert journey. Here one may see the four-pronged footprints of some wagtail, and there the larger marks of a crow. An eagle's and a vulture's footmarks are often to be observed, and the identification of those of birds such as the desert partridge or of the cream-coloured courser is a happy exercise for one's ingenuity. Here the light, wiggly line of a lizard's rapid tour abroad attracts the attention, reminding one of some American globe-trotter's route over Europe; and there the footprints of the jerboa are seen leading in short jumps towards its hole. Jackals or foxes leave their dainty pad-marks in all directions, and one may sometimes come across the heavy prints of a hyæna, while it is not unusual to meet with those of a gazelle.

In the afternoon one rides onwards, and perhaps a hazy view of the granite hills may now be obtained in the far distance ahead. The sun soon loses its strength, and shines in slanting lines over the desert, so that one sees oneself in shadow stretched out to amazing lengths, as though the magnetic power of night in the east were already dragging in the reluctant darknesses to its dark self. Each human or camel footprint in the sand is at this hour a basin filled with blue shade, while every larger dent in the desert's surface is brimful of that same blue; and the colour is so opaque that an Arab lying therein clad in his blue shirt is almost indistinguishable at a distance. Above one the white clouds go tearing by, too busy, too intent, it would seem, on some far-off goal to hover blushing around the sun. The light fades, and the camp is pitched on the open plain; and now one is glad to wrap oneself in a large overcoat, and to swallow the hot tea which has been prepared over a fire of the dried scrub of the desert.

The nights in the desert are as beautiful as the days, though in winter they are often bitterly cold. With the assistance of a warm bed and plenty of blankets, however, one may sleep in the open in comfort; and only those who have known this vast bedroom will understand how beautiful night may be. If one turns to the east, one may stare at Mars flashing red somewhere over Arabia, and westwards there is Jupiter blazing above the Sahara. One looks up and up at the expanse of star-strewn blue, and one's mind journeys of itself into the place of dreams before sleep has come to conduct it thither. The dark desert drops beneath one; the bed floats in mid air, with planets above and below. Could one but peer over the side, earth would be seen as small and vivid as the moon. But a trance holds the body inactive, and the eyes are fixed upon the space above. Then, quietly, a puff of wind brings one down again to realities as it passes from darkness to darkness. Consciousness returns

quickly and gently, points out the aspect of the night, indicates the larger celestial bodies, and as quickly and gently leaves one again to the tender whispers of sleep.

When there is moonlight there is more to carry the eye into the region of dreams on earth than there is in the heavens; for the desert spreads out around one in a silver, shimmering haze, and no limit can be placed to its horizons. The eye cannot tell where the sand meets the sky, nor can the mind know whether there is any meeting. In the dimness of coming sleep one wonders whether the hands of the sky are always just out of reach of those of the desert, whether there is always another mile to journey and always another hill to climb; and, wondering, one drifts into unconsciousness. At dawn the light brings one back to earth in time to see the sun pass up from behind the low hills. In contrast to the vague night the proceeding is rapid and business-like. The light precedes its monarch only by half an hour or so; and ere the soft colours have been fully appreciated, the sun appears over the rocks and flings a sharp beam into the eyes of every living thing, so that in a moment the camp is stirred and awakened.

During the second or third day's ride one generally enters the granite regions, and one is lost amidst the intricate valleys which pass between the peaks of the hills. Here one may find plenty of shelter from the sun's rays in the shadow of the cliffs; and as one's camel jogs along over the hard gravel tracks, or as one sits for refreshment with one's back propped against a great grey boulder, the view which is to be enjoyed is often magnificent. On the one side the dark granite, porphyry, or breccia rocks rise up like the towered and buttressed walls of some fairy-tale city; while on the other side range rises behind range, and a thousand peaks harmonise their delicate purples and greys with the blue of the sky. When the sun sets these lofty peaks are flushed with pink, and, like mediators between earth and heaven, carry to the dark valleys the tale of a glory which one cannot see. There is usually plenty of scrub to be found in the valleys with which to build the evening fires, and with good luck one might replenish the food-supplies with the tender flesh of the gazelle. Every two or three days one may camp beside a well of pure water, where the camels may drink, and from which the portable tanks may be refilled.

Near these wells there are sometimes a few Bedwin to be found tending their little herds of goats: quiet, harmless sons of the desert, who generally own allegiance to some *shêkh* living in the Nile Valley. One's guides and camel-men exchange greetings with them, and pass the latest news over the camp fires. Often, however, one may journey for many days without meeting either a human being or a four-footed animal, though on the well-marked tracks the prints of goats and goatherds,

camels and camel-men, are apparent.

No matter in what direction one travels, hardly a day passes on which one does not meet with some trace of ancient activity. Here it will be a deserted gold-mine, there a quarry; here a ruined fortress or town, and there an inscription upon the rocks. Indications of the present day are often so lacking, and Time seems to be so much at a standstill, that one slips back in imagination to the dim elder days. The years fall from one like a garment doffed, and one experiences a sense of relief from their weight. A kind of exhilaration, moreover, goes with the thought of the life of the men of thousands of years ago who lived amongst these changeless hills and valleys. Their days were so full of adventure: they were beset with dangers. One has but to look at the fortified camps, the watch-towers on the heights, the beacons along the high-roads, to realise how brave were the "olden times." One of the peculiar charms of these hills of the Eastern Desert is their impregnation with the atmosphere of a shadowy adventurous past. One's mind is conscious, if it may be so expressed, of the ghosts of old sights, the echoes of old sounds. Dead ambitions, dead terrors, drift through these valleys on the wind, or lurk behind the tumbled rocks. Rough inscriptions on these rocks tell how this captain or that centurion here rested, and on the very spot the modern traveller rests to ease the self-same aches and to enjoy the self-same shade before moving on towards an identical goal in the east.

On the third or fourth day after leaving the Nile one passes beneath the mountains, which here rise sometimes to as much as 6000 feet; and beyond these the road slopes through the valleys down to the barren Red Sea coast, which may be any distance from 100 to 400 miles from the Nile. Kossair is the one town on the coast opposite Upper Egypt, as it was also in ancient times; and Berenice, opposite Lower Nubia, is the only other town north of Sudan territory. These towns do a fast-diminishing trade with Arabia, and a handful of Egyptian coastguards is kept mildly busy in the prevention of smuggling. The few inhabitants of the Egyptian coast fish, sleep, say their prayers, or dream in the shade of their hovels until death at an extremely advanced age releases them from the boredom of existence. Those of them who are of Arab stock sometimes enliven their days by shooting one another in a more or less sporting manner, and by wandering to other and more remote settlements thereafter; but those of Egyptian blood have not the energy even for this amount of exertion. There is a lethargy over the desert which contrasts strangely with one's own desire for activity under the influence of the sun and the wind, and of the records of ancient toil which are to be observed on all sides. It must be that we of the present day come as the sons

of a race still in its youth; and in this silent land we meet only with the worn-out remnant of a people who have been old these thousands of years.

There was a threefold reason for the activities of the ancients in the Eastern Desert. Firstly, from Koptos, a city on the Nile not far from Thebes, to Kossair there ran the great trade-route with Arabia, Persia, and India; from Suez to Koptos there was a route by which the traders from Syria often travelled; from Edfu to Berenice there was a trade-route for the produce of Southern Arabia and the ancient land of Pount; while other roads from point to point of the Nile were often used as short-cuts. Secondly, in this desert there were very numerous gold mines, the working of which was one of the causes which made Egypt the richest country of the ancient world. And thirdly, the ornamental stones which were to be quarried in the hills were in continuous requisition for the buildings and statuary of Egypt, Assyria, Persia, and Rome.

There is much to be said in regard to the gold-mining, but here space will not permit of more than the most cursory review of the information. Gold was used in Egypt at a date considerably prior to the beginning of written history in Dynasty I., and there are many archaic objects richly decorated with that metal. The situation of many of the early cities of the Nile valley is due solely to this industry. When two cities of high antiquity are in close proximity to one another on opposite banks of the river, as is often the case in Upper Egypt, one generally finds that the city on the western bank is the older of the two. In the case of Diospolis Parva and Khenoboskion, which stand opposite to one another, the former, on the west bank, is the more ancient and is the capital of the province, and the latter, on the east bank, does not date earlier than Dynasty VI. Of Ombos and Koptos, the former, on the west bank, has prehistoric cemeteries around it, while the latter, on the east bank, dates from Dynasty I. at the earliest. Hieraconpolis and Eileithyiapolis stand opposite to each other, and the former, which is on the west bank, is certainly the more ancient. Of Elephantine and Syene the latter, on the east bank, is by far the less ancient. And in the case of Pselchis and Baki (Kubbân), the former, on the west bank, has near it an archaic fortress; while the latter, on the east bank, does not date earlier than Dynasty XII. The reason of this is to be found in the fact that most of the early cities were engaged in gold-mining, and despatched caravans into the Eastern Desert for that purpose. These cities were usually built on the western bank of the river, since the main routes of communication from end to end of Egypt passed along the western desert. Mining stations had, therefore, to be founded on the eastern bank opposite to the parent cities; and these stations soon became cities

themselves as large as those on the western shore. Thus the antiquity of the eastern city in each of these cases indicates at least that same antiquity for the mining of gold.

Throughout what is known as the old kingdom, gold was used in ever-increasing quantities, but an idea of the wealth of the mines will best be obtained from the records of the Empire. About 250,000 grains of gold were drawn by the Vizir Rekhmara in taxes from Upper Egypt, and this was but a small item in comparison with the taxes levied in kind. A king of a north Syrian state wrote to Amonhotep III., the Pharaoh of Egypt, asking for gold, and towards the end of his letter he says: "Let my brother send gold in very large quantities, without measure, and let him send more gold to me than he did to my father; for in my brother's land gold is as common as dust." To the god Amon alone Rameses III. presented some 26,000 grains of gold, and to the other gods he gave at the same time very large sums. In later times the High Priest of Amon was made also director of the gold mines, and it was the diverting of this vast wealth from the crown to the church which was mainly responsible for the fall of the Ramesside line.

A subject must here be introduced which will ever remain of interest to the speculative. Some have thought that the southern portion of this desert is to be identified with the Ophir of the Bible, and that the old gold-workings here are none other than "King Solomon's Mines." In the Book of Kings one reads, "And King Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom. And Hiram sent in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon. And they came to Ophir, and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty talents, and brought it to King Solomon." Ophir cannot be identified with Arabia, since there is no gold there; and hence one may seek this land of ancient wealth at the southern end of the Eastern Egyptian Desert. If it is argued that the Hebrews would have found difficulties in carrying on mining operations unmolested in Egyptian territory, it may be contended on the other hand that King Solomon may have made some bargain with the Pharaoh: for example, that the former might mine in a certain tract of desert if the latter might cut timber in the Lebanon. The purchase of cedar-wood by the Egyptians is known to have taken place at about this period, payment in gold being made; and therefore it does not require an undue stretch of the imagination to suppose that the Hebrews themselves mined the gold. Again, at the time when King Solomon reigned in all his glory in Palestine, the short-lived Pharaohs of Egypt sat upon tottering thrones, and were wholly unable to protect the Eastern Desert from invasion. The Egyptians often state that they encountered

hostile forces in this land, and these may not always have consisted of Bedwin marauders.

No savant has accepted for a moment the various theories which place Ophir at the southern end of the African continent; and the most common view is that Solomon obtained his gold from the land of Pount, so often referred to in Egyptian inscriptions. This country is thought to have been situated in the neighbourhood of Suakin; but, as Professor Naville points out, it is a somewhat vague geographical term, and may include a large tract of country to the north and south of this point. One cannot imagine the Hebrews penetrating very far over the unknown seas to the perilous harbours of Middle Africa: one pictures them more easily huddled in the less dangerous ports of places such as Kossair or Berenice, or at farthest in that of Suakin. It is, thus, quite probable that some of the gold-workings in the desert here described are actually King Solomon's Mines, and that the country through which the reader will be conducted is the wonderful Ophir itself. Certainly there is no one who can state conclusively that it is not.

Work continued with unabated energy during the later periods of Egyptian history, and the Persian, Greek, and Roman treasuries were filled consecutively with the produce of the mines. Several classical writers make reference to these operations, and sometimes one is told the actual name and situation of the workings. Diodorus gives a description of the mines in the Wady Alagi, and tells how the work was done. The miners wore a lamp tied to their forehead. The stone was carried to the surface by children, and was pounded in stone mortars by iron pestles. It was then ground to a fine powder by old men and women. This powdered ore was washed on inclined tables, the residue being placed in earthen crucibles with lead, salt, and tin for fluxes, and was there baked for five days. Agatharchides describes how the prisoners and negroes hewed out the stone and, with unutterable toil, crushed it in mills and washed out the grains of gold. The Arabic historian, El Macrizi, states that during the reign of Ahmed ben Teilun there was great activity in the mining industry throughout the Eastern Desert, and Cufic inscriptions of this date found in the old workings confirm this statement. From then, until modern times, however, little work was done; but in recent years, as the reader will no doubt know, many of the ancient workings have been reopened, and one must admit that if these are really to be regarded as King Solomon's Mines, that potentate must have had a somewhat lower opinion of Ophir than tradition indicates.

The other cause for the ancient activity in the Eastern Desert was, as has been said, the need of ornamental stone for the making of vases, statues, and architectural accessories.

From the earliest times bowls and vases of alabaster, breccia, diorite, and other fine stones were used by the Egyptians, and the quarries must have already formed quite a flourishing industry. Soon the making of statuettes, and later of statues, enlarged this industry, and with the growth of civilisation it steadily increased. The galleries of the Cairo Museum, and those of European museums, are massed with statues and other objects cut in stone brought from the hills between the Nile and the Red Sea. The breccia quarries of Wady Hammamat were worked from archaic to Roman days; the Tourquoise Mountains, not far from Kossair, supplied the markets of the ancient world; white granite was taken from the hills of Um Etgal; there were two or three alabaster quarries in constant use; and in the time of the Roman Empire the famous Imperial porphyry was quarried in the mountains of Gebel Dukhan. One may still see blocks of breccia at Hammamat, of granite at Um Etgal, or of porphyry at Dukhan, lying abandoned at the foot of the hills, although numbered and actually addressed to the Cæsars. The towns in which the quarrymen lived still stand in defiance of the years, and the traveller who has the energy to penetrate into the distant valleys where they are situated may there walk through streets untrodden since the days of Nero and Trajan, and yet still littered with the chippings from the dressing of the blocks.

In the old days the provisioning of the mining and quarrying settlements must have taxed the ingenuity even of the Egyptians; and the establishing of workable lines of communication with the distant Nile must have required the most careful organisation. The caravans bringing food were of great size, for there were often several thousands of hungry miners to be fed. In Dynasty VI. one reads of 200 donkeys and 50 oxen being used in the transport, and in Dynasty XI. 60,000 loaves of bread formed the daily requirements in food of one expedition. In late Ramesside times the food of an expedition of some 9000 men was carried on ten large carts, each drawn by six yoke of oxen, while porters "innumerable" are said to have been employed. The families of the workmen generally lived on the spot, and these also had to be fed—a fact which is indicated, too, by an inscription which states that in one expedition each miner required twenty loaves of bread per diem.

Whenever this organisation broke down the consequences must have been awful. In this quarrying expedition in Ramesside times, consisting of 9000 men, 10 per cent of them died from one cause or another; and later writers speak of the "horrors" of the mines. In summer the heat is intense in the desert, and the wells could not always have supplied sufficient water. The rocks are then so hot that they cannot be touched by the bare

hand, and one s boots are little protection to the feet. Standing in the sunlight, the ring has to be removed from one's finger, for the hot metal burns a blister upon the flesh. After a few hours of exercise there is a white lather upon the lips, and the eyes are blinded with the moisture which has collected around them; and thus what the quarrymen and miners must have suffered as they worked upon the scorching stones no tongue can tell.

In ancient Egyptian times the camel was regarded as a curious beast from a far country, and was seldom, if ever, put to any use in Egypt. Only three or four representations of it are now known, and it never occurs amongst any of the animals depicted upon the walls of the tombs, although bears, elephants, giraffes, and other foreign and rare creatures, are there shown. It was an Asiatic animal, and was not introduced into Egypt as an agent of transportation until the days of the ubiquitous Romans. Donkeys, oxen, and human beings, were alone used in Pharaonic days for transporting the necessities of the labourers, and the produce of their work; and probably the officials were carried to and fro in sedan-chairs. Even in Roman days there is nothing to show that the camel was very largely employed, and one may not amuse oneself too confidently with the picture of a centurion of the Empire astride the hump of the rolling ship of the desert.

Nowadays, of course, one travels entirely by camel in the desert. For an expedition of fifteen days or so one generally requires about a dozen camels all told, and one or two guides. Some of the animals carry the water in portable tanks; others are loaded with the tents and beds; and others carry the boxes of tinned food and bottled drinks. The whole caravan rattles and bumps as it passes through the echoing valleys, and one's cook rises from amidst a clattering medley of saucepans and kettles which are slung around his saddle. The camels are obtained, at the rate of two to three shillings per diem, from some *shêkh*, who holds himself more or less responsible for one's safety. With a steady steed and a good saddle there are few means of locomotion so enjoyable as camel-riding. Once the art is learnt it is never forgotten, and after the tortures of the first day or so of the first expedition, one need never again suffer from stiffness, though many months may elapse between the journeys. This preliminary suffering is due to one's inability at the outset to adjust the muscles to the peculiar motion; but the knowledge comes unconsciously after a while and ever remains.

One jogs along at the rate of about four and a half or five miles an hour, and some thirty miles a day is covered with ease. The baggage camels travel at about three miles an hour. They start first, are passed during the morning, catch one up at the long rest for luncheon, are again passed during the afternoon, and ar-

rive about an hour after the halt has been called. If possible, all the camels drink every second day, but they are quite capable of going strongly for three or four days without water, and, when really necessary, can travel for a week or more through a land without wells.

While the Mines Department was in existence experiments were tried with automobiles and motor bicycles, which were by no means unsuccessful. Many of the main roads in the Eastern Desert pass over hard gravel, and a motor may be driven with safety over the unprepared camel tracks. If wells were sunk every ten or fifteen miles, there would be no dangers to be feared from a breakdown; and under favourable circumstances the journey from the Nile to the Red Sea might be accomplished in a morning. In the future one may picture the energetic tourist leaving his Luxor or Cairo hotel, whirling over the open plains where now one crawls, rushing through the valleys in which the camel-rider lingers, penetrating to the remote ruins and deserted workings, and emerging breathless on to the golden coast of the sea, to wave his handkerchief to his friends upon the decks of the Indian liners.

The time must surely come when the owners of automobiles in Egypt will sicken of the short roads around Cairo, and will venture beyond the garden wall towards the rising sun. Whether it will be that the re-working of the gold mines and the quarries of ornamental stone will attract the attention of these persons to this wonderful wilderness, or that the enterprising automobilists will pave the way for the miners and the quarrymen, it is certain that some day the desert will blossom with the rose once more, and the rocks reverberate with the sound of many voices. Had I now in my two open hands pearls, diamonds, and rubies, how gladly would I give them—or some of them—for the sight of the misty mountains of the Eastern Desert, and for the feel of the sharp air of the hills! One looks forward with enthusiasm to the next visit to these unknown regions, and one cannot but feel that those who have it in their power to travel there are missing much in remaining within the walls of the little garden of the Nile. One hears in the imagination the camels grunting as their saddles are adjusted; one feels the tingle of the morning air; and one itches to be off again, "over the hills and far away," into the solitary splendour of the desert.

MORE LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY CRICKETER.

VII.

DRAWN games, of which there have been far too many in the last twenty years, are to the really keen cricketer vanity and vexation of spirit. For a drawn match implies toil without reward, hope unrealised, and a negative result of one, two, or three days' occupation. Two drawn games, especially, will rankle in my mind—a certain match in Shropshire, in which I was entirely to blame, having missed an easy catch and bungled a still easier "run out" when nothing but time was needed to secure an easy victory; another match on the Grange ground in Edinburgh, where some scoundrels broke into the pavilion on the night after the first day's cricket, and by stealing our boots and flannels not only curtailed play on the second day by at least an hour, but temporarily rendered one good bowler, who was endowed with an abnormally long foot, incapable of bowling by reason of the absence of spikes. In the end our antagonists' last wicket fell within a quarter of an hour of "Time," and we were left with forty runs or thereabouts to get.

But on the other hand—for every rule has its exception—there are two particular drawn matches, both played some twenty years ago, to which I look back with positive pleasure.

One of them was played by a country-house XI. against what is, or at any rate at that time used to be, far and away the most sporting village in Northants. A village, too, whereof a large majority of the inhabitants were cobblers, Radicals, I should imagine, for choice — nay, even for all I know to the contrary, imbued with socialistic ideas; strangely independent, at all events, in their manner of address, but clean-tongued, civil, and well-conditioned. I speak of them as I found them on the cricket-field, where their XI. played the game like gentlemen and sportsmen. And the onlookers, who lay about in little groups all round the ground — for our match was always a feature in the programme of the feast-week, during which even cobblers are privileged to make holiday —if occasionally a little caustic in their criticisms, formed quite as orderly and well-conducted a ring as will be found at the "'Varsity" match at Lord's. Of necessity, partly, no doubt. For I take it that my good friend K—— the captain, and C—— the secretary, of the R.C.C. would have made short work of a spectator who either wilfully interfered with the pro-

gress of the game or intentionally hurt the feelings of any member of the visiting side.

What is still more to the point, these cobbler friends of mine were as *bonâ fide* an amateur team as our own. Once, if not twice, a single professional, it is true, did figure on their side. But though I never asked him the question, I shall always retain the impression that for those two days in the year the worthy Joe B——, who, as I happened to know, was on his holiday, was to all intents and purposes playing as an amateur. For he not only loved the game on its own merits, but was a temporary resident in the district, and, I take it, not sorry to avail himself of the chance of renewing, as an antagonist, that friendship which he had contracted with several of us who had been his colleagues, in many a hard-fought game when the world was a few years younger.

"I'm fairly on the job this year, sorr, and so I tell you. And you're not going to hit me as I seen you hit old Tom W—— when me and you played at St Albans."

So he greeted me one morning on our arrival, and just an hour later I had the pleasure of landing him out of the ground twice in the same over.

"Well, I'm dommed!" he remarked, when I wound up with a three which brought me to his end. "I did hope as they might have learned you better. But I don't know as you ain't wuss nor you was, and that were bad enough!"

But were my cobblers good cricketers? On their own ground, very. At all events, a difficult side to beat. Bad cricketers, perhaps, then. For did not Soult once say that the British must be bad soldiers, because they did not even know when they were beaten? Our host always took down a distinctly strong amateur side, quite strong enough in those days to make a good show at Lord's against any but one or two of the second-class counties. In the four years when I played at R—— I cannot recall that we were actually beaten. But once at least we had to scrape a bit at the finish to secure a draw, and to the best of my recollection once only we fairly cracked the nut.

In the drawn game, however, to which I am making more especial allusion, at the end of the first day's play it was—*pace* the clerk of the weather—all Lombard Street to an orange on our securing an easy victory. And for once in a way the clerk of the weather behaved like a perfect gentleman. We had won the toss, and had knocked up some two hundred and odd runs on a ground that did not lend itself easily to rapid scoring,—a ground, that is, on which, except for an occasional spot, the wicket was generally excellent, but where the batsman who made his runs on the carpet was more likely to find himself scoring singles than boundaries. And then one of our bowlers

had been lucky enough to hit upon that occasional spot, and had not only shelled the opposition out once for somewhere about forty runs, but had gone a good way towards repeating the performance. Six wickets —presumably the cream of the batting—down for about thirty in the second innings, and a hundred and thirty runs still wanting in order to save a single innings defeat! This did not look promising for a full day's cricket on Saturday. So evidently thought K——, the cobbler's captain, quite the last man in the world to throw up the sponge under ordinary circumstances. As it happened, our annual match—the "Grand Match" as the posters called it —was a gate-money affair, the one gate-money match, I believe, of the season, intended to replenish the coffers of a plucky but by no means wealthy club. The state of the game then was an unusually weighty consideration.

So K——, still wearing his pads,—for like a good captain he had gone in earlier than usual to stop the rot, and was still undefeated, — approached our host as we were taking our seats in the brake.

"I don't know what you think, Mr H——," he remarked, "but—well, as you know, sir, the gate-money gives us a bit of a lift, and we should like to have had a full day's play to-morrow. Now, will you allow us to give ourselves beaten, and start a return match to-morrow? It's not quite cricket, I know. But we know that you gentlemen only come here to oblige us, and under the circumstances—well, what do you think yourself, sir?"

"Why, begin early, of course, finish off this game, and then start a return at once. I don't like given games—I like to win them. Besides, you're not all out yet, K——; we've got to see your back first, before we win."

After a moment's hesitation K—— admitted that this would be the best cricketing solution of the difficulty, and it was accordingly so arranged.

"Eleven o'clock sharp, then," shouted our host, as we drove off. "We shall be up to time."

My next-door neighbour in the brake was an amateur wicket-keeper of some standing, whom I had personally tempted to play in the match by dilating upon the merits of the cobblers as all-round cricketers and thoroughly good sportsmen. He now began to take exception to some points in my description. The wicket, he admitted, was quite as good as he wanted to play upon; the lunch was good, too, and the charge moderate; the fielding was keen and, generally speaking, excellent, but—

"Those fellows did not bat up to your standard, old chap. They quite disappointed me. Hardly one of them had any idea of playing the ball at all. What is the meaning of it? You said that they were a good batting side."

I could only plead that I had

said what I thought, and express a hope that their batting would show up better in the return match.

We resumed the game at a few minutes after eleven on the following morning, and at about a quarter past four in the afternoon we managed to separate the overnight batsmen. Our bowling had been fairly good and straight; we had never slacked work in the field; no palpable chances had been dropped; the umpiring had not been at fault. But the two men had played a good and steady game, and though the rate of scoring had been slow, they had topped our score by about twenty runs before they were separated. Then each of the tail batsmen proceeded to add a few runs, with the result that we were set to make about eighty to win, with only an hour's play in front of us. Of course we went for the bowling, with the very ordinary result which will occur over and over where an attempt is made to force the game on a ground that does not lend itself to forcing tactics: we lost several good wickets, and were always a quarter of an hour or more behind the clock. On paper, at all events, though perhaps not in reality, Jack was as good as his master, and the cobblers even looked to have had rather the better of the draw.

"Well, what do you think of the batting now?" I asked my friend on the way home.

"It was one of the pluckiest things I ever saw in my life, but I wish we had had another hour."

I have said that my cobblers played the game well and fairly, and that the visiting side could feel assured beforehand of keen cricket and courteous entreatment. Still, one year, when I was not playing, a batsman in a moment of righteous indignation let fall a remark which had obviously been better reserved for his partner's edification only. A young Etonian, fresh from triumphs at Lord's and elsewhere, was playing for the visitors' side. Perhaps he had an idea that the company was not quite good enough for him, and gave himself airs accordingly. Perhaps, on the other hand, he was always addicted to an appearance of slackness in the field, for my sole memory of him is that on his day he was an uncommonly useful batsman. His slackness, however, on that occasion commended itself favourably to neither side, and no one was altogether sorry when one of the batsmen — unconsciously, perhaps, for he was really finding fault with his partner, who had refused a call—put him in his proper place.

"What? not run to him, Will, as is a slow field, and can't throw, neither?"

But that other draw, my match, my own match, the only match of a good many hundred, *quorum pars parva fui*, which I venture to claim as my own exclusive property! How is it possible to tell the tale of it without being egotistical to a degree? To be

sure, a drawn game is not a very substantial possession after all. But if it had not been for the all too abominable and irritating over-conscientiousness of our own umpire, we might so easily have won. What should be done to the man who at the very crisis of a match murmurs out "No Ball!" after the bails have actually fallen, and thereby adds an all-important run to the opposition score? In my opinion he should be first of all paraded through the city on a white ass, like Mordecai, and then hung on Haman's gallows. Not very valuable was my own contribution towards the modest total of "twenty-seven" achieved by our side in the first knock. For I only managed to get a fluky single before being bowled off my body. But what a truly abominable, treacherous, and never-to-be-sufficiently-condemned wicket was that on which we found ourselves playing! In the middle of a park, too, where we had often in aforetime had quite moderately good wickets. True, in that particular August there was hardly a good wicket to be found throughout the length and breadth of the country. August had mistaken itself for April, sloppiness and cakedness — is there such a word, by the way?—were taking it turn and turn about, and our wicket on that day was of the ultra-caked type. It was slow in parts, and the ball alternately stopped short, or came on like lightning. Occasionally came a dead-shooter, and then the very next ball, pitching on apparently identically the same spot, would rise abruptly and endanger the batsman's headgear.

Still, after making all allowances for the eccentricities of the wicket, we were not a little depressed when we found ourselves knocked out for the aforesaid twenty-seven, in a match which we had set our hearts on winning. Perhaps we did not love the other side quite so much as the good cricketer really ought to love his temporary enemies. Perhaps, too, our opponents had shown themselves in the hour of success a little over-jubilant, too cock-sure of victory, not altogether sympathetic with our unmerited misfortunes.

"A gloomy look is an omen of ill, and a bright face is good news." There were plenty of gloomy looks on our side that day. But where — oh, where —was the bright face? One there was, the wicket-keeper's, and he was a man of wide experience as well as of equable temperament. I doubt whether a bull of Bashan charging at full speed behind him would make the gentleman move out of a walk on a hot Sunday, or cause him to take his cigarette out of his mouth.

"Cricket is a funny game!" he observed contemplatively; "but after all we have got twenty-seven runs, and they still have to get them. I'd rather have to stand up to their bowling on that wicket

than to ours. Anyhow, I shan't offer to bat for them."

How truly he spoke the sequel soon proved. Eight wickets for eighteen runs, and then just when it "had oughter to ha' been"—this is the village carpenter's rendering—nine wickets for eighteen runs, the umpire intervened, and it was eight for nineteen.

And then, ye gods! Had my dear colleague, who was bowling at the other end and had been bowling quite magnificently, suddenly taken leave of his senses? Or had the devil, who incites to well-intentioned yorkers, and generally speaking upsets the even tenor of a bowler's going, obtained a temporary mastership over him? For after opening an over with two quite respectable balls, he suddenly elected to serve up, twice in succession, the very silliest and softest full-pitch to leg that could be possibly imagined. Both were hit,—it would have been a difficult feat to miss either,—and with the departure of the first a very curious—aggravating too—incident occurred. Short-leg,—our only leg,—a somewhat beefy gentleman, so far not having had a single ball to field, had apparently gone to sleep. On that pseudo-August day—April, as I said before, it ought to have been—brilliant sunshine and black rain-clouds kept hunting each other after a wholly bewildering fashion, and the swallows, wise birds in their generation, were flying low. Awaking with a start at what was really the first hard hit of that day, short-leg was ware of two objects passing through the air, one on either side of him, a swallow to the right and a cricket-ball to the left. Whereupon, regardless of recriminations hurled at him from every part of the field, he started off in hot pursuit of the swallow, and I had to step and fetch the ball from short-slip. Providence and long grass fortunately intervening, only eight were run for the two hits. But these eight runs—thanks still to our umpire's interference—brought the game to a tie, and there were still *two* wickets to fall. I forget whether we said much to the peccant bowler, but we all stared at him so hard that we stared him back into his right mind, and he fairly spread-eagled the hitter's stumps with the last ball of the over.

One run to win, one wicket to fall, a new over, my over, a little delay about sending the last man in! The tension was awful. I am not good at tension myself. Indeed, in my case tension generally resolves itself into peregrination. This is so much simpler and so much less harassing than to accept it either sitting, standing, or lying down. I peregrinated accordingly, and with the feeling that cover-point was just the sort of man who would sympathise with me, even to aiding and abetting in a growling condemnation of the other bowler and short-leg, I wandered off in his direction. In our anxiety not to hurt short-leg's feelings — for we were

calling him by truly awful names — we had walked a little farther from the game, and so nearer to the players' booth than where cover-point is commonly in the habit of standing. And so—

"Now you mind what I says, Bill. Don't you take no count of the wicket-keep, or the long-stop, nor no one else, neither. But the very instant as he bowls, off you starts. We've got to get this run" (indeed I regret to say that the speaker called it a b——y run) "somehows."

Good hearing, that! The opposition captain was the speaker, and Bill—a good boy, Bill, pallid, pimple-faced, but obedient—took the thoroughly sound advice, and pondered it in his heart. I, too, did some pondering. Could I, would I, dare I, do that wicked thing which I had it in my mind to do? I will vow that I never did it before or since that day in the course of more than forty years' cricket. But the temptation was so irresistible, and Bill lent himself so readily to the occasion. For even as I reached the crease and extended my arm, uttering a loud yell he got into his stride at once, and presently arrived at the other end, to the intense bewilderment and indignation of the other batsman, who was expecting the arrival of the ball, not of Bill. While he was calling Bill names at one end I flicked off the bails at the other.

"How's that?"

"Out!" and away went Bill, pursued by his partner's maledictions.

And then—just as I was preparing to receive the congratulations of my side, and expecting to be patted on the back for my villainous behaviour, that wolf in sheep's clothing, our umpire, quietly observed—

"Wait a bit! There's another wicket yet. Did you forget that we were playing twelve?"

I had totally forgotten what was a fact.

"Devil take the twelfth man!" I exclaimed on the spur of the moment.

"Right, but we must let the poor fellow have his innings first, all the same."

Was the cup of triumph thus rudely to be snatched from my very lips? Not so. "When distress reaches its utmost, relief is close at hand."

This time the relief came from the other end, where a pre-eminently cautious batsman suddenly altered his tactics, and shutting his eyes made a blind swipe. Probably I might have done the same myself under the same circumstances. For his experiences of the pitch at his end had not been altogether reassuring. True, he had successfully withstood a maiden over—the over contained five balls at that period. But that is not a very pleasant maiden wherein the five balls proper hit the batsman hard on various parts of the body, and a sixth and wholly superfluous delivery upsets the middle stump. At the time that the

wretched man at last "had a go," he was, or ought to have been, "spotted like a pard." Moreover, Bill's performance had possibly flustered him. Anyhow, he not only hit at but hit the ball, which flew high up into the air about two yards on my side of short-leg. What ought I to have done under the circumstances? The batsmen were running, the ball was in the air, and short-leg with shaking knees and expectant hands was waiting for the catch. In those days—this is not a mere idle boast—I could depend upon myself to catch most things that came within reach. Alas! what a falling-off was there in that respect later on, when the eye and the hand had ceased to work in unison! However, a moment later, short-leg was sitting on the grass, and the ball was safely in my hands.

I was told afterwards that if I had ventured to show my face in that part of Birmingham from which our opponents hailed, I should probably have been lynched. For they were dead set upon winning that match.

What with rain falling, and a masterly innings played by our wicket-keeper, our second innings lasted for the rest of the day.

SPAIN TO-DAY.

We of this country who differ profoundly from the Spaniard have yet always had for him a certain admiring sympathy. It is an ancient sentiment with us—older than the great sixteenth-century struggle. Philip II. and the Inquisition obscured our friendship for a time, but did not destroy our goodwill. When the Spaniard ceased to be dangerous our old liking revived. Even when we hated and feared him there was a notable absence of the rancour we cherished against the French, —if "we" may be allowed for the moment to mean Englishmen only, and the old alliance of Scotland and France be left out of the account. Raleigh's voice was always for war with the Spaniards, but he praised their patient valour in America, and he found the noblest eulogy which one man has ever given to another for Antonio de Berrio. More cannot be said for any man than that he is a gentleman very valiant and liberal, of great assuredness and a great heart. The Spaniards of Defoe must have won the affection of generations of boys. We have loved their language as Sir James Stephen did, and as Professor Saintsbury, who thinks it the most beautiful of all next to Greek, now does. Those of us who live among them commonly avow our liking for them. It is true that this appreciation is subject to the limitations which controlled Mrs Carlyle's friendship for De Quincey — she wanted to hug him and to toss him in a blanket. The Spaniard is to be hugged for his virtues, but tossed in a blanket for his follies and ineptitudes. But then we would all prefer to have more reason for the embrace and less need for the blanket.

Whoever has known the Spaniards from of old must revisit them in these days with the wish to find them prosperous—and grown wiser. We can desire as much as that, and more, if only for the sake of the granddaughter of Queen Victoria and for the young king her husband. If we ourselves are wise we will not expect them to grow into Englishmen or Scotsmen. The five-fingered hand will not go into the four-fingered glove. Professor Unamuno of Salamanca has good sense on his side when he turns the old French jest round, and declares that Europe begins at the Pyrenees. He is right to urge his countrymen to be even as the Japanese—to master the useful arts of Europe and remain themselves. The feat is more possible for them than for the Japanese. It is said of them that they are Christianised Arabs, and the description is more than a flashy phrase. There is that in them which is not European—which, if you

like, is African or Asiatic, Berber or Arab. But they have assimilated three great European influences—a Latin speech, the Roman law, and the Roman Catholic Church,—and therefore they belong to Europe in the spirit more closely than by geography. No other people comes so directly and with so little break of connection from the later Roman Empire. The questions a prudent traveller will put to himself and endeavour to solve are these. Has the Spaniard, while remaining himself, begun to master the useful arts of Europe and thereby to gain for himself material prosperity? Has his intellect revived so that the business of administration is better done? Have his politics acquired foresight, the capacity for seeing and accepting facts? Is he morally, as a thinking being and in his religion, more sane, more manly, less puerile than he was in the state in which the frantic errors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had left him?

One at least of these questions can be confidently answered in the affirmative. Spain is very far from approaching the prosperity of France. Nature has heaved the greater part of its surface into a high-lying tableland, scored by bare mountain rocks and torrential rivers running between precipitous banks. Except in a few happy districts sloping to the sea, the soil is mostly poor. All man's industry and wisdom at their best must for ever fail to give Central Spain the well-being of Great Britain or of France. Here and there in a river valley where the water-supply is constant, in the rich soil of the Tierra de Campos, or in a maritime province, there are oases of fertility. Spain has mines in abundance, but too often they lie where communications are difficult. Therefore the Spaniards have much to fight against. But they are far better to do in the world than they were, and are beginning to draw from their land what it can give. The plains of Old and New Castile do not now present the picture of treeless aridity we can read of in the books of old travellers. The crops are thin, and the woods are of pine, grown for the sake of the resin, but the country can do no better. For long centuries it gave far less. The traditional Castilian, standing idle in his rags and threadbare brown *capa*, is nowhere visible. On either side of the lines which go to Madrid by Valladolid and Segovia, or by Sigüenza and Guadalajara, the people look healthy, sinewy, well-fed, well-dressed. Districts of dire poverty are to be found. Near Salamanca there are people in the state of our own Devonshire Gubbinses of former times. In the south-west, the country of great estates, absentee landlords, and middlemen, there is an intensity of misery which is driving whole villages to emigrate to the Argentine Republic. None the less the general improvement is notable, and for Spain it is the very foundation of all hope for the future. *Pobreza no es*

vileza, according to the proverb —poverty is not baseness; but however true that may be in certain senses, there is a poverty which by impoverishing the blood of a people starves their brain, paralyses their character, and depresses them below the very wish to strive for better things. Spain suffered from such poverty as that. To-day it is coming out of the wilderness, and as its physical energy revives it will rebel more and more against the conditions which once brought it to the verge of death by starvation, and still keeps it poorer than it need be.

The character of the emigration from Spain has had a distinct part in forwarding the return of comparative prosperity. There are those who go and who do not return,—who go with wife and child, and, as we are told, even with the parish priest — go as a tribe goes,—to the River Plate or to Oran, where the villages are described as being often purely Spanish. But there are others who go to make a small fortune and come back. All along the north and northwest of Spain the "Indiano" is a known type. Now the Indiano is the man who has gone to America, which to the mass of the Spaniards is still "the Indies," has made a little fortune, and has come home. Young Spaniards go from the north to the United States, to Mexico, to Cuba, to the River Plate. They send money home to the old people, and are very keen to send it so as to get the best bargain out of the exchange. Then many come home with as much money as will build a small cottage for their parents, and then go out again "to earn the furniture." In the end they come back for good, and settle down on the interest of their savings — some of them in pure idleness, others in small businesses or on the land. The money sent or brought to Spain by them has had a large share in bringing down the exchange from 33 pesetas to the pound sterling to 28; and that fall has worked for the general good. As the French shareholders in Spanish railways must be paid in francs, a high exchange meant that all the profits of the lines went to Paris. With the fall in the exchange a part remains to Spain. It is not often that we can praise the Government, and therefore it is the more pleasant to see that it has of late years made a good beginning in the work of settling colonies of small proprietors on waste and neglected land. When the prosperity of Spain is spoken of, the proofs are generally looked for in its trade and manufactures or its mining. Yet the basis of all is the agriculture—the business, directly or indirectly, of three-fourths of the population. The best sign of all for the country (or for any other) is that the agriculture, which we will allow to cover pasturage, is growing; and in Spain it is— in amount, and in method too, by the development of irriga-

tion, by the use of better implements, by intelligent efforts to improve the breeds of cattle.

Thirty years of internal peace—disturbed at times, but never quite broken—have not been altogether wasted. The Spaniard has been allowed to obtain some reward for his labour, and he has shown that in spite of his old and well-established reputation for indolence he can work when he is free to profit by working. The old prejudice which counted industry as quite unworthy of a gentleman, and hardly becoming to a trusting Christian, has passed away, and so effectually that the modern Spaniard appears to many to have an exclusive and sordid interest in what will bring profit. It is a foolish complaint to make, for the Spaniard was never indifferent to material advantage. The difference is that he looked to find it once in various forms of gambling and plunder, while to-day he is beginning to trust in trade, in irrigation, in electricity, and his mines or his plantations. All this is good, and is the necessary preliminary to everything else. The best chance that the Spaniard will rebel against bad government is that he will become too busy to tolerate slovenly maladministration. The best hope that he will some day revolt decisively against the intellectual nullity and frivolity of his governors, and the stolid obscurantism of his Church, is that, being active in practical things, he will learn the need for serious thinking and for knowledge. But when the question is put, What progress has so far been made in the direction of this necessary revolt? the answer must be—Very little; so little that it is as good as none. The Spaniards are still in the preliminary stage. They are acquiring more food, more clothes, more comfort, but there is nothing to show that they have any intelligent idea how to go to work to free themselves from more subtle and more poisonous evils than poverty. Their administration remains the tangle of formalities it always was, is overstaffed, wretchedly paid, idle and corrupt, full of rivalries and jarring jealousies, every department being ready at all times to obstruct work in order to punish another for real or imaginary encroachments. There is a Spanish phrase, "Aqui mando yo," "I command here," which comes more readily to the mouth of a Government official than any other. The discharge of current business is constantly stopped by "competencias," disputes as to the limits of authority. It is rarely that a settlement is treated as final, and a question apparently decided by supreme authority has constantly to be fought over again. And this administration interferes in every corner of Spain, while every one of its acts means a reference to Madrid, where some five thousand politicians and officials make a show of working for one-half of the day, and saunter in the streets for the other half. As for the corruption, why labour to affirm

what all the world asserts and nobody denies? You may hear in Spain that a particular man is above corruption, but never that a department is. And there are politicians who are roundly accused of pure theft who are yet eminent leaders of parties, indispensable members of Liberal or Conservative cabinets. Spain has been infested for years by a species of false money—the Sevillano dollars. They contain as many grains of silver as the genuine coins, which are token money and are not made with five pesetas' worth of silver. But they were not struck in the Mint, and are liable to be rejected in Government offices and by the Bank—though they have passed freely enough between private persons. Now it is the general belief of Spaniards that they were largely coined by a particular Liberal politician, the Count of Romanones, who is by inheritance a very wealthy man, but (so you are told) so grasping that when in office he stole the very ink-bottles. Perhaps such tales as these do not speak so badly for the Spanish administration as others in which no direct charge of corruption is brought. Señor Maura, the present Prime Minister, is by common consent a man of honour. He is a barrister who has the largest practice in Madrid, and gained an income of from eight to ten thousand pounds of our money. When in office he does not practise, but his place in his "estudio," his chambers, is taken by a "suplente" or representative. It is an acknowledged fact that when Señor Maura is in office the business taken to his chambers increases, because the clients believe that the courts will listen to the "devil" of the Prime Minister, and lean to his side from a wish to propitiate so great a man. The belief that the very Supreme Court itself does not decide on the merits of the case, but by influence, must be strong when such assertions as these are made as a matter of course. There is an atmosphere of corruption in and over all the business of government in Spain.

The Spaniards complain, protest, and deride in conversation and in print — universally, bitterly, and idly. Nothing changes, all things are the same. They are so much the same that, whatever appearances there may be to the contrary, Spain is still in the *régime* of pronunciamientos. The generals do not call the troops into the streets, but only because their power is too well established to need such demonstrations. About the end of 1905, in the month of November, a Catalan comic paper, 'The Cu-Cut,' printed some vulgar jests against the army. A crowd of officers rabbled the office of the paper, and the Liberal Government of the day was forced to pass the so-called law of jurisdictions, which subjected everybody accused of insulting the army to trial by court-martial. The Bill was passed, because the Cortes were plainly given to understand

that they would be turned into the streets of Madrid if it were not passed. During the last session the Catalan deputies, who consider that Catalonia is particularly aimed at by the Act, demanded its repeal. Señor Maura refused to consent, while stoutly asserting that he was not coerced by the army. But everybody in Spain knew well that he was coerced. The law of jurisdictions is offensive to the whole body of Spanish civilians. Yet there it stands, and is actively applied, for the army will have it so. It kills all criticism on the army, for if the chiefs are accused of any kind of error, however rightly, does not such a charge tend to weaken discipline? and is it not therefore an offence to the army? And this is a type of much else. The Spaniards are as helpless before many other things as they are before the law of jurisdictions — and for the same reason. What the army will not consent to they must not do; and in certain contingencies the army will support the Administration and the Church.

No doubt the explanation is too simple if it were meant to explain why the Spanish Government is bad by itself and without qualification. The "state of Spain question" is not so easily disposed of, and the country suffers from more than the interference of the army. There is a why of the why which accounts for the army's predominance, and it is to be found in the "Christian-Arab" quality of the Spanish character. The Arab has always been interesting and often brilliant—a knight, a poet, a partisan,—but he is essentially anarchical. He is incapable of either forming or steadily supporting an institution. Thanks to the Roman Empire and to the Church of Rome, which is "the ghost of the Roman Empire sitting crowned upon the grave thereof," the Spaniard has had a drilling which the Arab never had. But the anarchical tendencies have been tamed, not extirpated. They work below the surface, and they break out. The claim of Catalonia for home rule, and of the Basque Provinces for separation, the imitations of these pretensions which inspire similar demands in other provinces, are anarchical. And so are the perpetual self-assertion of individual Spaniards. Poor Señor Ganivet declared that the true Spanish view of freedom was that every Spaniard should have a charter in his pocket authorising him to do exactly what he pleased. It was an anarchical act on Señor Maura's part to revive the Terrorist Bill, which had lain dormant since October, and force it through the Senate in May. When the Liberals and the workmen saw themselves menaced by a measure which proposed to give Government the right to appoint a committee of officials with absolute powers to confiscate and exile in every proclaimed district every one who was suspected of approving of "anarchist principles," they beat it anarchically by threats of barricades and assassina-

tion by bombs. The Bill was dropped, and everybody knew that it was withdrawn for fear of a Spanish repetition of the Lisbon tragedy. Señor Maura said not, but then he denied that the army had imposed the law of jurisdictions. It was an anarchical act on the part of Señor Sanchez Bustillo, Minister of Finance, to issue a royal order calling in the Sevillano dollars and throwing the loss on all who happened to hold them at the time. His order was beaten, as the Terrorist Bill was, by threats of riot and disturbance. There must be some binding institution to counteract this tendency to confusion, and as things go in Spain to-day it is the drilled fighting machine which will shoot at the word of command —the Army and the Guardia Civil.

Neither the Monarchy nor the Church could do the work. Don Alfonso XIII. is personally popular. He is sympathetic, and has shown himself brave. His subjects admire him for trusting himself boldly among them. His marriage was popular, for it gave the country security that the crown would not go to the child of his sister, whose father is a Neapolitan Bourbon. It united him to a constitutional dynasty, and was a pledge that he would govern constitutionally. But that popularity is purely personal, and it is not an insignificant fact that though Spaniards remark on the predominant part which pigeon-shooting and polo take in their king's life, they rarely make this a subject of reproach. They do not expect the king to govern. They only ask him not to interfere in government in the way of Palace intrigue and under the influence of clerical cliques. If belief in the divine right of monarchy—or in monarchy as more than a convenient form of government which divides the country the least—survives, it is among the Carlists, and in them mainly as a pose.

The Church is still powerful in Spain. It has a strong hold on all the women and on some of the men. It could, perhaps,—or even probably,—renew trouble with the Carlists. Therefore it is treated with a deference and exercises an authority it has lost in every other Roman Catholic country. But the Church is no longer a uniting but a dividing force. The influence of the Pope and the bishops, whom the Government propitiates, acts as a restraint on the natural tendency of the clergy. Left to themselves, they would be Carlist; and if Carlism were to raise its head, there would instantly be another civil war. The danger may not be very great. A Spaniard who was asked by an English fellow-traveller in Biscay whether a Carlist war was a possibility, pointed to a stack of factory chimneys and said, "That is our best security against another." The development of the iron mining industry by English, French, and Belgian capital and skill; the concentration of the Basques in towns and mines where they fall under liberal, socialist, and anarchist

influences and become anti-clerical; the break up of the old power of the señores—the squires — by economic influences; emigration and intercourse with foreigners,—are making a new Biscay. Still it is known that the Church would do all the mischief it could if too deeply offended, and Spaniards, in their nervous desire for peace and prosperity, do not love it the better on that account. Of course, there are Spaniards, and men of note, who parade their Churchmanship; but there is a very sensible smack of contumacy of the "fanfarronades of belief," of pose about their eloquent praise of the national and traditional Catholicism of Spain. They know well enough that their Catholicism was judged and condemned by the squalid collapse of the seventeenth century. They are acting after the fashion of "Judaism" in Calderon's "Auto," who carried the corpse of "Synagogue" in his arms, knowing him to be dead, but resolved to assert that he was alive.

For the faith is dying in Spain. The faith of the people neither is nor ever has been the great doctrinal and mystic system which the Church holds up to the world. It was, and, so far as it survives, it is, the bundle of superstitious practices, of wonder-working ceremonies and formulas which are what the Red Man calls "great medicines," and of old tribal paganisms disguised under the names of Virgins and Saints. It holds the women, and by that very fact it divides families, for the men are largely indifferent or hostile, and it divides the men into those who are falling away and those who still adhere. Its influence on education is deplorable. The Church is, and must be, the enemy of all the knowledge which helps men to think, and of all independent thinking. It does much of the teaching. The Jesuits train the upper classes in their own well-known way. The Escolapios — the teaching order of Saint Joseph of Calasanz—train the middle class and many of the working class, and train them to be "little saints," little demure hypocrites, or bigots. The knowledge they give is a sordid little handful of useful information easily turned into money. It is a common thing in Spain for workmen to send their children to Protestant mission schools and pay for them, because the education they give is better. Here again there is division and opposition of type to type, and of class to class. Where the workmen can, they have little secular schools of their own. Pablo Iglesias the anarchist has founded many, and Alexander Lerroux, the Republican leader in Barcelona, others.

The Church, too, has its own divisions of secular and regular, and of regulars among themselves. But the most irreconcilable divisions of the Church in Spain are those of race. The Escolapios, for instance, founded by an Aragonese, do not willingly recruit Castilians. The regulars, indeed, may stand together

against the secular clergy, who in the country districts starve on a peseta a-day, and think two pesetas comfort. But they are divided among themselves. The Jesuits—the most international of orders—are little liked and much envied by other orders. They are detested meekly, of course, but with fervour, by their peculiar rivals, the Escolapios. The intruding French orders are unwelcome to all. The appearance of the French teaching orders has been for the Spanish Church something of a "francesada," another Napoleonic invasion. The presence and the influence of French monastic orders in Spain is indeed no novelty. The monks of Clugny and the Cistercians were powerful in the twelfth century. French teaching orders of nuns have been known in Barcelona since 1650. When the Jesuits were suppressed in 1767 many Spanish families took to sending their sons to be educated in France. None the less the late invasion is a novelty, because it has been made on a great scale and with great resources. The French orders have come, men and women, bringing their pupils and money with them. They are most numerous on the frontier from Biscay to Catalonia, but they have opened houses even in Madrid. Though they profess to aim mainly at educating the children of French families who are sent to them over the frontier, they are beginning to trench very closely on the Spanish teaching orders. The native nuns suffer most severely from their competition. A Spanish mother is largely influenced by the consideration that her daughter will learn French more easily by being brought up among French girls. And then there is no denying that however poor the education given in a French nunnery may be, it is far better than the mere mockery of education given in a Spanish house. The teaching orders of men do not command the field to the same extent as the women, but they also are formidable rivals to the native houses. It is easy to understand that these intruders are not loved by the Spaniards, whose business they spoil. To judge from much Spanish writing, French Catholicism is repugnant to the graver and more doctrinal Catholicism of Spain. That may be the case with those to whom Catholicism is a matter of thoughtful piety and doctrinal orthodoxy. But as it is purely a question of emotion to most of the men and to all the women, French Catholicism, with its pilgrimages to Lourdes, and its "Sacré Cœur," its gushings and flushings of sentimental piety, has no difficulty in overcoming the opposition of Spanish orthodoxy. A Church which is yielding to alien invasion on its own soil is not in a position to supply Spain with leadership.

Good-natured people in this country sympathise with the outcry raised by the expelled French orders which clamour of persecution. It is therefore

well to see what these sufferers from the Associations Bill do when they are free to follow their natural instincts — and to apply their principles. A Roman Catholic priest, friar, or even layman, who is sincere, will always say that it is the duty of the Church to preserve its flock from being misled by false doctrine, and therefore to silence all teaching other than its own, for it only has the truth. The Spanish Church has always been eagerly disposed to do its duty in that respect, but its poverty, its political troubles, and the ruin of its monastic institutions after the death of Ferdinand VII. in 1833, had much diminished its power. The arrival of the French orders with their capital, their strong organisation, and the support they receive from Rome, has been followed by a recrudescence of the wish to persecute, and of actual persecution, as far as that is possible. The foreign missions, British, American, and Swiss, receive some protection from their respective Governments, but native Spanish Protestants, or Spaniards who send their children to the mission schools, have no such defence. They are persecuted —or at least are worried—to the extent of the power of the Church and of bigoted laymen. It is not long since the populace of Madrid indulged in a significant demonstration. An Englishman died at a time when the chaplain of the Embassy was absent. Dr Tornos, the pastor of a Spanish Evangelical community which holds its services in the house in the Calle de Leganitos where the British and Foreign Bible Society has its office, was asked to perform the burial service. While he was reading the prayers a mob collected outside the cemetery, denounced him as a renegade, and threatened violence. When the Anglican Chapel in Barcelona was opened, the Bishop, who did his best to prevent the opening, insisted on the removal of the cross from the gable, on the ground that it was the symbol of a foreign religion, and that, as such, the constitution forbade it to be displayed. This incident may be appropriately mentioned at present when there is some dishonest talk about the so-called sectarian hostility shown to the Eucharistic procession at Westminster. It is but just to add that the Bishop was ridiculed in the Catalan press, and a cartoon was drawn showing him knocking down the cross. The 'Campana de Gracia,' a lively illustrated print of anticlerical tendencies, has just revived the memory of the Bishop's feat, and has contrasted it with the toleration of England, as "Una Clissó d'Historia," which is Catalan for a lesson in history. When these things happen in the capital and in a great seaport, it is easy to understand that more is done in small places, where the bigots are not restrained by the knowledge that they are watched by foreigners. The native Protestants who are gathered round Don Lopez Rodriguez, pastor of the province of

Gerona, and director of the Figueras Evangelistic Mission, along with his English wife, the Hon. Gen. Secretary, are the victims of much petty persecution. Social obloquy, lawsuits for alleged insults to the Church, attempts to debar them from acquiring property, and such-like aggressions, are freely used. Now Figueras, being close to the French frontier, is a headquarters of the immigrant French orders. This increased revival of the old persecuting spirit of Roman Catholicism is emphatically their work, and we may be very sure that if the power to persecute more drastically were ever regained, the will to use coercion would not be wanting.

After looking it all over, the visitor who knows the country and can test the value of what he hears, has to come to the conclusion that Spain has prospered in material things, but that politically, intellectually, and spiritually it has only just begun to alter. Another twenty years of peace and of developed industry may do much for the country. The manful style in which the financial obligations imposed by the American war were met has given Spain good credit. If the country has not learnt all it might, and ought to have learnt, from a bitter experience, it has at least acquired an actual horror of adventures and disturbance. Hence the unaffected terror with which all Spaniards contemplated the mere possibility that they might be dragged into fighting in Morocco, and their determination to stand by the letter of the Algeciras bond. Hence, too, the fact that no Spanish party any longer contemplates an attempt to impose itself by force of arms. The *entente cordiale* of Great Britain and France is in favour of the peace of Spain, since the two Powers are no longer engaged in counteracting one another's influence at Madrid. The chance that the needful twenty years of internal peace will be given is therefore good, but it is quite certain that nothing less will do, and it is unhappily very far from certain that the interval will be wisely used.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE CHEAPENING OF GLADSTONE'S 'LIFE'—THE FIRST OF OUR DEMAGOGUES—84,840 WORDS—GLADSTONE'S PROLIXITY AND GUARDED CUNNING—THE LETTER TO COLONEL DOPPING—MR HALL CAINE'S 'STORY'—THE INDISCRETIONS OF A "FRIEND"—THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR—AN UNIMAGINATIVE RECORD.

THE news that Lord Morley's 'Life of W. E. Gladstone' may be purchased for the modest sum of five shillings is entirely satisfactory. We wish nothing more ardently than that every Radical in the country should give his nights and his days to the study of this very solid and instructive biography. Within its glowing pages the most careless reader will find the mere politician displayed in his crudest colours. There, in Lord Morley's despite, stands at full length the man of wiles and expedients, the orator of many words and few thoughts, the party leader with a quick ear to catch the shifting breeze, with a sophist's tongue to beguile the puzzled mob. As an instrument of conversion we can imagine no better book than this. The writing of it has completely changed the political character of its author. It would be difficult to believe that the present Secretary of State for India is the same man whom Gladstone sent to Ireland in 1886, if we did not remember that a profound study of his revered leader had intervened. And if the biographer has known a change of heart, need we despair of the reader? We ask for him only a profounder knowledge of Gladstone, and we shall be content if a cheap copy of Lord Morley's vast work is put upon every enslaved breakfast table in England.

Gladstone, in his maturer age, confessed that, in his opinion, the British Constitution of 1830, which he had done his best to impair, was perfect. The confession is the more remarkable because Gladstone, unconsciously perhaps, was the first politician to take full advantage of the Reform Bill of 1832. History is made slowly; men may be "free" for many years without knowing it; the habits and traditions of centuries are not changed by an Act of Parliament. So it came about that for a quarter of a century the emancipated Briton behaved very much as he behaved before the shackles of an effete despotism were knocked from his wrists and ankles. The member of Parliament addressed the new audience in the same terms of dignity and restraint which had suited the old. We cannot picture to ourselves Melbourne or Peel stooping to conquer the votes of the rabble. It was reserved for Gladstone to introduce the meaner arts of the demagogue, to win the support of the people by bold advertisement, to mistake "the ripen-

ing of public opinion" for serious statecraft. And he did not at once fall into this pit of notoriety. No one suddenly becomes base. He had been some thirty years in Parliament when he discovered his dangerous gift and was able to measure its consequences. It was in 1864, and in Lancashire. He had made speeches at Bolton and at Manchester on nature, on the franchise, and on Ireland, and for the first time the people rose at him, as it rises at a popular actor. The effect on Gladstone was swift and irresistible. "Somewhat haunted," he wrote in his diary, "by dreams of halls, and lines of people, and great assemblies." These dreams haunted him unto the day of his death. Henceforth he could live nowhere but in the market-place. He knew no policy but the people's whim. He cared not where the assembly was—under the open sky, in some smug town-hall, or in a crowded railway station—so long as it was great. His journeys became progresses. He cut down trees to the applause of enthusiastic trippers, and he addressed them in the terms of exaggeration which they best understood. The achievement of 1864 was splendid, no doubt. It paled to nothingness beside the achievements of 1876, when he lashed himself and his country to a blind fury with no better excuse than alleged atrocities in Bulgaria; and of 1879, when, on his Mid-Lothian campaign, he overwhelmed his constituents with an avalanche of 84,840 words.

The secret of his oratory died with him. It resided chiefly, no doubt, in a vibrant voice and a falcon's eye. His once famous speeches long ago passed, with his occasional writings, into the limbo of forgotten things. They were none of them touched with the distinction which confers immortality. And even had he possessed the rare gift of distinction, his speeches would by this time have lost their savour. He could not pack his words with thought. As Lord Morley says, he was not a "prophet, seer, poet, founder of a system, or great born man of letters." Even of the subjects which he claimed for his own his mastery was incomplete. Nobody to-day pretends that he had the smallest warrant for the invective which he was pleased to pour out upon the Turk. So rapid were his changes of view that the words of to-day contradicted the words of yesterday. But his appearance of moral earnestness never changed; the desire to prove himself and his opinions immutable was constant. If he deceived others, he had a perfect faculty of deceiving himself, and with the passage of the years he believed himself both infallible and consistent. However, he had little to say that was authentic, and by a strange irony hardly a phrase remains to us coined by the most verbose man that ever opened his mouth in speech. Some years ago, while Gladstone was still alive, an admirer projected an edition of his speeches. To give the scheme an air of "actuality," the admirer began with

the tenth volume. Need it be said that the ninth volume has not yet seen the light, and that there is not the remotest chance of its emergence into print?

And if Gladstone had little enough to say, he was by temperament incapable of saying it either simply or clearly. From his earliest youth to the day of his death he suffered from a prolixity which nothing could dam or damp. He was a pupil of Gaisford, who, above all men, had the talent of laconic speech — a talent which, as Lord Morley says, "the dean evidently had not time to transmit to all his flock." One pupil at least spurned his teaching. When Gladstone lost the Ireland, it was because his answers were "long-winded." The portentously solemn letter which he composed concerning a choice of professions was unintelligible to his father, who received it, and has not since been deciphered. His first election address was universally condemned as a "jumbled collection of words." The darkness of his utterances soon became a stock joke among politicians. Peel confessed that he "really had great difficulty sometimes in comprehending what Gladstone means"; and when, once upon a time, a letter marked "secret" came to Peel open through the post, the opportunity for a jest was irresistible. "Gladstone's omission to seal such a letter," wrote Sir James Graham, "was most unfortunate; but the enigmatic style has its advantages. I doubt whether there is a postmaster in England who, after reading the letter, would understand one word of it." Indeed, the enigmatic style has its advantages. It enabled Gladstone, during a long career, to put what sense he chose afterwards upon his tortuous orations. In 1864, when he was a member of Lord Palmerston's Cabinet, Gladstone surprised the House of Commons by reviving, as Disraeli said, "the doctrine of Tom Paine." Here are his precise words: "I call upon the adversary to show cause, and I venture to say that every man who is not presumably incapacitated by some consideration of personal unfitness or of political danger, is morally entitled to come within the pale of the Constitution." Lord Palmerston put upon these words the only meaning which they will bear comfortably, and roundly reproved his undisciplined lieutenant. "You lay down broadly the doctrine of universal suffrage, which I can never accept," thus he wrote. "I entirely deny that every sane and not disqualified man has a moral right to a vote." Gladstone was indignant at the misunderstanding. "My declaration," said he, "was, taken generally, that all persons ought to be admitted to the franchise who can be admitted to it with safety. . . . I hold by this proposition. It seems to me neither strange, nor new, nor extreme." Indeed it is neither strange, nor new, nor extreme. It is nothing more than a self-evident proposition, delivered with a pomposity which was not likely

to assuage the anger of Palmerston, and which might, perchance, deceive the simplicity of the people.

The examples of Gladstone's guarded cunning are innumerable, and each one will cherish in memory his own favourite. The bold statement, "chickens may be raised," nicely defended against misapprehension by the qualifying statement, "if I may say so, from eggs," will appeal to many. Far more careful, because of a wider application, was his assertion, made to a supporter whose favourite measure he had promised to put in the forefront and then dropped, that the forefront is not a point but a line. But Gladstone's real masterpiece was a certain letter addressed in November 1887 to Colonel Dopping. Not elsewhere did he scale so lofty a height of casuistry as this. Never before and never again did he so wonderfully exemplify the methods of the Jesuits as in this famous epistle. We know nothing like it in the vast realm of politics or letters. Unhappily Lord Morley does not share our enthusiasm. In vain you will search his index for the name of Dopping. We make no apology, therefore, for reproducing at length this exquisite piece of prose, and if our readers are wise, they will cut it out carefully and piously paste it in the place from which Lord Morley's prejudice or lack of appreciation has excluded it. In the course of an impassioned speech delivered at Nottingham, Gladstone had brought a false charge against Colonel Dopping. By the threat of legal proceedings he was persuaded to make the Colonel an apology, and this is how he did it:—

"HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,
"*Nov.* 20, 1887.

"SIR,—The correspondence between yourself and Professor Stuart on the particulars of the occurrence at Gweedore having concluded, I had my speech at Nottingham of October 18 put into type for revision. It reached me on Tuesday last, and since that time I have considered in what manner I ought to act so as to fulfil the assurance I gave you (I cite it from memory) that I would do what might appear to be fair and just. I may here mention that some of the citations made by you from newspaper reports do not correspond with what I said. In particular, I am firmly persuaded that I did not say the rifle was loaded, nor does any such word appear in the memorandum which I took down from Professor Stuart's mouth for use in my speech. But, on the other hand, although I do not think the auditory understood me to be imputing to you the use of a loaded rifle, justice obliges me to admit that some impartial readers of the report sent to me for correction have thought that, apart from the particular word, the narrative might be assumed to mean that the rifle was loaded. I proceed from these preliminaries to the substance. On Friday last I sent to London instructions to strike off the speech, omitting the

paragraph which related to Gweedore, and inserting an explanation in parenthesis, which I will forward to you immediately on receiving the speech in print. Considering, however, that my words as reported did carry, and, as I spoke them, have been deemed capable of carrying, a construction of which you might justly complain, I think the correction of the speech does not wholly meet your just claim upon me. I wish, therefore, to make the following explicit statement in addition: 1. The idea never crossed my mind of imputing to you the use of a loaded rifle, or what is possibly implied in such use, and I regret the pain to which you have been subjected on this account. 2. I regret also that I did not by express words exclude that imputation, and explain that my meaning was one altogether different. 3. I should wish the fullest publicity to be given to these declarations, and consider that it falls to me to give this publicity. Having now endeavoured to redeem the assurance which I gave you, I have the honour to be, sir, your faithful servant,

"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"Lieut.-Col. DOPPING, &c."

Is it not exquisite? "I am firmly persuaded that I did not say the rifle was loaded." There, in a nutshell, is the Gladstonian theory and practice of argument. There is the true essence of the man. That Lord Morley should make an ineffectual defence of his hero's disingenuousness is not surprising. "It is idle to ignore," he says, "in Gladstone's style an over-refining of words, an excess of qualifying propositions, a disproportionate impressiveness in verbal shadings without real difference." But this, he says, is a literary sin, not a moral obliquity. And then, in flat contradiction to himself, he declares that it is no sin at all but a virtue, that in effect Gladstone was protesting against a "slovenly combination" of words and against loose habits of mind, that his sophistry was no more than a scruple of conscience. This explanation is not satisfactory. Gladstone's combination of words was always slovenly; the habits of his mind were always loose. And let it be remembered that his ambiguities were invaluable to him. They enabled him to extricate himself from every difficulty, and to repudiate any statement that proved obnoxious to him. If they had any other source than the instinct of self-preservation, they may be attributed to a perfect lack of humour. No one capable of laughing at himself could have written the masterpiece addressed to Colonel Dopping. But Gladstone could not laugh at himself. He believed with perfect sincerity that he was the greatest man on earth, and that in general he could do no wrong. If we might take a single episode as the symbol of his career, we should choose his journey from Torquay to Newark in 1832. "I left Torquay at 8¾," writes Gladstone, "and devoted my Sunday to the journey. Was I right? . . . Conversation with a Tory countryman, who

got in for a few miles, on Sunday travelling, which we agreed in disapproving. Gave him some tracts." The last four words are priceless. Gladstone travelled on Sunday in doubt. He had no doubt about the Tory countryman's sin, which he hoped to mitigate with tracts. As for himself, he needed no exhortation. In 1832, as in 1892, it was possible for him to say and do such things as in other men were almost criminal.

Thus for sixty years he flooded the country with words. Whatever their truth or excuse, they were invested with a passion of morality which roused the middle classes to admiration. Lord Morley, with a sophistry worthy of Gladstone, declares that to disparage eloquence is to disparage mankind. "One should take care," he says, "lest in quenching the spirit of Mid-Lothian we leave sovereign mastery of the world to Machiavelli." And he does not see that the spirit of Mid-Lothian is Machiavelli raised to the highest power. Cynicism can go no further than the expression of half-truths, or untruths enwrapped in what appears to be moral enthusiasm. Bitterly, indeed, has England paid for the Machiavellian eloquence of Gladstone. For many years she obeyed his behests in puzzled trepidation, and she received in return an Ireland torn to pieces by the misery of dual ownership, a war in South Africa which cost her many lives and many millions, an empire weakened in every part of the world, and a set of maxims which, if they were remembered, would involve her speedily in a hypocritical decline. Put on the other side the 84,840 words, of great sound and little sense, spoken at a single election, and then ask yourself whether it is not wise to quench the spirit of Mid-Lothian, even at the risk of giving the sovereign mastery to the Florentine. At any rate, no Radical who has lived in the glamour of the Grand Old Man can read his 'Life' without infinite profit to himself; and there is nothing which will enable us to get rid of a baleful inheritance so easily as the widest possible circulation of Lord Morley's sad record.

A greater contrast to Lord Morley's measured, candid 'Life of Mr Gladstone' cannot be imagined than Mr Hall Caine's 'My Story' (London: Heinemann). Why he calls the book 'My Story' is not apparent, as it is devoted to the author of 'The Deemster' only as he was the "friend" of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The reason why he wrote it is no more obvious. Mr Hall Caine, we believe, is a writer "with a public" which listens eagerly to his slightest whisper. Now this public should not entertain the smallest interest in the life or works of Dante Rossetti. It is a public which delights in crude effects and noisy emotions, in such effects and emotions as Rossetti could not in any circumstances have suggested. But Mr Caine is not to be discomfited. As the true Rossetti could make no

appeal to his public, he has invented a Rossetti which may do as well as any Pete of them all. In other words, he has sketched a creature who might have cut a good enough figure in one of his novels, and has labelled it Rossetti. If he were to reconstruct the poet's life afresh, "it would be a far more human, more touching, more affectionate, more unselfish, more intelligible being that would emerge than the one hitherto known to the world." Would it? We think not.

The art of biography is not merely delicate. It is, or should be, hedged about by reticence and dignity. It is especially delicate, if the author has been an acquaintance, and boasts that he was a friend, of his victim. Admitted to a knowledge of another's life, under an unexpressed pledge of silence, the biographer has no right, either moral or artistic, to divulge confidences or to reveal secrets. And least of all can this right be claimed by those who stand in a position of inferiority to the subject of biography. Mr Caine speaks lightly enough in his book of a great friendship—"the greatest, the most intimate, the most beautiful that has ever come to me." He forgets that it is not for him to call Rossetti friend. In all humility he might have accepted, he cannot possibly confer, so honourable a title. As we read his book, and note his vain parade of friendship, we recall Nashe's reproof of Edmund Spenser. "Immortall Spenser, no frailty hath thy fame, but the imputation of Gabriel Harvey's friendship: upon an unspotted Pegasus should thy gorgeous attirëd 'Faerie Queene' ride triumphant through all reports' dominions, but that he challengeth some interest in her prosperity."

And Mr Caine, having fastened an unequal friendship upon Rossetti, requites the boon by uncovering to the world the poet's infirmities. If the sad undoing of a great man is to be revealed, the veil must be torn aside by one who vaunts nothing of himself, and shows the truth in a spirit of grave humility. It is not merely that Mr Caine prattles of Rossetti's remorse, which does not seem to have existed; not merely that he describes in the common terms of fiction the ravages of chloral, but he makes Rossetti ridiculous in temper and criticism. That Rossetti should in kindliness of heart speak well of a beginner is not discreditable to him. Surely it is repaying him in very poor coin to quote in solemn print his interested comments. It is true that in those days Mr Caine was still guiltless of his later masterpieces. But it is not kind at any period to fasten upon an amiable poet such opinions as these: "You know already how highly I rate your future career (short of the incalculable storms of fate), but I do think I see your field to lie chiefly in the noble achievements of fervid and impassioned prose." If Mr Caine's sense of humour sleeps, a sense of decency should have suppressed this erroneous and unfulfilled judgment.

For the rest, Mr Caine follows the common path of biography. He notes that Rossetti had neither sweets nor coffee to his dinner, and that he did not smoke. He puts to him the foolish questions which are dear to the soul of the "interviewer." "Does your work take much out of you in physical energy?" he asks rapturously, and solemnly reports the poet's answer. The book is packed with professions of reverence and admiration, which tone and style insistently contradict. The one possible conclusion is that Mr Hall Caine is extending to the unfortunate Rossetti the hand of patronage. "Remembering the bright light of Rossetti's intellect," he writes, "I am by no means sure that of all the men of genius I have ever known he did not stand alone." It is magnificent, is it not? And what a picture does it suggest! Mr Caine, surrounded by the men of genius that he has known, and smilingly awarding the palm! Since Rossetti's death a great popular success has overwhelmed Mr Caine. The reproach that he brings against Rossetti's poems, that it was "a book whose popular qualities were obviously inconsiderable," cannot be brought against any work of his. He lives in the theatres and on the hoardings. His books are read by the illiterate in every language and under every sky. Might he not refrain his hand from a simple poet, who has been dead more than a quarter of a century, and never knew the meaning of a large circulation? Must he still deplore the habit of chloral, long since atoned for? Must he once more advertise the quiet burying-ground at Birchington? Need he at this hour recall the "noble and brilliant appreciation by Watts-Dunton ('Athenæum'), . . . a fine analysis by Professor Dowden ('Academy'), and an article, all affection and emotion, by myself"? How hollow and insincere it all sounds! No man is a hero to his valet, and silence is the best reward of heroism. Rossetti is dead, and we may, if we will, read his poems. And Mr Hall Caine still lives to cover him with indiscreet praise and himself with ridicule. A friendless youth, he was helped by the great man, and he should have requited this unexampled kindness with respectful silence, and buried in the recesses of his brain a humble and unspoken gratitude.

'A Journal of the Siege of Gibraltar'[1] is in more aspects than one a literary curiosity. In the first place, it has been edited and printed at the Gibraltar Garrison Library, an institution which visitors to the Rock remember with pleasure and gratitude. This fact is enough of itself to enhance its interest, and the editor, clearly understand-

[1] A Journal of the Siege of Gibraltar, 1779-1783. By Captain Spilsbury, 12th Regiment. Edited by B. H. T. Frere. Printed and published at the Gibraltar Garrison Library.

ing the true meaning of the book, has not sought to embellish it with irrelevant appreciation of Elliot and his comrades. He has told us what is known of the author; he has added what explanatory notes are necessary, and for the rest he has interfered as little as possible between the book and its readers. In the second place, the 'Journal' is the simplest record of a siege that exists. There is nowhere a note of heroism or display. The feats performed from day to day are set down without fuss or enthusiasm. And this unconscious restraint gives the account a peculiar value. History comes to us, in general, arranged and adorned by an artist. It shows us not the processes of war, but its trappings and effects. It deals with pomp and glory, with scarlet coats and epaulettes. Captain Spilsbury is not a historian of the picturesque kind. He sets before us the prose of warfare in its very lowest terms. He begins without excitement and he ends in displeasure. To him the Governor does not appear the resolute hero that he was. He sees in his orders and policy nothing better than the strict discipline of a martinet. The courage and foresight of Elliot have been extolled on many a storied page. Captain Spilsbury is not given to applause. One measure of the Governor's, which has been rightly set down to his credit, the Captain passes by with a brief reference. He tells us at the outset that the guards are ordered to mount without powder in their hair, and presently gives us the reason. "It seems," says he, "the Governor has bought up all the hair-powder, and eats the puddings made of it." A siege, again, is no occasion for leniency, and the Governor of Gibraltar was keenly alive to his responsibilities; but his wise severity did not always win the approval of his subordinates. One ruthless punishment is reported by Spilsbury in ruthless terms. "It seems," he writes, "one 58th was overheard saying that if the Spaniards came, damn him that would not join them. The Governor said he must be mad, and ordered his head to be shaved, to be blistered, bled, and sent to the Provost on bread and water, wear a tight waistcoat, and to be prayed for in church." There is a cumulative ferocity in this punishment which is almost humorous; but it is easy to believe that the culprit did not appreciate it, and Spilsbury was on the side of the culprit. Three years later the Captain expresses far more openly his dislike of the Governor. "Capt. Billinge, 72nd," thus he writes, "cannot get leave either to sell out or go home, but is kept to die here. What quintessence of humanity! It appears the Governor takes all the inhabitants' money at 38d. per dollar, so that we can never get it for less than 39d. or 38½d. What management for us!" Doubtless the siege irritated the nerves of the soldiers; doubtless, also, the Governor was justified in the sternest of his measures.

It adds to the interest of Captain Spilsbury's book that the author displays neither culture nor imagination. You will discover only two allusions which may be called literary or historical. One day Spilsbury makes the astonishing and irrelevant observation that "the 12th April is remarkable for the delivery of Pompey's head to Cæsar, as well as for the demolishing of the town of Gibraltar." On another day he is inspired to the reflection which follows: "In reading 'Don Quixote' I find a resemblance between their keeping Goletta in Africa and our keeping Gibraltar: theirs in remembrance of the conquests of Charles V., and ours of the once great trade we had up the Mediterranean." For the rest he is sternly practical, both in fact and commentary. He kept a strict account of the price of provisions, and he made it evident that the real hardship of a siege is not the constant exposure to death and wounds, but the scarcity and bad food. We can easily agree with him that rice packed so full of weevils that it might be taken for a plum-pudding is not an incentive to appetite, and the cost of meat speedily went beyond all but the deepest purse. At the outset of the siege a duck and small plum-pudding cost seven shillings sterling, and it was not long before geese stood at a guinea a-piece, while nineteen shillings were given for a plain pig's head. "The Governor," says Spilsbury sadly, "does not care how dear things are, but he has left off treating with hock and claret." In two years no bread was to be bought at all; the men were served with oil instead of cheese, and eighty dollars were given for a sheep that cost four shillings at Portsmouth. It is such facts as these which bring home to the peaceful citizen the horrors of a siege. Meanwhile life was lived in accord with the common rules. Thieves and courts-martial were alike busy. Deserters were hanged, and men punished for sleeping "on their post." Common malefactors stood in the pillory, and officers fought duels perhaps more frequently than they would had not the Spaniards harassed them day and night. For one thing is clear throughout the siege: the Dons worked hard and well. In the times of their great activity they fired 40,000 rounds of shot and shell in twenty-four hours, and it gives us an excellent insight into the temper of the besieged when we read, "The men have so much curiosity, notwithstanding the firing they have already seen, that they crowd the Line Wall the moment anything is going forward, and it is amazing more of them are not hurt." It was amazing indeed. Enough shots were fired during the four years of the siege to depopulate Europe, and the number of the killed is small. Yet if the most escaped death, now and again wandering shells had the strangest effects. One struck a tree and killed forty sparrows "roosting" in its branches. Another, by a still more curious fate, "fell in a

store of brandy and rum, as two of the 12th were robbing it, and set it on fire: one died and the other lost his eye."

And then came the sudden rumour that hostilities were at an end. Captain Spilsbury makes the announcement, as we should expect, without pride or flourish. "A flag of truce from them," he writes on February 5, 1783, "and we are given to understand there is peace." Was ever there a soldier thus imperturbable! At the cessation of danger and discomfort he expresses no pleasure, no relief. He records, in the simplest language, that everything is now getting cheap, and that is all. The men did not share his wonderful restraint. They broke out instantly into drink and unruliness. After famine came gluttony. "Wine being in plenty," says Spilsbury, "the soldiers now live a very disorderly life, and are constantly quarrelling with the Jews or among themselves." But still the Captain betrays not the smallest emotion at the triumph of British arms. He was at the pains to compose a journal, from which it may be inferred that he was not indifferent. But had Gibraltar surrendered to the Dons, he could not have recorded the submission of the English in terms of deeper depression. Once only he is thoroughly aroused from his lethargy — on St George's Day, when the victory was publicly celebrated. The field-officers and staff dined at the Convent, the guests of the Governor. The soldiers had a bottle of wine and a pound of fresh beef each, gratis. Only the captains and subalterns were forgotten. The patience which Captain Spilsbury had preserved throughout the siege, save in his criticism of the Governor, now completely deserted him. His description of the fêtes, the longest piece of narrative in his book, is a masterpiece of ill-humour. With a grim satisfaction he records that the lamps in the colonnade were blown out, that there was no music, that the fireworks were ruined by the rain, that the spectators were forced to seek shelter where they might, that the guard at the South Port threatened to fire upon them. To conclude with his own words: "Never was a worse salute performed by the artillery, they not being able to fire a salute of twenty-one guns from six they had in the field, two of them being so neglected as to have a shot in each left in the bottom before the loading was put in, and their tubes were in general too long; never was a worse *feu de joie* fired by troops, worse weather, worse musick, worse fireworks, or worse entertainment." Thus, by a slight put upon captains and subalterns, Spilsbury was inspired to a kind of rough eloquence, which not the glory of the British arms nor the defeat of the Dons availed to arouse. But, as we said, it is his stolidity which gives a value to the book, and which has enabled him to produce an effect beyond the reach of grave historians — the effect of a weary, wasting siege upon a not too well-disciplined army.

SKETCHES OF PERSIA IN TRANSITION.

TABRIZ, PERSIA, *Oct.* 2, 1908.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

BEGGING is a popular profession in Persia. Persians learn it young, and one's progress through the narrow streets of Tabriz is everlastingly incommoded by the persistent demands of infant opportunists. For some an occasional nickel and much hard language is sufficient: for others neither largesse nor abuse will suffice. With a third class it is possible to contract for peace. A two-kran piece (=fourteen pence) paid regularly once a-month will satisfy the demands upon your charity. In this latter class was Dowlati. Now I think that little Dowlati, while being the dirtiest, was certainly the prettiest, child I have seen. She may have been eight or nine. Perhaps even she was ten. But in spite of the grime which encrusted her, she was perfect of face and form. Imagine a small, graceful figure inadequately shrouded in a faded blue cloth,—a cloth that was skirt, vest, and head-cover in one, and that was so tattered and patched that the fulness of a velvet skin, white as a Saxon's, showed through it everywhere. Imagine, peeping through this shift, a little oval face of perfect symmetry; cheeks like ripe peaches; a pair of black, lustrous eyes, shaded with inch-black lashes; a tangle of matted hair; a sweet, red mouth,—and you see Dowlati, the beggar maid, with whom I compounded for a silver two-kran piece a-month. But my contract did not obliterate the child. I saw her daily. While she honestly refrained from pestering me, yet she looked at me so wistfully, and plied the silent graces of her sex so subtly, that I, being astonished at the natural coquetry of one so young and untamed, often fell a victim to her silent pleading.

Then for a week I missed Dowlati. All her compeers were there in the small bazaar, but there was no Dowlati. Could she have fallen a victim to some stray bullet during the street-fighting? Had her guardians, if she had any, perceived her beauty and budding womanhood, and hastily withdrawn her from the public gaze, to languish behind the thick veil that standardises a woman's virtue in Persia? None could tell me. What was one beggar maid more or less in the streets of Tabriz?

On Sunday the third instalment of her contract payment was due. As I left my gate, there in the sun, leaning against the bright buff wall, stood Dowlati. The same smiling, unveiled, ill-clad, modest Dowlati.

Where had she been? Dowlati was adventurous. Her trade suffered from over-production in the town. She had "pegged out a new claim" by the small tent town that had sprung up about the Royalist camp outside Tabriz. She had just come in that I might fulfil my contract. She took the rough-struck coin, beamed on me, and disappeared. Poor little atom, I was never to see her smile again.

Hassan Ali shrugged his shoulders. "There is no knowing what will happen to her out in the Shah's camp. This is Persia, and Karadagh horsemen respect not even children of tender age. But what does one beggar-maid more or less matter! It is from their ranks that we recruit all that you in the West call infamous. She is not too young; this is Persia. Yes!"

. . . . . .

"They have caught a spy. Yes!" Hassan Ali sat down in his chair with all that awkwardness which people accustomed to sit on their heels usually exhibit in European surroundings.

"What will they do to him?"

"Spies do not live long at these times. It was one of these beggars. Yes! She was carrying messages regularly between the Royalists under protection in the Russian Consulate and the Mujtehids in Devachi. Yes!"

"Poor thing!" I mused, and gave the matter no further thought until the evening. Then I happened to pass the Maragha Gate. A crowd was collected, and two Americans with cameras had climbed an adjacent wall and were trying to make the most of the failing light. My *gulam*,[1] a sturdy fellow, pushed a lane for me that I might pass the Gate. What a gruesome sight met my eyes! Suspended, head downwards, from the coping of the arch was a naked female figure. A strip of old blue cloth passed about the legs, but rendered the attempt at decency indecent. I will not harrow your feelings further. As I gazed upon the distorted features I realised that Dowlati's contract with me had been terminated. Never again should I see this beautiful child shrinking shyly against the mud wall that faced my gate. A spy! So young and so beautiful, and, let us hope, so innocent. But this is Persia. What does a beggar-girl more or less matter!

THE OPINIONS OF RAHMAT KHAN, DUFFADAR.

If the balance of Rahmat Khan's intelligence had been equal to his other soldierly qualities he would have been a Risaldar major at least. As it was, in spite of the fact that

[1] *Gulam*, servant. In Persian towns Europeans are usually piloted through the bazaars by liveried servants.

he had received the Order of Merit for saving the life of a British officer in the Bara valley, he was only a Lance-Duffadar, with over fifteen years' service, drawing 70 rupees a-month, in the Consular Guard at Tabriz. He did not know even why he had volunteered to come to far-off Persia for three years. It may have been in the vague hope that the land of Iran promised the fighting which was his heart's desire. Or possibly, red-blooded Pathan that he was, he had so entangled himself in village love-affairs that distance and time alone rendered existence possible. Or it may have been the handsome monthly increment that attracted him. Whatever the motive of his presence in Tabriz, this fearless swashbuckler maintained to the full both the credit of his race and the honour of the service which had trained him. He kept the consular escort just as smartly turned out as they would have been if there had been an adjutant or orderly officer to set the standard. He himself, when he walked abroad, played the part of the Indian gentleman of the fighting class. The fit of his frock-coat of French grey was perfect. His flowered waistcoat was as tasteful as his pink muslin *lungi*.[1] His gold watch-chain, his patent-leather shoes, and his embossed walking-stick were all in keeping with the correct fashion of his class. Is it to be wondered that even the veiled beauties of Tabriz could not resist him, a Mohammedan like unto themselves? And Rahmat Khan being a Pathan, is it to be wondered that he did not fail to encourage the admiration of the veiled beauties? Besides, Rahmat Khan knew something of the tricks and opportunities that the veil of pudicity invited.

This was Rahmat Khan's first and only trouble in Tabriz. But it was a recurring trouble, and the intervals were astonishingly short. On the first occasion which ended in discovery, the local immaculates thought themselves to inflict summary punishment. But they mistook Rahmat Khan, and he laid about him so lustily with his silver-embossed stick that outraged husband and brothers had more than moral damage to deplore. On the next occasion, therefore, they steered a more subtle course. They came to the Consul-General and complained. They said that of course if he had been an Infidel they would have killed him like a dog in the street; but being a Believer, though a Sunni and poor Believer at that, there was some virtue attaching to his *liaison*, and they, therefore, lodged a complaint. The Consul-General was furious. He upbraided the Duffadar in voluble Persian, of which Rahmat Khan understood one word in ten. In the matter of temperament there is little between the Pathan and the Irishman.

[1] Head-cloth.

Rahmat Khan took his punishment like a man. He was humble in his contrition and charming in his simple assent to the iniquities which were fastened to his name. But he took it back out of the unfortunate husband within twenty-four hours, and then naïvely told the Consul-General that any husband who could not guarantee the chastity of his wife deserved no better treatment than he had meted out in this particular instance. Which, be it said, is true, even if it be dissolute logic.

But it is not with Rahmat Khan's peccadilloes that I am concerned. This I will say, judged by Pathan standards, all his faults were manly. He hailed my arrival in Tabriz with delight. I at least knew his language and his kind, and whenever he was off duty he came to pay me a visit. He was prepared to do anything for me, from cleaning my boots to cooking my dinner, if I had so desired. Nothing would have been too menial for him in the interests of a Sahib who knew at least what was due to a manly Indian gentleman of his type. Every British officer in the Indian Army who is worthy of his commission will know what I mean. If the Bengalis were only native gentlemen, as are the Pathans, we should rule them with silken threads, instead of with the rod of iron they have now bidden us to forge.

Rahmat Khan thirsted for information. At my request he sat on his heels in my verandah, and pretended that he liked the brew of English tea which my servant had handed to him.

"Sahib," he said, "why do we not fight with the Russians?"

"We have no reason, Duffadar!"

Rahmat Khan was silent for a minute. He was deep in thought. Then he returned to his subject.

"Sahib, in my country it is base to be thought a coward. Now, if any one was to say to me that I was afraid of any man, I would take trouble to prove him a liar!"

"How would you do that, Duffadar?"

Rahmat Khan smiled. He has a delightful smile.

"There are many ways, sahib. I might pull his beard and spit in his face; I might steal his cattle, or"—and here the smile broadened to a grin—"I might have dalliance with his women-folk."

"By which you mean, Duffadar, that you would push a quarrel, no matter the means!"

Rahmat Khan nodded, his eyes glistening at the bare thought of such an opportunity.

"Well, what has all this to do with Russia?" I asked.

"Sahib, it is the same thing. Ever since I was a recruit it has been said in India that the *Sirkar*[1] was afraid of the

[1] Government.

Russians. Afraid that Russia would seize India!"

"But that was but bazaar-talk. Not straight talk, Duffadar!"

Rahmat Khan shook his head.

"Sahib, we in India are not fools. We see all the railways being built to the passes; we see all the cantonments grouped round the frontiers; we read the native papers. If these preparations are not because the *Sirkar* is afraid of the Russians, then why are they made? Are the Afridis, the Pathans of Yagistan, the Afghans even, of such import? We know them. They are little people. Troublesome little people, perhaps, but nevertheless little people. The *Sirkar* does not prepare for them!"

I smiled at the man's logic, and thought of his answer to the Consul-General. How could I explain the theory of international protection by preparation to this war-dog whose ultimate conception was the rifle and the knife.

"Duffadar, we only thatch our dwelling against the rains!"

"Sahib, men thatch their houses once in ten years. They do not pile on the grass at all seasons. Talk not of thatch. The *Sirkar* is like a man that has made unto himself a very beautiful coat. But he is afraid to wear it lest he should stir the jealousies of the young bloods in the bazaar. He locks up his elegant coat in a chest. Why? Because he is timorous. People will hear of the coat, because the tailor who made it will talk; the wife that admired it will speak of it to her neighbour; the servants who folded it will boast of its magnificence. But the young bloods will not believe that it exists, and will refer to it as a myth in their ribald jests."

"But we have no need to hide the coat now, Duffadar; the Russians have been drubbed white by the Japanese."

Rahmat Khan shook his head sorrowfully.

"Sahib, that has not helped you. Do you not realise that you have lent the precious coat to another. He has paraded the bazaar in it, and chastised the jealous popinjays who would have torn it from his back. Your credit has passed to the wearer. Smaller men than the popinjays now join them in snapping their fingers in your face. If you had worn the coat there would have been no Bengali trouble in India now. Do you not see that the small people are now saying openly, 'If Abdul, who was but a dish-licker, can be so well-dressed with impunity, why should not we also employ the same tailor?'"

I whistled. "Is that, then, what is thought in India?"

"It is what is written to me from my home every week, Sahib!"

"But why have you brought it up against me now, Duffadar?"

"It is because since I came to Tabriz I have seen the Russian soldier, and I know!"

We were getting down to the bed-rock now.

"You don't think much of them?"

"Sahib, if the Cossack-logs we see here at the Russian Consulate are a good sample of the Russian soldier, then you certainly were wicked not to wear your best coat yourself!"

"Are they as bad as that?"

"They are but a little better than the Persian soldiers, and, God knows, they are bad enough! What can you expect from soldiers who have but one suit of clothes, a pice a-day pay, and live in holes like animals?"

"But even then they may fight well. Even some animals fight well, Duffadar?"

Rahmat Khan's lips curled with contempt. "Fight, Sahib? Fighting is a matter of *bandobast*.[1] The animal will fight, it is true, but the Sahib that has *bandobast* will shoot him at a thousand yards. I have seen these Cossacks, on parade, in their holes of barracks, in the bazaars. Why, the Pathan troop of my Risala would eat up a whole regiment of them. Such as these will not take India!"

"But why should they want to take India? We are friends with the Russians now."

"At what a price, Sahib! You have prostituted your *rawab*[2] in Hindustan to be friendly with these savages. Why, these contemptible Persians are more clever than the *vakils*[3] of the *Sirkar*. They do not believe in the friendship of Russians. Do you not hear what they say in the bazaars? 'How can we trust the mouth of the man whose belly is a tangle of lies?' Sahib, why doesn't the *Sirkar* take this country?" With that adroitness which is common in natives of India, Rahmat Khan, having had his say on subsidiary lines, changed to the main issue that was troubling him.

"Why should we, Duffadar? Have we not our hands full already?"

"Sahib, it is a hungry country. It only wants good food and it would be soon strong and healthy."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, Sahib, this country is better than Hindustan. The land is more fertile, the people are less truculent and more hardworking. It only wants the English *Sirkar* to bring railways, canals, justice, and military instructors, and these Persians would not know their country."

I shook my head sorrowfully. Even this inconsequent hot-headed soldier was wiser than the hide-bound lawyers who shape the destinies of the British Empire.

"Rahmat Khan," I said, knowing bitterly enough much more than his untutored perception could grasp, "this

---

[1] Arrangement—*i.e.*, science.
[2] *Rawab*, high character.
[3] Lit., lawyers, but means statesmen in this use.

might have been, but the time is past."

"What, Sahib?" he said eagerly. "Is it here, too, that the fear of Russia turns the big Sahibs' heads?"

"No, Duffadar," I answered sorrowfully, and I hope truthfully, "we are not afraid of Russia; but there are not enough big Sahibs to go round,—we have in our greatness come to the end of them. Of necessity the affairs of the *Sirkar* fall into the hands of little Sahibs—sometimes very little Sahibs!"

Rahmat Khan pondered upon this for about a minute. Then he rose to his feet, and without further comment saluted and passed into the garden.

Perhaps his thoughts were not as bitter as my own.

THE PASSING OF THE GEORGIANS.

The Tabrizli *fedaï*[1] is a simple fellow. He draws his obsolete Berdan from store, loads himself with three or four cartridge-belts, and fights for national freedom at two krans[2] a-day. If by a little personal blackmail he can double this amount he counts himself lucky, and looks back without regret at the poor wage he earned in peaceful times as carter, bazaar porter, or assistant mechanic. Of course he can earn more—five or six krans a-day—if he joins the permanent garrison of the barricades. But as a rule he prefers to remain in the general reserve at the lesser remuneration. Barricades are apt to be dangerous places, and the old Berdan is cruel to the shoulder. Yes, it is far better that the barricades should be held by those who are fortunate enough to possess Russian Mausers! Day in and day out, he is a simple fellow. He wears no uniform but the daily garb of his race—a blue or brown frock-coat with pleated tails, baggy canvas trousers, and a little felt cap.

All said and done, the general reserve was found to be quite useless as a fighting arm. It was all very well for ceremonial purposes, when the Royalists sent emissaries to talk of peace. Also it served well to picket the courtyards of such citizens as did not readily respond to the Nationalists' Fund Committee: there were besides escorts, guards, and night patrols to be found, and barricades to be built. But although it had its uses, it was not to be depended upon to fight. It was clearly an inquisitorial force. Sattar Khan, military dictator of the revolutionary town of Tabriz, had no mistaken idea concerning the military value of the *fedaïs* in his general reserve, and he indented heavily upon

---

[1] Armed revolutionary devotee.

[2] Fourteen pence.

the revolutionary element in the Caucasus for his real fighting material. They knew something about the business. They had now been engaged in it for more than a generation, and in some districts there was hardly a man who had not killed his Russian sentry to possess himself of a modern military arm. Thus the strength of the Tabriz revolution lay in the Caucasian mercenaries. But though these men were expert riflemen, they knew nothing about artillery. It was artillerymen that the cause wanted. They had quite a battery of thirty-year-old Skoda breechloaders, lashings of ammunition, but not a soul who could lay a piece or set a fuze. Then it was that the Tabriz rebels opened communication with the Georgians.

It is not known to the writer what claim the Georgians had to be considered good artillerymen, but they were gay soldiers of fortune. They descended upon Tabriz like a whirlwind. Be it known that every Georgian claims to be a prince. Amongst them royal blood is still more common than in the veins of the Poles. Even the rebel leaders were abashed before this new reinforcement. There were six of them, and for ten days they had Tabriz at their feet. Fine fellows indeed! If fine feathers ever made a soldier, then these Georgian popinjays were veritable Rustums. They were dressed the part, from the crowns of their tall lambs'-wool hats to the silver-plated spurs on their polished butcher-boots. Four bandoliers apiece, rifle, Caucasian knife, and pistol, they paraded the town with a military fierceness that eclipsed the determined front of even the 5-kran *fedaïs*. Who shall say what heart-flutterings they caused behind the long clinging veils of the Tabrizli maidens!

The writer watched them with interest. That they were gunners there was no doubt. They immediately took command of the citadel, and set to work with energy. They would not deign to look at the old, but still serviceable, 9-centimetre breech-loading field-guns. They were gunners of another class, —complicated weapons with time-bursting shrapnel had no attractions for them; and they placed in battery half a dozen ancient muzzle-loaders and began a night bombardment of the nearest Royalist quarter. As a pyrotechnic display it was splendid. The writer's coign of vantage overlooked the *enceinte* of the citadel. If you can imagine the night-effulgence of six small cannon firing black powder, the dark shadowy figures of the gunners, the warning shout of the fire-lieutenant as he applied his flaring petroleum torch to the touch-holes, you will see a picture of that fortress warfare for which our great-grandfathers were famous.

But the morrow brought a shade of disappointment. A crowd of weeping women waited upon Sattar Khan. They were in dire distress. They were Nationalists to the

backbone. Their husbands and grown sons were all *fedaïs* in the general reserve — why had the citadel bombarded their houses all night? Horrible disclosure: the expert gunners from the Caucasus had been rolling their round-shot into the homes of their friends!

Then the Kurds attacked the rebel barricades. Sattar Khan suggested that the Georgians should justify their fine feathers. There is a chemist in Tabriz who is cunning in the manipulation of high explosives. He fills little terra-cotta jars with these explosives, and then, in his wisdom, entrusts the jars to other hands. No; to give the Georgians the credit they deserve, they were not cowards. They took the little earthen caskets, and carried them into the forefront of the battle. Now, when the writer was a boy, there was a little nursery-rhyme which always fascinated him. It was a simple little doggerel, and ran as follows—

> "Boy, gun:
> Gun bust:
> Boy dust."

This exactly describes the final exodus of the popinjay Georgians. One little Kurdish bullet hit a terra-cotta casket, and the Georgians, in all their finery, poor fellows, were "dust." Two were killed outright, and the remainder, even if they live, will be cripples for life.

MR ASQUITH.

On his appointment to the highest office in the State the Prime Minister was made the text of innumerable articles, mainly of a laudatory kind. He was credited with all the talents and virtues that go to make a statesman of the first order. Even his opponents extended a welcome to the man who in a remarkably short space of time had risen from being a humble barrister to be the head of a great political party.

Mr Asquith has been specially favoured by circumstances. The Home Rule departure, disastrous in many ways, was not without advantage to the rising young men of the Liberal party. So many of Mr Gladstone's bodyguard deserted him, that talent which but for the split in the party would have knocked in vain at the gate of officialism, found ready recognition in 1886. The Parnell Commission gave Mr Asquith a splendid opportunity, of which he took full advantage. So well did he play his part in the great legal and political drama that no surprise was expressed when, on the return of the Liberals to power, Mr Asquith's name was mentioned in connection with an official appointment. Surprise certainly was expressed that a young barrister, who had served in only one Parliament, should step at one bound from the position of a private member to Cabinet rank. It cannot be said that Mr Asquith's parliamentary record entitled him to such rapid preferment. During the six years he sat in Parliament as a private member, from 1886 to 1892, he did not deliver more than a dozen speeches. Certainly, Mr Asquith displayed considerable activity in the country, but as his platform performances are decidedly uninspiring, singularly lacking, as his friends admit, in magnetic power, we cannot find in them an explanation of his rapid ascent of the political ladder. The explanation lies in the fact that, bereft of his best supporters, Mr Gladstone found in Mr Asquith a lieutenant whose legal training admirably fitted him for presenting with singular lucidity to the popular mind the technicalities of a great constitutional question.

As Home Secretary Mr Asquith made a good start. It is one of the weaknesses of modern Liberalism that it tends to pander to popular lawlessness. His firm attitude towards lawlessness was condemned by his political friends as undemocratic, and for a time the Home Secretary was highly unpopular in his own party. In regard to his treatment of the dynamitards, Mr Asquith's attitude was all the more creditable to him, inasmuch as the Government at that particular time stood in need of the Irish vote. His opposition to the Nationalists on that occasion showed that Mr Asquith had no sympathy with the current

Liberal sentiment that a blow aimed at anarchy endangers liberty. In the sphere of administration, Mr Asquith's legal training, his instinctive love of order, enabled him to run counter to the mischievous sentimentalism of demagogic agitators.

Successful in the sphere of administration, Mr Asquith had yet to win his spurs in the sphere of legislation. It is one thing to maintain the official machinery of the State at the highest point of efficiency, it is quite another thing to foster ideas and frame measures that strike at the root of the whole legislative system. A man with a genius for administration may be a bungler in legislation. Before we can reach an adequate estimate of Mr Asquith in the sphere of legislation, we must draw a distinction between two classes which are usually spoken of as identical—between politicians and statesmen. The distinguishing qualities of a politician are parliamentary ability, debating talent, strategic skill, and party loyalty. The aim of the politician, pure and simple, is to keep his party in power by supporting Government measures which may or may not meet with his personal approval. The aim of a statesman is much higher. His first duty is not to get his party into power and keep it there—his first duty is to form a coherent conception of the national development, to have a political ideal, and to frame his legislative schemes in harmony with that ideal. For instance, we call Walpole a statesman, because he had a clear conception of the legislation which England needed in his day. England, he believed, needed peace to develop her internal resources, and in the face of great opposition he pursued his own policy, till overwhelmed with the excitement over Spain. Walpole was not a perfect statesman, but he had at least width of view and tenacity of purpose. Chatham also deserves the name of statesman. He formed a high conception of his country's duty, and bent all his energies in the direction of his Imperial ideal. Pitt was a statesman. He set himself to lead the country. The same may be said of Canning, Palmerston, and Lord John Russell. These men used the party system in order to give effect to their ideas of the national welfare. We may not agree with their policies. That is not the point. The point is that they had certain definite national ideals and sought to realise them.

In the old days statesmanship was possible, because both of the great parties in the State had definite political creeds in which they fervently believed, and which, when in office, they endeavoured to put into effect. If the Tories were in office they framed their legislative measures in harmony with their political creed. When the Whigs came into power they did likewise, with the result that the plain man knew readily upon what principles the country was being governed. With the Home Rule departure a great

change came over the Liberal party: it lost the note of historical continuity. It was clear that even the Irish vote did not compensate for the loss to the Liberal party by influential defections. How was the loss to be made up? The true method would have been the abandonment of Home Rule and the reunion of the party on the old lines. Instead of that a huge programme was formulated with the object of alluring the working classes into the Liberal fold. That, of course, meant the abandonment of the old Liberal principle of individual freedom and the reduction of State interference to a minimum, and the substitution of what was called the New Liberalism or Collectivism, which meant exploiting the State in the interests of the working classes. Mr Asquith attached himself to the New Liberalism. With the disaster to the party which followed the adoption of the famous Newcastle programme, Mr Asquith had great searchings of heart. In a speech delivered not long after the Liberal rout he urged the necessity of going back to the first principles of Liberalism. "It was only by reference to them," he said, "and not to the petty and transient expediencies of the hour that the party ought to gauge a jostling crowd of causes and circumstances which were constantly competing for its favours." That was a statesmanlike utterance.

The plain meaning of that language was that in Mr Asquith's opinion it was necessary for Liberals to utilise their defeat by going back to first principles, by rooting the creeds of to-day in historic Liberalism. Nothing could be truer. Mr Asquith took his stand on solid ground. The unnatural alliance of the academy and the gutter gave birth to that hybrid product Collectivism, which, when ruthlessly dissected, was found to be our old enemy, despotism, dressed up in grandmotherly fashion. The first duty of the party was to repudiate the heresies of the Newcastle programme, to wash its hands of Socialistic and intolerant ideas, to get back to the bed-rock of definite and carefully reasoned conviction. Mr Asquith had a splendid opportunity. If he had followed up the deliverance just quoted he would have made for himself a lasting reputation. That Mr Asquith had no definite convictions, that he was simply playing with historic Liberalism, was plain from a speech delivered by him in support of Mr Haldane's candidature for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University. In defending Mr Haldane from the charge of being an Academic Liberal, Mr Asquith said: "Mr Haldane was a most distinguished alumnus of this University. He had hardly crossed the threshold of political life before he was recognised as one of the pioneers of the New Liberalism which, while it gloried in the traditions and was animated by the spirit of the Liberalism of the past, was always seeking to apply the old creed to every shifting condition of these modern times."

What is to be said of a politician who could blow hot and cold in this fashion? If Mr Asquith meant to have the respect of earnest men he should have come down from the fence. If he believed in the Old Liberalism, then he had no business to be acting as trumpet-blower to the New Liberalism.

Mr Asquith fell with his eyes open. He sinned against the light. He knew the right road and deliberately took the wrong road. In advising his party to go back to the first principles of Liberalism, he spoke like a statesman; in attaching himself to the New Liberalism, or Collectivism—which has since blossomed into Socialism—he forfeited all claim to statesmanship, and sank to the level of a political opportunist. What is an opportunist? One who subordinates his convictions to party advancement, which in the end means personal advancement. The various stages in the downward path can be distinctly traced in Mr Asquith's career. So long as Mr Gladstone was alive Mr Asquith was a Home Ruler. When Lord Rosebery came into power Mr Asquith's Home Rule sympathies cooled: he fitted himself to his environment. In the quarrel between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt he remained neutral, and at the psychological moment again fitted himself to his environment, which again proved congenial to his personal advancement. In the rivalry between Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman Mr Asquith at first sided with Lord Rosebery. He could afford to do so, because during the South African War Sir Henry was in the lowest depths of unpopularity. Mr Asquith was Lord Rosebery's right-hand man in the Liberal League, the object of which was to purify the party of the Little England heresies of Bannerman, Labouchere, and Company. When the Liberals came back to popularity, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in a fit of magnanimity offered high offices to the men who had notoriously intrigued against him. Mr Asquith deserted Lord Rosebery and the principles of the Liberal League: once more he fitted himself to a congenial environment, which again proved the road to personal advancement. The manner in which Mr Haldane and Sir Edward Grey, headed by Mr Asquith, deserted Lord Rosebery, forms one of the most discreditable incidents in modern political history.

As the reward of cold, calculating opportunism, Mr Asquith found himself Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Liberal Government. No opportunist, however skilful, can manage to inspire universal confidence. Mr Asquith had excited the distrust of three sections of his party—the Labour men, the women suffragists, and the Nationalists. If he was to sit securely in the seat of the Prime Minister, it was essential that something should be done to propitiate these powerful sections. The Labour members and the Socialists were clamouring for old age pensions,

a measure which is in entire conflict with the first principles of Liberalism, to which Mr Asquith at one time professed himself devoted. In the spirit of an auctioneer Mr Asquith made a bid for Socialist support. What about the franchise to women? Mr Asquith on that question had taken a strong line of opposition. He could not with decency turn a political somersault. He took a middle course. As Prime Minister he announced that his own personal convictions remain unchanged, but he was prepared to allow the party to settle the matter apart from him. Could anything be more unmanly? Imagine the great statesmen of the past, Chatham, Pitt, Canning, Palmerston, Peel, or even Gladstone, effacing themselves in dealing with a great constitutional question, and leaving it to be decided by a scratch majority of the House of Commons! Surely we have here the impotence of statesmanship, the very degradation of politics. The new Prime Minister had next to reckon with the Nationalists. While under the influence of Lord Rosebery, Mr Asquith had taken up on Home Rule an attitude which stirred the wrath of the Nationalists. Here, too, Mr Asquith showed himself to be possessed of the intellect of an attorney and the soul of an auctioneer. He completely humbugged the Nationalists by a vague promise to deal with Home Rule on some kind of federal basis. For the moment the Nationalists are pacified; but the Scottish members who favour Home Rule for Scotland are not to be taken in by fair words, and are not relinquishing their efforts to realise their political ideal. The Labour men, notwithstanding old age pensions, are not enamoured of Mr Asquith, though they will take all the concessions they can get and look for more. What the ladies think of Mr Asquith is seen in the persistent campaign they carry on against him. Another section which has given various Liberal Governments trouble is the extreme temperance section. In a moment of weakness they got the late Sir William Harcourt to try Local Veto—a measure which led to a party disaster of the most gigantic proportions. The new Prime Minister is too astute a man not to be able to read the signs of the times, but lacking courage to resist popular clamour he must needs lead his party to the brink of Niagara.

What is to be the upshot of this campaign of opportunism? The upshot will be a renewal of the conflict with the House of Lords over a number of large questions which will divide the Liberal electorate, and render the conflict with the Upper House a *fiasco*. Gladstone once spoke of the conflict over Home Rule as one between the classes and the masses. That was an utterance as unfortunate as it was inaccurate. But when the next conflict comes it will be, thanks to Mr Asquith's pandering to Socialism and the fads of extremists,

a real conflict between the classes and the masses. Under the leadership of an opportunist Prime Minister all other questions will sink into insignificance compared with the question of Socialism; and those who look beneath the surface recognise that as the result of the coming conflict the Liberal party will experience a greater split than over Home Rule. Misled by Socialistic clamour within the ranks of Liberalism, Mr Asquith is precipitating the conflict by every measure which hurts people of property for the benefit of the workers. It is a great delusion to suppose that the property classes are a small minority in this country. It is a greater delusion to suppose that the working classes as a whole are in sympathy with Socialism.

That labour is increasingly asserting itself is true, and in order to realise its ideals—better wages, shorter hours, and old age pensions—it is willing to work with Socialists and advanced Liberalism; but it is a mistake to infer from this that skilled labourers, as distinguished from the unskilled labourer, is a believer in Socialism, in the real meaning of the term, as implying absolute State control of labour and property. The skilled worker will go a certain length in the Socialist direction, but he will call a halt when he is asked to part with his savings for the benefit of his less fortunate brethren. In this country, particularly in Scotland, the better section of working men will be found joining the middle class whenever Socialism is put forward in all its confiscatory nakedness. When we come to look at the property held by working men in one way and another in this country, it will be seen that they stand committed to the old doctrine of security of possessions rather than to the new Socialistic doctrine of equality of possessions.

Apart from the large sums held by purely benevolent and friendly societies, there are the Co-operative Societies for industrial and trades businesses, and Land Societies, which are very largely represented in Scotland. A recent authority puts the membership of these at 2,054,835, and their funds at £43,328,078. Coming to the Building Societies, of which there are two kinds—the incorporated and the unincorporated—there are 595,451 members, with funds amounting to £63,907,087. Then there are the Trustee, and Post-office, People's, and Railway Savings Banks, with no fewer than 10,837,186 depositors, with funds amounting to £222,677,941. From a recently issued Board of Trade return it appears that at the beginning of the present century the Savings Banks alone, excluding Friendly and Provident Societies, had about 78,000,000 depositors, whose savings reached the gigantic sum of £2,250,000,000 sterling. Confining attention to the thrift institutions in Edinburgh, Leith, and neighbourhood, the authority we are quoting says that, exclusive of local Building Societies and unregistered clubs and associations, and taking only

the Friendly, the Provident, and Industrial Societies, and the Savings Banks, which all come under the purview of the Friendly Societies Act, we have well over 200,000 persons connected with these institutions, with funds at their credit approximating to, if not actually exceeding, £6,000,000 sterling, or, in other words, nearly £30 per member. That is to say, one in every three of the entire local population is enlisted on the side of thrift ; is, in other words, pledged to security as against equality of possession. In Scotland, where thrift prevails largely among the working classes, it is plain that a substantial bulwark exists against the confiscatory schemes of Socialism. Up to a certain point working men will not quarrel with Socialism, but rebellion will break out when it assumes a State dictatorship, and in the name of equality lays hands on the savings of labour.

The farther Mr Asquith and his followers go on the Socialistic line the greater their difficulty in engineering a campaign against the House of Lords, which, as in the case of Home Rule, will be recognised as a bulwark against revolutionary legislation. When the day of conflict comes, will Mr Asquith be found enthusiastically leading his forces to battle? Those who think so have mistaken their man. There is little of the revolutionist about the Prime Minister. The late Prime Minister was a formidable foe to the Peers. His instincts were Radical, and he had no liking for lords or society. Mr Asquith's instincts, on the other hand, are of the weathercock order, and he dearly loves a lord. He looked languidly on the recent campaign against the House of Lords, and among the Radical section it was well known that the Rosebery set, as they were called, were exceedingly cool on the subject. At any rate, the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman got little or no help from Messrs Asquith & Co. The House of Lords agitation is dead; and even had Mr Asquith the will, he has not the power to revive it. The truth is, the Prime Minister is not looking to the future at all. Enough if he can secure a comfortable seat on the fence, from which he will not come down till he finds another fence equally suited to his personal tastes and interests. In the meantime, his endeavour will be to curry favour with the rag-tag and bobtail of his party without openly provoking a conflict with the aristocratic section. He will strive to ride both horses at the same time. So long as the horses are running in the same direction the Prime Minister may succeed, but it will be a feat beyond even Mr Asquith's acrobatic skill to ride both horses at the same time when they begin to run in opposite directions.

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCXVIII. DECEMBER 1908. Vol. CLXXXIV.

THE DEAD BONES.

There has of late been a healthy spirit of inquiry abroad touching many matters which for long have been taken for granted, and in no direction have the inquiries after knowledge probed harder—it would be unfair to say deeper—than into the conduct and education of the governing classes of the country. The democratic press of all the parties has feasted apolaustically upon the latest ragging scandal; our public-school boys live in the glare of the limelight of the halfpenny papers; rumour has it that the first school in the country is thought worthy of, or worth, the attention of a whole resident reporter all to itself. Demos has summoned the two Universities and the Public Schools before its intolerant bar; and it has become necessary for those who benefit from long-established privileges to prove themselves worthy of the place they hold in the general life of the nation.

Let us take a brief look at the history of an average son of averagely well-to-do parents. The terms upper, middle, and lower classes are invidious and misleading; and for the present purpose it is sufficient to divide society into those who can and those who cannot afford to send their sons into the public schools or the navy. Or a nearly corresponding division is that between the H-pronouncing and the H-less, or H-fearing, portions of the community.

Little Johnny Jones, with a perfect mastery of his H's, and a couple of sovereigns in his pocket, is shivering with mingled fright and excitement in a corner of the big school, or hall, where the members of the three or four lowest forms are supposed to prepare their work for the next day. He is one of a batch of some thirty

or forty new boys, who herd together for mutual protection, while sundry lower-school imps, a year or two older, occasionally "cut out" one of the timid band, and submit him to a merciless fire of searching questions. Johnny has nothing peculiar about his dress—his father saw to that,—and takes his catechism quietly, so he is soon let alone. But there is one unfortunate youth who has the unparalleled effrontery to wear brown boots. Brown boots! On a wretched new boy!! When only prefects may put on these insignia of rank!!! He is chaffed and hustled and chidden, till he is able to sneak away to his little cubicle, where he removes the offending objects in a flood of tears.

A day or two later we find Johnny sitting on an inky form at the bottom of the Middle Fourth. He is a fairly sharp youngster, who has been well taught at the private school where he has spent the last two years. A question is passed down the form; no one knows the answer, till it comes to Johnny, who gives the right one, and goes up top. Presently, towards the end of the lesson, he is put on to construe the carefully edited Cæsar which the form are taking. At "prep" the night before he had become interested in the account before him of a march and a battle, and had gone on beyond the portion allotted for the next day's lesson. The master, delighted to find a vein of interest in his mine of unintelligence, allows Johnny to go on construing, keeps the form a minute or two after the clock has struck, and says "That's very well done, Jones," as he shuts his book. Poor Johnny! He is immediately set upon by a dozen young savages, the thick-heads at the bottom of the form, who twist his arm and hack his shins, and intimate in no uncertain tones that he has committed at least two unpardonable crimes, and that if he do it again worse things will befall.

Now Johnny is no hero, but only a very ordinary little boy,—perhaps a trifle fonder of books than the general run of little boys, but neither hero nor fool. He quickly and thoroughly learns the lesson that his only business in school hours is to do a minimum of work—just enough to get him his removes in due season,—and that public opinion, all-powerful deity, will not tolerate a small boy in the Middle Fourth who shows an unreasonable interest in or knowledge of Cæsar, his Gallic Wars.

In the afternoon Johnny is drafted into one of the small-boy games on the lower-school cricket-ground, and here the real business of the day begins. Each game has a big boy, a member of the first or second elevens, looking after it. Johnny goes in among the tail of his side, and makes a good score. Next day he finds himself in a higher game, and in a week or two is playing in a "small" eleven against a neighbouring private school. His status is at once secure; big boys are civil to him,—"That's the kid

who knocked up 40 against the Fernhurst brats"; his peers like him, and he begins to write home enthusiastic letters to his mother about the jolly time he is having.

Then comes a fall. Playing a second time in a "small eleven," he makes an unnecessary score, when his side already have plenty of runs, thanks to which the others are able to make a draw of it. This is a grievous offence, and it takes him weeks to live it down. But he has learnt that a public-school boy must play for his side, not for himself; must get out, if need be, that his eleven may win.

The terms pass by, and many notions get into Johnny's head and stay there. He finds that the road to honour lies through play; he works at his play and plays at his work. He finds that a deal of immoral behaviour, both of speech and action, lies beneath the surface of school life; and being, as I have said, no hero, is to some extent influenced thereby. Things which first shock, then attract, and he goes through a certain moral crisis; mercifully ended for him by a good prefect, who, against all the rules, beats original sin out of him with a fives' bat. He decides that although certain sins are pleasant, the percentage of risk attaching to them is too high to make indulgence safe. Moreover, he is confirmed at about this time, and the straight talks in chapel from a sensible and kindly headmaster are not without their effect.

By the time he is seventeen he has begun to take an interest in his personal appearance, and his manners in the drawing-room are distinctly good. With his elders he is quiet and unassuming, and he treats his father very much as he would his house-master —with a certain shy respectfulness before his face, and a jovial but quite unwarranted assumption of familiarity behind his back.

Intellectually he is much the same as when he left the sheltered roof of his private school. He has reached the haven of the Middle Fifth, and is safe from any superannuation clause. He dreams about cricket when he is up at form, and talks about it in his study, when he and his friend Robinson are "mugging up" their piece of Cicero for to-morrow's early school. The pair are possessed of a large assortment of Bohns,—worst of all possible translations, but cheap and literal. Their form-master is perfectly well aware that they, and half his form, use "cribs," but what can he do? There is no absolute proof, and he is an easy-going man, steeped in the school routine for twenty years. He comforts his conscience by making the form pay special attention to Latin and Greek grammar, and chases them assiduously through the arid wastes of *μη οὐ* and the sterile deserts of *οὐ μη*. This he calls "giving them a sound foundation of scholarship," and it kills the little remaining interest that any of them feel in the classical authors.

In his last year at school Johnny gets into the Upper Fifth, thanks to one or two boys leaving unexpectedly; is made a prefect, and is given his first eleven cap. He is now one of the little circle of Olympian beings who control the lives and destinies of the community. In its centre are the captains of the cricket and football elevens; next to them one may place the headmaster, and the one or two members of senior common-room who, from athletic prowess or force of character, have gained power and influence over their charges. Then comes the general body of prefects, and hovering round the edge of the circle, of but scarcely in it, are the rest of the masters.

Among Johnny's duties as a prefect were "keeping school"—that is to say, preserving order in the big school building, while some eighty or ninety urchins of fourteen and fifteen prepared their lesson of an afternoon; "keeping dormitory," which meant walking up and down one or other of the lower-school dormitories for an hour after the small boys had gone to bed; reading the lessons in chapel when his turn came; and generally seeing that the rules of the place were faithfully observed. His powers of punishment were considerable. He could set "lines"; could give three strokes with a cane; could report to the senior prefect, which implied a severe caning for the offender before the assembled body of prefects; in short, the prefects were the Head's Prætorian guard, and the discipline of the school was in their hands.

Now the master who took the Upper Fifth was a fine scholar, but recently come from Oxford with the honour of a First in Greats upon him. He was moreover a sensible man, who in his own school-days had suffered many things from the prevailing system of teaching.

One of the books the form were taking was The Frogs of Aristophanes; and the way this bold innovator taught it to his boys — who were of course only some four or five years younger than himself—was by making them *act* it. He first took them quickly through it, giving each boy a copy of the admirable translation which was made when the play was acted by the O.U.D.S. in the early "nineties." Then, when they had got a general notion of its structure, they were given parts, and the play was read through with appropriate inflections of voice and gesture. You could always tell an Upper Fifth boy at that time by his perpetual "*βρεκ-εκ-εκ-έξ κοάξ κοάξ*!" The form began to become a nuisance.

A month before the end of the term the suggestion was made—by a boy in the form who had always been looked upon by other masters he had worked (!) for, as a sharp thorn in the flesh—that the Vth Pars Sup. should give a dramatic entertainment at the end of the term, consisting of scenes from one Aριστοφάνης, Oἱ *βατράχοι*.

In spite of the opposition of the VIth form master, the suggestion was carried out, and very well carried out. At the end, their pedagogue was carried on to the stage by the cheering members of his form. Johnny had a small part,—knew the whole play and its jokes and its meaning by heart, and much of it will always remain with him.

Next term the form acted that not uninteresting old play, The Phormio,—probably the best of the Plauto-Terentian epoch,—in the same kind of way, in spite of the jeers of the VIth at them for "a gang of mountebanks," "a licentious crew of juvenile mummers." The VIth form master boiled over with taunts and bitter epigrams; he was a clever man with an acid tongue, a faithful worshipper at the fetish shrine of "scholarship."

If I were an artist I would paint a picture. I would draw a gloomy hollow in great hills, a rocky narrow defile, into which a troop of young human intellects are passing. Enthroned in the shadow sits a monstrous god, and all around are they who carry out his will. As each glad young spirit comes under the shadow of that horrid shape it shrivels and withers, and is handled by the unclean ministers of the place, and carried off into dark and fearful caverns, whose mouths are dimly visible amidst an eddying cloud of mephitic vapours. One or two there are, more robust or more fortunate than their fellows, who escape back down the defile, shrunk indeed, and often stunted for all their days, but still alive. And I should call the picture, The Old Scholarship.

Together with The Phormio, Johnny's form took those books of Thucydides which deal with the Syracusan expedition. The first step their young master took was to obtain a half-dozen copies of Jowett's translation and hand them over to his boys. He was sorry he could not get more, he said; but it was an expensive book, and they must make the half-dozen do. In addition to translating a far longer piece of the text at each lesson than was usual, they wrote essays on the Κύκλος question, on the character of Nicias, on the strategy and tactics of the campaign. The best of these essays were read out to the form; and frequently two of the boys would arrange to take different sides, and then the class-room would resemble a heated but orderly debating society.

Mistakes in the writing of English were pointed out to them, and a few simple and elementary rules laid down for their guidance. They were warned against the split infinitive, the unduly long sentence, and suchlike pitfalls. Not one had ever before been instructed in the use of his own language.

It need hardly be said that in spite of this sudden and almost forgotten interest in his books, Johnny was as keen as ever about his cricket and football. His life was very full and very happy, and he will

always look upon his last year at school as one of the happiest he is ever likely to spend.

And now a day comes when his eyes are wet, for all his nineteen years. Sorrowfully leaving the well-loved buildings, he has passed down the long corridor and through the quadrangle to the market-place, where wait the town hansoms, and is driving—a schoolboy no more—to the station. The Head is sorry to lose him; his house-master speaks words of more or less sage advice and of undoubted kindness, and ends up with "Good-bye, Jones, and good luck. I'm more than sorry you are going. There's always a bed in the House when you come and look us up from Oxford." But when he goes to say farewell to his form-master, beloved man, he wellnigh breaks down, and only saves himself by flight. Not till that moment does he realise how much he owes to this one usher. "If it had not been for him," he thinks, "I should really know precious little more now than when I came here from my private school." But, Johnny, it is not what he has taught you that matters: it is that he has taught you to interest yourself in learning, has made you feel that books are not necessarily a boy's enemies, but may even be his very good friends.

It is sometimes said in defence of the public schools that they develop character, even if their system of teaching is deficient. It would be truer to say that they attempt to shape their boys' characters in one common mould; and you cannot be said to "develop" a jelly when you pour it into a tin. All you do is to make it take on a certain appearance, which in hot weather frequently alters considerably by the time it is put upon the table.

There is nothing more strange than the way in which lads of nineteen alter, when they find themselves in the larger environment of the university. The shy unregarded "scug," or "swot," or "sap," or whatever name the jargon of his particular school has given him, blossoms out in a term or two into an important person, a shining light at the Union perhaps, or an amusing good fellow, who is welcomed in the rooms of all the most distinguished folk in the college. He develops traits previously unsuspected even by himself, and in a year's time is a totally different being from the despised schoolboy. In a less repressing atmosphere he has begun to find his true self.

A man will always remain more or less what his 'Varsity friends believed him to be: but if you meet some one whom you last knew as a schoolboy, ten or fifteen years ago, you will probably be immensely astonished that he is what he is: he will seem to be another being, and you will vainly search for some connecting link between him and the boy you once imagined you knew so well. This is not as it should be.

The public schools develop characteristics and suppress

character. A public-school boy has certain characteristics of appearance, of speech, of manner often, of thought less frequently, which distinguish him from those who have never lived under those historic roofs. Kipling, most shrewd observer, talks of "the public-school mask" on a boy's face; and of course no one, least of all a boy at an impressionable age, can live for several years under a certain code of manners and conduct without bearing marks of their sojourn upon him. But the mask is a thin one: a veneer, a deception even. The boys' bodies are healthy and well looked after; *they*, could you see them, would be the best argument for a public-school upbringing; the bodies are splendid, the minds—there are none. There is a mask, and if you get behind the mask you find a great emptiness; it is a mask which conceals a despite of learning, an unwillingness to know, a charnel-house of still-born intellect; a mask whose features have been formed by never-ending all-important games — by dull masters, who drone through the weary hours, making vain repetitions of thrice-worn texts — by a senseless system of teaching invented by monks, blessed by priests, and consecrated by pedagogues.

Small wonder that a lad often changes when he leaves school. He suddenly discovers that he has a mind; that cricket is not absolutely everything, and his intellect awakens and alters his whole being. He discovers, too, that it is not necessarily an opprobrious action to differ from his fellows, even in the matter of brown boots; that he need not suffer in order to have his own opinions about things; that within reasonable limits he may lead his own life in his own way.

Now Johnny, as we have seen, had the luck to sit under that rare being, a clever man with an original mind. He went up to Oxford, to a good but not an extravagant college, and so far as his work went found himself back more or less where he had been in the Upper Fifth. He elected to take Honour Moderations (Classical), an examination expressly devised for the purpose of testing an undergraduate's "scholarship," — with some utterly puerile Logic thrown in, so a Don informed him, "as a mental gymnastic." Many crimes are concealed under the term "mental gymnastics." I am not sure that the error contained in the expression is not the fundamental one, which will have to be uprooted if the schools and the universities are to escape condemnation.

It is said that the mind is strengthened by a mechanical act of learning, on the analogy that the muscles of the body are strengthened by the use of dumb-bells. But just as the unscientific use of heavy dumb-bells is positively bad and dangerous, and far more likely to hurt and weaken than to make strong, so the over-loading of a boy's immature brain with heavy shapeless masses of Latin Grammar or Mathematics will

be productive of nothing but harm. In the case of the body, the old gymnastics have been entirely given up: Swedish exercises, light Indian clubs, rubber pulleys, have taken the place of the shot-bag and 10-lb. bell. Gymnastics, in fact, have long been relegated to their proper function, a strictly subordinate one, and boys' bodies are developed by things they love—cricket, rowing, football, running, and the like,—pursuits in which, it is true, a certain amount of muscle is necessary. But it is far better that the muscle should be developed by actually running or rowing than by the use of dumb-bells in a gymnasium.

An intelligent Chinaman, on being told that many English lads spent six very critical years of their life in learning two dead languages, remarked that Latin and Greek must indeed have a noble literature if it were considered good to take so much trouble over teaching our boys to read them. He supposed, very naturally, as any intelligent being would suppose, that in six years a boy could learn to read a language with some ease; and that the only object of learning a dead language must be the study of its literature. Little did he know, little could he imagine, how those languages are taught. Little did he know that scarcely one boy in a hundred, when he leaves a public school, is capable of making a decent translation of any unknown passage from a classical author—and as for reading a Latin or Greek author for pleasure! It is all mental gymnastics; and sometimes you find a boy, of the kind which wins a University scholarship, who is a mental Farnese Hercules; his brain is so twisted into huge knots and strands that it can hardly move. He will tell you every single thing there is to be known about the use of the middle or the second aorist, but has no more real intelligence or interest in life, or art, or literature, than a Surrey policeman. The gymnastics have strangled his intellect.

Such a boy is, of course, not too common; he is one of those who were clever, originally. The mediocre boy takes less harm, because he has less application, and the cascade of gender rhymes and syntax slides more or less harmlessly over his back. He soon learns that there is nothing to be gained by distinguishing himself in form; his work has no interest for him—he does the bare minimum, his brain is affected indeed, almost unto tears, with boredom, but an instinct of self-preservation forbids him from allowing it to be gymnasticised into a monstrous fungoid growth, dead to literature, dead to history, dead to politics, dead to all the intellectual life of two thousand centuries of civilisation.

To go back to Johnny at Oxford. He took a Second in Honour Mods., and was well satisfied. He would not have got that if he had taken his tutor's advice, and prepared

his set books without the help of a translation. He had worked quite hard for the examination, and like most undergraduates who are just through Moderations, determined to enjoy himself for a term or two before settling down to read again. But he was a conscientious lad, and the immensity and comprehensive character of the subjects he was required to get up for Greats frightened him into beginning a certain amount of reading, even during the summer term after Mods. The whole of Greek and Roman history; the whole of Greek and Roman literature; the whole of the structure of ancient, medieval, and modern philosophy,—here was a mountain of knowledge to be dug through.

He was sitting in his room overlooking the beautiful garden Quad one summer morning, when the brilliant idea occurred to him that the first thing to do if he wished seriously to tackle Literæ Humaniores, was to learn the two languages in which the bulk of the subject-matter of that examination is written. During nearly eight years of education he had, he thought to himself, obtained a certain knowledge of their grammar; could translate a few plays, a few pieces of poetry, a chapter or two of history to which he had paid an especial attention; but he had no knowledge of the languages in the same way in which he knew French, no power to devote himself to what the author says, without perforce paying a minute attention to the words he uses in saying it. He had had a French governess for a year, just before he went to a private school; he could talk in that tongue quite fluently, and read an Erckmann-Chatrian or 'Les Trois Mousquetaires' in the vernacular, with delight and comprehension.

Now he had two years and a half. Why not learn Latin by talking it? He grew quite hot at the brilliancy of his idea. But with whom could he converse? Men who know Latin well enough to talk it are as rare as Giant Sloths.

He explained his views to two other undergraduates, one of whom was a scholar of the college, and with some difficulty persuaded them to meet in his rooms for an hour every morning—to talk Latin! Their occupation became known, and they were much laughed at; towards the end of the term, however, a certain famous Latin scholar, an old man whose name is known and reverenced even at Bonn and Heidelberg, knocked at their door one morning, said that he was much interested in their experiment, and would like to assist. Confused at first, they soon gladly assented; and to their vast astonishment discovered that in six weeks they had learnt to speak much more fluently than could the great man, for all his immense knowledge and erudition.

To cut a long tale short, by the time of their examination, two years later, they all three of them knew Latin and knew Greek, — could talk or read

either language with reasonable ease. Johnny did not get a first — his philosophy and logic were weak; but he got a good second, and was quite pleased with himself. He had taken to rowing, and the excitement of Eights Week probably cost him his first. The other two, who played cricket, both got firsts, and one of them—the scholar—was the wonder and pride of his examiners. Johnny considered, probably with justice, that, taking one thing with another, his seat in the college boat, which had gone head of the river, was worth the difference between the second, and the first he so narrowly missed.

I heard a bishop remark the other day, "There is nothing the matter with the public schools and universities save their system of education."

Now, of course, some boys are not sent to school to be educated, but, after all, they are in the minority. To say that there is not much wrong with a school but its educational system is much the same thing as saying that there is not much wrong with a steam-engine except that the boiler is worn out, or with a motor-car except that the wheels are broken.

A boy's brain is at least as important as his body, and as easily moulded by rational treatment. We have very little to learn nowadays about the most wholesome methods of physical training, and have probably come as near to perfection in the matter as is possible in an imperfect world. It is likely that there was never a period in the world's history in which the growing human body was studied and treated with so much knowledge and success. But the mind? We are still in the Dark Ages.

No one will deny to our public schools many and even great merits. In some boys, especially in those who remain at school long enough to wield power, they develop self-confidence, and a rudimentary growth of the faculty of controlling others. In all, they instil an obedience to the powers that be; a certain code of honour, which, curious and distorted in many ways, is still infinitely better than the lax habits of thought obtaining in a French Lycée; a reserve, a reticence, a respect—or is it dislike?—for the nakedness of one's own or another's soul, which is a cardinal and distinctive English virtue, making for happiness in family life as in the affairs of business and politics; again, a faculty of hero-worship often becoming strong and even passionate, which in after life may assume the form of devotion to a political chief, to a leader of thought, to an admiral or a general or a senior partner,—a faculty which is productive of some of the best work done in the England of to-day.

On the credit side, moreover, must be weighed the fact that the majority of boys are on the whole very happy at a public school. Now this is a vital thing, as no young creature can be developed properly if it

is often or permanently unhappy. But at the same time there is always an unhappy minority; usually consisting of boys less muscular or robust than their fellows, with an instinctive but suppressed desire for beautiful things, music, pictures, or poetry—tastes which it need hardly be said are not provided for in the school curriculum. Such boys, bad at games, uninterested in their uninteresting lessons, retire into their own dismal little shells, and suffer in their whole character and career from the constricting forces which have affected them during their most precious years. They leave school with gladness, hating it; and no boy or girl ought to be allowed to hate anything. It is astonishing, but ever to be remembered of pedagogues, how easily the iron enters into a young soul.

For such boys as these, a more rational system of education means moral and intellectual salvation. The timid, thin-skinned boy, instead of eating his heart out in loneliness and isolation, browses with keen enjoyment on the fruits of the great classical authors. Cicero, sensibly taught, may save a soul.

Latin and Greek ought to be taught so that a boy on leaving school should feel ashamed if he cannot "read Homer with his feet on the mantelpiece." We have gone astray into an educational wilderness from whence at all costs we must now return. The dead bones must be made to live; the dead languages must be regarded simply as the keys to all the beauty and splendour of the literature of Greece and Rome; the study of grammar must be discarded, the young brain must be taught to accustom itself to considering not the construction but the meaning of language; the whole educational edifice must be pulled down and rebuilt, if we are to hold our own as an enlightened nation among the peoples of the world. In the days when no one was educated, the moral and physical training of the public school was enough to ensure the pre-eminence of those classes of the community who sent their sons to such schools. The brain of Demos was as yet untroubled; no suspicion of the hand which more or less fed and clothed him had as yet stirred his soul. But, with education, suspicion came, and is growing. Nay, it is more contempt than suspicion by now. Ask a pupil-teacher in a Board School—that is to say, one of the pick of the educated poorer classes—what he thinks of Eton. You will get a scornful laugh; not because he despises Etonians—yet—but because it is common talk in the society in which he moves that a boy at Eton is taught nothing which will be of the slightest use to him thereafter, nothing which stimulates his mind, nothing of all that is necessary if he is rightfully and not by birth or favour to form one of a ruling caste.

It may be said, perhaps, that after all the public schools have supplied almost all the

prominent statesmen of the past fifty years; possibly,—but not of the past five years. In the present Cabinet are many men who were never at a great school, and it must be understood that only during this twentieth century has the Board School begun seriously to compete with Eton, Winchester, and the rest.

Now surely we are beholding the advance of a great peril to the nation. The intellectual, quick-brained man who owes his education to a county council is imbued with no sense of the value of discipline, of the ethics of true honour; he has never set the cause before himself, or had his being steeped in *esprit de corps*. He has from his boyhood played for his own hand, and has seen his fellows scrambling, trampling, kicking one another down in their efforts to obtain each his individual goal. He will have learnt neither to rule nor to obey.

Signs are not wanting that politics are becoming a dirtier game than of yore. Politicians are more unscrupulous, the House of Commons begins to be a place where dishonourable tricks are applauded, and the end justifies any means. Of old, at least, it stood honourably by certain unwritten rules, and "slim" tricks were almost unknown.

The public schools have much to learn from the board schools, the board schools from the public schools. Efforts have been made sporadically to introduce into the village or urban school something of the patriotism, honour, and *camaraderie* of the public school, and at certain of the latter are found intelligent men who battle hopefully against that rotten and vicious system of mind-killing so-called classical education. It is very necessary for the good of the State that their efforts meet with success. If we cannot do without Demos nowadays, still less can we do without honourable gentlemen in the conduct of our national affairs. Let us endeavour to imbue Demos with a higher moral code, and to persuade Patricius that an awakened brain is of equal importance with a well-developed body.

SOME MEMORIES OF MY SPARE TIME, 1856-1885.

BY

GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY BRACKENBURY, G.C.B.

II.

In 1867 I formed a connection with the daily press which for more than three years absorbed the greater part of my spare time. And here it had better at once be stated that at this time officers who wrote for the papers were not viewed favourably at the Headquarters of the Army. But I had ideas and opinions for which I was determined to obtain a hearing. Moreover, I was a very poor man, and anxious to rise in my profession. Without money I could not buy books, or travel to widen my sphere of interests and activities. Nor, indeed, could I be sure of finding the means to take advantage of opportunities which might arise, and might help me to get my foot on the first step of the ladder. And so I resolved to run the risk of incurring a certain amount of odium at Headquarters. My brother, Captain (afterwards Major-General) Charles Brackenbury, had acted as military correspondent of 'The Times' in the war of 1866. At the battle of Koeniggrätz he had ridden with Benedek into the thick of the fire at Chlum. He had gone on to Italy, and described the naval battle of Lissa and the handing over of Venetia. He had become a personage of some importance, and I was fired with emulation. 'The Times,' of course, was barred to me; but if I could not be in the first flight, I would at least try for the second. So I gladly accepted an offer of an introduction to the editor of 'The Standard,' Captain Thomas Hamber. I called on him in his scrubby little office in Shoe Lane, and found him and Mr Evans, the manager, sitting at opposite sides of a table. Yes, he had room for a writer on military subjects, and he would give me a trial. There were leaders to be written, and headed articles, long or short, according to the importance of the subject, on matters of public interest. What was my view as to corporal punishment in the Army? I was opposed to it, except on active service in the field. Well, there would be a debate that Friday night on Mr Otway's motion for its abolition. I had better read the debate on Saturday morning, and send up a leader the same day, in time to appear in Monday's paper. I carried out my instructions, and to my delight my first leading article appeared in 'The Standard' of Monday, March 18, 1867, and a second article on the same subject in 'The Morn-

ing Herald' of March 30; for at this time 'The Standard,' 'The Evening Standard,' and 'The Morning Herald' all belonged to the same proprietor, and were under the same editor and manager.

This was the beginning of a long spell of hard, but highly interesting, and to me valuable work. It was clear that if my newspaper was to be well informed, I must keep myself abreast of all military matters of interest both at home and abroad. This involved a prodigious amount of reading. I read and reviewed all the chief military books, obtained all the Parliamentary papers on military subjects, and before long became a frequent attendant at the military debates in the House of Commons. In those days this was a much less difficult matter than it would be now. I never sat in the Strangers' Gallery, or in the Press Gallery, as I had a number of friends who were Members of Parliament, and a relative a clerk in the House of Commons; and all that was necessary was to walk to the Lobby, open in those days to the public, and wait outside the doors of the House till one of my friends appeared, or to send in a card, when I never failed to get a seat, through the kindness of the Speaker, either under the Gallery or in the Speaker's Gallery. I was introduced to that interesting personality Captain Gosset, the Serjeant-at-Arms, who sometimes invited me to his room, and always showed me great kindness. I occasionally came in for interesting debates on other than military subjects, and there was not one of the best debaters of those days whom I have not frequently heard.

One incident made a special impression upon me. I was sitting under the gallery during the discussion of the Mutiny Act, when John Bright came and sat immediately underneath and talked to a friend of his who was seated next to me. It was either in 1867 or 1868, when the wars of 1866 between Austria and Prussia and Austria and Italy were fresh in all our memories, and our own army was at a low ebb. "What do you think I have just discovered in the preamble to the Mutiny Act?" said John Bright to my neighbour—"that our army is maintained for the preservation of the balance of power in Europe! Was there ever anything so comic?" That year the historic preamble passed without question. Next year it appeared minus the "comic" expression.

The recent invasion of the House by a suffragette has reminded me of another incident of that time. I was sitting under the Gallery on the Government side, when the House was cleared for a division. With the other strangers I was turned out into the lobby, where I met a friend who was a member, and entered into conversation with him. When the division was over, I followed him through the first door leading into the House, and instead of turning up the staircase leading to the two rows

of seats under the Gallery, which were then available for strangers, passed on unchallenged through the second door, and turned up the steps, sitting down in a seat immediately below the two rows, a seat consecrated to members only and within the sacred precincts. I had not been there many minutes when a door-keeper came and whispered to me "Are you a member?" "No." "Then follow me out quietly." I did so, and once beyond the door, he said, "Thank goodness nobody else noticed you, or I don't know what would have happened." What would have happened? Should I have been sent to the Clock Tower?

And this reminds me of how when a boy, staying with my brother, then a subaltern of Horse Artillery at Woolwich, I was riding one of his horses, and turning in at the Blackheath gates of Greenwich Park, had a pleasant canter on the turf under the trees. When I reached the gates on my return two park-keepers barred my way, and asked what I meant by riding in the Park. I was innocent of having done anything wrong, and said so. They told me no one might ride in the Park except the Ranger or the Royal Family, and talked of arresting me. I asked whether they would not get into trouble for having allowed me to enter, and they saw the force of the argument. Was the same thought in the mind of the House of Commons' door-keeper when he treated me so gently?

After the session of 1867, during my summer vacation, I went to Paris for 'The Standard,' and wrote a series of articles on the munitions of war in the great Exhibition which was held that year on the Champ de Mars. To the outward eye the Empire was now at the zenith of its grandeur, every sovereign of Europe being either present in person or being represented by the heir to the throne. The Czar (Alexander II.) with his sons, and the King of Prussia (William, afterwards Emperor of Germany) with his son (subsequently the Emperor Frederick), Bismarck, and von Moltke, were all present at a review held at Longchamps on June 6, after which, on their return, an attempt was made to assassinate the Czar. Of this review I possess a remarkable souvenir. It is a half sheet of gilt-edged notepaper bearing the Imperial crown and letter N, on one side of which is written in the Emperor's handwriting—

REVUE PR. L'EMPEREUR DE RUSSIE.

Troupes.

	Regiments.	
3 divisions d'infanterie de la ligne . . .	12	
bataillons de Chasseurs . . .		3
2 divns. d'inf. de la garde	8	
bat. de chass^s.		1
	20	4 bat.

Total, 64 bataillons.

regiments de cavalerie de la ligne	. . .	6
de la garde	. . .	6
		12 ou 48 escadrons.
batteries	. . . .	12 de la ligne.
		8 de la garde.
		20 bat.

On the other side of the page is a rough sketch by the Emperor of the review ground, showing the *moulin* and the *tribune*, and the positions in which the cavalry, artillery, and infantry were to be drawn up.

This was given by the Emperor on May 20 to the Marshal who was to command the troops at the review, and some years later was by him given to me. I was not in Paris when this review was held, but was present at one given in September for the Sultan, Abdul Aziz, when almost the same troops were present.

How little I thought at that time how soon the Empire was to fall, and yet how strangely prophetic were the concluding words of my last article for 'The Standard':—

"In my last visit to the Exhibition I passed, a few moments before leaving, that sad and solemn statue of the last moments of the great Napoleon, and I thought what an awful lesson was to be learnt there of the hollowness and vanity of the hopes of him who seeks his only happiness in the glory that awaits a great conqueror."

In the early summer of 1868 a great piece of good fortune befel me. In the previous winter it had been decided to introduce the teaching of Military History into the course of studies at Woolwich. A lectureship to the senior class of cadets had been created, and was held by a distinguished brother officer of mine who had won his Victoria Cross in the Crimea. Unfortunately for him, his programme was too ambitious. Half the term was over and he had only reached the early Roman period. The Council of Military Education, of which General Napier was President, and Colonel (afterwards Sir Edward) Bruce Hamley a member, came down to hear him lecture. The following day he wrote to me and told me he was going to resign his lectureship, as the Council insisted on his abandoning his extensive programme, and devoting the remainder of the term to lecturing upon some campaign of a date not earlier than Frederick the Great. He advised me to apply to succeed him. It was an opportunity not to be lost. I had felt my feet as a lecturer, having given a lecture on medieval armour and weapons to a full house in the theatre of the Royal Artillery Institution, and there was one campaign which had been studied so closely by me that I was prepared to lecture upon it at once. So I obtained a certificate as to my capability as a lecturer, appended a copy of my article on "War" in Brande's Dictionary, and sent

in my application, offering to begin a course of lectures on the Campaign of Waterloo in the following week. The Governor of the Royal Military Academy supported my application, and the stars in their courses favoured me. It was not easy to find another man on the spot ready to take up the work at five days' notice, and the appointment was given to me. The Council attended one of my lectures; the temporary lectureship was converted into a professorship, and the commencement of the following term found me Professor of Military History, with one lecture a-week to deliver to each of the two senior classes of cadets.

When closing my course at the end of the first term I mentioned that, with a view to lecturing on the Waterloo Campaign to a new class next term, I intended, during the coming vacation, to visit the theatre of the war and study the operations of the armies afresh on the ground. Not long afterwards a note came to me from a cadet, Edward Fitz-Gerald Law, about to receive his commission in the Royal Artillery, asking whether it would be possible for him to be allowed to accompany me on my proposed tour. The offer was gladly accepted, and together we went by rail to Charleroi, and thence walked over the whole theatre of the campaign.

Thus began a friendship, lasting for forty years, and only terminated by his death, while the proofs of this paper were lying on my table, on 2nd November last. His subsequent career was so remarkable, and its earlier stages are known to so few, that it may fitly be sketched in these Memories.

He left the army at an early period of his career, because he considered himself bound, for the sake of others, to earn a larger income than the army could offer. He determined to strike out a line for himself, and started business as agent for the sale of agricultural machinery in Russia. In this, after many hardships and difficulties, he prospered up to the point when he was robbed by a partner, against whom he brought an action, which, with characteristic determination, he pressed through the courts in Russia till he won it; but the costs were ruinous, and his business was wrecked. Then he became travelling agent for a London firm, in whose service he travelled over the whole of Russia, from Finland to the Caspian. This appointment, against the wish of the firm, he insisted on resigning because he was satisfied that they could get the work done for a lower salary than he could afford to take. Then, after a spell of service in the Sudan as an officer (he had kept his name on the Reserve of Officers' List), he came home, and became manager of the Globe Telephone Company, when it was fighting the United Telephone Company tooth and nail. Convinced that the best policy for the shareholders of the Globe was to merge itself in the United, he advocated their doing so, and pushed the amal-

gamation through, although he thus abolished his own post.

At this time, when he was for the moment without occupation, having ascertained that he would be willing to accept employment under Government, I spoke about him to Sir Philip Currie, Permanent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with whom as Head of the Military Intelligence Department I was in confidential relations. I mentioned Law's linguistic and literary attainments—he spoke French, German, and Russian fluently, he had acted as interpreter to the Embassy at St Petersburg, and had written a brilliant article in 'The Quarterly Review' on "The Races of Russia"—and I spoke of his great knowledge of Russia and Russian commerce. Currie saw him, Lord Salisbury saw him, and the post was created for him of commercial attaché for Russia and the East, including the Ottoman Empire and Persia. Sir Robert Morier, then Ambassador at St Petersburg, did not like the appointment, and came to see me about it. I told him he would change his mind when he knew Law better; and it was not very long before he wrote asking me to do all I could with the Foreign Office to prevent their sending Law to Constantinople, as he did not know how he should get on without him. It was here that Law first displayed that great financial ability which led the Government to employ him in so many financial negotiations—the commercial treaty with Turkey, the commercial convention with Bulgaria, the International Financial Commission at Athens,—and to his subsequent appointments as British delegate on the Council of the Ottoman Public Debt, and later financial member of the Viceroy's Council in India, where he established a gold-standard reserve — services which were rewarded with the Knight Commandership of the Orders of St Michael and St George and the Star of India.

He returned from India as poor a man as he was when he first entered the Foreign Office service eighteen years previously, for, true to his great sense of honour and of duty, he had given his whole mind and energies to the interests confided to his care, and had never thought about making money for himself. And the country he had served so well refused to give him any pension.

An obituary notice in 'The Times' of November 4 has done justice to his great qualities of head and heart,[1] and I doubt not that Greece, which is to be his last resting-place, will long cherish and find some means of paying honour to his memory.[2]

---

[1] It was with sincere regret that we read the news of our valued friend and contributor Sir Edward Law's sudden death at Paris. We warmly concur in all that Sir Henry Brackenbury has written on his character and career. —Ed. *B. M.*

[2] Since the above was written, I have learnt that the King of the Hellenes has directed that at his funeral at Athens the honours due to a Grand Cross of the Order of the Saviour are to be paid.

During our tour in Belgium I wrote several articles for 'The Standard'—"A Tour in the Cockpit of Europe," "The Kermesse in Belgium," &c.; and in the following year having represented how valuable it would be if the Professor of Military History could visit every summer the theatre of the campaign upon which he intended next to lecture, obtained a Government grant of ten shillings a-day for such days as might be actually passed in travelling, in aid of my expenses.

In 1869 I visited the theatre of Falckenstein's campaign of 1866 in Western Germany, during my tour writing many headed articles for 'The Standard,' and lecturing upon the campaign in the following autumn.

In the same year I began writing leading articles upon life insurance. I had become a director of an old life insurance company, had got behind the scenes, and had made a study of the subject. There were at that time certain insurance offices which were notoriously unsound, and I was convinced of the necessity for, and strongly advocated the introduction of, an Act of Parliament which would compel all life insurance offices to publish their accounts yearly. Such an Act, promoted by Mr Cave in 1869, came into force in 1870, and has done much to place life insurance in this country on a sound footing. The only scrape into which I ever got 'The Standard' was in connection with this subject. An office which considered itself libelled by one of my articles threatened an action, and the editor duly apologised. The office in question collapsed shortly afterwards.

In 1868 I began writing for 'The Athenæum,' under the editorship of Mr W. Hepworth Dixon, the well-known author of 'New America,' 'Spiritual Wives,' 'Her Majesty's Tower,' and other books. I do not remember how my connection with this paper came about, but I find a letter from Hepworth Dixon of June 25, 1868, telling me the latest days for sending in articles and paragraphs, and saying "the limit of length is the limit of interest. When you can make a bright and pleasant paper, then take space."

I reviewed many books for, and contributed paragraphs on matters of military scientific interest to, this paper. The story of one of these paragraphs is curious. At that time the Moncrieff carriage for heavy guns was much in evidence. Colonel Moncrieff had invented a most ingenious arrangement, by which a gun mounted on its carriage, when fired, was, by the force of the recoil, made to disappear below the parapet, out of the enemy's sight. In this position it was loaded, and when the operation of loading was complete the gun, by the release of a counter-weight, rose again into position for firing. Colonel Moncrieff, whom I knew well, was a great friend of the Rev. James White, one of the instructors in mathematics at the Royal Military Academy. The latter discovered that the form of the curved rack in the Moncrieff

carriage was, if not a new curve hitherto unknown to mathematicians, at least a curve whose properties and applications had been hitherto overlooked. He showed me the calculations and the equation for the curve. I suggested christening it "the Moncrieffian curve" and sending a short paper upon it to 'The Athenæum.' My paragraph was examined and revised by Moncrieff and White, and was then sent off. It came back to me in type with a note from Hepworth Dixon saying he had consulted Professor de Morgan, who said there was nothing in it. Then we consulted Professor Sylvester, Professor of Mathematics at Woolwich, and the greatest mathematician of the day. He said we were perfectly right, and the paragraph was sent back and inserted on October 24, 1868.

Professor Sylvester was undoubtedly a genius. It was said that he had out-distanced all rivals at Cambridge, but that the fact of his being a Jew had prevented his obtaining a degree at that university. Like many another genius he had his weak points, and at this time he believed that he was a musician and a poet. That he was not a practical musician I know, having frequently heard him sing; but he doubtless knew perfectly the laws of harmony and counterpoint, and all the theory of music. In October 1869, he wrote to me apropos of a review in 'The Athenæum' of Bulwer Lytton's translations of Horace, especially his rendering of the Ode to Mæcenas, asking me to obtain insertion in 'The Athenæum' of his own rendering of the same Ode, of which he thus wrote: "To my ear it seems to convey more of the effect of the original than does Lytton's, and I think the English is more idiomatic." He told me he had recited it to two of his colleagues, "both of whom considered it as faithful, and were so indulgent as to say as spirited, a rendering as they had ever heard of any Ode of Horace."

I sent it to Dr Doran, well known as the author of 'Their Majesties' Servants,' 'Annals of the Stage,' 'Monarchs retired from Business,' and other works, who was at that time editing 'The Athenæum' in succession to Hepworth Dixon, but he declined to insert it. Professor Sylvester then sent me "an amended edition of my rhymes; they are polished so smooth that I feel as if I could skate upon them. It is hard work rubbing up old verses and working out the flaws; polishing lenses by hand must be child's-play compared with it." But Dr Doran was obdurate. In a very kind letter from him of November 8, I find the following: "With regard to Professor Sylvester's translation from Horace, I am sorry that I was obliged to refrain from doing myself the pleasure of inserting it, for reasons which seemed to me very good then, and, not less so, now."

Both Hepworth Dixon and Dr Doran were very pleasant editors to work under, genial and considerate. After Dr Doran, Sir Charles Dilke took,

I think, for a short time, the reins into his own hands. Some time early in 1870 he appointed a new editor, a very young man, who was the cause of my connection with 'The Athenæum' coming to a close. I had taken much trouble over a review of Badeau's 'Life of Grant,' the American General and President. The proof came to me with the word "General" inserted in every place before the name of Grant, Sherman, Lee, or any other living commander, the rhythm of all my sentences being thereby destroyed. I cut out all these unauthorised insertions, and in returning the proof explained my reasons. In reply, the editor wrote telling me that he had made a rule that the prefix was to be inserted before the name of every living person, in every case. This mechanical editorship was not to my taste, and I ceased contributing to the paper.

The early part of the year 1870 found me very hard at work, preparing new courses of lectures, writing a great deal for 'The Standard' and also for 'The Athenæum.'

Among the books which I reviewed at this time was 'Staff College Essays,' by Lieutenant Evelyn Baring, R.A., now Earl of Cromer. He sent it to me with a characteristic note, in which he said, "I publish it more in the interests of the College than my own, for I am pretty certain to be a pecuniary loser by the transaction. My object will be gained if I show to some of the officers of the army that at all events *some* useful work is done at the Staff College, which it may reasonably be hoped will bring forth good fruit in time of war."

At the request of the Council I delivered a lecture in the theatre of the Royal United Service Institution on April 1. The subject chosen by me was "The Last Campaign of Hanover," and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge did me the honour of presiding. I said that my object was "to tell the plain, unvarnished, true story of the Campaign of Hanover, as I derive it from the closest comparison of official accounts, both Prussian and Hanoverian, with such other trustworthy data as I have been able to collect, and from the closest study of the ground on which the campaign was fought." It was a somewhat difficult task, for the chairman was very close in the succession to the Crown of Hanover, and one of the Hanoverian regiments which had especially distinguished itself was the Duke of Cambridge Dragoons; while sitting very near His Royal Highness among my audience was Colonel Roerdanz, the Prussian Military Attaché, before whom it had to be made clear that the battle of Langensalza was not a victory for the Prussians. The lecture fortunately won the Duke's approval, and Colonel Roerdanz complimented me on my strict fairness, and asked for a copy of the lecture, when printed, for the Prussian authorities. This lecture was published as a separate pamphlet by Mitchell.

When my summer vacation was near at hand, I obtained,

as usual, official permission to travel abroad and visit France, Belgium, and Germany, my intention being to visit the theatre of the 1866 campaign in Bohemia; but I was detained in London by the death of my mother; before I could start the quarrel between France and Germany assumed a menacing aspect; and on July 12 I published a three-column article in 'The Standard' on "The Armies of France, Prussia, and Spain," and on the 14th an article of equal length on "French and Prussian Tactics" compared.

At this time I proposed to Mr John Murray to revise and publish some lectures of mine on the Franco-German frontiers. I had previously made his acquaintance, and during my tours on the Continent in 1868 and 1869 had sent him some corrections and additions for his Handbooks, when he had kindly placed me on the Handbooks' free list. His reply to my proposal is interesting—

"I thank you sincerely for thinking of me in the matter of the publication of your military lectures on the Frontier of France. Unfortunately all my recent experiments to benefit the gentlemen of England who follow the profession of arms have been eminently unsuccessful; so that I have come to the conclusion—1st, That I am not the proper person to bring out military works; and 2ndly, that the members of said profession are very little anxious to increase their knowledge of it. This is disheartening; but I cannot come to other conclusions, and I must reluctantly refer you to some other publisher," &c., &c.

Twenty-eight years later, at the suggestion of my friend Mr William Blackwood, I wrote for 'Maga' a review of that splendid book, 'Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War,' by Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, Professor of Military Art and History at the Staff College, and I wrote apologising for my temerity to the gifted author. In his charming reply he said—

"Besides yourself, only one other General, or even Colonel, on the active list has said a word about the book to me; and so far from its having attracted any notice, I find that very few of the senior officers even know that it is in existence. We are certainly not a literary army, and the unfortunate soldier with a turn for writing history does not get much encouragement from the service. The Volunteers, however, are noble creatures: they actually buy military books, and spend their money freely in educating themselves, so there is hard cash to be made out of writing, and that is a consolation."

Surely these two letters, written at so long an interval apart, give much food for reflection to the thoughtful soldier.

On Saturday, July 16, 1870, the newspapers published the communication made by the French Government to the Corps Legislatif on the previous day, which showed that war was imminent; and that evening I started with Captain Hamber for Paris, leaving no address behind, for in the course of the day I learned that other officers—including my brother and Captain Henry Hozier—had been refused permission to go abroad for 'The Times.' And although within my rights in starting on the strength of my permission previously obtained, I

was afraid of an order of recall being sent after me.

The 17th and 18th were passed in consultation with Mr Bowes, 'The Standard's' Own Correspondent in Paris, in vain efforts on my own part to obtain permission to go to the front in my personal capacity, and in equally vain efforts on Hamber's part to obtain permission to send a correspondent with the army. He was told that there would be a rigid surveillance, that all telegrams, except those officially censored, would be prohibited; that no correspondent, French or of any other nationality, would be allowed at the front, and Lebœuf put it shortly, "On fera fusiller tous les journalistes." On my return home more than a fortnight later, I read in 'The Standard' of the 20th, "Chance may bring a newspaper correspondent to the front, but it will be at much personal risk. H.M. Government has prohibited all officers in H.M. service from serving with either army, or joining it as newspaper correspondents."

Our spare moments in Paris were spent in looking at the demonstrations in the streets, bodies of street loafers and hooligans parading the Boulevards and shouting "À Berlin," demonstrations palpably wanting in enthusiasm or even reality, and in watching the despatch of troops from the *gare de l'Est*.

Hamber returned to London on the night of the 18th. I had resolved to take my chance of getting to the front and utilising such days as remained of my vacation in seeing something of the assembly of the army and the preparations for battle. I still believed the French army would be the first to cross the frontier, but learnt enough to convince me that some time must elapse before any advance could take place.

That night of the 18th I took the express to Strasburg, my companion being my brother officer, Captain Nolan, R.A., well known later as Colonel Nolan, M.P. for Galway, and whip of the Irish party in the House of Commons. He was acting as correspondent for 'The Daily News.' All trains eastward from Paris were exclusively reserved for troops, except this evening express, which had only first-class accommodation; and for the first part of the way our carriage was filled with peasants returning to their homes, and grumbling at having to pay first-class fares. At Epernay we picked up some soldiers, reservists on their way to join the camp at Chalons. Three of the party in our compartment were trying hard to be jovial, and singing songs; but the fourth, poor fellow, could only repeat at intervals the same sentence, "*Et j'allais me marier demain!*" As we approached the frontier in the early morning and fresh passengers entered the train, the air became full of rumours; we began to be eyed with suspicion, and very unpleasant hints were given us as to the reception we might expect on our arrival. Neither amongst the soldiers nor the civilians who were our companions on that night's journey was there any sign of

enthusiasm. They looked on the war as something that had to be faced, but their hearts were not in it.

On arrival at Strasburg early on the 19th we found no difficulties and had no unpleasant experiences. We got comfortable rooms in a good inn; we walked down to the bridge across the Rhine to Kehl, where we saw the first sign of war. Both the swinging sections of the bridge were open, stopping all communication between the two banks. On the opposite bank, the German (Baden) sentries paced up and down within 250 yards or so of the French sentries on our bank. We climbed to the platform at the top of the Cathedral tower, being the very last persons allowed to ascend. The view was an extended one, but we saw no signs of any great concentration of troops on either side. In the evening we were witnesses of a very moving sight, and of an unmistakable demonstration of genuine enthusiasm. To the strains of military music, the mass of the population of Strasburg, assembled in the largest square, sang in unison "The Marseillaise." At eight o'clock a bell was rung from the Cathedral tower, and at nine o'clock the city gates, which had been open day and night for fifty years, were closed and barred. That evening I wrote and sent off two and a half columns, in which I expressed my conviction that the concentration would not be on the eastern but on the northern side of the rectangular frontier.

On the 20th we went to the Polygone, where a division was encamped. Beyond a feeble protest on the part of one sentry, no opposition was offered to our walking through the camp, visiting the batteries, looking at the horses and guns, and inspecting the *tentes d'abri* and cooking arrangements as we strolled round. We spent the day walking and observing.

On the 21st we had another uneventful day, and decided it was no use remaining in Strasburg, and that though we were likely to be turned back, we would move northwards and try our fortune. That night I wrote three columns for the paper, and, writing at midnight, spoke of the great noise in the streets and the drunkenness of the soldiers. I did not finish my letter till 2.30 A.M.

At 5.30 A.M. on the 22nd we were awakened by the sound of military music; we rushed to our windows, from which we saw the whole division, whose camp we had visited two days before, march past in service marching order towards the north. Our course was decided; we would follow that division. We felt sure that it would halt at Haguenau. Accordingly we took the train for that place. We arrived at the inn, were civilly received, and got some breakfast. Presently the General of Division rode up with his aide-de-camp. In five minutes I was turned out of my room, but, fortunately, got another room next to that of my friend. Feeling certain as to the best course we could pursue, as the common room of the hotel was already

beginning to fill with the head-quarters staff, we sent our cards at once to the aide-de-camp of the Division, and expressed our desire to pay our respects to the general in that way, but not to *gêner* him by a personal interview. As we were giving our message to the landlady, a young sous-officier, who overheard us, said, "Ah! Messieurs sont Anglais. Will you dine with me and my lieutenant?" We expressed ourselves regretful that we could not dine at once, as we had only just eaten a meal, but hoped that he and his lieutenant would sup with us in the evening. Meanwhile we took a glass of wine with them. The lieutenant—a little, dark, sinister-looking man—evidently suspected us at once. He was the police agent of the camp. Unfortunately, my companion, seeing the Mexican medal and the Order of Maximilian on his breast, commenced to speak Spanish to him; and nothing is so likely to gain one the credit or discredit of being a spy as the power of speaking three or four languages. However, at this time we were allowed to take our departure from the inn, and to go for a drive in the carriage we had ordered previously. We drove to the camp of the division which had marched in during our *causerie*, and whose weary, over-laden, foot-sore stragglers were still toiling up, gladly accepting the aid of the gamins to carry their rifles. We walked round and through the camp, and towards six o'clock we returned to our inn. We were marked men. The supper we had ordered was refused, while the officers of the division were using the dining-room. Our friend the lieutenant put some very searching and suspicious questions to us, when we expressed our regret at not being able to fulfil our hospitable intentions, and left the room. Seeing the impossibility of getting any attention in the dining-room with the officers, and not liking to consort with the general's grooms and orderlies in the common room, we decided to go upstairs till the place should be more clear. No sooner had we reached the foot of the stairs than our friend the young sous-lieutenant, whom we now discovered to be the subaltern of divisional police, accosted me—"Monsieur, je suis officier français. A French officer must, even when it is against his wishes, perform his duty. They tell us there are two hundred Prussians in the town——" "In short," I interrupted, "you wish to see our papers." "If Monsieur would be so good," &c., while meanwhile an official in a civilian's clothes and the Mexican lieutenant stood on either side. I produced a passport given during Lord Stanley's reign at the Foreign Office, and two other papers, showing that I was unmistakably travelling in France with the permission of Her Majesty. My companion produced a passport given a few days previously at the British Embassy in Paris. None of our three custodians could understand a word of English. But we translated the documents to them, and my companion dwelt with great unction upon the titles of Lord

Lyons. Our suspicious friends were overawed. They dared not go further. They still suspected us, but they dared not arrest us. Only the aide-de-camp—I wish I knew his name that I might publish the name of a true French gentleman and man of honour—believed us; and having expressed his regret that we should have been so troubled by a necessary piece of camp discipline, took us by the hand, invited us to the café where the officers of the division were assembled, and gave us coffee, treating us with thorough hospitality. But we were still under surveillance. Our suspicious friend the lieutenant never left our sides. When the aide-de-camp, worn out with his hard day's work, asked leave to go to bed, and we followed his example, we were followed from the café. We ordered some supper, now given to us freely at our inn; the sous-lieutenant stuck to us. He pumped us; he tried to get my companion to give him his parole that we were really what we professed to be. Presently he disappeared and brought back with him another officer, who was to test us by his knowledge of English literature. We drank wine together; we discussed the war and its strategy; French and Prussian tactics were compared. The political aspect of the question cropped up: we discussed it temperately but freely. A brave old war-worn, weather-beaten officer, *chef de bataillon* in that day's 'Gazette,' was disgusted to see us under the hands of the *mouchards*. His honesty led him to see more truly than the cleverness of the police could lead them. He talked with me, certainly not on the most intellectual subjects. "How much," he said, "if it is a fair question, does an English lieutenant receive as pay?" And when I told him about eight francs a-day—"Huit francs par jour! Deux cent quarante par mois! C'est incroyable, c'est magnifique." Let our officers complain no more. In the eyes of a French officer our subaltern's pay is magnificent—incredibly large. I fancy if I had told him the expenses he would have said that they were incredible too. Well, till long past midnight did we sit, pumping and being pumped. Two things saved us from arrest—one, that I knew my clever friend's English classic 'Tristram Shandy' better even than he did; the other, that I had personal acquaintance with the brother of an officer in one of the line regiments to whom I was introduced, and could tell the officer his brother's appearance, the regiment in which he had served, and the appointment he was now holding, as he happened to be Instructor in French at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Yet all this did not prevent their telegraphing about us, or their placing a sentry outside our rooms at night. We went to bed late, we knew we were under surveillance, and we slept badly. At dawn the lancers, orderlies, grooms, and baggage escort were talking about us in the courtyard below our windows. Were we English or were we spies? Would they let us go,

or would they send us off to the Maréchal in a carriage, or would they hang us on the spot? At last we rose, and before breakfasting, our sous-lieutenant, who had promised to call on us at nine A.M., *temps militaire*, and to take us to breakfast in the camp, came to say he regretted that service prevented the repast from coming off. The decision had been made—we were free. I asked for the aide-de-camp. He was most kind. Would we not stay another day with the division? It was to halt that day. We were free as air, or as any strangers—we probably should find some *désagrémens* if we tried to go farther to the front. Of course what had happened to us was nothing—a bagatelle, a precaution necessary on the march. In short, *à la guerre comme à la guerre.* But how did we know the division would halt at Haguenau? On that point he was curious. It was gnats and camels again. Why, Monsieur Aide-de-Camp, how far do French troops generally march in a day? Which gate of Strasburg did you go out by? Did not your bands notify your start to all the town? And was not Haguenau marked out as your first halting-place? There are men who would have pushed their way another march to the front with that division. Our tastes lay another way. So, adieu, gallant division. Adieu, brave old handsome general. Adieu, brave young handsome aide-de-camp. Adieu, *mouchards*, who were willing to ply a trade that stank in the nostrils of your own comrades. Adieu Haguenau; and welcome the railway that is to lead us to the hoped-for solitude of a crowd at Metz.

On the 23rd we left Haguenau and travelled unmolested by the railway past Niederbronn, Bitche, Saarguemines, and Bening-Merlbach to Metz, which was in a great state of excitement. There was an absolute mania about spies. Two English officers and two special correspondents had been arrested and badly treated. Bazaine was there, but left on the night of the 24th for the frontier. Lebœuf arrived on the 25th, on which day I left for Luxemburg and passed the frontier without question. At Metz, where there were several English in the Hôtel de l'Europe, we were almost afraid to speak, except when alone together. At Luxemburg one passed into a region of comparative calm. Yet even in that Sleepy Hollow anxiety was evident. There was a conviction that in a few days or hours French or German troops would be in occupation of the dismantled fortress, and my landlord said that as he had guests of all nationalities it would greatly oblige him if in conversation I would not show either French or German sympathies. Here I met Charles Austin, correspondent of 'The Times,' and Monsieur Thieblin, correspondent of 'The Pall Mall Gazette.' On the 26th we took a carriage and drove together to the point where the three frontiers met, finding a French Brigade camped on the very edge of

the French frontier. Our driver was much alarmed lest we should fall into their hands.

Thieblin was a cheery companion, and not long afterwards sent me "A Little Book about Great Britain," reprinted from 'The Pall Mall Gazette,' with the inscription "From a very bad strategist to an exceedingly good one,—Azamat Batuk." This was the pseudonym under which he wrote his clever social articles. I returned home by way of Spa and Brussels, reaching London on August 1, and resuming my duties on the opening of the term at Woolwich. I had written seven letters, averaging two columns each, in the thirteen days between 19th and 31st July.

On August 6 I commenced writing the "Diary of the War" in 'The Standard.' The idea was that I should write every evening a summary of the day's war news, up to the latest hour, explaining its probable bearing on the future of the operations, with such military comments as would make the Diary at once intelligible to the general reader and useful to the military student. For this purpose I took rooms at the Cannon Street Hotel, and nightly up to the hour of the paper going to press was fed with copies of telegrams as they arrived, my "copy" being taken to the newspaper office by the messengers who brought the telegrams. It is curious now to read what I then wrote and what was written in other papers—we were all groping in the dark as to what had really taken place, for the news we received was often contradictory. I seem to have diagnosed pretty accurately what took place before Metz, and was pretty firm in my belief that Bazaine's whole army had retired on that fortress; but, like the rest, was puzzled as to what MacMahon's army was doing. As early as August 12 I predicted that the Prussians would endeavour to push forward across the Moselle, south of Metz, and endeavour to hem the French in against the neutral territory, cutting them off from Paris. On the 20th I said that if the troops at Chalons tried to reach Bazaine they could only be crushed. On the 25th I spoke tentatively of the possibilities of some "design of unknown depth in connection with Bazaine." On the 26th I made my grand *coup*. It flashed across me as I was writing in the early morning that the true solution of all the mystery was that MacMahon was marching round the Prussian flank to join hands with Bazaine before Metz. I tore up much of what I had previously written, and propounded this theory. On the 27th I said that my theory had not been approved by any other morning paper, but I repeated it and upheld it, and after events proved its correctness.

I wrote till one or two o'clock in the morning, and continued this six nights a-week until September 1, when my connection with 'The Standard' came to an end, in consequence of my going out to the seat of war as Chief Representative on the Continent of the National

Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War, under circumstances to be told presently. The Diary went on, a successor in that interesting work having been found without delay.

When the idea of the "Diary of the War" was first mooted Hamber told me that the manager of 'The Standard' wanted me to enter into a formal agreement with the paper; but this I declined to do, saying that other duties might at any time make it impossible to continue the work. Now, when I announced to Hamber that I must give it up in consequence of this new claim upon me, the importance of which I hoped he would recognise, he became very angry, and spoke in a way which compelled me to consider this as a final severance with 'The Standard.' I am glad to say that we often met again in after years, and that we again became friends.

Dear old Tom Hamber! I cannot dismiss 'The Standard' and its editor from these Reminiscences without saying something of him. Tall and spare, with a keen eye and a prominent nose, there was something about him that made one think of an eagle. He had been a captain in the Foreign Legion in the Crimean War, and he looked every inch a fighting soldier. How he took to literature and attained the position of editor of a great London daily paper I never understood. He had a charming wife, innumerable children, and a nice old house at Chiswick, with grounds to the river, where I have spent many a pleasant Sunday, and whence I have watched the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. He sang well, and was charming in domestic life, as I have seen him at his house and my own. But, alas! he was a Bohemian at heart, and the life of an editor whose duties keep him till the early hours of the morning and whose home is miles away—there were no motors in those days — tends to encourage Bohemianism. He belonged to Bohemian clubs, to which I have occasionally accompanied him, where it was not only mirth and song that flowed. I remember also dining with him as his guest at "Our Club," mentioned in Professor Masson's delightful 'Memories of London in the Forties,' when I sat between Hamber and Professor Masson himself. This dinner was at the Mitre at Hampton Court. I was told that it was a recognised feature of the club dinner that in proposing a health or returning thanks the speaker was at liberty to make caustic remarks at which no offence was to be taken. I heard that Hepworth Dixon had given up coming to the dinners, because Serjeant Parry would always propose his health, and he didn't like it. I was not surprised at this when I heard Serjeant Parry propose the health of the chairman, Mr Cooke, of John Murray's firm. He began by saying, "I don't know why I am asked to propose the health of the Chairman, because I know very little of

him, and the little I do know I don't much like. To begin with, he is a publisher, and so, as we all know, was Barabbas." And so he went on, amid roars of laughter. Horace Mayhew sang the "Marseillaise." Professor Masson spoke, and said that "England was just a great fat carcass for Scotch parasites to feed upon."

Alas! the late hours, the club life, and the various temptations to which they gave rise, caused Hamber to become more and more unpunctual and I am afraid unbusiness-like. Even in the time of my connection with the paper, it became more and more difficult to find him at his office, or to hear from him. He lost his editorship of 'The Standard.' Then he became editor of 'The Hour,' a paper that had but a short existence; then for a while he edited 'The Morning Advertiser,' and at last he picked up a precarious living by writing for various papers. I saw him and heard from him from time to time; in the last letter I had from him he told me he was dying, and soon afterwards I heard of his death.

Writing of "Our Club" reminds me of another literary dining club called, I think, the Society of Noviomagus, where on an upper floor in Cockspur Street I dined one day in the 'Sixties, as the guest of Mr S. C. Hall, the editor of 'The Art Journal.' Mr Hall, with his curling silver hair, was a striking personality, and his wife, the authoress of some very excellent Irish stories, a delightful lady. At their house in Brompton I heard Catherine Hayes sing "Kathleen Mavourneen," and there also I met Home, the spiritualist.

In a most extraordinary little book written by Lord Adare, now Earl of Dunraven, entitled 'Experiences in Spiritualism with Mr D. D. Home,' printed by Thomas Scott, Warwick Court, Holborn, and bearing internal evidence that it was published in 1869, Lord Dunraven gives detailed accounts of a large number of séances, and relates that at one of these, on 16th December 1867, he and the Master of Lindsay (now Earl of Crawford) saw Home float out of a window on the third floor of No. 5 Buckingham Gate and float in at the next window in the adjoining room, Lord Crawford having been previously warned by the spirit of Adah Menken, a circus-rider of whom the elder Dumas was greatly enamoured, that Home was about to perform this feat.

On this first occasion of my meeting Home, we were seated at dinner. There was a ring at the hall-door bell, and when the door was opened the dining-table gave a jump, which made the plates and glasses shake. "That must be Home," said Mr Hall quietly; but my eyes at the moment of the table's remarkable behaviour happened to be fixed on a young engaged couple seated opposite me, and I thought I saw the cause of the jump. But then I am a sceptic as regards mediums.

(*To be continued.*)

THE POINT OF VIEW.

BY "OLE LUK-OIE."

"... What good can be expected from a man who knows not that the Commander of an army should keep himself as much as possible out of battle and combats which decide nothing, and that if occasion should oblige him to take part, he ought to see many fall before he suffer danger to approach himself."—POLYBIUS (Hamilton's Translation).

CHAPTER I.

THE sinking sun, seen through the overhanging cloud of dust and smoke, quickly lost its brilliancy, became copper-coloured, and finally turned into a crimson disc before becoming obscured in the dust which hung over the battlefield. From the light which still remained in the sky it was evident that though hidden the sun had not yet set.

A dirty soldier in a once drab uniform stood in his niche of a zigzag trench. Bringing down his rifle, with which he had been doing some fancy shooting, in order to press in a fresh slip of cartridges, he noticed that the wood casing near the fore end was again smouldering. Without troubling to extract the cartridges he threw the weapon down, and stepping to one side took that from the clutch of a dead man on his left. The curious tinkling sound made when the gun fell and when he moved his feet was due to the cartridge-cases collected in the bottom of the trench, for fighting had been hard and continuous. Without delay, but without hurry, he adjusted the sights of the fresh rifle, saw that the magazine was charged, and again leant forward, his right cheek against the stock, his left temple cosily against a boulder. No separate report could be distinguished in the general rattle along the trench, yet the action of his hand as he pressed trigger and opened and closed bolt showed that he was once more busy: he continued steadily firing. Here it was still a purely fire action, though at point-blank range; but the fixed bayonets and their condition showed that these men did not rely entirely on "fire-effect."

Just as the sun really set there occurred one of those lulls which sometimes take place for no apparent reason over large sections of a prolonged battle. Both sides, as if by mutual consent to salute the departing day, ceased firing, and the sudden comparative silence was more disturbing than the preceding din. It was but a brief hush. Anxious to make the most of the remaining daylight, one fired here, another there, then two or three, then dozens, until the noise of separate shots, save the nearest, was again lost.

From the right, close by the trench in which the drab soldier was so busy shooting, there rang out a report, that double note which is never heard from behind a firearm,

and with a soft cough the man subsided in a heap on to the jingling cartridges below. His rifle, supported squarely on the parapet, remained where it was.

"Now we've got it in the neck again!" philosophically grunted his neighbour—from the shape of the niche in which the dead man had been so snugly ensconced he could only have been hit from a shot fired from behind. "Those brutes on the right have gone too soon and given us away, and the sergeant has kept us here too long. Thought he would. Pity the little lieutenant is dead!"

He was wrong—the "brutes" on the right could not help going. They had in their turn been "given away" by the chain of circumstances.

There was no anger in his voice, but a resigned annoyance, for the feelings of these men had become dulled. Desperate fighting mostly ending in retirement leads first to exasperation, then to uneasiness, and finally to dogged apathy, if not to soddenness. These men were now in a groove—the groove of duty: they fought all day, killed as many of the enemy as they could, and then, though it was understood to be an advance, nearly always retired at night: it had become mechanical. They had ceased to wonder when it would be their turn to attack: in fact, it would have been impossible at this stage to have got these men to assume the offensive; they had by now acquired the "retrogressive habit."

Several reports now sounded on the right, and one or two more men had fallen by the time that the sergeant in command made up his mind to go back. He whistled. The remnants of the company picked up their belongings mechanically, took the bandoliers and the bolts from the rifles of the dead, and then scrambled away among the boulders, the long grass, and the scrub, up the hillside.

Three men stayed behind, crouching in the deserted trench, which, now empty, looked all the more squalid in its litter of food, scraps of paper, and empty cardboard boxes. Two busied themselves burying some things like ration-tins with short pieces of cord attached under little mountains of the brass cartridge-cases; the third crawled along to the end till he came to the water-cans—one was still full. He put out his hand, then paused: he was an educated, thoughtful man. Why should he spill it? *They* had been on the advance, fighting as they came, all day, and must be half dead from thirst. *They* had no trenches ready to retire to, no water placed handy for them. All *they* found to receive them was abandoned works half-filled with expended cartridges, expended human beings, and possibly a live grenade or two. Poor devils! Why should——? He heard a shout—"Come out, you fool; they're lit!" there was a fizzing noise. Habit was too strong: he did the right thing, and kicked over the can before he climbed out and followed the others. He had barely gone a hundred yards before

the flashes and detonations of the exploding grenades overtook him. But the oncoming enemy had been caught before, and this time the shower of stones and whistling hail of brass cases had nothing but corpses upon which to vent its spite. A few moments later and two or three crouching forms stole through the twilight and crept into the trench. They went straight to the water-cans.

Only when the artificial gloom of the smoke and dust screen had been overcome by the darkness of night did the hellish noise finally abate. Even then the hush was relative, for wild bursts of musketry broke out in different directions as attempts were made by one side or the other to advance under cover of darkness, or when bodies of men, unnerved by days of continual strain, start in uncontrollable panic to shoot at nothing. The closeness of the two forces in some places was marked by the hoarse shouts of hand-to-hand combat and the detonations of grenades. Only now and then a gun was heard. At some distance from the firing lines the intermittent reports and explosions were all that could be distinguished, but from closer the thud of picks was audible — the metallic jar of their steel points ringing out against flints, and the hoarse rasp of shovels. More prosaic work perhaps than much of that which had gone on before that day; but, to judge from the way in which weary men were digging after a long day's fighting, and from the fact that in some places where the soil was hard or the fire too hot they were using corpses as a parapet, it was not less urgent.

As soon as the light faded altogether from the sky, the yellow flames of different conflagrations glowed more crimson, and the great white eyes of the searchlights shone forth, their wandering beams lighting up now this, now that horror. Here and there in that wilderness of dead bodies—the dreadful "No-Man's-Land" between the opposing lines — deserted guns showed up singly or in groups, glistening in the full glare of the beam or silhouetted in black against a ray behind. These guns were not "abandoned"—the enemy's fire had stripped them of life as a flame strips a feather. There they remained inert and neutral, anybody's or nobody's property, the jumbled mass of dead around them showing what a magnetic inducement guns still offer for self-sacrifice, in spite of the fact that for artillery to lose guns is no longer necessarily considered the worst disgrace. Not far from the deserted zig-zag trench stood two such batteries.

In proportion as the crash of firearms died away the less noisy but far more awful sound of a battlefield could be heard rising in a wail from all sides, especially from the space between the lines. All through that summer night the searchlights glared on this scene of human woe: all through that summer night tired and overwrought human beings dodged,

dug, shot, stabbed, and died or fell asleep where they happened to be.

Except in details this little scene of retirement was the replica of many others taking place among the low hills to right and left. All day the fight had swayed backwards and forwards with varying success, and now, not far off, the enemy, pressing forward a counter-stroke, had, after immense efforts, broken through, thus forcing the line on each side of them to curl back in self-defence. The troops were not fighting upon fresh ground, for it was a bare two days since they had advanced, and now in their retirement they were using their old trenches.

It was the close of a July day, and this was part of the central section of the battle which extended for thirty odd miles — the central section of the great attack which had lasted nearly a week, and to the minds of all the soldiers and many of the officers in the section had failed miserably. It had now degenerated from attack into defence, for during the last two days the movement had been retrograde and not at all what they had expected. To-day had been the culmination; they had gradually been forced back almost to their starting-point, and it seemed that the entire enemy's army had been concentrated against them, that some one had blundered, and that they were to be left to bear the whole brunt of the attack. All their efforts had been futile, the appalling slaughter without result — the enemy were still pressing on harder. This much every man could see for himself, and it was under the circumstances natural that those quite ignorant of what was happening elsewhere should imagine that the whole army was beaten.

To the battery commander now lying wounded under an upturned waggon just on that knoll, it seemed the end of all things. He had lost nearly all his men, all his horses, and there — just over there — deserted save by corpses, were his guns. He could see them: no, he was no longer able to, for though he knew it not the mist of death was before his eyes. For him the immediate surroundings were too strong: it seemed the end of the battle. The fighting of miles, his own personal hurt, were swallowed up in the sense of immediate, overwhelming disaster. Though an educated, scientific, broad-minded soldier, he died under the bitter sense of a great defeat. His comrade in misfortune, unwounded, perhaps felt the *débâcle* even more. The infantry brigadier, now resting in the same ravine as his men, was suffering similar mental agony. Of his splendid eighth brigade of strong battalions, the best in the army—nearly at full strength that morning, — he had left now after that fatal counter-attack one battalion and some remnants. Even the divisional commander, a little farther away, at the end of a telephone wire, was puzzled and at last perturbed. *He* realised that his was only a holding attack, and that his

business was to occupy and to keep back the enemy whilst some one else struck. He had been holding for days, but was now no longer keeping them back. *He* knew full well that the battle would be decided miles away, and that relief would come from elsewhere—but when? When?

CHAPTER II.

At one corner of a lawn two men stood under a trellis-arch covered with a crimson rambler. One was tall and elderly, with a slight stoop; the other, of middle-age, had an alert appearance, accentuated by the shortness of a tooth-brush moustache. Both were in officer's drab service dress; but though in uniform the taller of the two wore slung across his back—not a haversack, binoculars, revolver, or any martial trappings, but an ordinary fishing-creel. On the ground at his feet lay something in a case which looked suspiciously like a rod and landing-net. While he conversed he flipped slowly through the pages of a fat pocket-book. As the two stood there talking, the whole setting was suggestive of the happy opening scene of a play. The stagey effect of the two figures in the sunlit garden was heightened by the extreme neatness of the uniforms—seemingly brand new except for the faded emerald green of the gorget patches. The cheery tone of the conversation also sounded forced and not in accordance with the anxious faces.

The scene was real enough, the occasion intensely so; but the two officers were, to a certain extent, acting. They had to, in order to keep going.

"Wireless still working all right? No interference?" finally said the elder. His tone was almost querulous, and he still fidgeted with his pocket-book.

"Quite, sir," replied the junior shortly, for the hundredth time, his brusquerie a great contrast to the other's slightly peevish tone. He was a specimen of the type of officer who is apt to confuse curtness and smartness; moreover, he had this day been much badgered by his superior. In spite also of his evident efforts to maintain the ideal demeanour of the perfect staff-officer, he was unable to entirely restrain his surprise at the fishing get-up.

"Well, let me know at once when they are ready to open the ball. You know where I am to be found?"

"In your office, sir." With that the man with the tooth-brush moustache clicked his heels exaggeratedly, saluted, and turned to go. But, his eyes still fixed on the other's equipment, he awkwardly hit the trellis with his hand and brought down a shower of the crimson petals all over his senior. Greatly mortified at his clumsiness he was about to apologise, when the General—he was a general—who had noticed and enjoyed the cause

of his precise staff-officer's discomfiture, remarked kindly—

"Crowned with roses! An omen, I hope. *That* comes of not keeping your eyes in the boat. Yes," — he held out rod and book and looked down at himself,—"I am going fishing. I found these lying up in the house, no doubt left on purpose by the worthy owner, and it's a pity to waste them. I am going to take a rest from the office—a rest-cure for us all, eh? You will find me by the fallen log near the bend, over there,"—he pointed down the garden,—"let me know of any developments at once. By the way, what do you think of this for to-day?" and he gently pulled out of his book something which glistened in the sun and curled itself lovingly round his finger. It looked like a violin-string with a feather on the end of it. He gazed up at the sky. "Too sunny, d'you think?"

"Don't ask me, sir," was the reply, "I'm no fisherman."

The General did not answer: he stood quite still, apparently absorbed in his little book and the specimen he had extracted. He stayed thus for some minutes, staring at his hand and the gaudy little bundle of feather and silk in it, but he did not see them; his gaze was focussed far away, and his face wrinkled in thought. A petal fell on to the book and broke the spell. Starting, he said hastily, as if to excuse his momentary lapse, "Yes, I must have a try for that monster." The effect of the speech, however, was lost, for the other, with mingled feelings of relief and wonder, had noiselessly walked away over the grass and vanished within the house. He was alone.

A kindly-looking man, he had a thoughtful face and a gentle manner which were at any rate in great matters rather misleading, for it was his fixed principle of life to endeavour to act on reason and not on impulse. This theory of action was based on an acute sense of proportion. Indeed, so frequently did he preach the importance of proportion in war, that he was commonly known amongst his personal staff as "Old Rule of Three."

Taking off his cap he carefully hooked the fly into the soft green band above the peak. Then he picked up his rod and net and strode almost jauntily down the sloping lawn, his feet rustling through the swathes of cut grass lying about. It was possibly owing to the drag of the grass on his feet—he did not look a robust man,—but by the time he had reached a point out of sight of the house there was no spring in his listless steps.

It was afternoon of that same day in July, and the garden was looking its best. The shadow of the great cedar on the lawn had almost reached the flower-border near the house where the stocks glowed in the sunlight, filling the air with warm scent. From the house, itself ablaze with purple clematis and climbing roses, the garden sloped down towards the trees at the end of the lawn, and through the trees could be seen the sparkle of a river and the shimmering water

meadows beyond. Between borders of aspen and alder flowed the stream, its calm surface only broken here and there by the rings of a lazily rising fish or by the silvery wake left by some water-vole swimming across. The meadows on the far side and the gentle hillside opposite were bathed in sunlight, and the distant cawing of rooks was the only sound to disturb the afternoon quiet which lay "softer than sleep" over the landscape.

The General passed through the dappled shadows under the trees, and wandered for a short distance up-stream until he came to a little clearing in the shade, where he sat down on a rotting log. Impressed, perhaps, by the peace of the scene, he sat quite still. So motionless was he that presently a brood of young dabchicks on a voyage of discovery began to peep out from among the broad-leaved weeds near his feet. He did not notice them. His thoughts had again wandered far away. His anxious face showed that they were not pleasant.

Suddenly from the dark pool beneath the knotted roots of the hawthorn opposite, where the cloud of midges was dancing, there was a loud liquid "plop." He started. When he looked up he was too late to see anything except a swirl and some quickly spreading rings on the water, but his apathy disappeared. In one minute his rod was out and fixed up; in two the fly was off his cap, and his reel was purring in little shrieks as he hauled out line in great jerks; in three he was crouching well back behind an osier, watching his fly spin round in an eddy as it meandered down-stream. The light on the hill grew more rosy, the shadows deepened and crept across the water, and yet he fished on —now without hat or coat. The fits of absence of mind or of depression to which he had seemed to be a prey had quite vanished.

Who would have guessed that this man crouching there in the gloaming was the Commander-in-Chief of a large army, at that moment engaged in one of the greatest battles of history? Indeed, the battle was now well past the opening gambit, was nearing its final phase, and yet the man responsible for one side was calmly fishing; not only fishing, but evidently miles away from the front. In no way did the fragrant garden or the little stream show the trail of war.

An untrained observer would probably have been moved to indignation that such a thing should be possible; that while the fate of his army hung upon his actions, upon his decisions, the commander should be engaged in sport; that while hundreds of thousands were fighting and meeting death in its most violent form, or toiling under the most awful strain—that of warfare,—the leader should, with a chosen few, apparently shirk the dangers and hardships and enjoy a secure but ignoble ease. Surely of all human enterprises a battle most needed

the presence of the guiding brain on the spot. Even the most luxurious of the successful commanders of history, however great the barbaric splendour of their pomp and state, led their own troops in the combat and showed no lack of personal bravery. If a Socialist, the observer would only have seen in this picture another illustration of the shameful difference between the circumstances of the Classes. Here was the aristocratic officer amusing himself in comfort and safety, whilst the private soldier was being made food for powder! It was surely the climax of that worship of Sport which was eating its way into the hearts of so many nations. For a general to be so engaged at such a crisis was an outrage: it suggested Nero. Possibly the final verdict would have been that this was only one more "sign of the times," an especially glaring example of the growing deterioration of the race and of the decline of the Military Spirit amongst civilised nations. The verdict would have been incorrect, for this curious scene was not due to the growing impotence of any national fibre, nor was it due to the irresponsible vagaries of an individual degenerate. It was due to the fact that the advisers of the nation had some acquaintance with modern war and a profound knowledge of the limitations of human nature. The absence of the Commander-in-Chief from the front, his presence at such a spot, the very detachment of his occupation, were part and parcel of a deliberate policy, worked out by the same calculating brains that had worked out the national strategy.

Those who were responsible for the army, perhaps the finest instrument of destruction that the world had ever seen, were well aware that it was an instrument, and not, as it has so often been miscalled, a war machine: that an organisation, from top to bottom of which allowance has continually to be made for the weaknesses of human nature, resembles a machine less than most things. Consequently the material and psychological aspects of the art of war and the action and reaction of the one upon the other were fully recognised. From bugler to generalissimo, for every human being liable to stress, every effort was made to mitigate the results of such stress. This principle was carried out consistently all through the army, but reached its greatest development in reference to the commander. In value he did not represent an individual: he represented an army corps, two army corps — who could estimate his value? If the right man in the right place, his brain, his character, his influence were the greatest asset of the nation. It was recognised as essential that the commander should be in the best physical condition, and it was no part of the scheme that he should share the hardships of the troops, or any hardships. Even at the risk of the sneers of the thoughtless and ignorant, even against his natural tend-

encies, he was to be preserved from every avoidable danger which might lead to his loss, and from every physical discomfort or exposure which might injure his health and so affect his judgment.

It was recognised that the days when any one man could keep a grasp of the progress of the whole of a battle by means of personal observation had gone, for modern fights may cover scores of miles, and no one man upon the scene could hope to obtain more than an infinitesimal portion of information by the employment of his own powers of observation. Even if at the front, he would be dependent for any comprehensive view of events upon intelligence conveyed from other portions of the field. Indeed, the closer to the front the less in amount would he see, though what did come within his view might be very clear. Probably far too clear, for however well trained, however experienced a general, he does not fight great actions every day, and would be liable, to the detriment perhaps of the main issue, to be influenced unduly by the near proximity of really minor events of which he happened to be an eyewitness. Indeed, were there not cases recorded when commanders, who should have been thinking in scores of thousands, had allowed their judgment to be warped by events concerning mere hundreds or dozens, but which were witnessed from too close? Better, therefore, that the commander should receive all his information and be placed in a position where he could reduce it to a common denominator and weigh the whole, uninfluenced by a personal knowledge of any separate portion of it. It was a question of mental optics : for the larger picture was required the longer focus. Isolation from sight did not mean isolation from immediate information, and it could be better acted on if received in an undisturbed place.

These considerations were thought to outweigh the objection against them that men will fight better for a general whom they can see, a close leader, than for one who remains aloof, safe in the rear, a vague personality. It was argued that the actual presence of the commander had not its former well proved moral value, for he could at best be only in one small section, where his presence might be known to a few: that the men of huge conscript armies had not that personal affection for the chief which used to be the case, and that his presence or absence would not influence them to the same extent even if they knew of it, which would be unlikely : provided that their chief organised victories, the men would worship him whether they saw him or not. There was indeed one objection to this theory of the detachment of the thinking brain from the actual combat. When this brain was linked to a highly strung temperament, it might be more disturbed by the pictures evoked by the imagination than by anything that could be actually seen.

It was partially so in this case. The man fishing was

fully in agreement with these principles, but did not find them easy to carry into execution. To keep away from the front in itself needed a continuous strain. It needed far more moral courage than to lead the troops, for it was certain to be misunderstood of many. Though he realised that a large part of his duty lay in maintaining himself fit and calm, and though he was trying loyally to keep his mind detached for the big questions, it was an effort both for him and his staff—hence the false note noticeable in the interview in the garden, and his strange reveries when alone. Even he, with his trained mind and experience, almost a faddist in his sense of proportion, could not keep his thoughts from the struggle being waged miles away. Everything was arranged, and his time for action would not come till the great enveloping, flanking attack now behind the enemy made itself felt, and yet he was worrying in spite of himself. He was conscious of beginning to interfere and to fuss his subordinates in their work, he was equally conscious of the fatal results of such a course. Hence the borrowing of the fishing-tackle.

Though an ardent fisherman, it was not until the big trout rose that he obtained the mental distraction he sought. Then all thoughts of war, battle, flanking attack, and possibilities left him in a flash, and his mind rested while he pitted his skill against the cunning of the fish — an old veteran himself. His present duty was to keep his own mind clear, and not cloud the mind of his subordinates. He was trying to do it.

CHAPTER III.

Meanwhile the map-room on the ground-floor at the side of the house facing the trees was already growing dark, much to the annoyance of its occupants. There were four officers working in this room, also coatless and absorbed, though not quite so pleasantly occupied as their General, whipping the stream down below. Two of them were standing up, reading aloud at intervals from pieces of paper, and two were sprawling on all-fours over a map laid out on the floor. Occasionally a non-commissioned officer brought in a fresh budget of papers. The map, too large to be hung up, was mounted on linoleum or some similar material which held the pins of the coloured flags with which it was studded. According to the intelligence read out, the two men on the floor moved the flags or stuck in fresh ones. Their attitude was somewhat undignified for the brain of an army. It needed no glance at the green patches on the coats hung over the pictures to show that these four were officers of the Great General Staff, for they addressed each other by their Christian names or more often as "Old boy," a sign in all civilised armies of the free-

masonry and co-ordination of thought acquired by young staff-officers who have been contemporaries at the war schools. They were all juniors and, in a military sense, were now only "devilling."

The atmosphere of the room was not only warm, it appeared to be somewhat electrically charged. There was little conversation, much grunting, and many a muttered oath from the crawlers. The only man who talked was a stout fellow whose garments were strained almost to the limit of elasticity, if not to breaking-point, by his position. As he stretched to place a flag and then crouched back to the edge of the map, his fleshy neck was forced against his collar and bulged out in a roll from which the short hair stood out like bristles from a brush. He was certainly stout, but, far from being choleric, appeared the most cheerful of the party. At last he looked up.

"All done?"

"Yes, for a bit," was the reply of the man who had been reading out to him, so he at once heaved himself up with surprising agility, and, adjusting his collar, mopped his forehead with a bandana handkerchief of exotic hues.

"I say, old boy, it's getting beastly dark. What about a light, eh?" He looked up at the swinging oil-lamp in the centre of the ceiling.

"You are always wanting something," snapped the sour-faced man near the door. "It's barely dark yet. Orderly!"

A soldier appeared, and the lamp was lighted with some difficulty owing to the position of the map. The light showed up the faces of the party all shining with heat, and all, except the fat man's, worried in expression. His was round, and, though now congested from unwonted exertion, was eminently good-humoured. He looked the type of person who proposes "The Ladies," and always shouts "One cheer more," on principle.

"Phew," he whistled; "it's hot!"

Unabashed by the absolute lack of response he continued: "Thank God, it's nearly over! I say, what would you fellows say if you heard the tinkle of ice against glass coming along the passage now, and if the orderly appeared with a tray full of long tumblers, big green beakers of Bohemian glass full to the brim of hock cup, with the bubbles rocketing up and clinging round the ice and cucumber and winking at you? Eh?" He made a guzzling and indescribably vulgar sound with his lips, indicative of lusciousness.

"Why the Bohemian glass? Why hock cup? Give me beer, beer in a mug or a bucket, and a child could play with me."

"Confound it! Shut up both of you!" said a third in exasperation. "How the devil can we do this if you will talk? Thank Heaven, here is some more stuff coming. That will keep you busy for a bit." As he spoke a fresh budget of papers was brought in. The fat man turned to his former reader—

"Your turn to squirm, I think,

old boy. Down you go, and this hero will intone for a bit. Interesting work this: we are certainly in the know, and should certainly be able to look at things dispassionately enough: but it is hardly responsible. We might as well be licking stamps or——"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake keep quiet," repeated the same officer as before.

"All right, all right. It's lucky some of us can put a cheerful face on matters. What's the good of looking like a lot of mutes, even if it is to be our own funeral? Besides me, the only philosophic man in this army is old Rule of Three himself, with his eternal cry of 'Proportion, gentlemen, proportion!'—God bless him!"

"He's been ratty enough the last few hours. I don't know what's come over him," one growled without looking up. "He's been fussing and worriting like any other man."

"Yes, he has," was the reply. "But it's only been while he has been waiting, with nothing to do, for the moment of the general advance. Anyway, thank Heaven he's let us alone this sweaty afternoon. I wonder what he's been after."

There was no reply, and the work continued with intervals of waiting for messages and occasional interludes of grumbling, for even in this sheltered spot there were drawbacks. Perhaps a hand was placed on the point of a flag-pin, or perhaps one of the candles stuck in bottles all round the edge of the floor—in order to obviate the heavy shadow cast by the crawling men's bodies—was kicked over by a careless heel.

The stout officer went on reading items of news in a steady voice, while his companion either made some alteration or did not, according to the information received.

"Two batteries of the 25th Artillery Brigade and three battalions of the — something Brigade — I can't read the number, — I do wish they'd write their numbers instead of putting figures," he continued in a monotone.

"Well?" said the flagger.

"It may be a three or it may be a five; I can't tell which," was the casual reply.

"Yes; but what *is* it? What has happened?"

"Practically wiped out," in a calm voice.

"Where?"

"By the bridge — there, square F 17,—by your hand, yes, that's it."

The flagger carefully examined his flags. "It can't be the third or the fifth: they are miles away. Is the place correct?"

"Yes; there's no mistake there — 'south of bridge,' it says."

"Then it must be the twenty-first, or the fifteenth, or—hold on—what's this?—the eighth brigade? The eighth is closest to the bridge; yes, of course it must be the eighth, — an eight and a three——"

"My God!" was the startling interruption from the reader.

All those in the room looked up; but they were so accustomed to the speaker's garrulity that they made no remark.

His tone and his expression, however, quite spoilt the *rôle* of philosopher which he had claimed; his mouth was gaping, and he was feeling his collar nervously.

The flagger waited some time silently: he wanted facts. He finally said, "Well, let's have it."

"Old boy, it's awful!"

"Yes, of course it is; but it is no more awful than crowds of other messages that we have been getting. After all, what are two batteries and three battalions? Look at this!"—he pointed to a large mass of their own flags well round behind one flank of the enemy's position. "They must just be beginning to feel it now. They're beginning to feel something nibbling at them behind, as it were."

"Yes, yes, that's all right enough; but this news is awful. Man—my regiment—that brigade—my own battalion!"

There was a chorus of sympathetic noises, varying from "ah!" to "poor old boy," and mere whistling.

"But your battalion may be the one which escaped."

"Not a chance of it. You don't know my battalion, or the old Colonel. He always was a perfect devil to be in the thick of things, and he will have been in the thick of this. Poor old chap!—poor fellows! And I here all the time! It's awful!" He blew his nose hard several times. The flagger did nothing. As a matter of fact, he was waiting in sympathetic silence for the other to complete the message. He felt for him; indeed he himself might be the next to hear that the unit in which he had, in a military sense, been born and bred had been destroyed.

"Well, man! why the deuce don't you move the flags?" said the late philosopher.

"I am waiting for more. There is no reason to move anything for that."

"No *reason!* Good God! what more do you want? Two whole batteries! Three whole battalions! *My* batt——"

The thick stuttering tones were cut short by a voice from the open French window. The General was standing there calm and smiling. Voices had been so raised that no one had heard him come up. Over one arm he carried his coat; from the other hand hung some glistening object. Those in the room, astonished at his appearance and fascinated by this object, which appeared to be a fish, remained open-mouthed, silent.

"What is it?" he repeated.

He was informed.

"Where?"

"Just stand clear," he continued, and, from the spot pointed out, his gaze swept slowly over the whole battle area until it finally rested on the mass of flags representing his great flanking movement. With his right hand, from which hung a two-pound trout, he pointed to it, and said quietly—

"Proportion, gentlemen, proportion! No! it's not worth moving a flag."

MONASTERIES IN MID-AIR.

The two great plains of Thessaly, with their infinite flatness and tame agriculture, become irksome as one plods along in a jolting carriage or dilatory train, and a suspicion grows that this northern tour is to prove disappointing. But Kalabaka reached, the justification of the past monotony is clear. It serves as an effective contrast, the dark background to the sunlit picture. The evenly rolled land is brought to a startling stop by intruding rocks of ponderous bulk, dominating the plain like proud rulers of a lowly country, and out of the dull monotony comes in high relief one of the most curiously fantastic corners of the world. The Meteora, or Mid-Air Monasteries, are so easily accessible from Athens that it is strange to find them still unfrequented by tourists. Two days' journey by sea and rail brings one to Kalabaka, which at a respectful distance appears an attractive village, with its cluster of tiled roofs nestling artistically in the southern shelter of the sheer Maiden Rock, whose dark cone towering high into the upper brightness has never been scaled by man or goat. From the Maiden a semicircle of disjoined cliffs runs eastward. The Maiden's nearest neighbour is distanced by the Gate, a mere fissure into which a thin wedge of blue sky forces itself between the flanking blackness, while on the top of the precipice farther east can be discerned some kind of habitation. This is the first monastery of the Meteora—St Stephen's.

A visit by airship would be direct and speedy, but as mules were the nimblest mode of locomotion available, it took us an hour's steady climb to wind round the back of the hill and reach the monastery gate, where, with pleasing novelty, we found an environment of things medieval, deleting the last 600 years. Before us was a drawbridge over a dire chasm, suitable for the hurling to destruction of all unwelcome visitors, and the studded iron gate, menacingly barred, lowered upon us as forbiddingly as the windowless walls with their ivy garb. Our cavalcade presented the mildest appearance, with no more warlike weapon than a sun-umbrella; yet when Mitso, our muleteer, with his whistling yells evoked no response from within, it pleased us in our ardour for local colour to guess that the medieval guardians of the keep were holding a hurried council of war, donning their coats of mail, or performing some other customary act of Ye Knights of Olde, and we thus consoled ourselves for any lack of modern strenuousness about our welcome. The actual state of matters had more of humour than romance, as it proved when the rusty bars were pulled back by a shaggy henchman, whose blinking eyes and

drowsy stupidity proclaimed us disturbers of his slumber. The truth was that our hosts had been sleeping soundly at ten o'clock in the morning. With all the envious resentment of indolence which the reluctant worker self-righteously feels, Mitso scathingly descanted on the lazy habits of those men of God, who, in the incidental absence of their Head, the Abbot, spent the blessed hours in sleep, retiring to rest after morning mass and breakfast, and awakening only in time for the midday meal, which precedes the chief siesta of the day. The deep monastic calm was disturbed by our clatter over the courtyard, as we were conducted to the guest-rooms. On the upper verandah a cell-door sleepily half-opened, showing a black dishevelled figure, whose curiosity had got the better of his somnolence, and like some sleep-walker he sauntered towards us with a "welcome" for each one. Before long we had made the acquaintance of his five other cloistered companions, all slow, drowsy, and long-haired, but kindly disposed with the hospitable benevolence of primitive souls.

By reason of its accessibility and wealth, St Stephen's serves habitually as hotel for visitors to the Meteora, being sufficiently broad-minded to open its doors to the fair sex. The guest-rooms are comparatively excellent, far superior to the inn at Kalabaka in point of cleanliness, while the view from the windows of the reception-room would compensate for any small discomfort which the night might bring. Built on the edge of the precipice, it commands a magnificent panorama of plain and mountains. At the foot lie the houses of Kalabaka, one cottage of royal blue adding a curious diversified note to the uniform white and red of walls and tiles; away towards the distant hills winds the broad, white river-bed of the Peneios, crossing the brown and green plain; the horizon is girt with tier after tier of finely outlined peaks, the nearer ones black with pine-trees, while greater distance gives a haze bluer than an Umbrian landscape; at times behind the blue rises a dazzling snow range, for Pindus, the great Balkan chain, looks over the plain, and in the south Mount Oeta guards the approach to undisputed Greece.

The hospitality of the monastery is unstinted within its limitations. If inured to Greek cooking one will have plenty of palatable food, and a separate messroom is set aside for the guests, so that one has not the double burden, as sometimes happens, of making conversation to the Abbot and enduring his table manners. In return for this the visitor leaves a substantial offering in the church, according to the usual custom in such monasteries.

The most striking thing about the monks themselves is the appalling ineffectualness of their existence. Free from Roman asceticism, they need not pursue the arduous religious exercises which fill the days and nights of their Western brethren, nor do they engage in active outdoor work such as

is carried on in some Greek monasteries where farms and vineyards have to be superintended. St Stephen's pays serving men to tend its numerous flocks, and it lets out its land to tenants; while at the monastery there is a certain bench in a sheltered nook of the rock where the brethren forgather on sunny days, what time they do not sleep. And thus passes the drowsy summer of ever-recurring siestas. But when fresher breezes blow from the snows of Macedonia, these coddled children of the sun will not venture forth even to that bench. Their extreme horror of cold prolongs the long winter, which, according to their own account, they spend chrysalis-like. Fires are kept burning in their rooms—cell is too ascetic a word,—windows are tightly shut, and one can imagine that in the thick atmosphere the lapse of time is not too evident. They have not even the resource of study, for the Greek monk is rarely a scholar, but meditation is their strong point. They sometimes sit and think, and sometimes they just sit, in the words of the fable.

St Stephen's owns the usual storehouse of monastic treasures, but the pre-eminent value of one among the relics makes the others seem of no account. The head of St Charalampos dwells within these walls. A Western mind in its ignorance of this exclusively Orthodox saint may not readily grasp the intrinsic glory of the possession, which sheds a halo round the monastery. St Charalampos is honoured by the faithful as one of the greatest of miracle-workers. In an elaborate filigree silver casket, studded with gems, the relic is zealously kept under lock and key by a special monk, who can be persuaded by blandishing admiration to display his ward. A small glass circle in the top of the casket shows a yellow parchment-like substance, the authentic skull of the saint, and the mere beholding of this glass cover is sufficient, provided there be faith, to heal the sick and mend all woe. The treasure is traditionally believed to have been obtained by the kindly virtues of certain monks of old, who, when travelling in Wallachia, befriended the exiled Emperor Mahomed II. On his restoration he remembered his benefactors, and amongst his gifts to the monastery was this skull. Charalampos is primarily a physician-saint, whose domain is the cure of smallpox; all over Greece he is invoked during such epidemics. Naturally he is most potent to heal in Thessaly, where direct invocation can be made to his skull. A neighbouring village was being devastated by the disease, so the monks told us, shortly before our visit; they conveyed the skull in its casket from the monastery to the local church; there special services with appropriate prayers were held; and the subsequent cessation of smallpox was attributed to the direct intervention of the saint. On the festival day at St Stephen's lines of men with their mules and horses pass before the silver

casket, praying for the prosperity dependent on the well-being of their beasts, which are taught to kneel in front of the relic.

From St Stephen's hill can be seen the other Meteora monasteries, diminutive in the midst of a forest of rocks, whose fantastic shapes suggest goblins, elves, and fairies. In reality, they are inhabited by countless eagles, which rend the air with piercing cries and prey upon the flocks regardless of the owners' sanctity. The smallest of the now extant monasteries, Holy Trinity, is approached by the bridle-path from St Stephen's. It is built on the top of a magnified thimble, with about 300 feet of sheer precipice, and the ascent may be made by a covered ladder, toilsome and unstable. Much more romantic is the alternative mode of elevation, which consists of a net-bag worked by pulley-ropes from above. Loud bellowing brings one of the monastic drones to the window-entrance, and after deliberate inspection of the would-be ascendants he lets down the necessary instruments. As the rope descends, one is glad to remember that no accident has ever been recorded. The net was spread on the ground, and with the fearful interest of a novel experience, two of us crouched cross-legged upon it, while the ends were gathered together in bag form overhead and looped on to a great hook. A squealing shout from Mitso sent us into the air, and for a few minutes our sensations, like our bodies, were somewhat tangled. We were always heads upward; more than that we did not know. The twirling motion of the bag made us a jumbled mass, while continual, though gentle, bumping against the edge of the cliff added zest to the expedition. The really awful moment comes when the pulleys stop, and the monks are just about to pull the bag in by the window: meanwhile the visitor swings in mid-air full of foreboding as to the security of his seat. But in another minute he finds himself rolling confusedly on the floor of Holy Trinity, surrounded by nonchalant old men, who receive him with the welcoming formula, "Well have you arrived," and he replies with more feeling than usual, "Well have we found you."

Holy Trinity possesses two old churches, one of which is hollowed out of the rock and painted with curious Byzantine frescoes. The chief adornment of the place, however, is an old monk, who suggests at first sight a wild man of the woods. Infinite unkemptness marks him in every particular. Mitso condemned him volubly as a miser hoarding up untold gold, while his relatives in the village below perished of hunger. In truth, he seemed to have business instincts, for, after acting as our cicerone, he extracted and appropriated with rather premature expeditiousness the small note we had left in the offertory-box, before we were quite out of sight.

The path from Holy Trinity to St Barlaam winds along the hillside past countless smaller

pillar-rocks, on which the monks of old, obedient to the commands of Scripture, built their houses. The fact that traces of only three smaller monasteries now exist makes one inclined to think that perhaps too much stress may be laid on the enduring characteristics of the rock-built home. Two of these tiny monasteries are deserted; the third, by name Rosane, shelters one monk left to guard the miracle-working head of St Barbara.

Barlaam makes a splendid picture. Its great cliff, crowned by the monastery, and cut off by a deep narrow chasm from the surrounding rocks, has been conquered by a winding stairway road, which is approached by a drawbridge, and your mule will carry you comfortably to the gate. But time was when you could reach the top only by fearsome swinging ladders, or by a net similar to that at Holy Trinity, though rendered more formidable by the greater height of the rock. Barlaam, however, is a progressive monastery, under a young and liberal-minded Abbot, who requires easier access to the outside world than is allowed by medieval methods. In one respect the Abbot has not succeeded in modernising his monastery. Its doors are still barred to women. Like Peris at the gates of Paradise lady visitors are turned away relentlessly. The favourite anecdote of the district, which you have to endure from each new monastic acquaintance, illustrates the impartiality with which this law is carried out. A Princess of the Royal House, bent on sight-seeing, rode up to Barlaam, never doubting that every gate would be flung wide at her approach. Barlaam was courteous but firm, so they say. The Princess had to depart without having penetrated into the two largest monasteries, for Meteoron, the fourth and most imposing, is equally exclusive. More humorous than the Princess story is the fact that, with a virtuous thoroughness which limits their larder, these monasteries exclude all female animals, and not even a hen is to be found within their precincts. The present Abbot of Barlaam is preparing a sort of consolation home for those visitors who have the misfortune to be excluded on account of sex. Just inside his gates stands an elegant guest-house, to which of course only men have access; now he is building a similar establishment over the wall outside the gate, and there lady visitors may be housed. Will they be content? The tantalising incompleteness of the concession may arouse a spirit of contrariness, which will send them to the laxer St Stephen's.

Much treasure-trove is still in the possession of Barlaam: jewels, relics of all conditions of saints, embroidered garments, and a good library of manuscripts. Our sweetest memories are of the delicious rose-leaf jam, which was served up to welcome us. Jam-making is the one art in which Greek monasteries now excel; whether

they dabble in citrons or roses, the confection they evolve is genuine ambrosia.

At one time Barlaam housed ninety monks ; now only six inhabit the monastery, and their privileges have dwindled sadly. All the monasteries have been placed under the strict supervision of the governor of Trikkala, the county town. This official regulates their affairs, and carefully goes into their accounts, doling out a certain allowance to each Abbot. Gone are the good old days of wealth and liberty, when the monks lived on the fat of the land. The horn of plenty has been taken from them. At the time of our visit the Abbot of the Meteoron monastery was cherishing a bitter grievance against the governor, and we for our part genuinely sympathised with him. The implacable economy practised by their purseholder made it impossible for them to replace the rope of the ascension net, which had given way some time before. Long and strong as it must be, it costs a considerable sum, and a sufficient grant of money was not forthcoming. The result is that all visitors to Meteoron must now approach by the ladders, the only alternative to the net, scaling an ultra-perpendicular cliff of 200 feet, while the broken rope swings tantalisingly in mid-air. You scramble up the first ladder with diminishing light-heartedness, until half-way there is a break which sends a cold chill all over you. In order to secure complete control of this mode of approach, the monks let down a swinging ladder, on which the visitor must finish his ascent. For the unstable novice it is a desperate feat to step from one ladder to the other. Below is a deep, dark chasm, and above the interminable cliff with its rope-ladder, which eludes your feet with demonic skill. The utter clumsiness of our own efforts was borne in upon us when we saw one of the lay brothers tripping nimbly down the ladders, carrying in his hand a tray with coffee for the ladies left perforce below. The governor's attitude with regard to the rope can only be explained by the fact that no personal visit to the monastery is required of him. It is probable, especially in view of the usual rotundity of high officials, that an enforced weekly inspection would speedily loosen the purse-strings.

Meteoron, the largest and loftiest of the monasteries, 1820 feet high, stands on a spacious summit, which allows two acres of gardens, and commands a never-to-be-forgotten view. Hundreds of the goblin rocks, of varying sizes and fantastic shapes, rise around it, and in the farther distance mighty Pindus overshadows the plain. Three hundred monks used to inhabit it, and now, though their numbers are reduced to eight, it is still the wealthiest monastery. Its chief treasures have been taken to Athens, but a vast store of relics is left. The most precious amongst them are a piece of Christ's sponge, the reed, and part of the crown of thorns. Of the

buildings the refectory is the most remarkable. It is exceptionally large, and dates from the eleventh century.

Here at Meteoron was the resting-place of the most famous Abbot, the Emperor Cantacuzenos, who in the fourteenth century retired into monastic life. His tomb is shown in the church, and a skull of tremendous size is credited to him. His rule gives the historical date for the zenith of Meteoron's prosperity.

Tradition tells that the monasteries were founded in the ninth century, but no date can be fixed with certainty. Still, the great problem of foundation is not one of chronology but of method. It is almost inconceivable how materials for these substantial buildings could have been conveyed in primitive times to the rocky pinnacles, and the first man to climb the cliff must have possessed remarkable mountaineering powers. The positions when once secured were admirable for strategic purposes, a very essential qualification in view of their proximity to the Macedonian border, where they stand in the line of fierce raids, ransackings, and plunderings. Fifty or sixty years ago, Tozer tells in his 'Travels,' as he was sitting at supper in St Stephen's, a great hubbub was heard outside. Fierce shouts and warlike menaces interrupted his repast. But the monks went on eating with the coolness of custom, and explained to him that it was merely a brigand band who often came clamouring for food. The drawbridge was up, and they were secure in their castle. Even to-day brigandage is not unknown in the district, and although the time of any danger is past, the visitor is still provided with a guard of two soldiers as an escort over the hills.

The monks themselves, although no restrictions bind them, descend but seldom to the lower world, and no interchange of courtesies takes place between the monasteries. Instead of neighbourliness a certain feeling of rivalry prevails amongst them—a petty pride in their own community accompanied by contempt for the others. The Abbot of St Stephen's, though viewing every day from his Belvedere Meteoron and Barlaam across the rocks, had never visited either of his brother Abbots in their homes, and confessed that he felt no call to do so. Apathy and isolation, a complete absence of activity either in work or sociability, points to a certain decadence. It is said—and whether true or legendary it illustrates the change—that in the early centuries all the monks of the various monasteries held a weekly market. One of the rocks, flatter and more accessible than the others, in the centre of the district, is pointed out as the scene where they came regularly to exchange the produce of their work or to sell it to the outer world. Now there is no work and no market.

AN ANCIENT CHRONICLER.

THE history of the past is revealed to us most clearly in the highest and the lowest. Kings and rufflers, ministers and thieves, willingly surrender their secrets to the art of biography. The prowess of Sir Richard Grenville is as familiar to the world as the wisdom of Burleigh. There is none who may not read, if he will, the life of Moll Cutpurse, or delight in the fustian eloquence of many a last dying speech. It is only the simple virtue of the citizen which finds no place in the archives—of the citizen who opens his stall, follows his craft, and prays that he may become an alderman. In the career of such a one there is little chance of scandal or surprise. He does not play for the larger stakes of life. He is not asked to rescue maidens in distress, or to batter the walls of impregnable fortresses. Even if he venture beyond the limit of the law, he commits his robberies from the discreet shelter of a comfortable office. It is not strange, then, that the Elizabethan dramatists either ignore him or turn him to ridicule. In their eyes he is a fair victim for the lash of the satirist or the greed of a broken man of pleasure. The Gallipots and Yellowhammers of Middleton are extravagant caricatures. Simon Eyre, Dekker's famous shoemaker, is too nobly picturesque for truth, and even the citizen and his wife, who pleasantly interrupt "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," display so vain a simplicity as to surpass belief. Indeed, were it not for the accident which made John Stow a chronicler as well as a tailor, we might lose our time in idle conjecture. But John Stow stands before us, honest, pedantic, irascible, and it is our own fault if we refuse his acquaintance. His own habit of autobiography has stimulated a general curiosity; scholars have treated him with a respect denied to others of his kind; and the last of his editors, Mr C. L. Kingsford, has accepted the injunction of Thomas Hearne, and reprinted Stow's 'Survey of London'[1] as a "venerable original."

Born in 1525, John Stow belonged to a family of citizens. His grandfather was an honest tallow-chandler, who supplied the church of St Michael's in Cornwall with lamp-oil and candles, and his father, inheriting "the great melting-pot with all instruments belonging thereto," inherited also the same privileges. His youth, like his age, was spent in the city. The wards of London were the boundaries of his universe. He knew no other river than the Thames. And London in the sixteenth century was a real town, of narrow and absorbing interests, the citizens of which knew one another by sight,

[1] 'A Survey of London,' by John Stow. Reprinted from the text of 1603, with Introduction and Notes by Charles Lethbridge Kingsford. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

and joined in paying a proper deference to the greatest of all citizens—the Lord Mayor. There was nothing which touched the dignity and habit of this great official, greater almost, within his limits, than the King himself, that did not stir the imagination of his subjects. For Stow the smallest innovation in custom was a dire offence. He records sorrowfully in 1563 that Sir Thomas Lodge, being Mayor of London, wore a beard. He was the first that ever ventured thus to defame his office, and hardly did the city support the shock. That a Mayor should leave the comely, ancient custom of a clean chin seemed intolerable to the loyal men of London, and the year of Lodge's office was marked by Stow with a black stone. And as the city was small in size and in outlook, so also was it simple in its joys. It delighted in pleasant shows and homely pageants. It welcomed May-day with its masks and junketings; it hung its houses with holly and ivy at Christmastide; it shadowed its doors, on the vigil of St John the Baptist, with green birch, long fennel, St John's wort, orpin, and white lilies. Then there was wrestling at Bartholomew Fair, and much eating of pork, and cock-fighting and bear-baiting in their due season. The practice of the long-bow had, alas! been almost forsaken in Stow's time. The closing of the common grounds, so often deplored by the chroniclers, had already done its work, depraving the citizens, and weakening the national defence. "Our Archers," says Stow, "for want of room to shoot abroad, creep into bowling allies and ordinary dicing-houses, nearer home, where they have room enough to hazard their money at unlawfull games: and there I leave them to take their pleasures."

And even the graver citizens, content to walk abroad in decent tranquillity, found that the city was encroaching upon their exercise. Hogge Lane, for instance, without Bishopsgate, which now bears the more pompous name of Artillery Lane, had within Stow's memory fair hedgerows of elm-trees on either side, with bridges and easy stiles, such as even aldermen might climb to pass over into pleasant fields, and there to refresh their spirits, dulled with the purchase of merchandise and the counting of money, in the sweet and wholesome air. And within a few years this country lane became nothing better than one continual building of garden houses and small cottages. But even though the city was merged in the suburbs, as far as Houndsditch and Whitechapel, London was still fair and clean, seldom oppressed by poverty or exaction, and famous then, as now, for a generous hospitality. Stow remembered the time when two hundred persons were served daily at Lord Cromwell's gate, and when the Prior of Christ Church kept a bountiful house of meat and drink, both for rich and poor. In brief, all classes seemed to be inspired with a simple gaiety, and if there was a reverse side to the medal, Stow takes care not to show it to us.

Such was the quiet, provincial town in which Stow grew up. His father's house was in Throgmorton Street, and there the old man was the victim of an injustice which rankled in his son's breast unto the end. Thomas Cromwell was building himself a large and spacious house hard by, and in his arrogance made no scruple to take down the pales of his neighbours and to seize their land. Now, close to William Stow's south pale there stood a house, and this house the miscreants loosed from the ground, with the ingenuity of modern Americans, and moved upon rollers some twenty-two feet into the garden, without warning, and with no other answer, when they were taxed, than that Master Sir Thomas had so commanded it. "Thus much of mine own knowledge have I thought good to note"—such is Stow's comment—"that the sudden rising of some men causeth them to forget themselves." And in Cromwell's despite, Throgmorton Street had its amenity. Thence the young Stow could walk to the Nunnery of St Clare in the Minories, and fetch a halfpenny worth of milk, always hot from the kine, and never less than three ale-pints for a halfpenny in the summer, nor less than an ale-quart in the winter. The citizen of today must go farther afield for his milk than the Minories, and cannot hope to satisfy the farmer with so modest a coin.

Of his education Stow tells us nothing. He notes only that every year on the eve of St Bartholomew the Apostle he saw the scholars of divers grammar-schools repair into the churchyard of St Bartholomew, where upon a bench boarded about under a tree some one scholar would oppose and answer, until he were put down by a better scholar, who in turn yielded to his superior. Though he praises this habit of disputation, Stow does not say that he took his share of the argument under the tree, and maybe he was bred at a school deemed unworthy to compete with St Paul's in London or St Peter's at Westminster. What is certain is that he deserted the craft of candlemaking, which his fathers had followed, was apprenticed to a tailor, was admitted to the freedom of the Merchant Tailors in 1547, and remained faithful to the trade for thirty years. That he was a good tailor seems improbable. He who, in Aubrey's phrase, "stitched up" so many chronicles, was not likely to be skilful with his needle. However, he kept house near Aldgate Pump, the object, no doubt, of his pious worship, and it is a strange commentary on the manners of the time that in 1549, after a commotion of the commons in the Eastern Counties, the Bailiff of Romford was hanged upon the pavement of his door. Meanwhile he performed the duties of a citizen with promptitude and loyalty. He sate upon juries, he served as a Whiffler in the pageant of two Lord Mayors, and he took as keen an interest in the affairs of the city as though he had never known what history was

or had followed the devious paths of astrology.

The most loyal of his biographers tells us that he was very careless of scoffers, backbiters, and detractors, and that he lived peacefully. This tribute is wholly undeserved. Either by ill-fortune or in obedience to his temperament, John Stow was always plunged deep into the fiercest quarrels. There was nothing that did not serve him for a brawl—a book, an affront, an unjust will. Possibly he sought relief in conflict from the monotony of existence. The life of a citizen in Tudor England, amiable though it was, knew but few excitements, and when Stow's ardour was not satisfied with learning, he fell to fighting. Once upon a time, for instance, there was a dispute between him and Thomas Holmes, "bothe brethrenne of this mystery," which came before the Company of Merchant Tailors. Now, the wife of the said Holmes had used indecent words against the wife of the said Stow, and the Master and Wardens decreed that Holmes's wife should profess her sorrow, and that Holmes should solace Stow's injured feelings by twenty shillings of lawful English money. This was a mere skirmish, if we compare it with the far more desperate battle with William Ditcher, *alias* Telford, who, if we may believe Stow's own petition, addressed to the Aldermen of the Ward, was a very master of scurrility and abuse. At a certain Christmas Ditcher was forbidden by the wardmote to set "his frame with fetharbends" in the street, and incontinently he charged Stow with lodging a complaint against him. The charge was false, says Stow, but its falsehood was no check to Ditcher's ferocity. At the outset, Ditcher and his wife were content to rail at Stow as he passed them by, and when that would not serve, they stood at his door hurling at him shameful and slanderous words. This was hard to be borne. Still harder was it when Ditcher told the parson of the parish, and any other man whom he chanced to meet, that Stow kept no company but that of rogues and rascals, who had him from ale-house to ale-house every day and every night till two o'clock in the morning. The terms of abuse chosen by Ditcher increased in virulence as the quarrel went unassuaged, and Stow, furious at being called "prick-louse knave," "rascal knave," "beggarly knave," felt that his enemy had reached the zenith of opprobrious injustice when he declared that the said John had made a chronicle of lies. From words the miserable Ditcher went to deeds. He challenged Stow to fight, and when the erudite tailor declined the encounter, Ditcher scratched him by the face, drew blood on him, and was pulled off by the neighbours. What wonder is it, then, that Stow appealed for protection from this violent ruffian, who spared his wife and his apprentice as little as he spared the man himself? The apprentice, indeed, came off badly in the affair, for when he, too, declined the combat, Ditcher said he would provide for him, and would accuse him

of killing the man at Mile End in Whitsun Week. And Stow was worthy whatever respect the wardmote could show him. Had he not published a worthy chronicle? And had he not, to cite his own words, "three daughters marriageable and in service with right worshipful personages"?

But for all his energy and eloquence, Ditcher was but a man of straw, set up to frighten the tailor by the tailor's real, inveterate enemy, his brother Thomas. Fortunately we have Stow's own account of his family quarrel, which, as vivid in style as it is frank in expression, is a curious chapter in the history of manners, and suggests that had Stow been minded to leave the chronicles to such botchers as Grafton, he might have composed a journal worthy to be set side by side with the masterpiece of Pepys. The beginning of the strife is hidden from us. Its end came only with the death of the combatants, and its vigorous conduct proves that, if John was the better scholar, Thomas was easily superior in savagery of temper and lack of scruple. It chanced one day in June 1568 that old Mrs Stow, who lived in the house of her younger son Thomas, came on a visit to John, who as in duty bound sent for the best ale and bread, and placed a cold leg of mutton before her, whereof she ate very hungrily. Presently she fell to butter and cheese, and thus heartened by meat and drink she promised to leave John £10 in her will, to look upon him as her eldest born, and if any man or woman attempted to dissuade her, she would cry out upon him, "Avoid, devil." And then the best ale loosened John's tongue, who made bold to say what he thought of his brother Thomas, and to lament that he was matched with a harlot. Mother and son parted well pleased with each other, but no sooner was the good woman returned to Thomas's house than Thomas and his wife forced her to relate all that had passed between her and John. When Thomas was told of the slur cast upon his wife's character, his fury knew no bounds. Nothing would content him than that John should be struck out of the will altogether, and though the overseers would not consent to this, John was bequeathed no more than a poor five pounds. "Thus," says John with a grim humour, "I was condemned and paid five pounds for accusing Thomas his wife a harlot, privily only to one body (who knew the same as well as I); but if he could so punish all men that will more openly say so much, he would soon be richer than any Lord Mayor of London." And the injustice thus done to John was the more flagrant, because a few days after Thomas not merely brought the same charge against his wife, but for her sins thrust her out of doors. And when his neighbours begged him to take her back, he refused, saying she would be his death, for she still went to witches and sorcerers. Then came the strangest scene in this tragi-comedy of middle-class life. At ten o'clock in the night the wretched woman

crept back into the house, and Thomas, bare-legged and indignant, searched for her, and, having found her, fell to beating her again. Meanwhile his mother, who lay sick upon her pallet, began to look about the chamber for Thomas's hosen and shoes, and carried them downstairs, praying him to put them on lest he should catch cold. But Thomas turned a callous ear to her solicitude, and let her stand shivering for more than an hour. Nor was it Thomas who suffered in the end. He and his wife went to bed and agreed well enough. His mother took such a cold that she never rose from her pallet again.

Thus, waged with alternate cunning and fury on either side, the battle was fought to the bitter end. On St James's Eve John sent his wife to Thomas's house with a pot of cream and a pottle of strawberries for a peace-offering. Thomas would have none of them, and drove her forth with bitter oaths and charges of witchcraft. "I will make the villain John be handled," cried he, "or it shall cost me a hundred pounds. I will make all the world to know what arts he practiceth; and get ye out of my doors, or, by Peter, I will lay thee at my feet." After this outrage a sudden calm fell upon the family. Thomas sought his brother out, sent for a pint of ale, and bade him drink, professing sorrow for the past and friendship in the future. And the dying mother murmured from her pallet: "The Lord be praised, for now my children that were dead are alive again." The peace, unhappily, did not last long. John, still dissatisfied, demanded once more his proper share of the inheritance, and asked his mother to cause Thomas to read the 133rd Psalm: "Behold how pleasant and how joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together and be of one mind." This was too great a demand upon the old lady's courage. She dared not argue with Thomas, evidently a ruffian of forcible character, and John would not desist from urging his claim, though she lay on her deathbed. Again the brethren fell a-quarrelling, even in her presence, and she died to the echo of oaths, threats, and foul words. On the morrow of her burial, which was Saturday, there was another reconciliation. "I met Thomas Stow," writes John, "my sister, and Henry Johnson at Leadenhall. So we went to the Maiden's Head and drank a pint of wine or twain." And then the feud broke out again more fiercely than ever.

Thomas Stow's last assault upon his brother might have had a more dangerous result than the loss of a mere five pounds. Unpacified by his triumph, he laid information against him, that he was a favourer of the Duke of Alva, that he practised magic, and was a friend of papistry. John Stow's books were examined by Cecil's order, and he himself was brought before the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. That he escaped does credit to the justice of the time, for Thomas was dishonest with the dis-

honesty of the fool, and he would have stuck at nothing to ruin his brother. As for the motives of this quarrel, unique in our annals, they are not easy to discern. It may be that differences of religion, always a fertile source of argument, kept the two men apart. It may be that Thomas was jealous of John's superiority, that he grudged him his books and the great friends that they brought him, that he hoped to put him back in what he thought his proper place—the tailor's stall. However that may be, it must be confessed that neither side conducted the dispute with dignity. There is little of the scholar and nothing of the gentleman in John's demeanour. He too descended into the pit, clamoured against his brother, and embittered the last miserable days of his mother. And though he was beaten for the moment, he took a revenge which was beyond the reach of Thomas. Never in his 'Chronicle' nor in his 'Survey' does he write of brotherly feuds without a glance at his own sad experience. With an evident zest he describes how in 1196 William Fitz Osbert, a man of evil life and a secret murderer, and still worse a false accuser of his elder brother, was righteously brought to the gallows, and thereto he gravely adds in the manuscript: "Such a brother have I. God make him penitent." Thus after thirty years the old man cherished his anger, and who shall say that he was not justified?

These grimy quarrels, which set brother against brother, this eager hankering to change an old woman's will, were but interludes in the career of John Stow. Many years before he came to blows with Thomas he had begun the process of self-education, which gave him a place in English literature. Studious by temperament, he had assiduously cultivated his natural gifts. At the outset his taste had lain in poetry and sorcery. He had always an eager love of magic, and his first work was an edition of Chaucer, the father of English poets, whom he never quoted save with becoming reverence. But gradually he was drawn away to the study of history, which study he embraced with the greater ardour because it gave him an excuse for quarrelling with Grafton, whom he attacked sometimes with injustice, and always with ferocity, and who in the vigour of his hate took up almost as wide a space as his false and avaricious brother. Hearne, praising his industry, denies him scholarship, and Hearne, no doubt, was in the right. On the one hand, Stow was a late learner, and like all late learners he was wont to take surprise at his own erudition, and to mistrust the attainments of his rivals. On the other hand, his toil and energy are beyond dispute. He spared neither himself nor his pocket. That he might collect manuscripts and books, that he might understand and transcribe what he had collected, the honest tailor forgot his trade and recked not of fatigue. His work cost him, as he confessed, "many a weary

mile's travel, many a hard-earned penny and pound, and many a cold winter night's study." And his labour was the greater because he could not ride, and thus was forced to go on foot into divers chief places of the land to search the records. Nor was he in any haste to gather the fruit of his toil. He was already fifty-five before the first of his serious works, 'A Chronicle of England from Brute until the Year 1580,' was published. Twelve years afterwards came the first edition of his 'Annals,' and these two, with his 'Survey of London,' make up the literary baggage of a busy life.

The baggage, rather heavy than various, is the baggage not of a historian but of a chronicler. If Stow was better than most of his kind, he was a chronicler still. He made no pretence to combine events or to divine their causes. He wrote from year to year, almost from day to day, and in his view all events were of an equal and separate importance. If he had a preference, it was for the trivial. Had he been alive now, he would have made a first-rate reporter. He had learned the first two lessons taught by the modern newspaper, (1) that the more fatuous is an episode, the more instant is its "appeal"; and (2) that you may discover curiosity and even scandal in sudden changes of the weather. I do not think that he ever discovered a large gooseberry. It would have been a happy day for him if he had. But turn his pages at random and you will find many strange pieces of absurdity. The specimen which follows, culled from the year 1389, will serve as well as another to illustrate the Chronicler's sense of selection: "A fighting among gnats at the King's Manor of Sheen, where they were so thick gathered, that the air was darkened with them; they fought and made a great battle. Two parts of them, being slain, fell down to the ground; the third part, having got the victory, flew away, no man knew whither. The number of the dead was such, that they might be swept up with besoms, and bushels filled with them." Though such an adventure, surely unparalleled since the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, would make the fortune of a morning paper, it may justly be accounted beneath the dignity of history. And even the fighting gnats faded in Stow's interest beside a frozen river. Never, indeed, was he so happy as when he might record a quick fall of temperature, and never did he have a better chance than in 1564, when on the 21st of December there began so hard a frost that on New Year's eve people went over and along the ice as they would, from London Bridge to Westminster, while some played at football as boldly there as if it had been on dry land, and others shot at pricks set up on the Thames. But, despite his love of triviality, despite the fact that, as Fuller said, "he was such a smell-feast that he cannot pass by Guildhall but his pen must taste of the good cheer within," Stow was a faithful chronicler.

"However he kept tune, he kept time very well;" in other words, he was exact in chronology, and served as an authority to many wiser historians. He did his best, also, to gather knowledge from eye-witnesses, and he told Sir George Buc, the biographer of Richard III., that he had spoken with those who had seen that king, and who pronounced him a very comely personage. In brief, his chronicles now and again stray into history, and his patriotism was never at fault. If he loved London like a Londoner, he loved England as an Englishman should love her, and he set an example of cheerful enthusiasm which our historians have not always followed.

And what did he get for his toil? If we may believe him, little indeed. He rightly claimed that those who "have brought hidden Histories from dusky darkness to the sight of the world" deserve some thanks for their pains. He had received, said he, only ingratitude. After Stow's death, Edward Howes, his faithful editor, hinted that the chronicler's reward was an assurance of endless reproach. In these complaints there is an obvious exaggeration. The rivalry of chroniclers led, no doubt, to strife. But who loved strife better than Stow? His encounters with Grafton gave him more pleasure than a Lord Mayor's feast, and he never lost a chance of insulting his enemy. And if his toil brought him small profit, surely he was not singular in that. His knowledge of the city should have taught him that intelligence finds its own reward. And even in pocket he was the richer for his researches. Master William Camden, "his loving friend," gave him £8 a-year. It was not for his skill in their craft that the Company of Merchant Tailors paid John Stow, "a loving brother of this mystery," a yearly fee of £4, but "for divers good considerations them specially moving." And Stow himself made light of his misfortunes. "He and I walking alone," said Ben Jonson to Drummond, "he asked two cripples what they would take to have him of their order." He hobbled and he was poor, and therefore in no better case than the cripples; but he could jest with them, and in the best company. Nor was the Court wholly unmindful of him. King James, recognising that his "loving subject John Stow (a very aged and worthy member of our city of London) this five and forty years hath to his great charge, and with neglect of his ordinary means of maintenance, compiled and published divers necessary books and chronicles," granted him Letters Patent to collect voluntary contributions and kind gratuities from whom he could. To our minds it seems a selfish kind of largesse, but it was the custom of the time, and was well understood by those to whom the appeal was made. A like privilege was given to Philemon Holland, another ill-requited man of letters, and it need have no shame to Stow to follow so illustrious an example.

One other reward was

brought to Stow by his work —the reward of friendship. He lived on terms of familiarity with the scholars and wits of his time. His geniality and his learning were such as few could withstand. He was well described as "a merry old man," and he was perfectly conscious of his merriment. To drink a pint of "best ale" in an Aldgate tavern with John Stow was like cracking a bottle at the Mermaid; and if his amiable humour, now mellowed with the years, attracted the simple, his erudition and his library brought the learned to his feet. He was among the first to join Archbishop Parker's famous Society of Antiquaries, at whose meetings he encountered the historians of either university. He was always ready to lend a manuscript or to aid in the editing of a Latin text. Among his correspondents were many honourably distinguished men. Sir Henry Savile calling him "good old friend," and confessing that he "has found at all times good favour of him since their first acquaintance; and other acquaintance in London has he none," beseeches him to certify "if Wigornensis is printed." And presently, growing in intimacy, Savile sends him "a mild sixpence to drink a quart of wine in your travel." It is a strange relationship, and stranger still it seems if we call to mind the bare legs, the squalid household, the grim vituperation of Thomas Stow, and the three daughters in worshipful service. The Chronicler, in truth, made the best of both worlds—the world of the city, which was veritably his own, and the world of scholarship, which was his by right of conquest.

His portraits reveal what manner of man he was, and a friend has sketched him in words with a kindliness beyond the scope of portraiture. "He was tall of stature," wrote Howes, "lean of body and face, his eyes small and crystalline, of a pleasant and cheerful countenance; his sight and memory very good; very sober, mild, and courteous to any that required his instructions; and retained the true use of all his senses unto the day of his death, being of an excellent memory. He always protested never to have written anything for malice, fear, or favour, nor to seek his own particular gain or vainglory; and that his only pains and care was to write truth." He died in 1605, being fourscore years of age, and he was buried in his parish church of St Andrew Undershaft. A monument was set up in his honour by Elizabeth, his wife, whom in a moment of greedy appeal he once unjustly denounced to his mother as a wife that can neither get nor save. She got or saved enough for his glory, and to her spirit of forgiveness we owe the solemn presentment of the ancient chronicler, seated at his table, and holding in his hand the goose-quill wherewith he hymned the praise of London, his native city, and celebrated in his homely style the exploits of our Kings and Governors.

THE NEW JUNE.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

XXXVIII.—THE NEW LORD KENT.

When John returned on the following morning the change was already over, and Sir Thomas, now Earl of Kent, was sitting in his father's seat at the high table, transacting business with the officers of the household. The old lord had persevered until midnight in devising schemes for the aggrandisement of his family: he had then ordered his sword, his seal, and his keys to be handed in his presence to his elder son, and renounced all further interest in the affairs of this world. Father Gilbert received his confession, administered the last offices of the Church, and testified, when all was over, that he had never witnessed a more truly sanctified departure. He reappeared in the hall shortly after John's arrival, for the purpose of expressing publicly, and at the earliest possible moment, his earnest hope that the new lord would not forget his father's desire to be commemorated by a religious foundation.

The suggestion seemed to John, who was standing by, to be improperly timed and not altogether honestly made.

"My lord will also not forget," he broke in, "that this desire was not an absolute one, but expressly dependent on the success of certain ventures to be made at a future time."

"That is true," said the young lord, leaning back in his chair and looking from one to the other.

"And I had it clearly in mind, my lord," said the churchman; "but I remembered also that this noble house has always been zealous for the Faith, and that your lordship has from very early years exhibited a singular devotion towards religion."

John coloured with annoyance and made a contemptuous movement, but his master received the compliment with dignity. "It is very good of you to say so, Father Gilbert," he said, "and it is not for me to contradict you on such a matter. However," he continued, "I certainly had an idea, when I was in Italy, of building a Charterhouse—something on the plan of the Duke's at Pavia."

"A princely idea, if I may say so," replied the chaplain, bowing—and preparing to retire, as if his point had been conceded.

John glanced down with disgust at the smooth neck and obsequious shoulders beside him. "I take it, my lord," he said, "that nothing can be decided for a month or two yet." He

looked significantly at Sir Thomas.

"No," replied his lord, "but I rather like the notion; we can be thinking about it, and I will speak to the king."

The chaplain departed with no sign of triumph, and John sat down at Sir Thomas's elbow. His irritation soon subsided, but he continued to feel a certain uncomfortable strangeness in the new order of things. He had always thought of his master as a boy, and regretted the pliability of his character: it was disconcerting to find him so altered by a few hours of authority, and already inclined to act without his most confidential adviser, if not positively in opposition to his counsel. But he remembered that however conduct may be influenced by temporary causes, in the long-run character will always assert itself: it was one thing for a young man just set free, and at the same time raised above himself, by his father's death, to take his own way with servants and inferiors; it would be another matter to resist the steady pressure of an unscrupulous mentor like Huntingdon. But here again a surprise was in store for him.

"Now, John," said Sir Thomas when the last of the orders for the funeral had been given and they were left alone together, "I want you to help me—in one matter particularly. I am going to set about this marriage at once. My uncle has given his consent and promised to join in making up the quarrel, but I am perfectly aware that he does it against the grain. Still, the fact remains that just now he can't do without me,—at least he can't do without the Earl of Kent,—and I mean to have my own way while I am indispensable."

"You say 'at once,'" remarked John dubiously; "do you mean before——?"

"Yes, before the row begins; we have a month or more."

John reflected. "Suppose Stafford consents, would you propose to be married without waiting?"

The Earl of Kent relapsed into his younger manner for a moment. "I would be married to-morrow!" he said.

"And immediately afterwards you ride Gloucester down; what if the Staffords take the wrong view of that?"

"The Staffords! She would be a Holland by then."

John shook his head. "Women change their names but not their natures," he said.

"Some do," replied Tom, "these heiresses, who marry three times in five years and go the grey mare's pace all their lives; you are thinking of Savage and Swynnerton, perhaps; I am not Savage or Swynnerton, and I am not marrying a rich widow." He spoke scornfully: here, too, the change was making itself felt.

"Well," said John in a somewhat offended tone, "I have done my duty; my humble warning is that you run a

double risk: if Gloucester wins, we lose; if Gloucester goes under, you may find you have offended both your uncle and your wife's brother. What then?"

Tom's face glowed with an inward light. "Then, my dear John," he said, laying his hand on the squire's arm, "then my wife will stand by me against them all—she has told me so."

"Oh, has she?" grumbled John. "Why didn't you say that sooner?"

Then he remembered how he had stood in this same room a year ago and talked of this marriage with the old lord. Tom, like his father, had kept back something till the end; but the contrast between the two warmed John's heart.

XXXIX.—THE HAND OF THE HARPER.

Tom was thoroughly in love, and his eagerness rather increased than diminished in face of obstacles; but for the present the obstacles proved to be insuperable, or at any rate insuperable except by a disregard of convention and convenience which was beyond the power of an ordinary young man of twenty-one. His father's funeral and the settlement of his affairs kept him occupied from day to day without a chance of breaking off to ride north in pursuit of Lord Stafford. Early in May he despatched a messenger with letters to Lady Joan and to her brother; it was near the end of the month when the man returned with news that they had gone to Northumberland, and would not be in London until the middle of June. Hardly any time would be gained by going after them now, and in any case the storm was already blowing up so fast over the court that it would have been impossible for Lord Kent to absent himself from the council table.

When at last they returned, and Lord Stafford, to John's surprise, showed himself not unwilling to consider the match as a possible one, it was close upon July, and, as the king said to his nephew when he approached him upon the subject, no weather for weddings. A week afterwards the thundercloud burst.

On Thursday, the 5th of July, the king gave a banquet at Westminster, for which unusually long and elaborate preparations had been made. Among the specially invited guests were Richard's uncles, the Dukes of Lancaster, York, and Gloucester, and the Earls of Arundel and Warwick. Gloucester and Arundel were away from London, and, whether by agreement or coincidence, both excused themselves on the ground of ill-health. Warwick had not the nerve for so dangerous a step; he therefore took the still more dangerous one of obeying the royal command. The first sight of Westminster, with every gate doubly guarded and every

street swarming with archers, told him that he had walked into a trap: when the banquet was over he disappeared into captivity without any noise more effective than a mouse's squeak.

On the following day the members of the royal council met for dinner at the New June. After dinner Lord Huntingdon ordered John Marland to clear the room of all squires and servants, to place a guard of archers in the passage, and to keep the door himself.

As he stood there alone at the end of the great chamber and looked on at the brilliant party gathered round the table John was suddenly carried back to the castle of Calais, where seven years ago he had listened so breathlessly to the discussion on the tactics of St Inglebert. A tournament! how small an affair and how devoid of consequence! Here was a kingdom in debate, and a king to lead the onset; yet great as was the difference there was one element common to the two meetings—Huntingdon was of the party. John consoled himself with a glance at his own lord, young and strong and sanguine, the picture of hope and honour. Then the king began to speak, and he forgot everything and every one else.

"My friends," said Richard, "you will forgive me if I am less merry to-day than you have sometimes known me. Love is a strange tree; its fruit is sweet at first and bitter at the ripest. I have called you together here to say farewell."

He stopped suddenly, and a shock passed through all his hearers; the profound and unexpected melancholy of his tone struck upon their nerves as the first sweep of a skilled hand strikes along the harp-strings.

His lips moved as if to speak again, but no words followed; he turned and turned the gold cup in his hand, and kept his eyes fixed upon it as though he could not trust himself to face the sympathy of his friends. John felt the beads start upon his forehead; he stirred uneasily and saw others do the same; beyond doubt they also were feeling that life held some unexpected mystery, some great and terrible secret that they were about to discover when it was too late.

"It is vain," said Richard at last, "but surely it is natural, that now, in the one hour left to us, I should think only of the past. For twenty years I have borne the name of King of England. Remind me, if you will, of my mistakes; but speak of them mercifully, for if they have never been forgiven, they have at least been repented many times. And in those years we have known some good days, you and I; we have seen England pass from war to peace, from wealth to prosperity; we have loved much, and lost much, and laid up something for memory. And now judgment has been given and the end has come: I have held my

crown on sufferance, and at last the sufferance is to cease."

He raised his head and looked slowly round the table with the wide sad eyes of a wounded hart. There was still a dead silence among his hearers, but their amazement and indignation were upon the point of bursting forth. Lancaster alone seemed less moved; but York was ashy pale, Huntingdon's fist was clenched, and Kent was leaning forward from the end of the table with his lips parted and his breath caught in.

The king held up his hand. "Stay," he said, "you have not heard me: it is not of myself that I have to speak, or I should not be speaking with regret. The passing of a king is but a change of names: the record of the greatest of us is nothing more than the epitaph upon the tomb of a buried age. Since I cannot rule, it is little to me that I may not reign. But you are men, with life and will of your own: it is hard that you, too, should die into the darkness like evening shadows."

Huntingdon could restrain himself no longer: he had glanced all round and found nothing to reassure him; Lancaster's frown was inscrutable, York was clearly sick with terror, Nottingham seemed cowed with shame, and the rest were all bewildered. His own voice came in a dry croak that confirmed the general panic.

"Sir," he said, "if our enemies are upon us, why do we sit here? For God's sake let us get to horse."

The phrase was one of doubtful meaning, but Richard did not misinterpret the tone.

"Where would you fly?" he asked, with a bitter little smile. "What covert will hide you from the lords of the forest? We hear the horn to-day, but their nets were laid a month ago."

"The worse for them!" cried Kent, starting to his feet; "treason a month old is doubly rotten. Sir! let us hear it all: it may be worse than we think, but I swear they shall never make a hunt of it."

"Well said!" cried half-a-dozen voices at once; and if feelings could be heard, John, too, would have been among the loudest.

Again the king raised his hand, but this time his look was alert and his manner almost brisk; his voice came firm and clear, and he spoke in a tone of courage and good sense.

"Let me not be misjudged," he said; "I, too, would fight if there were still time; but while we thought ourselves at peace, the work of sedition has been going forward busily. My uncle of Gloucester is an active man: a month since at St Albans, a week ago at Arundel, yesterday in his own domain of Pleshey—be sure we only hear the news when he has cut us off from France, and made certain of what force he thinks sufficient for his purpose. To capture and imprison his king—what is that? a single stroke, a short and easy business for

so powerful a man; but he must have made thorough preparations before he dared to issue death warrants for all my Council."

He paused a moment, while this astounding news took effect, and then added, "I have no doubt myself; he has arranged for the Commons to rise at his signal all round London. Hunt or no hunt, our enemies have us penned in a circle."

"Then we must break it," cried Lord Kent, taking the lead once more.

"Ay, Sir," Huntingdon joined in: "we have the Cheshire archers and the City troops; let us fling them on the weakest point of the circle."

"No!" said Kent, as quick as lightning. "Strike at the heart, Sir, where one blow may save all; let us ride to-night for Pleshey."

His enthusiasm blew into sudden flame the anger and alarm of those about him: Salisbury sprang to his feet and sent his chair backwards with a crash. A general stir followed, and Richard saw that his time had come. He rose with great dignity, lifted his clenched right hand with the gesture of one who brandishes a sword, and cried in a ringing tone such as none had heard from him since he rode to meet Wat Tyler, "My lords, the Earl of Kent has spoken for me: I strike at the heart, and I strike to-night."

In a moment the meeting was broken into groups and the room filled with a babel of fierce inquiry and denunciation. John, who had no one to advise or consult, watched the faces of the rest. He fancied that he could trace a line of division that marked them off into one or the other of two parties: there seemed to be one set of those who knew nothing but what they had just heard, and one of those who knew more and cared less to speak of it aloud. Lancaster kept the king so closely in conversation that no one else could get a word with either of them; York, still harassed by miserable unrest, was trying to approach his son Rutland without attracting too much notice. Nottingham was speaking in an undertone to Derby, who evidently wished to be rid of him; John started as he remembered having heard that they were both at Arundel a few days ago; if it had fallen to Nottingham to inform against his father-in-law little wonder that he bore a hang-dog look, and less that his fellow-informers shunned him. It was a relief to see that John's own friends were among the ignorant and openly indignant party. Kent, Huntingdon, and Salisbury had all been equally taken by surprise, and it was they who now showed the greatest alacrity in the preparation of the expedition.

By four o'clock all friends had been warned, and the Lord Mayor had received the king's command to furnish as many troops as possible within two hours. By five the Cheshire archers had been collected and equipped; and at six o'clock precisely—the hour at which

he usually went to supper—Richard, in full armour, with an advance guard of two thousand men behind him, rode up Tower Hill to the cheers of an excited and bewildered crowd of citizens, and disappeared in a storm of dust and trumpeting along the road to Bow.

With him went the Earls of Rutland, Kent, Huntingdon, and Nottingham; the Dukes of Lancaster and York took in charge the Tower and the Palace of Westminster; and all night long Derby and Salisbury were forwarding reinforcements — a thousand or more, it was said, were hurried eastward every hour. As to the enemy, no one had any idea who or where he was, but he was reported to have not less than a hundred thousand men, furnished with springals, scorpions, and bombards of enormous size.

XL.—A NIGHT MARCH.

The king rode fast, and easily outstripped the wild rumours that his expedition was raising. Town after town along the eastward road received him with a hubbub of surprise, and stood staring after him as he disappeared, leaving the quiet summer evening to settle down again under a layer of dust. At Brentwood, where he halted for half an hour, his officers passed the word round that he was going to Hadleigh, and so to France; at Ingatestone the story was of Harwich and Sluys; but at Chelmsford, where he was to lie till dawn, the further precaution was taken of closing all the roads. The Earl of Huntingdon, after setting a chain of patrols on the north side of the town, slipped off behind them with a following of ten men to reconnoitre towards Pleshey: and Richard with the rest of his party sat down to supper.

Before midnight Huntingdon returned: two of his men had knocked up a stable-boy at the castle under pretence of asking their way to Chelmsford: they gathered that the Duke was at home but had only his household with him; the crowd of men who commonly wore his livery and carried arms in his service were for the most part away,—holiday making, it was said.

A murmur of scornful incredulity greeted this report. "No doubt," said the king, "my uncle was to join their festivity to-morrow: if we detain him here, we must at least provide him with some compensating pastime."

His lips shut grimly upon the bitter little jest, and he rose to leave the table. "We start in three hours," he added, and stalked from the room still frowning.

While he slept the four earls discussed the situation. Wherever Gloucester's forces might be, it seemed clear that Lord Kent's advice had proved good: the king by his rapid

march had placed himself outside the circle instead of inside it, and appeared to have his most formidable enemy within his grasp. But to make doubly sure a company of archers under Swynnerton's command was sent out to draw a cordon round the Duke's stronghold, and messengers were despatched along the London road with an order for the first of the reinforcements to draw out to the north as far as the village of High Easter, so that the king's final advance would be secured against any possible movement from the west.

The sky was already blue when Richard left his lodging, and the sun rose as he passed Great Waltham and halted his little army in the fields beyond. Once more Huntingdon was sent ahead of the main force; the rest following more slowly after a short interval. Everyone believed that success was already assured: but that did not prevent excitement from running high as the decisive moment drew near, for it is the stake, after all, and not the balance of chances, that raises the player's pulse, and here it was nothing less than life that depended upon the cast.

This time, for a reason known only to himself and his master, John was to ride with Huntingdon. It had occurred to someone that Lord Stafford was not unlikely to be with the Duke, in whose service he had been for some years before he succeeded to his brother's earldom: and Lord Kent, since he could not be present with the advance guard himself, sent on his squire with secret orders to do everything in his power to prevent any revival of the personal bitterness between the houses of Stafford and Holland.

John felt when he took the road in the fresh July morning that he stood at last upon the frontiers of happiness. The hour and the work chimed together as he listened to the steady rattle of hoofs behind him: the whole future shone in the light of this first success, and he exulted in the recollection that it was his own lord, his own pupil, who had planned the stroke.

It added to his pleasure that he himself had a part to play. He did not believe that Lord Stafford was in the castle, and in this he proved to be right: but it was his business to give Huntingdon as little time as possible for any characteristic behaviour: the easiest way was evidently to delay him until the king should be close upon his heels. He accordingly suggested to him a caution that he was far from feeling himself, and his bait was swallowed at once. Huntingdon was apt to be afraid of everything but a physical contest: provided that the work was done promptly and remorselessly, he always preferred that responsibility should rest on any shoulders rather than his own, and in the present case he was not yet confident of success. He advanced therefore with a great show of precaution, and only

reached the inner gate of the castle when Richard's bodyguard were already within a mile of the place.

The household was still wrapped in slumber: a drowsy porter opened without challenge, and disappeared to call some of the upper servants.

Five minutes passed, during which John watched the sun rising above the trees, and fell into a day-dream of great splendour. He was roused by the voice of Lord Huntingdon close beside his ear.

"What does this mean?"

"This waiting?" replied John,—"they seem quite unprepared."

"Too unprepared," said the Earl. "I don't like it: there's double-dealing somewhere. I've half a mind to fall back on the supports."

But at this moment the porter reappeared, and was followed immediately by one of the gentlewomen of the household, who explained that the Duke and Duchess were not yet up, but would be glad to receive Lord Huntingdon shortly.

The Earl was still suspicious and sulky. "Are there no men in this house?" he growled.

The answer was lost: a tremendous blare of trumpets came through the outer gate, and Richard himself rode into the base-court.

"The king, madam," said John to the astonished gentlewoman, and she fled upstairs again with the news.

XLI.—SUNRISE AT PLESHEY.

Richard rang out his orders in a sharp soldier-like tone to the officer in command of his bodyguard. The Duke's porters were at once replaced by archers: and the king, after receiving Huntingdon's report, dismounted and advanced at a slow ceremonial pace to the foot of the stone steps which led up into the house.

He had scarcely reached them when the Duke of Gloucester appeared in the doorway and hurried down to receive his royal guest. At the first glance John knew that the game was won, for beyond doubt this was not only a guilty but a frightened man. His hair was disordered, his feet shuffled in fur-lined slippers, and the half-fastened cloak which he had thrown over his shoulders parted now and again as he scurried out, revealing a white shirt and bare shins underneath. The spectators who stood nearest averted their eyes, either from instinctive respect for a man in dire extremity, or perhaps from a feeling that such indecorum must be ignored or it would tarnish the glory of their own triumph. John certainly would rather have seen his enemy appear in full armour with a thousand men at his back: he had an ugly moment of misgiving, but it was gone

again as he looked towards the king.

Richard had never been more royal or more magnanimous: by the mingled courtesy and sternness of his manner, the wide serenity of his look, he seemed to confer upon the dishevelled figure before him an equal share of the dignity with which he was himself robed and crowned.

"Welcome, Sir, welcome," said the Duke. As he went down on one knee to kiss the king's hand his other bare leg protruded from the open cloak more ludicrously than ever, but no one smiled; Huntingdon alone looked full at him without disguising his cruel satisfaction.

Richard raised his uncle with grave and almost compassionate courtesy. It was strange to see how completely and easily he dominated this rebellious old soldier, who had tyrannised over him so long, threatened him openly with deposition, and hunted his nearest friends to death. In the days of his greatest insolence Gloucester had never mastered Richard as Richard was mastering Gloucester now.

"May I ask, Sir," said the Duke, "how it is that your Majesty comes so early and so unexpectedly?"

Richard put the question by with perfect self-possession. "If you will make yourself ready," he answered, "you shall ride some way with me: I have to confer with you on business."

Gloucester bowed and was about to withdraw, but Richard laid a careless hand upon his shoulder. The Duchess was at the moment coming out, and it was in this reassuring position that she found her husband and the king. When she had reached the bottom of the steps Richard released the Duke and turned to greet her. "I am borrowing my uncle from you," he said. His tone was polite, but it told her nothing, and he continued to hold her eyes with a steady look that gave her no opportunity of exchanging a glance with her husband.

She turned, however, with an effort, and forced a little laugh. "I must dress him better before I can let you take him," she said, and held out a hand as if to lead the Duke away.

The king laughed too, but far more naturally. "You would dress him too well, madam," he said, "and take too long about it: if you will give me the pleasure of your company meanwhile, I will send him suitable attendance."

He cast a look round the circle as if to make an indifferent choice; but before he could speak Huntingdon thrust himself in front.

"I will go," he said; "I know him best."

The Duchess turned pale and looked at the king.

"My brother is not very neat-handed," said Richard, "but I daresay he will be able to do all that is necessary."

The Duke went up the steps without a word, and Huntingdon after him. To more than one of those who stood by they seemed to be mounting a scaf-

fold: Huntingdon's sword clanked horribly against step after step as he followed close behind his prisoner.

Only the king appeared to be unaware of anything strained or ominous in the scene before him. He turned with a cordial air to the Duchess, who was standing white and silent among her gentlewomen. "And now, ladies," he said, "what have you to show us while we are waiting?"

Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, was a very great lady and as brave as a Bohun should be: also, she knew Richard well, and had seen him act many parts. Half-an-hour was all that was left to her, and she braced herself to spend every minute of it in the struggle for her husband's life. She felt instinctively that the lighter the king's manner was, the more deadly must be the purpose it concealed; her business was to force him out into the open, to dare him to look at his intentions by daylight and in the presence of others. She flung off her terror with a quick movement of resolution, and the colour came back to her face; her tone was almost as easy as Richard's own.

"I fear, Sir," she answered, "that my house is unfit to be seen at this time of day; we are not such early risers here; but the chapel is always in order, and we are rather proud of it."

She led the way to a door at the side of the base-court; the king followed more slowly, exchanging a word or two of compliment with each of the attendant ladies as he passed through the group. When the chapel door was unlocked he stepped just inside it and looked about him; the place was small, and he had evidently no intention of spending time upon it.

"The windows are fine," he said, "and the woodwork: you have no room, I suppose, for canopies." He turned his head slowly in every direction with an assumed air of thoroughness, and prepared to move out again.

"The jewels hardly show from here," remarked the Duchess, "but they are good, I believe; the gold plate is Spanish—a present from the Lancasters."

The lure was thrown with a sure hand, and Richard stooped to it instantly: he loved jewels even more than dress, and he burned to see these, which would so soon be his own. The Duchess led him up to the altar, at the back of which were reared two tiers of magnificent plates of beaten gold, with a jewelled pyx in the centre. Immediately below this stood a casket of goldsmith's work, shaped like a miniature chapel with high-pitched roof and pinnacles: it glittered all over with the precious stones of every kind which were worked into the decoration; and many of them were of great size and beauty.

The Duchess made a profound obeisance before the altar; Richard followed her example mechanically, but he hardly for an instant took his eyes off the jewels. She stepped between him and the

altar, took up the casket and turned to place it in his hands. His eyes were riveted upon it: emerald, ruby, amethyst, and chrysoprase, he pored over them all in turn, and his fingers passed lovingly along the row of huge pearls that topped the pinnacles on each side of the miniature roof.

"My uncle is not too careful of his treasures," he said at last; "this seems well worth stealing."

The Duchess did not return his smile. "Who dare steal such a thing?" she said gravely. "There are very sacred relics in this—a fragment of the True Cross, and some of the Confessor's hair."

Richard looked as embarrassed as she had meant him to be: his peculiar devotion to the Confessor's memory was well known. He moved forward as if intending to replace the casket. But the Duchess kept her position between him and the altar: she laid one hand upon the reliquary and pressed it firmly into his grasp. "Keep it, Sir," she said; "all that we hold we hold only of you."

She spoke with dignity and self-restraint. Richard seemed to realise that he was losing ground. "No, no," he said quickly, "I cannot take it in that way."

"Then, Sir," she replied, "give me, if you will, something in return for it." She kept her hand steadily upon the casket and looked him in the face.

The king frowned: he was making up his mind to break off at any cost. She saw that the strain must be relaxed at once or she would fail entirely; her hand drew back from the reliquary as she said in a quiet natural voice, "My lord of Huntingdon has never understood us: it is not good for my husband that they should be together."

Richard looked at her with the wide innocent gaze that so often served him for a mask. "Is that what you ask of me?"

"I ask only that, because I believe that it would mean everything to me and mine." She searched his face, but no eyes could have penetrated that mask.

"Look," he said quietly, then while he supported the casket with his left hand and forearm he placed his right hand upon it with the gesture of one who takes an oath, "I give you my word that your husband shall neither see nor hear Lord Huntingdon again until he asks for him. And now take back your reliquary: a king can only receive such a gift from a king's hand."

To this she dared no answer, but took the casket and lifted it high above her head, falling on her knees as she replaced it upon the altar, and remaining for a moment or two bowed in prayer before it. The oath must not go unrecorded.

Richard meanwhile was beckoning to John Marland, who stood among the group near the door. "Bring my brother Huntingdon," he said, and turned back to offer the Duchess his hand.

They left the chapel in silence, and the door was locked again; a moment afterwards Hunting-

don came clanking down the steps into the court.

"John," said the king, "I am sorry to find that your presence is unwelcome here. You will leave me the archers now on the ground, and fall back at once on London with all the rest. Take your leave of my aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester: I have promised her that you shall not come here again without an invitation."

Huntingdon took this for a jest, and a very good one. "Good-bye then, madam," he said, "for some time, it appears."

"Oh, I hope not," replied the Duchess courteously; she could not afford to rebuke his triumph, and he was well aware of it.

"We never know, do we?" he sneered.

But this time he had pushed her beyond endurance; her face burned as she thrust back, and her voice was a fierce appeal to the justice of fate.

"No, my lord, we never know."

He lowered his eyes as he turned away to mount.

XLII.—EXIT GLOUCESTER.

John was glad enough to see Huntingdon go: he was still more pleased to find ten minutes later that Lord Kent had been told off, with Sir Thomas Percy, the Steward of the Household, to attend on the Duke. The king, after giving this order, started at once, leaving Gloucester to follow as soon as he should have taken farewell of his wife.

There was a consideration in all this that raised the Duke's hopes: little by little the idea crept into his mind that possibly his case was not quite desperate, else why should his deadliest enemy have been dismissed and guardians so different have been appointed in his place? Besides, Kent was not only a young man of presumably amiable character: he was a near connection of Gloucester's, for the Duchess and Tom's mother were first cousins.

So the parting scene was almost cheerful; and Gloucester's last words to his wife were spoken loud enough for all to hear. "Keep close to the king," he said, "and tell him boldly you will swear by any oath he pleases that I have never wished him ill or been a traitor to his person." He mounted, and turned away with a wave of the hand.

"And now," he said gaily to the lords who were waiting for him, "which way shall we go? and who shall be our guide? I, or one of you?"

Kent frowned and said nothing; Percy was more equal to the occasion. "Nay, sir," he replied, reining in his horse for the Duke to pass before him, "it is for you to lead and for us to follow."

The claims of dignity were satisfied. "Then come," said the Duke, "let us set forth in

God's name — wherever it is your pleasure that I should go."

They rode to Hadleigh; dined there and took ship an hour afterwards. When night fell the prisoner was safe in the Castle of Calais.

XLIII.—A TREATY OF MARRIAGE.

Arundel's surrender followed close upon that of Gloucester; with him fell his brother, the Archbishop; and the less important members of the party were taken in one sweep of the net. The king's success had not suffered a moment's check; if he had but laid and matured his plans as carefully ten years before, De Vere might have been living now. This was the sourness in the wine of triumph, and he was seen more than once to glower ominously on Nottingham and Derby, the only two among his present supporters who had been with the opposition on the fatal day of Radcot Bridge. But there were sweeter revenges to be poured out before these could be thought of, and the drinking of such noble liquor demanded ceremonious observance.

The Great Council was summoned to meet at Nottingham, but not until the fifth of August; the intervening month was spent in going minutely through the case against the prisoners, issuing proclamations, preparing admissions, and above all in arranging and rearranging a procedure the outcome of which was not in doubt. In this, as in other crises in his life, Richard showed himself a born actor, a consummate master of pageantry; where a practical man would have been content to ensure results, the artist in him devoted even more care to the perfection of the manner.

His friends followed him enthusiastically, but in very different moods. The elder among them gave their time and wits to the work of ruining their enemies and securing the plunder: the younger ones expanded suddenly like flowers in a late hot spring; they ran riot in a luxuriance of extravagant colour, mostly harmless enough, but altogether disorderly. Their dress was fantastic, their heraldry overpowering, and their conversation regilded half the roll of the nobility.

Lord Kent alone was less entirely absorbed in all this upholstery: his gain from the victory was to be of a different kind, and if he desired an accession of rank it was not merely for his own sake. "Come with me," he said gaily to John on the morning after the arrest of Lord Arundel, "let us go and ask Joan to name her Duchy."

John was aware that the Staffords were in London, and that his lord had more than once been fortunate in contriving a meeting; but a surprise was waiting for him to-day. To begin with, the visitors were

received by young Lord Stafford with unaccustomed cordiality. Then John perceived by the discreet vanishing of squires and underlings and the summoning of several older members of the family, that the occasion was regarded as in some way important and confidential. Lord Stafford himself, though nervous, was evidently not unprepared. When the customary civilities of wine and spices had been offered and the last servant had left the room, he began at once without any preamble.

"I am glad you happened to call to-day," he said rather stiffly, "because I have at last come to a decision upon the question we discussed some time ago."

Tom turned suddenly white: hopes cannot cease to be hopes without a pang, whether of death or of birth.

"You honoured me," Lord Stafford continued, "with a proposal." He waited as if for some indication that the proposal was still on foot.

"I did," said Tom. "I mean I did make a proposal, and I came this morning to repeat it."

"Then I have now the pleasure of informing you . . ." The measured tones ceased abruptly; the two young lords looked at one another, and a smile broke over both their faces at the same moment.

Tom held out his hand. "Thank you," he said fervently as the other grasped it. "You can't think what it means to me."

"Oh, well," replied Stafford; "it means a good deal to us too, you know."

"Very good of you to say so."

"Oh!" cried Stafford again. "Of course I meant that as well, but I do think besides having the ordinary feelings we ought to do something to wipe out old scores."

He looked aside at the nearest of his friends as if in need of prompting. Tom seemed to catch a glimpse of something awkward approaching: his voice hardened.

"Certainly," he said, "we wipe them out entirely: you give me your sister, and the whole thing is at an end."

Considering on which side the wrong lay, this was a very naïve piece of magnanimity; but Lord Stafford could not make up his mind to say so. He looked embarrassed and was silent.

"I daresay you would like to see my sister," he said at last; and carried Tom away with him. John was left to wait with the elderly gentleman who had seemed to be in Lord Stafford's confidence.

His companion was a fluent talker, and spoke with great propriety of the advantages to be gained by forgetting and forgiving old injuries, more especially in the case of persons of rank and influence. John was inattentive, thinking of his own share in this new partnership; but at last the constant repetition of the word "advantages" made an impression upon him.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm afraid I was wan-

dering; what are the particular advantages you were speaking of?"

This was uncomfortably direct; the old gentleman raised his eyebrows with a conscious little smile.

"I am sure," he said, "that you have for Lord Kent all the affection of a devoted servant."

"Certainly I have," replied John in surprise.

"Lord Stafford stood for years in the same relation to the Duke of Gloucester," said the old gentleman, "and it would not be unnatural if he founded some hopes upon his new alliance."

The suggestion was revolting to John. "I am sorry to differ from you," he replied haughtily; "but this is a marriage we are making, not a bargain."

"A marriage," replied the old gentleman blandly, "is always a bargain—a bargain in which a man pays just what the article is worth to him."

Lord Kent's return saved John from a quarrel: on the way home he poured out his indignation to his master, who took it with the light good-humour of a happy man. "Poor old Gloucester," he said. "I daresay he was not the worst of them: at least he did his grumbling openly."

"But to bargain with you at such a moment," John's indignation persisted.

"Oh, that's all nonsense, of course," replied his lord. "I go my own way; but, all the same, I'm not inclined to go to extremes."

John was intensely annoyed at his attitude, and determined to cure this ill-judged tenderness: his anger was none the less hot when he remembered that in so doing he would be carrying out the old Earl's last instructions.

XLIV.—THE KING'S WEDDING GIFT.

There are times when Fortune makes an irresistible alliance with Youth. The king had desired to postpone his nephew's marriage until quieter times, but Lord Kent was now so valuable and popular a member of the party that it would have been difficult to refuse him anything upon which he had really set his heart. As it happened, it was a lucky stroke—an impromptu and almost random suggestion—that brought Richard completely over. A day or two before the meeting of the Great Council, on a drowsy August afternoon, when the proceedings to be taken against the traitors were being informally discussed for the twentieth time, Tom woke up from a day-dream to find that his own opinion was demanded.

"Oh!" he cried hastily, "why not pay them back in their own coin? they called themselves Lords Appellant when they chased De Vere."

He had no need to finish: the imaginative touch—the appearance of poetic justice—was just what Richard needed

to make his vengeance perfect. At the Great Council, therefore, the principal business transacted was an agreement that Gloucester, Warwick, Arundel, and the Archbishop should be impeached in the coming session of Parliament by six earls and two barons, acting together under the title of Lords Appellant; and Kent, Huntingdon, Nottingham, Rutland, and Salisbury were to be among the number. Derby was not, and it was whispered by some that he had refused to be nominated; others declared that he was terrified at the omission of his name from a list where even Nottingham's appeared.

The Council over, Richard found himself once more with time on his hands; for Parliament was not to meet until the middle of September. He was in high good-humour and overflowing with bounty for his friends.

"Well, my Lord Appellant," he said the same evening, putting his arm round Tom's neck as they left the supper-room, "what can I do for you?"

"Come to my wedding," replied the Lord Appellant without a moment's hesitation.

"I had thought," said the king, "that the Dukedom should be your wedding present: if you cannot wait for that I must give you something else." He beckoned to John, who was waiting to conduct his master to his lodging.

"Marland," said Richard, with his arm still on Tom's shoulder, "your lord is marrying, and I am to give him a house: shall it be Arundel or Warwick?"

John was stunned by the royal assurance of the jest: for these were two of the greatest castles in England, and their lawful owners had not yet been brought to trial. Still he must answer, and if his wits failed, his memory served him, even against his will.

"Warwick, Sir, I think," he stammered.

Richard saw his confusion. "What is your reason?" he asked.

John dared not say "It would look better," but he remembered that even the old Earl had thought so. "There are the horses, Sir," he replied.

"So there are," said Richard. "Those famous horses: I had forgotten you were Master of the Horse."

John bowed in silence: the king thought him an odd but clever fellow; to himself he seemed to be the sport of some malicious demon.

XLV.—OUT OF THE WORLD.

Ten days later, on the 15th of August, Thomas, Earl of Kent, and Lady Joan, sister of the Earl of Stafford, were married in the cathedral church of Lichfield. The ceremony was performed by the Right Reverend Doctor Scrope, the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, and was honoured by the pres-

ence of King Richard and Queen Isabella, uncle and aunt of the bridegroom. This was the first solemnity of the kind which the Queen had witnessed since she herself became a married lady of seven: it was, in fact the only wedding, except her own, which she could remember at all, and she took the most inquiring interest in the bride. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to weep at the parting two days afterwards, when the Earl and Countess of Kent left for the house in Yorkshire kindly lent them by Sir John Colville.

With them went Margaret Ingleby; and John, with others of the household, was already a day's journey in advance. He had many perplexities and resolves in his mind, but they were for the most part shouldered aside by pleasanter thoughts. This return to the Yorkshire moors seemed like a return to a happier age, where summer and gaiety were perpetual, and where the greedy turmoil of the world was hardly even a distant reality, hardly more than a topic for an idle day's argument between friends.

His mood was the gentler because he knew that Nicholas Love, who now rode beside him, would not be his companion much longer. The Carthusian's absence from his fraternity during these years of his lord's youth was entirely contrary to the very strict rule of the Order: it had only been made possible by a special dispensation granted at the royal request: that was in the early days when the Hollands, for the merest fancy, would use the king's name as freely as their own. Nicholas' tutorship had latterly been a nominal one; now that Tom and Edmund had each an independent establishment the last pretext for keeping him was gone, and he had claimed his right to go back to his cell and his books.

But for John even his friendship with Nicholas was not the chief landmark of the happy country to which he was returning. To the wildwood and the moorlands other feelings were more appropriate—feelings akin to the ardour of the chase, the instinct to pursue without a thought beyond the joy of pursuit. His lord, being in love himself, had assumed, with the egotistic good-nature of youth, that the intimacy between John and Margaret Ingleby must be of the same kind, and even of the same degree, or nearly so. Yet they had seen but little of each other since that memorable day at Arncliffe, and whenever they had chanced to meet they had fenced, almost fought, upon the terms which Margaret had laid down from the first. There could be no compromise between the supporters of contending principles — between those who upheld the king's right as divine, and those who would limit it as with bit and bridle.

Still there was this much justification for the good-natured egotist, that each of them found more pleasure in fighting the other than in

agreeing with any one else; and in John's picture of the coming month the tall, proud figure of a young Diana was for ever flitting under hazel arches or springing across the long roll of the heather.

A week later the vision was once more a reality. The newly-wedded lovers were eager to revisit the scene of their first meeting. On the morning after their arrival at Arncliffe Tom and the two ladies started up the steep, overhanging slope before the heat of the day had begun, leaving John and Nicholas to walk to Bordelby, where Edmund was hawking, and where the whole party was to meet for their midday meal. At the parting of the ways Margaret lingered a moment behind her companions. "I shall not follow them long," she said to John. "They don't want me."

John nodded. "But you will be with us at dinner?"

"I think not; but, of course," she added with her haughty little air of mock-humility, "I shall do whatever they bid me." Her eyes, like a fountain, tossed up a flashing spray of laughter; as it fell again she broke away and went quickly up the wood with the light step that he remembered. He stood for a moment staring after her in a kind of trembling wonder. Look, voice, movement—they were all as he had known them before. What, then, was new, and why had this meaningless little incident taken on the clear, inexplicable significance of a scene in dreamland? Was the magic in the summer morning, or in the place and its associations?

He walked beside his friend in silence: they took the shadier way through the centre of the wood, and paced the green aisles slowly, enjoying once more the dappled gold on the mossy path at their feet.

"John," said the monk at last, "you have often confessed to me: I will confess to you. My contempt for earthly beauty is not so perfect as it has been."

He stopped, and lifted his hand towards the long vista of the wood.

"You feel it too?" asked John; "something disturbing, something almost terrible?"

"On the contrary,—something that heals and pacifies. It may be a delusion of the Evil One, but I feel that here I could both worship and work as I have never done elsewhere."

John looked down as if to search his own mind. "Yes," he said at last, "it is a good place; we are all at our best here: but you find it pacifying and I find it agitating to be uplifted."

They walked on more rapidly. When they came to the ridge above the hollow dell and looked down upon the hunting lodge of Bordelby, the monk stopped again. "It is a good place," he murmured. "There is none like it."

John replied to the thought rather than the words. "I could not stay here long: it is out of the world, out of life altogether."

The monk bowed his head,

and his neck and temples were dyed with a flush that his companion knew well. "*I* am going out of the world, John," he said in a low restrained voice; "am I going out of life?"

John's lips suddenly trembled. "You are going out of my life, Nicholas."

The monk did not stir; his figure had become almost rigid, his eyes were still downcast and closed, and his hands were clasped under his white scapular, where his rosary made a faint, cold, rattling sound. John turned from him in despair and flung himself down upon the ground. There he lay for a long time, hidden among the tall bracken, plucking the grass bents and biting them one after another, as he mused rebelliously on the mutual hindrance of life and religion. When at last he was roused by the sound of footsteps moving near him, and lifted his head above the deep tangle of the fern, Nicholas had disappeared, and Margaret Ingleby was standing in the place where he had been.

XLVI.—A WOMAN'S TEARS.

John sprang to his feet. "Margaret!" he cried in astonishment.

"Yes," she replied shortly. "They would have it, so we are both disappointed."

"Disappointed?"

"You expected to see someone else, I hoped to be alone."

He saw that she was not in her usual mood of combative gaiety; there was something almost bitter in the sincerity of her tone.

"If I am in your way——" he began, with a pretence of leaving her.

"No!" she returned imperiously. "It is a mercy to find someone to speak to who is not a lord. Besides," she added, "you are an enemy, and just now I would rather talk to an enemy than a friend."

He thought he detected a returning gleam.

"Shall we fight standing or sitting?" he asked.

The gleam broadened as she sat down, but it died away again. There was a silence which seemed long to John, but he spent it in watching her face, which was steadily turned towards the little plateau of Bordelby below them. In the level meadow the hay was being carried; the garden fence beyond was topped by the tall yellow heads of the great mullein, and from the house itself a thin column of smoke ascended like a faint blue mist, only visible against the dark green of the oakwood, but giving the final touch of homeliness to the little picture.

Presently she spoke. "Is this place so much to Dom Nicholas?"

The deep ring of her voice always stirred John: now that it chimed so with his latest thoughts it startled him.

"It is much to us all," he replied evasively.

"So much that you give it away—and to monks!"

This time there was no mistaking the bitterness of her mood: and he discovered at the same moment that he could not endure bitterness between himself and her. Hitherto her splendid self-reliance and audacity had always enabled him to play fast and loose with the manners of chivalry, the conventional code which had trained him from boyhood to be the humble servant of all ladies; for her pleasure and his own he had treated her as an adversary and an equal. But now she was in pain, and whatever the cause, she must be protected: saved from such new wounds as might come from her own passion or from any word of his.

"Won't you tell me?" he asked. "I know nothing of this."

"Ah! then it was really a sudden fancy: but only the more insolent for that! Yes, I will tell you: your master and mine has conceived the pious idea of dedicating a monastery to Saint Nicholas—down there." Her eyes were still fixed upon the plateau below.

"Oh!" said John as if relieved. "The idlest of fancies, it must be: of course he knows the title is in dispute—he can't deal with anything but the house."

"The house! It would make a single cell!"

Her scorn was justified: John remembered the scale of the great cloister at Pavia.

"That is quite true," he said; "if the idea were ever to be seriously thought of, your father's consent must be asked first—he would have to be a co-founder."

"Why stay for that?" she retorted. "It is the fashion now to take, not to ask, and who is more in the fashion than the Earl of Kent?"

John was hurt. "He does not break the law," he said as gently as he could.

"There is no law to break," she cried. "Your Lords Appellant are above the law."

"They are not above the king."

The flame leaped higher as this name was flung upon it.

"The king! What have the king and law to do with one another? Which of them gave Warwick's house to his enemy before Warwick had been heard in his own defence?"

The thrust was a hard one, but happily John was not unprepared to meet it. He had himself been astonished by this offer of Richard's and had thought the matter out on the ride northward.

"I know," he replied, in a grave and uncontentious tone; "the same thing occurred to me, too: but let us not be hasty. We are not in possession of the facts, and the king is, or believes that he is: his conscience has nothing to do with our doubts. That is the advantage of any form of absolute government, as I saw when I was in Italy: a Council of Ten, or better still, a single ruler like Gian Galeazzo, can judge in secret, and act with

certainty: you can never do either with parliaments or courts of law. We all know what lawyers' justice is, and how little two contending parties in the State weigh the merits of any case. The king, as we think, should be above party, and above technicalities: he should be perfectly informed and perfectly irresponsible. Then you get, not legal justice, but real justice; in a case like Warwick's——" he stopped, and looked at Margaret; but she turned her face still farther away from him.

"Perhaps I have said too much," he continued; "but I wanted to show you that we do what we do deliberately—from conviction, not from weakness."

She was still silent, with averted eyes: under the strain his caution began to fail him a little.

"You think I am playing the advocate; well — think what you like of me, of all the rest of us; but don't misjudge the man who has married your friend. I assure you most positively—I swear to you by the life of my soul—that he would never touch a yard of any man's land unjustly, or accept the spoils of the innocent. If he takes Warwick's house, it is because Warwick is guilty. I know him as no one else does, and I cannot be wrong about that. You might as well accuse Saint George."

She bowed her head, and he saw that she was sobbing.

"Ah!" he cried in despair. "Have I spoken hotly—what a brute I am—or was it what I said about Warwick?"

She dried part of her tears, and swallowed the rest: then looked round at him all radiant.

"It was what you said about everything," she said with one more little sob of content, "and I wish you would always speak hotly."

She rose to her feet, still with soft eyes of gratitude upon him, and held out her hand. He fell upon his knees and kissed it passionately; for he, too, was stirred beyond control.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TERRITORIALIST'S POSITION IN TIME OF WAR.

THE question whether Mr Haldane's scheme for creating a national army for home defence on the voluntary basis is to prove a success, or not, has still to be decided. There is considerable difference of opinion amongst those who have been watching the progress of the Territorial Forces as to whether the numbers contemplated when the plan received the approval of Parliament will have enrolled themselves within a reasonable time. It is also at present impossible to foretell whether the majority of those ex-Volunteers serving under a special engagement, who form so large a proportion of the total *personnel* on the strength, will elect to extend their time in the newly constituted force. It remains to be seen, moreover, if in future years the units will undergo the full period of fifteen days' training which is prescribed, or whether there is always to be, as was the case this year, an exodus from camp at the end of the first week such as to reduce those units to the condition of mere skeletons. Still, an impartial review of the position of the Territorial Army at the present time leads to the conclusion that the force has made a fairly satisfactory start, and unprejudiced observers are prepared to admit that it may eventually fulfil the purpose for which it has been brought into existence, provided that the conditions which the country was given to understand would govern its development and its management in peace and in war, are not departed from in any material particular.

What are these conditions governing the development and the management of the Territorial Army in peace and in war? In the discussions on the subject which followed naturally upon the first appearance of the home defenders under their present organisation in the summer camps, one most important feature in connection with Mr Haldane's comprehensive scheme was to a great extent overlooked. In broad outline the theory of the Territorial Army system is that the troops composing the force are enrolled for a definite period, that they are liable to a very short period of training annually in time of peace which it is hoped will give them some little insight into the nature of their duties in time of war, that their function is to form the garrison of the United Kingdom after the "Expeditionary Force"—or, in other words, the regular army—has quitted the country for an over-sea campaign, and that they can count upon having been embodied for not less than six months before they need have any expectation of meeting an enemy in battle. It is this last condition that opponents and supporters of the scheme are alike inclined

to forget, and that the Territorialists themselves probably do not appreciate in all its bearings. In the numerous articles which have appeared in the Press discussing the performances of the citizen soldiers in their various camps in 1908, the principle that the annual outings only afford a preliminary training, but that the real training will come during a period of six months' embodiment preparatory to actual warfare, has been to a great extent lost sight of. There was no reference to it in the comments on the work performed which were issued by distinguished commanders. Anybody not conversant with the subject would suppose, from what has been said and written recently, that the annual fortnight under canvas constituted the real training of the force—the training by the result of which the efficiency of the Territorial Army for purposes of war was to be judged. Enthusiasts have been depicting the home defenders as already fit to meet the foe; the opponents of the scheme have been declaring that it has already practically broken down, because such a small proportion of the *personnel* remained the full time in camp. Neither the supporters of the War Minister, nor those who have no confidence in his plan, appear to remember that he has never suggested that the home defence army which he is creating is to be looked upon as an army fit to take the field without having been previously called out for continuous service for a space of time which would be equivalent to the aggregate of a dozen annual trainings.

Mr Haldane was severely taken to task in some quarters when he first unfolded his plan, for his proposition that this country may count on six months' law after the outbreak of hostilities before there can be any reasonable prospect of the Territorial Forces being called upon to repel an invasion or a raid, unaided by regulars. This is a strategical question which it is not proposed to enter into here at length, and on which no definite opinion need be expressed for the purpose of this article. It has always to be remembered that, owing to the inevitable delay which would occur in getting together the requisite ship-transport, the whole of the regular army cannot be despatched across the sea at short notice, even when command of the sea happens to be assured from the outset. It, moreover, must not be forgotten that there are situations where some time would inevitably elapse before that indispensable maritime preponderance had been attained which would justify the embarkation of our Expeditionary Force. On the other hand, circumstances can easily be imagined where the United Kingdom might have to be denuded of its regular troops within a very much less space of time than six months from the commencement of hostilities. Nor does a condition of affairs seem impossible where a large part of the

Expeditionary Force would perforce be kept idle in this country although badly wanted elsewhere, because the Territorial Army had not yet completed its six months' embodiment to qualify it for safeguarding the home territory. Be that as it may, the War Minister, with the Committee of Imperial Defence at his back, has evolved an organisation for the military protection of this country in time of war, which is based on the assumption that the garrison will have been embodied six months before the enemy can make his appearance, and it is difficult to find a justification for some of the details of the organisation unless the correctness of this assumption be admitted.

We have been hearing a great deal of late about the patriotic spirit animating officers and men who, often at considerable inconvenience and expense to themselves no doubt, have been spending a few days at training and in the service of their country: they are entitled to every credit for voluntarily undertaking the responsibilities involved in membership of the Territorial Forces, of which attendance at the annual camps is one. Employers of labour who have granted facilities to those in their pay to take part in the first year's training have been extolled to the skies, others who have not seen their way to granting the needful concessions have been severely criticised. The question of special arrangements with reference to the annual camps, as between employers and employed, is no doubt a matter of considerable importance. Controversy has been raging around the annual training, as if the annual training was the vital part of the scheme. But this is not the case. The vital part of the scheme is the embodiment of the Territorial Army in the event of an emergency which causes the regular army to quit the United Kingdom, and the sooner this is realised by the Territorialists themselves and by the public, the sooner will it be possible to arrive at a decision as to whether Mr Haldane's plan is a workable plan, as to whether it is a plan conceived in a spirit of justice, and as to whether it is a plan which the nation ought to accept as one offering it adequate security.

Within the present decade we have seen the United Kingdom to all intents and purposes deprived of the whole of its regular troops, other than recruits not yet emancipated from the depots, for the space of two years. This state of things arose in course of a conflict maintained against an adversary powerless at sea and incapable of menacing the British Isles in the slightest degree. Although the trend of popular sentiment on the Continent was decidedly antipathetic to this country, and although (as recent revelations have made clear) certain foreign governments were somewhat disposed at one time to interfere in a guarded manner in

the dispute, our rulers would not appear to have suffered from any great anxiety as to a possible assumption of hostility by European Powers during the course of the protracted struggle. It is, however, no exaggeration to say that during those two years the United Kingdom was relying for its security against raids and against invasion upon the Royal Navy, and upon nothing else, and that no second line of defence worthy of the name was in being while the most serious war which the Empire had been engaged in since Waterloo was dragging on from month to month. The fact that no troubles arose nearer home is no proof that the plan of leaving our home territory without a proper garrison was justifiable under the circumstances; and the attention which has been given to defence questions since the termination of the conflict with the Boers, has apparently convinced our statesmen of all parties that the presence of a properly organised military force in the country after the regular troops have been called away to some distant theatre of operations is a *sine qua non.* Whether there is, or there is not, a prospect of trouble in Europe, there must be an efficient garrison in the United Kingdom in view of possible eventualities.

The South African War is not likely to repeat itself, and an exactly similar situation may never arise in the future. But, for the sake of argument, and so as to illustrate the position of the Territorialists in times of military stress, let us suppose that a fresh struggle breaks out in our South African colonies, and that it develops rapidly into a conflict of the same magnitude as that which terminated in the summer of 1902. What would then be the condition of our home defenders as now organised, individually and collectively?

In view of the situation in South Africa, the Expeditionary Force would be embarked as rapidly as the transports could be collected and fitted out, assuming, of course, that no maritime nation gave any indications of hostility. There being no question of securing command of the sea as a preliminary, the regular troops in the United Kingdom would all take their departure within a very few weeks, and from that time forward till the struggle in the far-off south came to an end, the security of this country would rest in the hands of the Territorial Army, in so far as it depended upon land forces. It would be obvious to all concerned that the enemy of the moment offered no danger outside South Africa. In these days of newspaper enterprise and education the public are able to follow the course of foreign politics, and the people of the country in general, and the Territorialists in particular, would be aware that there was no immediate prospect of any foreign Power lifting its hand against us. And yet, unless

Mr Haldane's declarations are to be taken as a tale told by a British Cabinet Minister signifying nothing, the home defence army would as a matter of course be called out for permanent service even before the Expeditionary Force had sailed.

International politics are unstable. The British Empire enjoys no immunity from the jealousies and suspicions which outwardly friendly nations are apt to entertain towards each other. Chivalry has no place in statesmanship, where it is a question of one Power improving its position at the expense of another with which its interests are in conflict. At a juncture when the military energies of this country were largely absorbed in troublesome operations south of the Equator, some rival State might well seize the opportunity to fix a quarrel on us, and the possibility of a hostile descent upon our shores might present itself quite suddenly. The United Kingdom might find itself threatened by a formidable coalition when its regular army was not available to protect its shores, and in view of the chance of such a contingency arising—remote as that chance might seem to be when the transports were sailing down Channel for the Cape—no Government would be justified in not embodying the Territorial Army at the same time as it gave orders for the mobilisation of the Expeditionary Force. It has to be remembered that even if the Territorials are called out at the same time as the Army Reserve, they may not have passed the full period of six months before they may be called upon to take the field, therefore there can be no excuse for delay in the matter. In the supposed case of another great South African struggle, there cannot be the slightest question but that the home defence army ought to be mobilised and that the officers and men of the Territorial Forces ought to be summoned from their homes and their employments to form the garrison of the United Kingdom and to become efficient troops, although the country might be at peace with all its neighbours and there might be no apparent likelihood of a dispute with any one of them. This will always be the same whether the Expeditionary Force is to be away from the country for only a few weeks or whether there is every prospect of its being away for months or even years, and it will moreover be the case whether the regulars are proceeding to a venue in South Africa, or on the north-west frontier of India, or in Polynesia, or in Timbuctoo.

The protracted struggle with the Boers gave proof that the people of this country have not lost the characteristio qualities of a martial race. Representatives of all classes of the community, the patrician and the pot-boy, the clerk from his desk and the artisan from the workshop, flocked to the recruiting offices of the special

corps being raised to proceed to the scene of action. Hundreds of men who had previously given little indication of a bent for adventure threw up lucrative appointments in civil life to serve as troopers of irregular horse, and accepted without demur the discomforts of crowded troop-decks, the privations of the veldt, and the dangers from hostile bullets and disease, which are inseparable from active service in the field. It was a time of obvious emergency, and the response to the call for volunteers was immediate and enthusiastic; nor is there reason to suppose that, were an analogous situation to arise in future, the manhood of the nation would be any less willing to bear a hand. But it must be remembered that when that remarkable wave of enthusiasm spread over the land after Colenso and Magersfontein, and when hundreds were enrolling themselves daily, those who eagerly presented themselves for enlistment did so on the understanding that they were bound for a distant theatre of war where they were to fight; there was no question of staying at home in garrisons impersonating regulars who were face to face with the enemy seven thousand miles away. The crowds who volunteered, volunteered under the influence of patriotic excitement. They were actuated by the sporting spirit which is happily a national asset, were attracted by the prospect of novel experiences, and were animated by the hope of undergoing that baptism of fire which every man worth his salt likes to pass through once, if only for the sake of storing up a stirring recollection. The situation had little in common with that which would present itself to the Territorialist summoned to spend six months with his unit in the United Kingdom at a time when no enemy threatened it, and when even the Royal Navy—the first line of home defence—had not been placed on a war footing.

That is where the shoe will pinch. Were the country engaged in a strenuous maritime campaign, it would be quite another story and the Territorialists would not regard embodiment as a great hardship. They would then be called out to serve under war conditions, some to watch the coast, some to man fortresses, some to form field armies assembled at great railway junctions ready to proceed at once to confront any hostile force which might effect a landing within the kingdom. With the whole nation living in suspense, the home guards would know that much depended on them, and would welcome the call to arms. But we cannot disguise from ourselves that these conditions are not likely to prevail at the moment when, in theory, the Territorial Army is to be summoned for permanent service. They may of course arise afterwards; but it is most unlikely that there will be any immediate prospect of the force having heavy responsibilities imposed on it at the time when it is

embodied. It will be embodied for training purposes, so that it may be equal to its duties should certain contingencies arise—and its *personnel* may find that the engagement which has been entered into is fraught with serious inconvenience to them.

The Territorial Army has been given an establishment of 312,000 of all ranks, and it is not improbable that its actual strength will soon approach that figure. Now it is safe to assume that a large proportion of these officers and men are in good employments, and that a considerable percentage have wives and families depending on them. Suddenly, at a moment when the United Kingdom is threatened by no foe who can do it injury, at a moment when even those behind the scenes of foreign politics will perhaps admit that the chances of its being exposed to any attack are exceedingly remote, thousands of bread-winners are to be summoned from their occupations, are to join for permanent service the regiments and battalions and batteries with which they have been used to spend a fortnight's holiday in camp, and are to become soldiers for a period the duration of which cannot be foretold, but which will certainly last not less than six months. Is it to be supposed that they will like it? Is it fair that they should be called upon to undergo such sacrifices—sacrifices which they never contemplated having to undergo except at a time when there was danger of an invasion or of a raid?

It may be said that they will have no adequate grounds for dissatisfaction, inasmuch as they will merely be called upon to fulfil their part of a contract entered into with the State. But many of them will then bitterly regret that a praiseworthy public spirit, or the force of example by others, or a fancy for camp life in holiday-time, induced them to enrol themselves in the home defence army without fully counting the cost.

In the October number of 'Maga' there was an article entitled "The Limit," portraying the state of mind likely to be induced in the volunteer when on active service, and when exposed no less to the perils of the field than to the hardships and suffering inseparable from a prolonged campaign. It illustrated with singular force what may be the consequences of the feelings of resentment towards the mass of his countrymen living at home at their ease, which will at such a time seize upon the man who of his own free will has responded to his country's call. But in face of the enemy there is excitement to buoy the soldier up, and the knowledge that those at home are at least lavish in their praises of his conduct. The embodied Territorialist may find himself very differently situated; running no danger perhaps, and exposed to no actual hardship in his own person, but seeing his occupa-

tion gone and those depending on him faced with distress, simply because the Government have kept him to an engagement the possible effects of which he had not foreseen. For, rightly or wrongly, the Territorialists in general imagine that the responsibility which they incur as regards permanent service means liability to be embodied when the British Isles are in danger, not liability to be embodied because the professional soldiers have gone off seeking the bubble reputation somewhere in foreign parts.

Far be it from us to suggest that the embodiment of the Territorial Forces will not be imperative whenever the Expeditionary Force mobilises for oversea warfare—their attaining the standard of efficiency requisite for them to fulfil their *rôle* hinges on it. But the weak points of Mr Haldane's scheme for a home defence army become manifest when the vague talk about patriotism is abandoned and the working of that scheme under conditions analogous to those of the South African War is considered. The scheme is, perhaps, as good a one as could be devised under a system which relies on voluntary effort to take the place of national duty; but that does not make it a satisfactory solution of what is perhaps the greatest problem with which the people of this country have to deal. It is a scheme which ignores an elementary natural law recognised even in the least civilised communities, the law which compels the adult males of a nation or tribe to fight in defence of their own native soil. It is a scheme which sets at defiance the principle that in the public interest the obligations and inconveniences of military service should fall as far as possible on those who have not others depending on them.

On the Continent, where national defence is generally so nearly synonymous with home defence, the burden of defending the State is laid in the first place on the younger portions of the adult male population. Thus in Germany, what may be called the regularly organised forces on a war footing are provided practically by men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-two; while in France, which has a population numbering less than two-thirds of that of its formidable neighbour, the corresponding forces consist of men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-nine,—in both countries the great majority of those to be found in permanent service in peace time are twenty-one and twenty-two years of age. By these means France and Germany each can mobilise as field armies and as garrison troops for a great war, somewhere between two and two and a half millions of soldiers, and it is safe to say that should they find that smaller numbers would satisfy requirements, then the limit of age

at which the male population was freed (or practically freed) from the obligations of military service would be reduced. Now the population of the United Kingdom is slightly greater than that of France, and our Committee of Imperial Defence is apparently satisfied with a home defence army of 300,000 rank and file. If France can produce an army of nearly two and a half millions from her adult males between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-nine, this country could certainly produce an army of 300,000 for the protection of home territory, when the regular army was not available, from its young men between the ages of twenty and twenty-three. Under a system of compulsory service the home defence forces could in fact be embodied almost without touching the classes who have wives and families dependent on them, and it would create no appreciable distress and very little general inconvenience. There are, of course, many other arguments which can be adduced in favour of the principle of compulsory service for home defence, but it is here only referred to in illustration of the unfairness and absurdity of our existing arrangements.

The imperative necessity of embodying the Territorial Army when the Expeditionary Force is mobilised preparatory to proceeding to a foreign theatre of war, has been referred to in an earlier paragraph. But the question is—Will it be embodied? Will the Cabinet of the day have the grit to summon these 312,000 officers and men from their homes for permanent service when the situation arises? In the hour of national peril there no doubt will be no hesitation. At a time when our fleets are seeking the enemy's warships on the high seas, when booms block the approaches to our dockyards, when searchlights illumine the water areas near our ports from dusk to dawn, when coast defences are fully manned and when torpedo craft and submarines are lurking in our estuaries with steam up ready to dash out should the call for action come, the Government will have no doubt in the matter and the Territorialists will feel no qualms. But supposing that there is none of this bustle and excitement, supposing that the struggle which has for a season stripped the country bare of its regular soldiery is one with some nation that owns no navy. What then? Will the politicians who happen to hold the reins at the moment call the home guards out? Will the distress and discontent bound to follow on the taking of this step fail to influence the Executive? Will not the injustice of summoning thousands of married men from their employments under such circumstances, and of transforming them into permanent soldiers, while their places are taken by young men who in any other country would be the very ones to be called out,

arouse something in the nature of a storm? Does anybody seriously imagine that in such a situation the Territorial Army *will* be embodied?

The writers and others who have been deducing all manner of lessons from the results of the first trainings, but who are all in agreement on the subject of the vital importance of these annual musters, are perhaps right as regards this latter point. It is one thing for the Minister who has given us the Territorial Forces to protest that they will have been embodied for six months before the enemy is in the gate. It is quite another thing for some future Government to take the plunge, and to call up these thousands from civil life at a juncture when the United Kingdom is in no imminent peril. The position of the Territorialist compelled to abandon his calling and to turn himself into a soldier under such circumstances would entitle him to the warmest sympathy. But there seems to be every probability that when the case arises he will be left in peace to pursue his vocation, and that those responsible for national security will, after the fashion of British Governments, trust to luck. Then, should a grave situation unexpectedly supervene and should a hostile expeditionary force suddenly make a descent upon our shores, the troops hurried to the spot to confront the enemy will be troops mobilised in hot haste, whose training for war has been limited to a few days spent in the annual camps, and who, it is to be feared, may not prove equal to the heavy responsibility thrown upon their shoulders.

LEAVENED.

"Like leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened."—LUKE xiii. 21.

[*When the Tsar of Russia conceded the constitutional principle to his people in* 1905, *there remained in the nearer East only three "measures" of despotism. These were Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan. Of these three, Turkey and Persia alone are reacting to the influence of the leaven of Western progress.*]

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CALIPH.

OUR Young Turk friend was emphatic. "Go and see the Selamlik. It is a most picturesque ceremony!"

"But," we protested, "you have to get all sorts of passes from the Embassy; there is no time to complete these formalities."

Our progressive friend glanced up and down the length of the hotel salon as if he did not wish to be overheard.

"We have changed all that. You will only have to present your card to the aide-de-camp on duty, and you will be admitted. I advise you to go—in these times, who can say whether there will ever be another Selamlik."

There was something so suggestive in the manner in which this simple remark was made, that we put on our best hats and directed a cabman to drive us to the Yildiz Palace.

The ceremony of the Selamlik is the occasion on which the Sultan of Turkey satisfies the religious obligations of his office by proceeding in state to attend midday prayer in the Mosque Hamidia. The ceremony takes place every Friday. It is said that during his long reign Abdul Hamid has never missed this public function: though evil-disposed persons suggest that on occasions he has been represented by a carefully selected double. In the past the viewing of the state procession has been considered a court function, to be attended by the members of the foreign diplomatic bodies in full ceremony. For these and other distinguished personages a room overlooking the route is prepared. Humbler foreigners, by the advice of their accredited Embassies, have been permitted to view the ceremony from an adjacent terrace. This terrace, however, has recently been removed owing to the misdemeanour ot an American lady, who, in a moment of sentimental thoughtlessness, tossed a note in the direction of the Imperial carriage. Subsequent

visitors have suffered, for though the humbler foreign spectators are still allowed to witness the ceremonial procession, they have not the same coign of vantage as heretofore.

We arrived at the entrance to the Palace about eleven o'clock, and joined a throng of smartly dressed Turkish officers and nondescript spectators moving leisurely into the Yildiz grounds. Our Young Turk's promise proved correct. A plain clothes detective demanded our cards, asked us if we were tourists, and being satisfied that we responded to the brand and that our place of domicile was respectable, passed on to the main side-gate of the building where a very spruce aide-de-camp was marshalling the humbler foreigners. This young officer required no further guarantee than our cards, and we were signalled to take our stand at the end of a row of a score of foreign visitors who enjoyed the same privileges as ourselves.

Yildiz Kiosk lies in a little hollow that suggests an ancient water-way into the Bosphorus. The hills of Pera and Galata, a parquet of the red roofs and white walls of Constantinople, screen the Palace and its grounds from the general panorama of the town. But a little opening carries through to the blue waters of the Bosphorus, and as you stand upon the mound that was once a terrace you have a delightful view. In front of you is the Hamidia Mosque with its green gardens and solitary minaret. It is perhaps the least pleasing piece of modern Byzantine architecture of its kind. But Nature has supplied its background, and beyond the waters of the peerless Bosphorus you see the blue-grey silhouette of Stamboul, with all its glories of age and architecture. The Yildiz Palace itself is not an imposing edifice. It boasts no ornate frontage and rises from the roadway a pile of bride-cake stucco. From the actual Palace entrance to the mosque is little more than 500 yards.

But the assemblage for the ceremony is one of true Oriental splendour. As we took our places the almost discordant sounds of military music filled the air. The troops that attend the ceremony were arriving. Each detachment was headed by a band, and each bandmaster made the best use of his noisiest instruments. The number of troops that were marshalled into the confined space which encloses the precincts of the ceremony was a matter for surprise. First arrived the cavalry of the Guard, lancers, and hussars, twelve strong troops or four weak squadrons, as the case might be. Then a naval brigade. Infantry of line followed, troops not trusted in their loyalty to the Constitution. Two detachments of Albanian infantry, in snowy white and blue uniforms. These are the Sultan's pet bodyguard, known to be reactionary. They were followed by a detachment in sombre chocolate. These are of the staunch Macedonians which the Committee of Young

Turks have imported into the capital to displace the Sultan's immediate bodyguard, and thus prevent the latter from becoming the instrument of reaction. By 11.30 all the troops were in position, and the roadway was lined four deep with naked bayonets.

Immediately the troops were posted the officers of state and household ceremony began to arrive. Staff officers grouped round the iron gates of the mosque. Grooms and eunuchs bustled backwards and forwards. Elderly generals sauntered up and down in earnest conversation. Gaily-dressed servitors led dear little princelings of very tender age and in full general's uniform, down the sanded path. Then a cortége was seen to leave the palace gates. The troops were called to attention; then to "the present." The officers lowered their swords and turned their eyes to the ground. Preceded by a demure groom with his arms crossed over his breast, the ladies of the Harem were arriving. They were in four closed broughams, but the blinds were not drawn. Although knock-kneed emasculates ambled beside the carriages we could see the profiles of the ladies through their filmy veils. Some were in European dress. It was but a fleeting glance, and it seemed to us that the chief attraction about these pale, dainty ladies lay in the mystery that surrounds their life of seclusion. After a little interval came another brougham, with its freight of veiled beauty and escort of effeminate Ethiopians. To this no salute was given, and we could only surmise that it contained ladies more fortunate in their beauty than in their birth. The carriages all drew up in the shade of the trees beside the mosque, from which poor coign the royal ladies are permitted to see their lord and master as he ascends and descends the steps of the mosque.

There was another short interval, and then the officers of the General and Palace Staff, dividing the sanded roadway, filed down in parallel lines to the courtyard of the mosque. A minute past midday a solitary trumpet-call announced the final opening of the palace gates. Immediately a thin voice in wailing accents broke the expectant silence—

"Allah-il-Allah!"

It was the plaintive cry of the *muezzin*, high up upon the solitary minaret of the mosque, calling the faithful to midday prayer. Then came the throaty word of Turkish command; the fezzed soldiers lumbered to the present, and the bands blared out the National Anthem. And even above the commotion of military salute we caught the wail of the *muezzin* striving to dominate the secular acclaim.

Preceded by mounted aides-de-camp and dismounted grooms, surrounded by a loose phalanx of Albanians of the Guard, the Sultan was being driven in an open carriage to the mosque. Facing him, and alone, was the Grand Vizier.

A man of about equal age

with our own King, Abdul Hamid from a distance has the appearance of being several years younger. The art and customs of his religion disguise the grey in hair and beard. Clad in an open military ulster, and with the conventional fez pulled low over his forehead, the Sultan certainly gave the impression of a healthy man. Considering the delicacy of his present position, with its memories of a shaded past and its promise of an uncertain future, we could not but think that the man, so lately despot, bore himself with dignity and confidence. He bowed gravely, even benignly, upon his saluting subjects, and at intervals raised his white-gloved hand to his breast and forehead in graceful acknowledgment of a welcome that certainly affected an appearance of sincerity.

We found it impossible, in the brief glance that the ceremony afforded, to gauge anything of the true feelings behind those deep-sunk eyes. Beyond measuring the Sultan's composure by the noticeable anxiety of his chief officer of state sitting opposite to him, there was nothing to tell us of a nature that the world believes to be weak, treacherous, and revengeful. From the placid expression on his face we should have been inclined to believe, that in the sudden and extraordinary metamorphosis that has overtaken his nation, the Sultan has found a relief from the most aching of his lifelong cares; that he has accepted the *rôle* of a constitutional monarch with a sigh of relief; that at least his declining years will be rid of that nightmare of intrigue that has been his lot for thirty years. But of what value as a guide to the promptings of the soul is the impassive countenance of the Oriental? We would have believed in the benign sincerity of the old man's face if our Young Turk friend had not so significantly warned us that even this pageant might be the last in which Abdul Hamid would officiate. Besides, we knew that at that very moment the guns of a Turkish battleship lying on the smiling waters of the Bosphorus were trained upon the Palace barracks, and that the very chocolate-clothed Macedonian troops upon the parade were there to overawe reaction in the Palace guards.

Such was the case. Could Young Turkey expand otherwise? Could the man who for thirty years had manipulated his State by duplicity and intrigue shed his scales with the ease of a reptile and turn to his released country in the new splendour of complacent impotency? Could he, to maintain the simile, glide clear of the voice of the charmer, and leave his cast-off skin buried amongst the autumn leaves? To Young Turkey it has seemed impossible. They, too, know the voice of the charmer. For a moment it was silent. But not for long. Low and enticing it has again found its way into the palace. Its soft seductive note has not been

entirely disregarded. But much as the Sultan may love the insinuating sound, it entices him now to graver peril than ever it did before. Young Turkey believes that the old man has subtle wisdom enough to be aware of this, for as surely as Abdul Hamid succumbs to the dangerous fascination of reaction will he die a violent death.

He carries his troubles well in public. There was almost gaiety in the old man's step as he mounted the private stairway to his mosque. Let us hope that he prayed for his country, and, if so, that his prayers be answered.

TABRIZ, PERSIA.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HASSAN ALI.

Hassan Ali had to maintain a modicum of decent behaviour during the fast of Ramazan. He would creep into my verandah about four in the afternoon, affecting that attitude of pained endurance which is the prettiest evidence of a good Mohammedan's abstinence during the month of fast and penance. In public none would have suspected that he ever strayed from the paths of orthodoxy. But I knew my Hassan Ali better, and would invite him into my little inner room. There we could be alone and remain closeted from that publicity which sets the standard upon the virtue of most Mohammedans. In the cupboard let into the wall were spirits, glasses, biscuits, and cigarettes. Such refreshments, though small, are very welcome if you have abstained from nourishment for some hours.

"Hassan Ali, how have you managed in previous years during Ramazan?"

Hassan Ali swallowed a gulp of whisky-and-water—it was chiefly whisky—and answered—

"You see, this year I am unfortunate in my house. Owing to the troubles here I have had to occupy this new house. There is no privacy. Yes! The house is small, and I have some relatives with me. It is most uncomfortable. Yes!"

"Then you don't keep Ramazan with complete strictness in your proper house?" I asked.

Hassan Ali beamed upon me from behind the tumbler. "I disgust very much all bigotry. Yes!"

"Which means?"

"That a man is master in his own house. Yes! What happens in the inner chamber only my wife and children know, and my children are yet small."

"But your good lady, is she discreet?"

Hassan Ali smiled blandly.

"I am too good a Mohammedan to speak of my wife. Yes! But although we are but poor damned Persians, and you are

four-eyed[1] Englishmen, yet at the finish we are all human and all alike. How do you say in English to tame a horse. Yes, break it in. We, like you, 'break in' our wives. We have an advantage over you, we begin the process when they are quite of tender age. Now, my wife is a descendant of the Prophet—one of the two million descendants who people the earth,—and at first she was a little difficult, but once a woman is the mother of a child she forgives much in the father. Yes!"

"Hassan Ali," I said, as I pushed the biscuits over to him, "you are an incorrigible rogue. I suspect your good lady cried her eyes out over you at first!"

His eyes sparkled in merriment.

"I kept the best Ramazan I have ever kept the first year I was married. Yes! It does not do to break young horses in too quickly. Then you can always bargain with a woman. The bitterest moment in a woman's life is when her husband first begins to seek his pleasures outside his home. The second Ramazan found the descendant of the Prophet preparing a lunch for me to keep me at home. Yes!"

"Hassan Ali, and you can sit there and glory in your iniquity! I see what I must do, I will buy you a gramophone in Constantinople so that you can set it upon your roof and make the world believe that you are saying your prayers throughout the night."

Hassan Ali turned up the palms of his hands in deprecation of my suggestion.

"Surely you would have me stoned to death in the streets. I am not a knave. I have to dissemble to preserve my life. Yes! It is free to us all to believe what we will, but it is not free to us poor Persians to act as we would like!"

Then Hassan Ali turned to the attack.

"Besides, I am no worse than you are yourselves. Do you think that we do not watch you? We see that you do not conform to what you profess to believe, yes!"

"How do you mean, Hassan Ali?"

He looked up at me quickly.

"Do you believe all that the missionaries come here and tell us?"

This was a poser. But I thought to save myself by allowing that I believed in the principle. Hassan Ali was silent a moment. Then he unburdened himself.

"I have had the opportunity of observing many things even here in Tabriz. I observe, firstly, that it is the people of mild, inoffensive, and unconvincing character that come to this country to convert us from Islam. The men of character, convincing intellect, and action live here in the Consulate, or pass by as visitors

[1] Four-eyed Englishmen. In their private life Persians speak of Englishmen being four-eyed—two in front and two behind. This is a compliment to their perspicacity.

when affairs of State are moving. There is no similarity between the two classes. Now you say you believe the principles these people teach. Can you say truthfully that you uphold them? To our observation you do not. We see, moreover, that you do not combine with these people. You tolerate them, it is true, but you do not cultivate them; and it seems to us that you only tolerate them with impatience. Why, you go so far as to have here in the Consulate the machinery for marriage without consulting the Church. What are we to think? We see the best men in the ruling nation of the world impatient with their religion, while the less active minded use their little utmost to graft it upon us. Yes! What can we think? We must imagine that your religion is a worn-out theory, and like everything else that is worn-out in Europe, the rags will do for Persia. Poor Persia! Yes!"

Hassan Ali was still smiling, but his smile did not hide the earnestness with which he made this statement. For a moment I was completely beaten. It had never occurred to me that such a view could be taken of Christianity in the mission-field. I wondered if this argument was universal in the East, if it accounted for the small progress that our missions have made in Persia and India.

"Hassan Ali," I said, and I hope truthfully, "you are totally and absolutely wrong. Religion with us is the best and warmest part of the coat, the lining; with you it is the cloth outside, coloured to please the eye. We in our time had to fight against all the paralysing absurdities of an external faith, just as you desire to fight now. Religion, we all agree, sets the moral code for a nation; but the moment it hampers and dwarfs the progress of a nation it has ceased to be an observance of God and become a dangerous instrument in the hands of men. That is what is wrong with your religion. As it was taught by the Prophet it was a great moral code. But so much has been grafted upon it by men to serve their own purposes, that it has ceased to be even a moral code, much less a service of the Almighty. We by strenuous effort and much bloodshed cleansed our religion of men's selfish extensions, and brought, I hope, the service of God into all our works. We judge a good man not by his protestations but by his deeds. You, I am afraid, are forced to judge him by his protestations!"

"But the question of the missionaries? We find them men of inferior intellects, inferior habit of life?"

I took up the remains of our refreshment and replaced them in the cupboard. I felt ashamed that my offer of hospitality during Ramazan had been misconstrued.

"Hassan Ali," I said, "difference in intellect is a matter of chance; but habit of life depends upon a man's circum-

stances. It is easily explained. The missionaries are poor. They have no use for this world's goods but to expend them in the interests of others less fortunate than themselves. With us this is a quality which but few possess and all admire!"

Hassan Ali's cynical smile showed me that he did not find conviction in my argument. He picked up his stick to go, and as he bowed himself out, said decisively—

"It is curious that all the red-blooded Englishmen should be in good habit of life; and the pale-blooded, missionaries. If only it were the other way, I at least might be as good a Mohammedan. Yes!"

TABRIZ, PERSIA.

MY COOK.

In girthing up my saddle I discovered that the brass name-plate of the maker had been removed. This may seem an innocent enough discovery. But it annoyed me. Even in Persia the six letters SOUTER have a meaning; besides, at Batum, the saddle had cost me three shillings a pound by weight to bring it through the custom-house. I turned up the off flap and found that the name-plate on that side had also disappeared. At this further discovery my annoyance rose to what the thermometers call "blood heat." You see I had had visions, when I paid three shillings per pound for it to the Russian Government, of leaving the saddle in Persia with profit to myself. English saddles have a unique value in countries innocent of railroads. English saddles without name-plates are liable to a very considerable discount. But the full blast of my choler did not produce the missing brasses.

The reader will wonder how I can make a story out of such a trivial incident. So do I. But then the paths of truth are very wonderful. I had settled myself comfortably in Tabriz. My domestic affairs were in the hands of my *dragoman*.[1] The latter told me that he had been successful in procuring for me the best cook in Tabriz. As my digestion supported this theory, I continued to eat my food and pay my bills without ever coming into personal contact with this *chef* whose *omelettes* and *entrées* were beyond criticism.

One day I was sitting in my favourite tea-shop with my friend Hassan Ali, discussing, as usual, England's perfidy in abandoning north Persia to Russian machinations, when a most dignified Persian entered the *auberge*. He was preceded by a small well-groomed boy carrying his dust coat. The Persian bowed to me with great civility and passed into an inner apartment. As both man

[1] Interpreter.

and boy bore burnished gilt crests upon their tall astrakhan hats, I took them to be public functionaries of no small importance. "Who was that, Hassan Ali?" I asked. "I do not remember having seen him before, yet evidently he recognised me!"

"That," said my friend, with his small beady eyes twinkling, "is your cook, yes!"

"My cook!" I answered in astonishment. "I took him to be at least the Governor's *ferash bashi.*" [1]

"Well, he is your *ferash bashi,* which to him seems a higher degree, yes!" And Hassan Ali smiled his inimitable smile.

"But what, in the name of a good conscience, is the impertinence he wears on his hat?"

"That must be your crest. It is a badge of yours!"

"On your honour, Hassan Ali, you must not make fun of me. I have given the man no crest, and I have never set eyes on him before!"

"I have seen the badge!" Hassan Ali continued. "It is undoubtedly your own. It has the motto, 'Souter'—which is doubtless the old heraldic contraction for the French word 'Souteneur'—and also the subtitle, 'By Royal Appointment,' yes!"

For a moment the reference defeated me. Then suddenly the memory of my lost saddle-plates flashed upon me. Hassan Ali was a genius in research. He and my cook between them had traced my descent from some noble family crest with the proud legend, "The King's Bully," upon its escutcheon. I forgave the theft, but showed more interest in my kitchen than heretofore.

I shall never regret this nearer acquaintance with my henchman. He is a man of genius. Of his cooking there is nothing to be said, except that it is perfect. As a boy he had been in the employ of an English official with a wife who took trouble with her servants. She had discovered the genius in the youth, and had so cultivated it that he had become famous as a cook. I only secured his services because I was a migratory master. It so happened that his real master was absent from Tabriz, and he entered my employ upon the understanding that he was the retained servant of another. The marvel about the man is that though he is totally illiterate, he has invented a hieroglyphic language of his own. I only wish that I could have torn a page out of his "cookery book." It reads like a Coptic scroll.

TABRIZ, PERSIA.

BELTESHAZZER.

Belteshazzer was born a Nestorian in Tabriz. It is doubtful if his misfortunes began with his birth. But in

[1] Head factotum, chief of the staff.

his early boyhood he came under the influences of the American Mission, and they effected the first transfer in his religious prejudices. The missionaries sent him to Constantinople a moderate Low-Churchman. On the banks of the Bosphorus, at the American College, he received that advanced education which has been his ruin,—new wine in old bottles sort of affair. Somewhere about his eighteenth year Belteshazzer was touched by the flame of love. A fair Levantine fillette, with a chalky complexion suggestive of Smyrna, and a wealth of red hair betraying Armenia, captured his affections. Alas, she was a Roman Catholic! Belteshazzer consulted a priest of Rome. Conversion was easy. Therefore when Belteshazzer enters this story he is a Catholic. Nestorian, Primitive Methodist, Catholic, all in five short years, obviously Belteshazzer's was a conscience that keyed itself to the main chance in life.

Now my acquaintance with Belteshazzer is shadowy. He was the servant of my friend the gallant little M. le Capitaine A——, of the —th Regiment of French Infantry, and late of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, gentleman and explorer. M. le Capitaine picked Belteshazzer up in Constantinople, and employed him as his dragoman. Belteshazzer was a fair specimen of that cosmopolitan genus called dragoman: the peculiar type of tout, thief, guide which the Levant breeds, and which gravitates in its many-tongued iniquity to Constantinople. He spoke Stambuli French perfectly, and punctuated his assertions by a reference to the name of his Maker (*nom de Dieu!*) with an earnestness that was more monotonous than convincing. However, he served M. le Capitaine's purpose, and he came with the gallant little officer to Persia, and by good fortune to Tabriz, his native heath.

If there was one virtue that Belteshazzer possessed, and which he was never tired of impressing upon his temporary master, it was his poverty. Before he left Constantinople he petitioned for an advance of £20 for his young wife—whether this was the original red-haired fillette we never knew,—he required clothes for his back, rubbers for his feet, and a revolver for his hip-pocket. How otherwise could one so poor be the travelling companion of a French officer?

Having reached Tabriz, it suited the whim of M. le Capitaine to visit Urumiah, the city of the Salt Lake, four marches from the capital of Azerbaijan. Belteshazzer tried his utmost to dissuade his intrepid little master. The roads were unsafe. Even the Russian courier had been robbed. No posts had gone for days. But M. le Capitaine was obdurate. Then said Belteshazzer, "*Nom de Dieu!* take no money with you. Leave everything you value behind you."

Off they went to Urumiah, and on the return journey Belteshazzer proved himself to be a true prophet. Five unpaid

soldiers of the Shah stopped the traveller's carriage at the rifle muzzle. They relieved M. le Capitaine of his arms, camera and small money, and they likewise possessed themselves of Belteshazzer's revolver. There was no alternative but to surrender the goods demanded. Pocket popguns, backed by the best bravado of France, are useless before a rifle in the hands of one determined man.

Satisfied with their spoil, the uniformed marauders permitted the travellers to depart in peace. As soon as they were out of earshot Belteshazzer leaned back in his seat and said—

"*Nom de Dieu!* the Persian Government will pay."

"Will pay what?" queried M. le Capitaine.

"All that we have lost, and more too. *Nom de Dieu!* the French Legation will make them pay."

"But we have not lost much, Belteshazzer."

"Not much? *Nom de Dieu!* I have lost five hundred roubles."

"Five hundred roubles, Belteshazzer; that is not a small sum. Where had you it?" said M. le Capitaine in astonishment.

Belteshazzer indicated his breast pocket.

"They were in notes; but it does not matter. The French Legation will squeeze the Persian Government until it pays. That is the custom in Teheran!"

But my friend the captain was an honourable man.

"It is not the means of getting the money back that is troubling me, my good Belteshazzer. It is the fact that you had such a sum upon your person."

"*Nom de Dieu!* it was all the money I possessed in the world."

"But why did you not leave it at your home?" his master asked.

"For what purpose should I leave it at my home? My wife would squander it. She is only a child," came the ready answer.

"But it is a large sum; surely it would have been better in a bank?"

"You do not know Persian banks." Belteshazzer was incapable of understanding his master's scepticism.

"But the English Bank, or, at the worst, the Russian Bank?"

"*Nom de Dieu!* I preferred to carry it with me."

Even the finality of tone in which this was given did not disconcert M. le Capitaine. He thought for a moment.

"Belteshazzer, how is it you had all this money? Remember the poverty you have pleaded."

"It was my all." Belteshazzer was becoming laconic.

"But the advice that you gave me about not taking valuables along the Urumiah Road?"

Belteshazzer turned at last. He affected choler:

"*Nom de Dieu!* does M. le Capitaine imagine that I am lying about the money?"

"Yes!" came the straightforward answer.

Belteshazzer threw himself back on the seat with a gesture of despair.

"Of course, if a good Catholic like myself can lie in such a matter there is nothing more to be said!"

Master and man drove to the next post-house in silence, but M. le Capitaine had been thinking. He dismissed all Belteshazzer's Catholic protestations as meaningless, but he had noticed that his dragoman kept in his baggage a small portrait of Saint Anne, and that he had showed some reverence for this *porte-bonheur.*

"Belteshazzer!"

"M. le Capitaine!"

"Would you swear that you had that five hundred roubles?"

"*Nom de Dieu!* have I not sworn sufficiently?"

"Would you take the portrait of St Anne in your hand and make the affidavit?"

Belteshazzer started suddenly. Quite unconsciously his master had touched a vibrant note. In spite of the veneer of American Protestantism, in spite of the envelope of convenient Catholicism, there was more of the original Nestorian in Belteshazzer than anything else. Deep in the grain of that abridged Christianity lay the superstition attached to a broken oath which pervades all Persia.

"I will swear before the Consul, but not in ecclesiastical surroundings."

The little Captain saw the advantage he had gained.

"No, not before the Consul, Belteshazzer, but by the picture of your patron saint!"

Belteshazzer sat bolt upright in his seat, and gripped his master's arm.

"M. le Capitaine, there is in Tabriz a respected Englishman whom all men trust and revere. He shall say if I have a right to compensation by the Persian Government. I will abide by his decision!"

"Good!" said M. le Capitaine.

On the following day, after they had arrived in Tabriz, M. le Capitaine said to his dragoman, "Now, Belteshazzer, we will go to your Englishman!"

"M. le Capitaine," answered Belteshazzer, "what I have lost, I have lost. *Nom de Dieu!* it was my all. But I am content, we will not go further into this matter!"

"*Gentille* Lady Anne!" murmured the little Captain. "Since the Persian Government is not meeting her obligations just now, she has saved me fifteen hundred francs!"

HOLLAND HOUSE.

Few mansions in or near London are more picturesque in their surroundings, or more interesting from their associations with the past, than Holland House. The domain in which it stands is a perfect *rus in urbe*—a green oasis in a wilderness of bricks and mortar. When you pass from the noisy traffic of Kensington Road, and enter the great gates, there is a transformation-scene. In a few paces, London has disappeared, and you find yourself all at once in the heart of the country. You might be in the Forest of Arden, a hundred miles from Piccadilly—lawns shaded by noble cedar-trees, woodland glades, a green lane with overarching boughs, and farther on terraced walks, the stone balustrades, and the formal parterre of the Dutch garden. The house itself has a long irregular frontage, a fantastic medley of turrets, gables, arcades, and oriel windows. The series of sitting-rooms on the first floor are warm, comfortable, and homelike, and filled with a priceless collection of family portraits and heirlooms. No wonder that Charles Fox was devoted to the place where he had passed a careless and happy boyhood, and in his last illness drove over from Chiswick to view once more the familiar scenes, which he regarded with a special tenderness and affection. Naturally his memory is cherished here, and he is still, to some extent, the tutelary genius of the place. There is a statue of him at the end of the avenue in the Park. There is a bust of him by Nollekens in the entrance hall: there is a characteristic note in his handwriting on the back of a miniature of Robespierre—*un scélérat, un lâche, et un fou:* and there is a picture of him by Sir Joshua as a youth, with two charming damsels, one of whom made a romantic marriage with an actor, while the other refused the hand of a king, and lived to become the mother of the heroic Napiers. Almost every room has its tradition — in fact, wherever you tread, "a history is beneath your feet." In the Gilt Room, still lavishly decorated with the armorial bearings of his family, the gallant Henry Rich[1] is said to have entertained Charles I., when Prince of Wales, and to have had his own portrait painted by Vandyck. On the lawn outside, Cromwell is reported to have walked up and down with Ireton, discussing affairs of state. In the Long Gallery (now the library) Addison is said to have paced to and fro, with a bottle of port on a table at each end of the room, while composing a paper for the 'Spectator'; and in an

[1] Henry Rich, created Baron Kensington in 1622, and Earl of Holland in 1624.

adjoining room (now the dining-room), when on his death-bed, he sent for Gay the poet to ask his forgiveness, and also for the young Earl of Warwick that he might see "how a Christian should die." William Penn was a tenant of the house for some time; Atterbury kept his library there; William III. looked over the house and redecorated it with some idea of making it his palace. And lastly, during the first forty years of the nineteenth century, Holland House was the centre of all that was intellectual and distinguished in the society of the time. "All continue to go there," wrote Charles Greville; "all like it more or less; and whenever by the death of either [host or hostess] it shall come to an end, a vacuum will be made in society which nothing can supply. It is the house of all Europe; the world will suffer by the loss, and it may be said with truth that it will eclipse the gaiety of nations."

It is a matter of surprise, as well as regret, that none of the *habitués* of that brilliant society should have written a detailed account of Holland House in the days of its glory. Such an account was among the "projects" of Sir James Mackintosh—but his projects were as illusory as the *menu* which Lord Beaconsfield described as a leaf of unfulfilled prophecy. Macaulay also was urged to write such a history by Charles Greville, but his time was engrossed with other work. He has, however, left us a lifelike description of Lady Holland and her dinner-table—in some of his delightful letters to his sisters, written *currente calamo*, fresh and spontaneous, with none of the metallic glitter of his historical style. There are, of course, numerous references to the famous *salon* in the journals and diaries of the period, but it was not till 1874 that a history of the house in two sumptuous volumes appeared, written by the Princess Lichtenstein, *née* Mary Fox, whose early life had been passed in the historic mansion which she describes. At its best her work is little better than a glorified handbook, written with the best intentions and charmingly illustrated; but one wants something more than scraps of the family history and a *catalogue raisonnée* of the pictures and works of art. Of the brilliant society that once filled those rooms she probably knew little, and has told us nothing beyond the names and a few well-known anecdotes.

The manor of Kensington, in which Holland House is situated, had descended through various families — Mowbrays, De Veres, Nevilles, and Cornwallises—until in the reign of James I. it came into the possession of Sir Walter Cope. He it was who, in 1607, built the centre portion and the turrets of the present building, after a design by John Thorpe, the great Elizabethan architect, to whom we owe Kirby Hall and Longford Castle. Sir Walter's daughter and heiress, Isabella, married Henry Rich (mentioned above), one of the handsomest and most

distinguished of Charles I.'s courtiers, the friend of Buckingham and the favourite of Henrietta Maria. In the Civil War he vacillated between the King and Parliament, and his inconsistency cost him his life; for he was taken prisoner at St Neots and beheaded in 1649, on the same scaffold as the gallant Lord Capel. It was Henry Rich who added the picturesque wings and façades which give so much character to the present building, and changed the name from Cope Castle to Holland House.

It was not until the latter part of the eighteenth century that Holland House passed into the possession of the Fox family, with whom it has been since identified. Stephen Fox,[1] the founder of that family, was an adroit politician, who held offices under four monarchs and amassed enormous wealth. Evelyn says of him that "his wealth was honestly got and unenvied; which is next to a miracle." He would hardly have said this of his son, Henry Fox, who, like his father, was Paymaster-General, and the most unblushing plunderer of the public known even in those days of bribery and corruption. Lord Chesterfield said of him that "he had no fixed principles of religion or morality." This was probably true of most of the politicians of that time; but, if unscrupulous, Henry Fox was shrewd and capable, and was for years a formidable opponent of the great commoner, William Pitt, but he was "content to play Crassus and his rival Cæsar." Next to Bute he was probably the best-hated man of his times, "not because he sinned more than any of them, but because he canted less." He was denounced as "a public defaulter of uncounted millions." He reluctantly sent in his accounts, and retired with the title of Baron Holland (though he would have preferred an earldom), richer probably by half a million than when he first took office.

Henry Fox had bought Holland House in 1767, after making the most famous runaway match of the century with Lady Caroline Lennox, the Duke of Richmond's daughter. He was a devoted husband and a most generous and indulgent father; and (in spite of Gray's scathing satire) seems to have lived happily enough both at Holland House and in his fantastic villa at Kingsgate, which he had built on the North Foreland. This "genial reprobate" (as Mr Sanders calls him in his thoroughly readable and interesting volume, 'The Holland House Circle,'[2]) viewed public opinion with the good-humoured indifference which is hereditary in his family. He had milked the cow (to use Sir George Trevelyan's metaphor), and cared not a jot if she bellowed and shook her horns after he had made his retreat. *Male parta male dilabuntur.* Of the vast fortune which he had accumulated at the expense of

---

[1] Stephen Fox was twice married. His eldest son (Stephen) by his second marriage became Earl of Ilchester, and the second son (Henry) Baron Holland.

[2] The Holland House Circle. By Lloyd Sanders. Methuen, 1908.

the public, £140,000 were expended in saving his favourite son Charles from bankruptcy. Lord Holland died in 1774, and—fortunately perhaps for the family estates—his heir, Stephen, died six months later, leaving two infant sons, of whom the eldest, Henry Richard, became the third Lord Holland. He was sent in due course to Eton and Christchurch, where he read hard and was the intimate friend of Canning, Lord Morpeth, and "Bobus" Smith; and after taking his degree in 1792 he set off on the Grand Tour. In his 'Reminiscences' he gives a series of vivacious sketches of the foreign courts and the statesmen whose acquaintance he made in the course of his travels—Calonne, Talleyrand, Lafayette, and the Spanish minister Godoy, and the experience gained thus early in Continental politics was of infinite value to him subsequently. It was at Florence in 1794 that the most momentous event of his life took place, for it was there that he met Lady Webster, who became his wife in 1797.

It is at this point that Lord Ilchester's edition of 'Lady Holland's Journal'[1] (1791-1811) is especially valuable, since it gives us an insight into her real character and feelings. In an admirable Introduction—admirable because it says neither too much nor too little—Lord Ilchester has recounted with tact and delicacy the unhappy circumstances of her first marriage. Lady Holland was the daughter and heiress of Richard Vassall of Jamaica. When only a girl of fifteen, uneducated and entirely ignorant of the world, a *mariage de convenance* was arranged between her and a man twice her own age, Sir Godfrey Webster, of Battle Abbey. The disparity of years would have counted for little, had there been any mutual affection and esteem or any sympathy in tastes and habits. But Sir Godfrey was not the man to conciliate the affection of a young and beautiful wife. He was the typical Squire Western, devoted to field sports and county business, open-handed and extravagant, without a particle of taste or refinement, and cursed with a sullen and jealous temper. His wife—impulsive, ambitious, and fond of society, found life almost insupportable in the dreary flats of Pevensey, without books or occupation, and was eager to leave "that detested spot where" (as she says) "I had languished in solitude and discontent during the best years of my life." Accordingly in 1791 she prevailed on her husband to take her for an extended tour on the Continent, and it is at this point that her Journal begins.

In spite of the excitement of travelling in new scenes and the gay society of foreign capitals, Lady Webster was an unhappy woman. Her relations with her husband were growing more strained than ever. There were, of course, faults

[1] The Journal of Elizabeth, Lady Holland. Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. Longmans: 1908.

on both sides. She was headstrong and frivolous, while he seems to have been of a singularly irritable and jealous temperament, and any affection that might have existed between this ill-assorted pair had long since ceased. There are some entries in her Journal which show how deeply she felt her loneliness and isolation from human sympathies. "Ah me!" she writes, "what can please or cheer one who has no hope for happiness in life? Solitude and amusement from external objects is all I hope for. Home is the abyss of misery! I am but as a zero in society, attached to none, belonging to none I esteem." Fortunately for her, she was an insatiable reader, and books occupied her mind if they did not comfort her heart. She learned French and Italian in the course of her travels, and took keen delight in Tasso and Ariosto, Montaigne and Racine. But what medicine can minister to a mind diseased? The cynicism of Voltaire and the worldly wisdom of Rochefoucauld could do little in the way of satisfying her yearning for a friend and protector. Among her *compagnons de voyage* and the young lords who were making the Grand Tour there seems to have been none who touched her heart until she met Lord Holland at Florence in the summer of 1794. The attraction seems to have been mutual; the friendship soon developed into intimacy, and intimacy into affection, with the inevitable result.

In July 1796 there is a break in the Journal, and it is not till a year afterwards that it is resumed with the significant entry—

"My wretched marriage was annulled by Parliament on the 4th July [1797]. On the fifth I signed a deed by which I made over my whole fortune [£7000 a-year] to Sir G. Webster, for our joint lives. Every mean device, every paltry chicane that could extort money from me, was had recourse to."[1]

Three days later she was married to Lord Holland at Rickmansworth, and from that date she may be said to have entered on a new life, so full of varied interest and delightful companionship that it accentuated the contrast with the old unhappy days of her first marriage, when (as she says) she was without a friend in the world. There is no doubt that she was genuinely and unaffectedly devoted to Lord Holland, proud of his talents, delighted with his conversation, and that almost at their first meeting she had formed a right estimate of the sterling worth of his character.

"Fortune smiled," she writes, "and made me ample amends for seven or eight years of suffering by making me know the most favoured of her sons. At Florence, in 1794, I began to think there were exceptions to my system of misanthropy, and every

[1] Lord Kenyon (the presiding judge) described the proceedings as "iniquitous," for besides his claim of nearly the whole of the Jamaica property, Sir Godfrey Webster claimed £10,000 damages (reduced by the jury to £6000) from Lord Holland.

hour from that period to this [1797], which now sees me the happiest of women, have I continued to wonder and admire the most wonderful union of benevolence, sense, and integrity in the character of the excellent being whose faith is pledged with mine. Either he has imparted some of his goodness to me or his excellence has drawn out the latent good I had—as certainly I am a better person and a more useful member of society than I was in my years of misery."[1]

Lady Holland was indeed fortunate in her choice. In that age of bitter party spirit, of unscrupulous satire and invective, Lord Holland is one of the few politicians whom spite and calumny forbore to touch. Charles Greville, the most fastidious of critics, has nothing but good to say of him; and Thomas Creevy, with whom no reputation was sacred, speaks of him with liking and respect, and forbears even to give him a nickname. In fact, there was an irresistible charm in Lord Holland's genial and sunny nature which disarmed criticism and won all hearts. He was a martyr to the gout, and had to be wheeled from room to room; but years of pain and confinement seemed only to sweeten his temper instead of embittering it. His frank and cordial manner put every guest at his ease; and he would talk to a schoolboy with the same interest and *camaraderie* as to a distinguished man of letters. "They" (the Hollands) "have Freddy to dinner constantly; and he always sits next Lord Holland, and they talk without ceasing all dinner-time." "Freddy," then a boy nine years old, was the late Mr Frederic Leveson-Gower, an intimate friend of the family. Late in life, he used to describe Lord Holland's gaiety and good-humour and his shouts of laughter at some ridiculous story. "I can see him now gesticulating and finishing a story as he was, by his wife's orders, being wheeled backwards by the footman out of the room."

Lord Holland had been a great traveller, was an excellent linguist, and probably knew the intricacies of foreign politics better than any Englishman of his day. There was hardly a subject on which he could not talk, and talk well, and with him it was conversation, not a monologue. Mr Sanders, whose work shows wide and varied reading, much insight into character, and an intimate knowledge of political parties at the beginning of last century, well describes his peculiar talent as a *raconteur*.

"A well-stocked political memory supplied him with endless stories, and he told them with a mimicry as exquisite as the Regent's. He would reproduce to the life the staccato accent of George Selwyn and the broad Doric of Lauderdale. His learning, though not very deep, was varied; he not only owned but studied the contents of a library furnished with the most important works on Italy, France, and Portugal, with the classics and political tracts and pamphlets."[2]

Enough has been said to show the lovable character and social charm of Lord Holland; and (as Lord Ilchester points

[1] Lady Holland's Journal, i. 159.

[2] The Holland House Circle, p. 60.

out) the success of Holland House as a literary *salon* was due as much to the attractions of the host as to the dominant personality of the hostess.

Lady Holland has painted her own portrait for us in her Journal, and we see her in her natural self — not posing as the capricious autocrat of the dinner-table or putting on the airs of a tragedy queen, but impulsive, warm-hearted, and generous, absolutely devoted to her second husband, and showing intense affection for her children. Her grief over the death of one little son and the dangerous illness of the other came from her very heart:—

"His little endearing qualities and Lord H.'s affection, the kindness of friends and the hope of having more children, have in a degree soothed my feelings; but oh! my God! what anguish can equal the pangs a mother feels who sees her infant struggling against death. What I have endured worlds should not bribe me to undergo again."[1]

We learn too, from her Journal, how eagerly she "devoured books," and strove to remedy the defects of her early education; how closely she studied men and manners; and what a keen insight she had into the character even of casual acquaintances. She undoubtedly had strong likes and dislikes, and expressed them in the pages of her diary with the utmost candour and frankness. Her opinions, given *épistolaires et prime-sautiers*, were, as a rule, amply justified by future experience. Her estimate of the politicians of the day—Canning, Frere, Grey, Erskine, and others—are remarkably accurate and to the point. While she admires the conversational powers of Charles Fox, which "ranged from a fairy-tale to a system of philosophy," she deplores his "pernicious connexion" with Mrs Armistead, and hints that "his facility might be termed a weakness and his good-nature an indolent foible." As to Sheridan, she says that her

"reason and impulse are always at variance; reflection tells me that he ought to be despised for his private life and distrusted for his political; but whenever I see him, if but for five minutes, a cheerful frankness and pleasant wittiness put to flight all the reasonable prejudices that I entertain against him."[2]

This, we fancy, is what most of us feel about the "incomparable Brinsley."

Though Lady Holland had to a certain extent buried her past, she could not altogether escape the consequences of her position. The fashionable world is censorious according to its lights; and with the exception of some old friends of the family, such as the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Bessborough, the great ladies one and all refused to set foot in Holland House. Lady Holland met the situation like a woman of spirit, as she was. "It is difficult," she told Tom Moore, "to affront or annoy me. The first I hope my sense and temper will always avert, and the second I am insensible to, as I know the singularity of my position too well not to be

---

[1] Lady Holland's Journal, ii. 175.

[2] Ibid., i. 255.

blunted to all occurrences that otherwise might humiliate." In this spirit she treated with absolute unconcern and indifference the spiteful attack of Lady Caroline Lamb in her romance of 'Glenarvon,' where Lady Holland figures as the "Princess of Madagascar" at "Barbary House," attended by "a poet of an emaciated and sallow complexion" (Rogers), by her lords in waiting, and "by a black horde of savages with chains and collars," who are explained to be "reviewers and men of letters." But even a feeble satire of this kind rankles in the memory; and it was partly the fear of being affronted and rebuffed that caused Lady Holland to adopt a somewhat aggressive and defiant attitude to society in general—

> "To the awestruck world who frequent her house (the most strict, undivorced, and ultra-duchesses go there now) she appears encompassed by a solemnity and state of fan and elbow-chair and shaded light which make them suppose themselves in the presence of Maria Theresa at least."[1]

It may be doubted if in any case Lady Holland would have cared much for female society even if it had been vouchsafed to her. She had an almost masculine intellect, and the affected airs and graces of ladies of fashion, and the literary inanities of the "blue stockings" of the period, would have been inexpressibly wearisome to her. As matters stood, her house became the centre of all that was distinguished in art, literature, and politics. Throughout the London season her dinner-table was crowded evening after evening with statesmen and diplomatists, poets and men of letters; and for forty years there was hardly a man of eminence who did not pass an evening in the famous Gilt Room, or in the noble library with its book-shelves "loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages." Distinction of some kind secured an *entrée*, and the plutocratic element which dominates modern society was then entirely wanting. The bankers, the brewers, the great financiers, the South African millionaires, had no place in that charmed circle. At that time Society was concentrated,—was the parallelogram bounded west and south by Hyde Park and Piccadilly. Belgravia was not built, and Holland House itself was in the country. Knightsbridge and Sloane Square were then covered by lanes and meadows, where milkmaids clanked their pails in the morning, and footpads plied their trade in the winter evenings.

It was not long before Holland House became the social centre and rallying-point of the Whig party, which at the time when Lord Holland took his seat in the House of Lords in 1797 was in a disorganised and almost hopeless condition. The ill-omened Coalition Ministry of 1783 had caused the loss of 160 seats to the Whigs in the general election of the following year. Since then they had fretted and fumed in the cold shade of opposition,

[1] Letters of Harriet, Lady Granville, i. 370.

while Pitt was imposing one tax after another and adding millions to the National Debt, in order to carry on a war of which the Whigs heartily disapproved. Their impotence only added to their wrath; and one may judge of the exasperated feelings of the party by Lord Thurlow's furious imprecation against the proposed Triple Assessment in 1797: "D——n seize the whole set of them [the Ministers]; *I* look for Buonaparte, and expect redress from him in London at the head of 100,000 men."[1] At a dinner-party at Holland House, in the autumn of the same year, the famous "Secession" was decided upon; and Fox, Grey, the Duke of Bedford, and other prominent Whigs practically retired into private life and left Pitt a free hand to levy taxes and carry on the war as he pleased. This was, of course, a fatal political blunder; and Lady Holland saw more clearly than her husband and his friends that the ascendancy of the great families had passed away for ever, along with "the old scheme of a regular Opposition with a Cavendish or a Russell at its head. There is a bigotry in their adherence to their ineffectual principles that borders on infatuation."[2] This is plain speaking, coming as it does from the social leader of the Whigs; but Lady Holland was nothing if she was not outspoken, and had always the courage of her opinions. "Elle est toute assertion," said Talleyrand with some bitterness, "mais quand on demande la preuve, c'est là son sécret." But Talleyrand ought to have known that a woman reasons by instinct, and that her conclusions may be right even if her premises are wrong. Probably at this time Canning was the politician with whom Lady Holland had most in common; and she recounts a long and intimate conversation with him on "the folly of Whig principles and the great families," and regrets that "Lord H. is too firmly attached to the obsolete doctrine of Whiggism."[3] But their talk did not always turn on such serious topics. A few days later Canning was dining there again, and "was very entertaining. He can be extremely so. I made him repeat his parody on Lewis's 'Alonzo and Imogene.' It is very comical—

"'A parson so grave and a baron so bold
Conversed as the coach drove along;
Many stories they heard, many stories they told.
Parson Legge was the parson, his stories were old,
And the baron was Lord Bovingdon.'"[4]

---

[1] Lady Holland's Journal, i. 164. Pitt had proposed to treble for a year the assessed taxes on horses, carriages, windows, &c., to avoid increasing the National Debt.

[2] Lady Holland's Journal, i. 149.

[3] Ibid., i. 259.

[4] Ibid., i. 239. Lord Bovingdon was a constant visitor at Holland House, and, judging from his portrait by Hoppner, must have been one of the handsomest men of the day.

It was apropos of this parody that "Monk" Lewis complained to Lady Holland: "They have made me write burlesque — a thing I have never done in my life." "Ah!" said her ladyship, "you don't know where your talent really lies." Certainly her candour was disconcerting. To Lord Porchester: "I'm sorry to hear you are going to write a poem. Can't you suppress it?" And to Tom Moore: "This will be but a dull book of yours, this Sheridan, I fear." And a dull book it was, and is.

If Lady Holland disbelieved in the "obsolete doctrines" of the Whigs, she distrusted still more the aims and aspirations of the so-called Jacobins. She was too shrewd a woman to be deceived by the specious arguments of Rousseau and Tom Paine, and had not the slightest sympathy with the so-called "Friends of the People." At first she would have nothing to do with Mackintosh, who had attempted to vindicate the French Revolution in reply to Burke's well-known Philippic. "Two years ago," she writes in 1799, "he [Mackintosh] wished to come here, and I refused seeing him on account of his principles, as I have always dreaded this house becoming the *foyer* of Jacobinism."[1] But for the man who was in a sense the direct product of the Revolution, and who had built up an empire on the ruins of the ancient monarchy of France, she had an enthusiastic and not very intelligible admiration. Napoleon was the object of her most ardent hero worship. When he was finally consigned to St Helena her indignation knew no bounds. "I found her sitting on the grass," writes Lady Granville, "very cross and absurd about 'the poor dear man,' as she calls Buonaparte." And, connected with this period, there may still be seen in the Dutch Garden at Holland House a bust of Napoleon, executed by Canova or one of his pupils, at the time when he was General Buonaparte. It is a fine head, but it is not the Napoleon we know best. The face is thinner, the lips are fuller, the forehead has not the massive breadth of his later portraits, and the eyes are of course wanting—those grey penetrating eyes that could pierce the heart of men and things. Beneath the bust is engraved some lines from Homer's 'Odyssey,' thus happily translated by Lord Holland:—

> "He is not dead, he breathes the air
> In lands beyond the deep—
> Some distant sea-girt island, where
> Harsh men the hero keep."

Lady Holland continued to supply her hero with books, newspapers, and sweetmeats during his captivity, and about the last nourishment he asked for on his deathbed was "les pruneaux de Madame Holland." Napoleon was not ungrateful, and left a snuff-box in which was found a paper inscribed: "L'Empereur Napoleon à Lady Holland, témoignage de satisfaction et d'estime." Lord Holland remarks on this leg-

[1] Lady Holland's Journal, i. 251.

acy: "The whole was in good taste: had the gift been greater, she could not have accepted it; had the expressions been stronger, they would not have appeared sincere." But, such as it was, the gift caused some sensation, and Lord Carlisle vented his irritation in some verses to 'The Times,' beginning—

> "Lady, reject the gift, 'tis tinged with gore," &c.

This provoked Byron, then in exile, to retaliate with effect—

> "Lady, accept the box the hero wore,
> In spite of all this elegiac stuff;
> Let not seven stanzas, written by a bore,
> Prevent your ladyship from taking snuff."

From the first day when she settled down in the historic mansion, which had been redecorated and refurnished to receive its new mistress, Lady Holland was the predominant partner — She-who-must-be obeyed by husband and visitors alike. "The centurion," wrote Macaulay, "did not keep his servants in better order than she does her guests." Occasionally a privileged guest ventured on a retort. "Sydney, ring the bell," she said to Sydney Smith. "Yes, and shall I sweep the room as well?" "Luttrell, make room," she commanded. "It will have to be *made*, as it does not exist at present." Lord Melbourne was once so indignant at being ordered to change his place at table when he was comfortably seated, that he rose and left the room in a huff. "I'm d—d if I'll dine with you at all." But, after all, much may be pardoned to a host (or hostess) who keeps a good *chef*. "His morals may be bad," said little Lord Southdown of the great Lord Steyne; "but, hang it! he's got the best dry Sillery in Europe." Lady Holland's manners might be arbitrary, but the cuisine was undeniably good, and it was a sure passport to her favour to send some delicacy for her dinner-table. Presents of game, salmon, and venison were constantly arriving at the proper season. Sydney Smith once sent a sucking pig—probably a tithe offering from a parishioner; and another time M. Van de Weyer left half a sheep from the Ardennes at the Brussels Foreign Office, addressed to Lord Holland. It was mistaken by the clerks for a belated bundle of despatches, and forwarded to England by special messenger, to the great scandal of the officials in Downing Street. Lady Holland herself had a robust appetite, and did full justice to her *chef's* cookery. In later years she grew somewhat stout in consequence. "She ate like a horse," Creevy writes, after dining there. "The *fricandeaux* tell," said Luttrell, with more politeness.

Lady Holland must have been a beautiful woman at the time of her second marriage, as may be imagined from the charming portrait of her by Fagan in one of the drawing-rooms at Holland House. Throughout her life she retained her imperious air and manner. Macaulay describes her appearance in 1831, when he was introduced to her at

Lansdowne House, as "a large, bold-looking woman, with the remains of a fine person and the port of Queen Elizabeth." She did not invite, but commanded attendance at her parties, and levied a sort of conscription on society. "There are two parties," said Rogers, "before whom every one must appear —them [the Hollands] and the police!" Out of pure caprice she once fixed her dinner hour at five o'clock, in the height of the London season, *pour gêner tout le monde*, as Talleyrand said, and she crowded her guests at table in the most uncomfortable fashion. It is almost a satisfaction to find a weak point in that imperious character. She was so nervous in a carriage that she insisted upon being driven at a foot's pace, and had the brake put on while driving down the Paris boulevardes. If there was a thunderstorm she retreated to her bedroom, had the shutters closed and candles lighted. She shrank from all association with death, and once left her box at the theatre when the funeral scene in "Hamlet" was being performed; and she implored Lord Carlisle to demolish the family mausoleum at Castle Howard. "To my fancy," she writes, "I had as lief have my rooms hung round with death's-heads and crossbones as behold in moments of recreation that perpetual *mementi mori*" (sic).[1] And yet, such is feminine inconsistency, when the time came she met death with the greatest tranquillity and composure.

The political history of this period is intricate and unattractive, and we have neither the space nor the inclination to dwell upon the long struggle for Catholic Emancipation, the Abolition of the Slave Trade, Queen Caroline's trial, and other burning questions of the day. Lord Holland had held several minor offices; and it was proposed to make him Foreign Minister in Lord Goderich's Cabinet. But he was too sturdy a Whig to be acceptable to the Tory members of that coalition: Palmerston became Foreign Minister, and Lord Holland Chancellor of the Duchy. His exclusion from the higher office was probably more of a disappointment to his wife than to himself.

"Lady Holland," wrote Jekyll, "is the only dissatisfied Minister out of office. She counted upon sailing down daily with her long-tailed blacks and crane-necked chariot, to sit with Holland at the Secretary's office, to administer the affairs of Europe, and to make Sydney Smith a bishop. As for him [Lord Holland], he never cared twopence about the whole thing, and the delightful fellow is very wise in so treating it."[2]

Lady Holland was, in fact, by far the keener and more ambitious politician of the two. From his knowledge of "affairs," especially of Continental politics, he would have made an admirable Foreign Minister; but he had no great love for an active political life, and was far happier among the books in his lib-

---

[1] Lady Holland's Journal, i. 175.
[2] The Holland House Circle, p. 49.

rary, or talking with intimate friends. As the years passed, he became the Nestor of his party, the connecting link between the old generation of Whigs and the new one which succeeded it in 1830: the friend of Grey and Grenville, Melbourne and Palmerston—"the one counsellor whom all could trust, the impartial authority whose candid advice and criticism was untinged by personal feeling or party prejudice." "As an intelligence officer he was without a rival—thanks to his wide social relations. In the 'Tens' he could gauge the inclinations of Carlton House; in the ''Thirties' he could forestall the vagaries of Brougham." Thus it was that Holland House maintained for years the distinction it acquired in 1797 of being the first political *salon* in Europe; the meeting-place of Ministers and diplomatists; and, after the Whigs came into office in 1830, the scene of important deliberations and informal Cabinet Councils. There is a well-known story of Talleyrand seeing some of the Ministers holding a mysterious conference in a corner of the library and saying: "Messieurs, vous parlez à l'oreille; il faut aller au Club pour apprendre ce que vous dites." And this, according to Lord Grey, he actually did.

We may now pass from the dreary field of politics to the social side of Holland House. The earliest *habitués* were, naturally enough, Charles Fox's intimate friends, all men of a certain talent and originality of mind. Mr Sanders hits off their characteristics in a few graphic touches. Amongst them were General Fitzpatrick, who in his youth had been Fox's bosom friend, sharing his rooms and amusements—full of wit and *esprit*, the mirror of fashion and the *arbiter elegantiarum*, whose manners were so exquisite that "Old Q" actually left him a legacy as being the finest gentleman in Europe; Lord John Townshend, "a merry man in private life, who called a spade a spade and Sheridan a liar"; Robert Adare, who trained Stratford Canning in the tortuous paths of diplomacy, and who was mercilessly quizzed in the Anti-Jacobin under the fascinating nickname of "Bobba-dara-adulphoola"; Lauderdale with his rasping Scotch accent; Erskine, that rare bird, a thriftless Scot and a strange mixture of genius and eccentricity.[1] Sheridan, who alternately repelled and attracted, and was distrusted as much as he was admired. (According to Moore, there was something of the *esprit d'escalier* about his jokes: "like skilled priests, he prepared the miracle of the moment before-hand.") Then there was Sir Philip Francis, so often mentioned in Lady Holland's Journal, irritable, secretive, "ever on his guard against himself"; and "Monk" Lewis, a comical little figure, "with eyes that projected like an insect's and a face like

[1] Lady Holland describes him in her Journal (ii. 94): "An incompatible compound of wit, ability, absurdity, folly, vanity, and sagacity."

the Mock Turtle in 'Alice in Wonderland.'" And lastly, John Hookham Frere, that slovenly man of genius, of whom Lady Holland writes in 1799: "He is *distrait* and poetical, and *in lieu* of writing a despatch may be tempted to pen a sonnet."[1]

Whoever the other visitors might be, there was one person always found at the dinner-table. This was John Allen, who was domiciled in the house for forty years, a man of sterling integrity of character and of vast learning. Byron calls him "a *heluo* of books," and he was regarded as a literary oracle or referee by all the young politicians. He acted as librarian, steward, major-domo, gentleman at large. He made out the daily lists of guests and carved at dinner.[2] Macaulay says that he was treated worse than a Nubian slave by his exacting mistress. "Mr Allen, pray take a candle and show Sir James the Baretti"; or "Mr Allen, there's no more turtle-soup,—you must have gravy or none." But John Allen was a Scotch philosopher, and probably regarded Lady Holland's vagaries with the tolerant contempt which Mr Oldbuck felt for his "womankind." Besides, he had sometimes the chance of turning the tables upon her ladyship, and Creevy tells a delightful story told him by Lord Sefton:—

"*March* 19, 1828. Sefton was very good fun about a morning call on Lady Holland. . . . Amongst other things she talked about ages, and observed that Lord Sefton and Lord Holland were of the same age, about 56. 'For myself,' said she, 'I believe I am near the same.' And then, the page being called, she said, 'Go and ask Mr Allen how old I am.' As the house is so small and the rooms so near they heard Allen holloa out, in no very melodious tones: 'She is 57.' But Lady Holland was not content with this, and said it was too old for her, and made the page go back again; and again they heard Allen roar in a much louder voice: 'I tell you she's 57.'"[3]

The distinctive features of the society at Holland House were its cosmopolitan character and the excellence of the conversation. It was emphatically a circle of great talkers, which included foreigners as well as Englishmen. There was endless talk both at dinner and afterwards. "They cannot help it," said Lord Melbourne; "they are not themselves aware how much they talk." All subjects in earth and heaven seem to have been discussed, as we can gather from the details given us by Charles Greville, the only writer who has preserved for us anything like a connected narrative of the conversation of that brilliant company. He says that he sat and listened —silent and abashed,—keenly conscious of his own ignorance; while Lord Holland, Bobus Smith, Allen, and Lord Melbourne in turn poured forth

---

[1] I. 243.

[2] These dinner-lists were kept by Allen with the methodical precision of a tradesman's books. They passed (we believe) into General Fitzpatrick's hands, and it is a pity they have been lost sight of.

[3] The Creevy Papers, iii. 156. The house was of course not Holland House, but "a nut-shell," as Lady Holland called it, which they had taken temporarily.

a stream of argument, anecdote, and criticism.

A dinner-party at Lady Holland's house, three months after her husband's death, is admirably reproduced by Greville. Boswell himself could hardly have done it better. Macaulay practically monopolised the conversation and overpowered the other guests, explaining, among other things, "all that Sir Thomas Munro had ever done, said, written, or thought,"—then going off at great length on the Fathers of the Church, and St Chrysostom's Sermons. He was twice called to order by Lady Holland and told to change the subject. Then, apparently to tease him, she asked, "Pray, Macaulay, what was the origin of a doll?" and again he went off at score with an exhaustive account of the "Veneri donatæ virgine puppæ."[1]

The question was often asked and variously answered as to who was the wittiest man in that brilliant society. On the whole the honours seem to be divided between Luttrell, Rogers, and Sydney Smith, though some would place Lord Dudley or Lord Alvanley above them all. Luttrell excelled in *bon-mots* and whimsical epigrams; Rogers in caustic remarks, as witty as they were ill-natured; but Sydney Smith jested out of the abundance of his heart — with rollicking, spontaneous humour, and was often uproarious and unclerical. The conversation of his brother "Bobus" (an old friend and connection of Lord Holland) is said to have been not inferior to Sydney's. But the stern and noble features of the elder brother were in marked contrast to those of the "laughing faun," to which the younger was compared; and their characters differed no less. Bobus certainly had the more cultivated intellect, and could hold his own in a metaphysical argument with Mackintosh or Horner; and was so fine a Latin scholar that Lord Dudley seriously declared the order of merit to be "Lucretius, Catullus, *Bobus*, Virgil, Horace." He cared little for general society, and shut himself up with his beloved classics in his ugly house at Cheam, built according to Sydney by Chemosh, the abomination of the Moabites. It is said (though it seems to us improbable) that Bobus was the victim of Talleyrand's famous reply. He had been observing that his mother was a beautiful woman, when the diplomatist looked at him steadily and remarked, "Apparemment, monsieur votre père n'était pas si bien."

The poets were always well represented at Holland House. We hear of Campbell strutting about in a yellow waistcoat, discussing Virgil with Charles Fox; Moore would draw Lord Holland for anecdotes of Sheridan; Southey would ransack the library for materials for his History of Brazil; Byron was introduced here to Lady Caroline Lamb; and Walter Scott — Tory as he was—was a welcome guest

[1] Greville's 'Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria,' i. 369.

on his rare visits to London. But the poet-in-ordinary—the real *ami du maison* for upwards of thirty years — was Samuel Rogers, whose favourite seat near the Dutch Garden is still pointed out with its inscription—

> "Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
> For me the pleasures that he loved so well."

His character offered a curious contrast. "He had the kindest heart and the unkindest tongue of any man I ever knew," wrote Fanny Kemble. He was devoted to children, indulgent to his servants, and lavish in his generosity to needy authors. He had leisure and ample means, and entertained largely in his pleasant house in St James's Place, with its bay windows looking across the Green Park, where every piece of furniture and every picture was a gem or masterpiece, picked up by Rogers himself, the first connoisseur of his day, at a price which seems now ridiculously small.

A great sensation was caused in 1802 by the publication of the first number of the 'Edinburgh Review' — the production of a group of young and serious Whigs who had sat at the feet of Gamaliel—that is, they had attended Dugald Stewart's lectures and picked up crumbs of philosophy from Jeremy Bentham. Lord Cockburn says of the Review that its effect was "electrical"—"a pillar of fire—a far-seen beacon suddenly seen in a dark place." The first volume, hailed with such a flourish of trumpets, is before us now. The Scotch character must have strangely changed in the last hundred years if it could be "electrified" by such stuff as this, which would be rejected with contumely by the editor of any first-class periodical of the present day. Where is the brilliancy, the wit, the violent invective, the scathing satire which one might expect from Jeffrey and his colleagues? The articles are short, flimsy, superficial, and deplorably dull, —in fact, they are so eminently decorous in tone and correct in sentiment that they might have been written by "the political finishing-mistress" of a young ladies' seminary, and, as lectures, would have been a pleasant change from 'Mangnall's Questions' and the 'Use of the Globes.' Assuredly the young lions of the Review did their roaring as gently as any sucking-dove. The fire of genius is altogether wanting in those cut-and-dried essays on dull authors, and there is more talent shown in a few pages of the 'Anti-Jacobin' or in the "Chaldee Manuscript" in 'Maga' than in the whole of the first volume of the 'Edinburgh.'

The young writers of this much-belauded periodical soon grew tired of "cultivating literature on a little oatmeal" in the ninth story of an Edinburgh "land," and migrated to London, where they were soon made welcome at the Whig headquarters. Byron celebrated their advent:

> "Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
> Where Scotchmen feed and critics may carouse!
> Long, long beneath this hospitable roof
> May Grub Street dine and duns be kept aloof!"

Jeffrey himself rarely visited London; but John Allen (as we have seen) soon became domiciled at Holland House, and others of the Edinburgh contingent were frequent visitors—Sydney Smith, Brougham, Francis Horner, and James Mackintosh. Horner was the industrious apprentice of his party, and almost as offensively virtuous as his prototype in Hogarth, plodding wearily through mazes of science and metaphysics, "like an elephant forcing his way through a jungle." Lord Cockburn says of him frankly that "his talents were not splendid, and he had no genius." Sydney Smith said that he was impervious to a joke, and resented one as an outrage to his moral feelings; while Sir Walter Scott compared him to Obadiah's bull in 'Tristram Shandy,' whose gravity alone maintained his reputation. Rochefoucauld says, "La gravité est un mystère de corps pour câcher les défauts de l'esprit"—which is not complimentary. But there is no question that Horner enjoyed a high reputation in his day, and Mr Sanders even calls him "the Marcellus of the Whig party"; but we fail to see any point of resemblance between a politician who died at the age of thirty-eight, and who might with luck have proved a passable Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the heir to a mighty empire cut off in the flower of his youth.

Mackintosh was probably the best talker, even in that circle where conversation ranked among the fine arts. He had a prodigious memory, which rivalled that of Macaulay, vast stores of learning, and the power of condensing his arguments in the most pithy and telling shape; but he was at once too indolent and too fastidious to leave any permanent mark on literature. A man who deliberates for four or five days whether "utility" or "usefulness" best expresses his meaning is not likely to flood the book-market with his wares. Unfortunately for himself, Mackintosh had deeply offended Dr Parr:—

> "And this," says Mr Sanders, "winged the famous reply when Sir James was denouncing O'Coigley, the Irish conspirator. 'Yes, Jamie,' said the Doctor, 'he was a bad man, but he might have been worse; he was an Irishman, but he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest, but he might have been a lawyer; he was a republican [*i.e.*, traitor], but he might have been an apostate.'"

Brougham, that versatile and eccentric genius, was a frequent visitor at Holland House at one time; and, when he chose, no one could make himself more agreeable and interesting—but the subject must suit his fancy. He rarely mingled in general conversation.

> "If, however," says Ticknor, "he does launch into it, all the little, gay, trim pleasure-boats must keep well out of the way of his great black collier, as Gibbon said of Fox. He

listens carefully and fairly, but when his time comes to answer, it is with that bare, bold, bullion talent which either crushes itself or its opponent."[1]

Every legal celebrity of the time was a more or less frequent guest—Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell, *par nobile fratrum;* Denman and Plunket; Sir Samuel Romilly, and, greatest of all, Lord Lyndhurst. But here space compels us to bring these somewhat desultory notes to a conclusion. It may, however, be added that to the last—for five years after her husband's death—Lady Holland kept up her traditional hospitality. Guizot, when French ambassador, once called upon her at this time, and finding her alone, asked if she was often thus left by herself:

"'No, very seldom, and when it occurs, I am not without resources,' and pointing to the portraits, she observed, 'I ask the friends you see there to come down: I know the place which each preferred, the arm-chair in which he was accustomed to sit; I find myself again with Fox, Romilly, Sheridan, and Horner; they speak to me, and I am no longer by myself.'"[2]

Her old friends did not desert her when she left Holland House for Great Stanhope Street; and Sir Henry Holland records that at her last dinner-party (a week before her death in 1845) Thiers and Palmerston met for the first time at her table.

The house, of which she was the genius and master spirit for forty years, still stands as in her day—stately, venerable, and almost untouched by time. The rooms with their warm habitable look remain as they were in the time of Sheridan and Fox. The lawns and avenues have hitherto escaped the fate prophesied by Macaulay, and have not yet been absorbed in streets and squares. Long may this priceless relic of the past be preserved to us in its integrity!

"May neither fire destroy nor waste impair,
Nor time consume thee till the twentieth heir!
May Taste respect thee, and may Fashion spare!"[3]

---

[1] 'George Ticknor's Life,' i. 220.

[2] 'Holland House Circle,' p. 76.

[3] These lines were cut with a diamond on a pane of glass (still to be seen at Holland House) by Hookham Frere. Rogers's characteristic comment was: "I wonder where he got the diamond from."

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

WILLIAM II. AND MR ROOSEVELT—THE INDISCRETION OF THE EMPEROR—THE PRESIDENT'S LACK OF DIGNITY—"A LITTLE STROLL"—THE FOLLY OF RULERS—THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK—A SON OF CHARLES II.—ONE MASK AND TWO FACES—A FANTASTIC SOLUTION.

It is a commonplace of history that the German Emperor and Mr Roosevelt possess the same temperament, the same ambition. Neither has been content to govern his country with a strong and equal hand. They have both been driven headlong into folly by the reckless desire to do something else. William II. would be supreme in arts as in arms. He would pretend to paint pictures, to model statues, to compose music, and flatterers have concealed from him the absurdity of the pretence. America's only Theodore would have the world believe him a bluff, hearty sportsman, who manages in the intervals of a "good time" to administer the affairs of the greatest democracy that ever was or ever will be beneath the canopy of heaven. He has shot big game; he has played a match at tennis with a bishop, who should have known better; he is the very pattern of an American rough-rider; and he would have been more wisely employed, when he leaves the White House, in carrying a Wild West Show round Europe than in sitting in a newspaper office. Not that he is inexperienced in the practice of literature. His pen is far bigger and mightier than his stick. His complete works cannot be contained in less than sixteen (or is it twenty?) volumes. And here he claims a manifest advantage over his rival. William II. can preach sermons with the best. His winged words are not yet printed in text-books for the strenuous youth of the Fatherland.

There is a yet stronger link in the chain of resemblance which binds these two intrepid rulers than their manifold versatility. Each one believes (or behaves as though he believed) that he is a universal Providence. It is still fresh in our memory that Mr Roosevelt, in despair at the contempt for the law shown in his own country, announced his intention of playing the part of policeman to the rest of the world. He was ready to flash the dark lantern, which has no terrors for the United States, upon the corruption of Europe. It is always easier to take out a mote than a beam, and to experiment upon another's eye causes the operator no pain. And William II., not to be outdone, has also claimed the four quarters of the globe as his sphere, and has borne himself as though he thought that a policy of interference was a proof of strength. Many, in-

deed, are the faults of sense and taste committed by these monarchs in the past, but neither of them has so rashly overstepped the boundaries of moderation as in the last few weeks. That they have done more than discredit themselves, that they have discredited the art of government, is our excuse, if excuse be needed, for discussing them here. Unhappily for us, they cannot make themselves ridiculous without casting a flash of ridicule on their lofty office.

For a parallel to the Emperor's amazing indiscretion we shall search the records of history in vain. Never has an autocrat so wantonly dragged his throne into the marketplace. With a careless hand he has torn away that divinity which doth hedge a king. No longer is there room for worship or superstition. William II. has revealed himself as a petulant, angry man, who is ready to seek relief in the columns of a foreign newspaper. By what channel his winged words flew to the 'Daily Telegraph' is unknown and immaterial. But thither they flew, and henceforth there can be neither concealment nor palliation. It is our own fault now if we do not know that the German Emperor is our friend. So close a friend is he, that if we refuse the proffered boon he will force it on us *vi et armis*. His patience is almost exhausted. We are all as mad as March hares. Nor is his task of the easiest. In love of England he is in a minority of his countrymen, and for this reason he resents the more bitterly our refusal to accept his pledged word. Thus in a single sentence he justifies our suspicion of Germany, and reproaches us that we take a view which he himself confesses is the right one. His indiscretions are amazing enough. Still more wonderful is the complete ignorance which they imply of England and the English. William II. carries English blood in his veins. He has more than once visited these shores, and he can still believe that Englishmen will eagerly accept a friendship offered with a threat of lost patience, and will look kindly upon the sovereign of a rival state who boldly declares that the success of their arms was due to his counsel.

A certain kind of ignorance has always been among the divine rights of kings. We have never expected of our monarchs either omniscience or buffoonery. In the great days of monarchy a king could do no wrong, because his dignity kept him always far from the strife of party leaders and journalists. It was a wise reticence that guarded him from the possibility of error, and if his words were prudent he might honourably lay the responsibility of his acts upon his Ministers. The German Emperor has not followed the august tradition of his kind. Neglecting the lessons of the past, he has attempted to use the weapons of modern life. Being by constitution an autocrat, he has descended into the

pit where reporters and photographers clamour for copy. He has made his thoughts the common property of Europe, and he can hardly expect any longer to attach the respect which is bred of mystery. He has posed so often before the camera that there is not a barber in Germany, and few in England, who may not imitate the uplift of his moustache. But every familiarity of speech or aspect is a hindrance to autocracy, and it is not strange that William II. has struck a heavier blow at kingship by his superfluous indiscretion than has ever been struck by injustice or exaction. Ridicule is a deadlier weapon even than the resentment of tyranny.

Revolutions have small beginnings, and the German Emperor has aroused a storm which he cannot easily allay. In criticising others, he has laid himself open to such criticism as never before has been levelled at a monarch. The debate in the Reichstag, in which politicians of all kinds dared to assail him, opens a new page of history. It was, in truth, nothing less than a *coup d'état.* The sacred name, which hitherto has been excluded from discussion, was bandied to and fro with a freedom and courage which has no parallel in German annals. For once all parties were unanimous in the conviction that Germany had sustained a severe defeat. On every hand words were spoken which six months ago could not have been heard. The change which has been taking place silently in Germany found a sudden utterance. The Emperor's interview was a kind of test or touchstone. It instantly discovered the suppressed discontent, the hidden contumely of his Empire. Never more will he hold the position which once was his. He has left the loftiest pedestal of sovereignty and he will never regain it. Prince Bülow in the open Reichstag declared his conviction that in future "the Emperor would observe that reserve, even in private conversations, which is equally indispensable in the interest of a uniform policy and for the authority of the Crown." Of this declaration the Emperor has announced his humble approval. Indeed, so brutally shattered is the idol, that men who once glorified his accomplishments declare openly their belief that he knows nothing of music, that he cannot paint, that his sermons are not his own. All that is left him for the moment is the rags of statecraft, and the possession of these none will dispute. For ourselves, we cannot but be grateful for what Fate sends us. The Emperor's indiscretion has aroused in England a feeling of patriotism and solidarity which the solemn warning of a hundred prophets availed not to move.

And while William II. has thrown discredit on his craft in Europe, Mr Roosevelt, his friend and rival, has performed a like office in the United States. The chosen head of his country, he has thought it no derogation from his dignity

to enter the strife of party politics. Forgetting the plain duties of a President, he has fought, with all the ferocity of an interested boss, in the newspapers and on the hustings. He has insulted the opponent of his friend with a scurrility and lack of fairness which ill become the governor of a country, and in a moment of exultation at Mr Taft's assured victory he exclaimed breathlessly that he had "beaten them to a frazzle." Openly despising the sacred principles of Democracy (with a capital), he has nominated his successor, and carried him triumphantly to the White House. This kind of co-option is far more dangerous than the simple plan of heredity, and we wonder how long the great American People will tolerate so frank an interference with what they deem their "natural rights." During his terms of office Mr Roosevelt has not achieved a great deal. He has repeated at intervals the solemn formula, "We really must do something about the Trusts." But he has not done anything, and the Trusts have paid his sincerity the doubtful compliment of voting solidly for his nominee, and of proclaiming that they place implicit faith in his support. Nor can his method of leaving the White House be commended as a pattern of taste. A large document, which at first sight looks like an invitation to a Lord Mayor's Banquet, has been sent broadcast over the world, to announce that "Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, will, on March 5th, 1909, become a Member of the Editorial Staff of 'The Outlook.'" Here is a new use to which the service of one's country may be put, and we shall expect Mr William Taft to come forth from Washington in 1913, bearing on his back a massive sandwich-board for the display of his talent and virtue.

For the rest, Mr Roosevelt has won all the glory which a garrulous press can confer. The newspapers have seen to it that he is one of the best known men in the world. His face and figure are as familiar abroad as at home, and with the aid of a universal publicity he has begun to think of himself as a super-ruler to whom every licence is permitted. One of his latest exploits deserves to be preserved as an awful warning to democratic presidents. Not long since, we are told by the journals, Mr Roosevelt was pleased to invite some sixty officers "to accompany him on a little stroll." The officers in humble obedience met their President in Rock Creek Park. "This is bully," shouted Mr Roosevelt, who was wearing a rough-rider hat; "I have not led so many men since Cuba." Then began a stampede over hill and dale, through scrub and thicket—an experience which, as the admiring reporter says, "the little army of officers will remember to their dying day." Arrived at one summit, the President shouted: "By Godfrey! there's nothing up here.

Down we go again." He reached the climax of absurdity when he came to the waters of Rock Creek, at a point where they are seventy feet wide. Here he paused, gravely removed the celebrated rough-rider hat, flung into it the immortal eye-glasses, the magnificent watch that keeps the time of the Great Republic, and the bunch of golden keys which unlock its secrets, and, like Horatius of old, leaped feet foremost in the flood. It was a superb spectacle. There was the man, who until March 5th 1909 holds in his hand and head the destiny of God's own country, wading up to his waist in the stream, calling out, "Follow me!" with the raucous hearty voice which is known to every gramophone from the East Coast to the Pacific shore, and laughing with all the heartiness of the most powerful man on earth at the splutterings of the officers, who unhappily lacked something of his height and grandeur, and who doubtless took another view of this superfluous submersion. Thus Mr Roosevelt has added to the anecdotage of history. He and his cold bath will be remembered by the children of the United States as the children of England remember Alfred and his cakes, or Canute and the refractory wave. America laughed heartily, we are told, at the discomfiture of the sixty officers, and Mr Roosevelt is sure that he has added another leaf to that wreath of laurels which surmounts his eye-glasses. But what of the American army? Is it enchanted at the somewhat coarse joke made at its expense? And would not the sixty officers have protected their own dignity and the dignity of their profession more loyally if they had resigned their commissions before they were persuaded to take part in so monstrous an adventure?

Such men as William II. and Mr Roosevelt are men of mediocre intelligence, who impose upon the world by that detestable thing called "personality." The height of their position renders them vainglorious, and persuades others to approach them only in a mean spirit of flattery. Burton, who knew their kind well, notes in his 'Anatomy' that the common cause of their folly is twofold. Coming from themselves, it gives them an overweening conceit in their good parts, their valour, strength, wit, art, and learning, which, Narcissus-like, they admire and applaud. This conceit is dangerous enough, yet the second is the greater danger. "The main engine which batters us," says Burton, "is from others, we are merely passive in this business, from a company of parasites and flatterers, that with immoderate praise, and bombast epithets, glozing titles, false elogiums so bedaub and applaud, gild over many a silly and undeserving man, that they clap him quite out of his wits. . . . This common applause makes them fat and lean, as

frost doth conies." There, in brief, is an explanation of the follies of William II. and Mr Roosevelt. They are follies which the good ruler knows not. He, at least, is content to discharge the duties of his high office with a silent and modest zeal. He will take counsel with his advisers, weigh their words, and make his decision with the privacy which the throne demands. Having learned with industry and patience the art of governing, he will not pretend a knowledge which he has not of the other arts, recognising that versatility is but another name for ignorance, that he who aspires to everything misses all. Nor will he ever condescend to those outrages upon dignity which are dear to the public press. He will have as little in him of the pantaloon as of the charlatan. And so he will pass through life, without scandal or unseemly advertisement. He will perform the only task—the task of government—of which he is capable, with a calm tranquillity, and, as in his life he will escape criticism, so after his death he will be set upon a lofty pinnacle of honour and respect.

The mystery of kingship is the better for being unpierced. There are other mysteries which never cease to tempt the curious, and whose discussion will be a pleasant pastime unto the end of time. Pre-eminent among these is the Man in the Iron Mask, who has inspired already a vast literature, and whose secret will never be revealed to the universal satisfaction. That is the best of a genuine mystery: it defies explanation. None will accept a simple answer to an obscure question, and the problem is complicated by a purposed ingenuity. For instance, there is no identification of Junius possible which would satisfy all inquirers, even if the testimony of documents were irrefragable. For many years Dundonald's wonderful plan for the extinction of an army has been held the secret proof of a savage temper. A vast deal of speculation has been wasted on its peculiar enormity. Yet its accidental disclosure in the 'Panmure Papers' has excited no curiosity, and in a year it will be as thickly enwrapped in gloom as ever. But of all the mysteries known to the world, none possesses the baffling quality of the Iron Mask. It is, moreover, so heavily incrusted with cunning inventions that it is not easy to state the problem which demands little solution. While the man was still alive he was no more secret than another. It was not the custom to advertise in the public press the names of the unhappy ones incarcerated in the remoter prisons of France. Masks of velvet, not of iron, were often used to shroud the features of common criminals, and the person who has exercised so many wits was not singular in the disguise which he wore. To his jailer he was nothing more than *mon ancien prisonnier*, and had it not been for a literary accident the Man of the Mask would have been

no more famous than the many others who shared with him the seclusion of the Bastille. But in 1747, more than forty years after the death of the mysterious prisoner, the author of an anonymous book imagined him a natural son of Louis XIV., saved from death by perpetual incarceration. Here were all the elements of a true mystery, and Voltaire took full advantage of them. He turned what was a mere episode of police into a vivid romance. To his fancy the masked man appeared as a brother of Louis XIV., the son of Anne and Mazarin, and older than the King. The light mask of velvet became at his touch a mask of iron, the removal of which should be punished by death. So great was the prisoner, said he, so easily would his august features be recognised, that this method of secrecy was a necessity of state. He brought forth no proofs; he cited no documents in defence; he was content to make the statement with ironic dogmatism, and to laugh at the credulity of his dupes. And then, Dumas, with the imagination of a novelist, turned the Man of the Mask into Louis XIV.'s twin-brother, confronted the two princes in a scene of terrific majesty, and gave to Voltaire's satiric falsehood a popular immortality.

Henceforth it was assumed that the Man in the Mask was distinguished far above his fellows. The unknown was, indeed, magnificent. A Jesuit father has proved to his own, if not to others' satisfaction, that the mysterious prisoner was none other than Molière, the infamous author of "Tartuffe." Thus private resentment comes to the aid of ingenuity, and sets the truth at naught. Among the other candidates for the Mask are Monmouth, a son of Cromwell, the Duc de Beaufort, and an Armenian patriarch. Nor need there ever be any limit to the choice of the curious. If any one has disappeared from the ken of history, who is suitable in age, obviously he is the Man in the Mask. Nor did the grandeur of the mysterious one cease with his death. The advent of Napoleon gave a fresh turn to the ancient legend. It was said that while the captive was at Sainte-Marguerite he had a son, who was carried to Corsica, and from whom was descended the great Napoleon. Thus might it be proved that the Emperor came of the House of France,—that there flowed royal blood in his imperial veins. Between these manifest improbabilities there is nothing to choose. When we have stripped away all the trappings of romance, we have no more to relate than that on November 20, 1703, there died a prisoner in the Bastille, who, like many others of his kind, was wont to wear a light mask, that he was buried under the name of Marchioly, that his body, in accordance with custom, was put in quicklime, and that his death caused as little excitement as for the last thirty years his life had caused. Doubtless he was a political prisoner, whose identity was

concealed for reasons of State, real or supposed. M. de Maurepas told Louis XVI. that he was a person of an intriguing spirit, employed by the Duke of Mantua. In other words, that he was Mattioli, a spy and counter-spy, who was captured with the help of the Abbé d'Estrades in 1679, was known to have been at Sainte-Marguerite fifteen years later, and was removed to the Bastille in 1698, and there died. This identification seems to suit all the exigencies of the case; and possibly, had Voltaire and Dumas not dazzled the public mind with their romantic brilliance, it would have been accepted by all, as it is accepted by M. Funck-Brentano, who has most profoundly studied the archives of the Bastille.

But so plain a solution is obviously unacceptable, and Monsignor Barnes, following a hint of Mr Andrew Lang, has discovered another, that has the shining merit of originality.[1] Monsignor Barnes has put his case with a mystery which the occasion demands, and it is only by a hint here and there that we guess his purpose until we approach the end of the book. He adduces no evidence for his arbitrary choice. The new candidate for the mask disappeared about the same time as the unknown prisoner fell into his jailer's hands. Therefore, we are asked to believe that the two men are one and the same. There is, to be sure, no reason why they should not be. On the other hand, the reason why they should be is not apparent, and it is only for the sake of an excellent story that we set forth at length the fantastic theory of Monsignor Barnes.

Readers of Lord Acton's Essays will remember his account of James de la Cloche, —a strange figure, then unknown to history. Now, James de la Cloche was the first natural son born to Charles II. During an exile in Jersey that Prince fell in love with a beautiful girl of distinguished family, whom he treated with so fine a respect that, though we know much of Lucy Walters and Nell Gwynne and Lady Castlemaine, her very name is unrevealed. Of his son, known as James de la Cloche, Charles gives this brief account: "Il nous est né lorsque nous n'avions guères plus de seize ou 17 ans, d'une jeune dame des plus qualifiées de nos royaumes, plustost par fragilité de nostre première jeunesse qua par malice." The boy was brought up in Holland and in the Protestant faith. The King, his father, recognised his relationship, and in 1667 gave him a document which not merely proclaimed his origin but urged his successor to grant him an income of £500, on condition that he remained faithful to the Church of his fathers. Fortified with his document, James de la Cloche left England, and

[1] The Man of the Mask. A Study of the By-Ways of History. By Arthur Stapylton Barnes, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

six months later, in defiance of its conditions, was received into the Roman Catholic Church at Hamburg. Meanwhile Charles II. himself was intent upon a reconciliation with Rome, and nothing save the determined temper of his people prevented him from making his intention public. What he might do in secret, that he was ready to attempt; and not daring to trust an English priest, he wrote in August 1668 to the General of the Jesuits asking that his son, who had entered his novitiate, might come to England for the good of his kingly soul. As soon as he had received his father into the Church, said Charles, he might return to Rome, or live in England, as pleased him best. Two months later the young Jesuit, disguised as a French Cavalier and bearing the name Henri de Rohan, arrived in London. The King had given him the last proof of his affection. He had assured him that he had a better claim to respect than the Duke of Monmouth, and that if he himself and the Duke of York died without children, the realm would belong to de la Cloche, whom the Parliament could not legitimately oppose. The prince, for by that title his father now described him, stayed a brief fortnight in England. Armed with secret letters, he set out again for Rome, and from the moment that he left his father he disappears from history as though he had never been. No trace is left of him in the archives or in the books of the Jesuits, and not a ray of evidence exists which might throw light upon the mystery.

A few weeks later a youth, well furnished with money and jewels, who called himself Prince James Stuart, and produced papers bearing the title of Highness, appeared in Naples, and married Teresa Corona, the beautiful daughter of an innkeeper. There he spent his money freely, and cut a figure that may be described as vulgarly magnificent. Though he spoke no English, he called himself an Englishman, and his own story identified him at once with James de la Cloche. He was, said he, the son of the King of England, and was born in the island of Jersey. The Spanish Viceroy, instantly scenting an imposture, did the best thing he could: he flung him into jail, and wrote to England for instructions. Charles disowned any knowledge of the adventurer, who presently was said to have been released on the intercession of Teresa Corona, to have paid a visit to Paris, and then to have returned to Naples, where in August 1669 he died. His will, a remarkable document, proclaims in every phrase the half-cunning impostor. He declares that his mother was Lady Mary Stuart; he appoints his cousin, Louis XIV., executor; he asks of Charles nothing less than a principality for his unborn son; and he bequeaths vast sums of money, which he did not possess, to his wife and her family. Is it possible to identify this ridiculous braggart with the discreet and learned novice,

James de la Cloche? We agree with Lord Acton that the tenor of the will is fatal to the young man's pretensions, and he must be dismissed as a daring criminal. There is but one circumstance still requiring explanation. How did the claimant of the title gain the knowledge of James de la Cloche's descent? How did he acquire the genuine papers, on which he based his fraud? Lord Acton says he had probably accompanied the real man as his servant, and stolen his papers. Is it not far more reasonable to suppose that he murdered the unfortunate James de la Cloche and emptied his pockets? If this were so, the mystery of James's disappearance would be pierced, and the strange, disjointed story would be brought to a logical conclusion.

Monsignor Barnes also is of opinion that the adventurer of Naples was not the son of Charles II., and in order to explain his sudden disappearance he claps the mask upon his face and sends him off to Pignerol. But he does not send him thither directly. Before Saint-Mars takes charge of the captive, Monsignor Barnes plays another tune upon the credulity of his readers. The truth is that in 1668 James de la Cloche did not know secrets enough to warrant imprisonment for life. Accordingly, his latest biographer brings him to England again under another name. Now in 1669 a certain Abbé Pregnani was employed to visit these shores as an agent of the French Government. He professed astrology, and being at Newmarket he ventured to predict by a study of the stars what horses would win. The backers were disappointed; the Abbé fell into a sort of discredit, and was presently recalled to France. From this moment he disappeared completely, as James de la Cloche had disappeared before him. Thus there is suddenly sprung upon us another candidate for the mask, and Monsignor Barnes does the only thing that is possible in the circumstances. As two men could not have worn the mask at the same time, he makes the two one. In other words, says he, the Abbé Pregnani is none other than James de la Cloche, who was the secret prisoner of Sainte-Marguerite and the Bastille, and whose identity has baffled the anxious inquirer for two centuries. For neither of his statements does he bring forward a shred of proof. He has piously followed the example of Voltaire. He has invented a legend and thrown it to the people. He has adduced no motive; he has shown us no document that is relevant to his case; and we should be perfectly justified in rejecting his case without the smallest examination. There is no more reason why the Abbé Pregnani should be James de la Cloche than that James de la Cloche should be the Man of the Mask. If every man, whose life was shrouded in uncertainty, was buried in 1703 under the name of Marchioly, then must we change our theory every year, or suppose that the Bastille was a hundred times larger than ever it was. Grim and

austere as it seemed, it was not vast enough to accommodate all the fancies of Monsignor Barnes and his rivals, and it is safer to recall the facts that the mystery was born of romance many years after the death of the masked prisoner, and that a simple explanation suits the demands of history far better than any unsupported fantasy.

Yet by way of curiosity it is not uninteresting to set forth the motive which, in the opinion of Monsignor Barnes, persuaded the French king to imprison for life the son of Charles, his beloved cousin. "The Abbé Pregnani," says this ingenious writer, "was possessed of State secrets of the greatest importance, and had been engaged on business which it was necessary at all hazards to keep from the public knowledge. Had he told all he knew, Charles would quite possibly have lost his head, and Louis much more certainly would have lost all chance of changing England from an enemy into an ally, in his great project of crushing Holland." It was, then, for the sake of Charles's head that his son was masked and doomed for life to the silence of enclosing walls. The motive seems insufficient and irrelevant. Charles himself was the best judge of his own danger, and he permitted the Abbé, whom Monsignor Barnes represents as his son, to set sail for Dunkirk without a murmur. Moreover, it will be obvious to any one who reads Charles's letters to Madame, his favourite sister, that the Abbé Pregnani was not the son whom he had two years before taken into his favour, and to whom, if England ever became Catholic, he had assured the throne. "I had almost forgott to tell you," thus he writes to Madame, "that I find your friend, l'Abbé Pregnany, a man very ingenious in all things I have talked with him upon, and I find him to have a great deale of witt, but you may be sure I will enter no farther with him than according to your carracter." It is not thus that a warm-hearted man writes of a loved and respected son to an equally loved and respected sister. If Pregnani is James de la Cloche, then is all the world masked. Charles wears a mask before his sister, whom he loved more than the world, and Newmarket, the Stars, and Monmouth are all enveloped in a species of imposture, beside which the fraud of the false prince at Naples is honest and honourable. No doubt it is a pleasant winter game to put the old mask on a new face, though we doubt whether it was ever large enough to cover two. But Monsignor Barnes's ingenuity is misplaced. He should have kept the Abbé out of the comedy, and when he next looks about him for a fitting countenance to hide with the slip of black velvet, let us commend to his notice Mr Titus Oates. There is a visage worth concealment, and the discrepancies of time and place need not intimidate so ingenious an investigator as Monsignor Barnes.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"They tell me," said Pius the Ninth to an English visitor, "that my dominions are misgoverned — I cannot see it." Some portion of this comfortable blindness seems to have descended on his Majesty's Ministers. That robbing one class of the community to purchase the support of another, however adroit or effective a device, is not exactly statesmanship, is what England is now beginning to recognise. The loss of nine Liberal seats in succession within two years, without a single Liberal gain to set against them, should have told Mr Asquith pretty plainly what the country thinks about him. He cannot see it. His speech on the 4th of October was marked by an unconscious irony that is perfectly delightful. They tell me, said he, that my measures are abominable: that they are equally hostile to property, religion, and morality. Mr Asquith could not see it. Happy man! were it not for the sad awakening that is in store for him when the film falls from his eyes and he sees things as they really are.

If Mr Asquith really is misunderstood, he has only himself and his colleagues to thank for it. Two days before Parliament reassembled, in answer to those critics who looked with alarm on his financial arrangements, he declared that we were not nearly at the end of our national resources: that there was "a large reservoir of possible taxation which had never yet been adequately drawn upon"; and that there was money enough not only for Old Age Pensions, "but for a much more extended programme of social reform." This magnificent assertion reminds us rather of the publican described in 'Pickwick,' who kept a printed announcement in his window that there were five hundred thousand barrels of brown stout in the cellars of the establishment. Mr Churchill, again, speaking of the unemployed, said that measures for their relief must be adopted which would lead us into "new and untrodden fields of British politics." This virgin soil we suppose means the same thing as Mr Asquith's reservoir. But where are they? If the allusion is to legitimate and constitutional means of raising money, they have no existence any more than the barrels of stout. If not, we must remember that even virgin soils may be exhausted by reckless cropping, and that reservoirs may run dry when the springs which feed them cease to flow. And what will ye do in the end thereof? Of course, it is on the private property owned by individuals that the speakers had their eye: and then Mr Asquith is surprised at being charged with pandering to Socialism!

We are already among the most heavily taxed nations in the world, and taxation, if pushed to an excess, is fatal to the growth of wealth. It is certain that any blow to public confidence is calculated to cut off many of the sources from which Mr Asquith's reservoir is supplied. Mr Churchill professes to laugh at those who say that the Licensing Bill is likely to have this effect. "By public confidence you mean, I suppose, public-house confidence." A child could tell him that attacks on one kind of property affect the security of all. And he himself has assured us that other fields of wealth remain as yet untouched, and are now ripe for the sickle. Is it wonderful that such language as this should cause general dismay and anxiety in the country at large? All those obligations in which people have found a guarantee for the permanence of their own possessions — the vitality of credit, the sanctity of contracts, the validity of all those unwritten prescriptions and conventions which have hitherto had the force of law— are now threatened. Men will not go on working hard to build up fortunes for themselves and their children when it is uncertain how long either parent or child will be permitted to enjoy them. The whole tendency of the Government legislation is in this direction. We see it in the Licensing Bill, we see it in the Education Bill, we see it in the Land Bills. The ultimate result must be to make men chary of investing their capital in those kinds of property which have hitherto drawn to themselves so large a proportion of the national wealth, and to make them seriously consider whether they cannot do better with their money in a foreign country.

The Licensing Bill passed through Committee on the 9th of November, and after all the choppings and changes which it experienced in its tortuous career its most mischievous provisions still remained untouched. The multitude of amendments, contradictions, and confessions of ignorance about the working of their own Bill which flowed in an unbroken stream through every night of the debate, have made Ministers ridiculous, but have not made the Bill less vicious. It is an offence against one of the first principles which bind civilised society together, and it is a crime perpetrated in vain. It is doubtful, indeed, if it will not rather increase drunkenness than suppress it. If the labouring man on leaving his work finds a public-house close at hand, he goes in, has his pint of beer, and comes out again without necessarily finding any companions there. But if, owing to the scarcity of public-houses, a dozen working men use the same, he is sure on entering to find a party assembled there, and acquaintances among them. Company promotes conviviality, and we know the rest. Still, if a man is to get drunk, he had better do it in a public-house than in the bosom of his family, though, strange to say, the Government

seems to have thought not. If Mr Asquith and his friends are so anxious as they say they are to put down intemperance, why did not the Government deal with off-licences when they drew the Bill. Mr Balfour on Report drew a forcible but not too highly-coloured picture of the grocer's cart carrying alcoholic drinks to every cottage door, and placing them "within the reach of the wives, daughters, and children of every householder in the country." It is true that under considerable pressure Government made some slight concessions, but they insisted on the point that off-licences should be exempt from the control of local option.

Where a measure is rotten from top to toe it is difficult, if not useless, to single out special provisions for separate exposure. Still, there are some iniquities in the Bill rather more glaring than the others, to which it is to be hoped the House of Lords will show no mercy. The time limit is one. The seizure of the monopoly value is another. Monopoly value has been defined by the Government; but the Licensed Victuallers' Association call it a delusion. According to the official view it may be explained as follows: Every licence creates a monopoly—that is, it gives to certain individuals or bodies the exclusive right of doing something which others not so privileged are forbidden to do. The licensed house participates in this monopoly, which if unlicensed it would not, and the difference in value between the two conditions is termed the monopoly value. Of course, there is another way of looking at the question. The Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society deny the existence of any monopoly. They seem not to recognise anything in the shape of a collective or trade monopoly: and doubtless no such privilege is given to each individual separately. The licensee has no power to prevent another public-house from being set up within a few yards of his own. According to this view, when the Government make him pay what is called the monopoly value on renewal, they demand something which he has not got, a demand that can only be satisfied out of other resources which Government professes to respect.

It has been shown to demonstration that it is impossible for a man to get his money back within and in the time allowed. This has been proved by experts, and is only feebly denied by Ministers, who have made no serious attempt to answer their critics by an appeal to figures. Nothing has been said in the House in answer to the very able statement published in 'The Times' by the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society, in which the impossibility of a publican putting by out of his profits 3½ per cent on his capital is made as clear as logic can make it. A large number, probably the great majority, of public-houses are mortgaged nearly up to the full licensed value; and the writer takes

the case of twenty such houses in London, held either on lease or as freehold, and shows how the Bill, if it became law, would affect them. The licensees have invested in these houses £152,930 of their own money, and they are mortgaged, not with brewers, up to £230,750. The licensee will have to pay the interest on his mortgages, and his share of the compensation levy besides. He and his family have to live out of the remainder. Now, how is a man to do all this and save 3½ per cent on his capital as he goes along? The value of these premises when reduced — *i.e.*, when their licences have been taken away — is £24,185. The total compensation payable, representing the monopoly value based on the rateable value of the whole, would be £81,624. Put the two together, and you have less than half the amount of the mortgages. The capital invested has disappeared altogether, and the licensee is left penniless. On the other hand, if the licence is renewed, the State claims the monopoly value for itself—this time, be it noted, calculated on the market value of the business; whereas when compensation has to be awarded to the publican, it is calculated on the rateable value. The State takes the higher valuation for itself when it has to receive money, and the lower when it has to pay it, there being no earthly reason for any such difference except the will of Mr Asquith.

This was one of the great points in dispute between the Government and the Opposition. It being notorious that the rateable value is usually much below the market value, the latter representing the sum which the licence holder would obtain for his business if he sold it in the open market, it is obvious that if compelled to accept the rateable value instead, he suffers a heavy loss, and loses all the fruits of that skill and intelligence which have made his property worth so much more. The increased value of his business, due to his own exertions and his own outlay, is certainly property if the licence itself is not; and this was fully recognised in the Act of 1904, to which the brewers and publicans only consented on condition that they were to be compensated on the market value of their property. The Government gave pledges to that effect; but now a Socialistic Government comes in, tosses these pledges to the wind, and says practically, though not in so many words, that the publican is not in fact entitled to any compensation at all, but that Government will give him a trifle by way of solatium, for which he ought to be very grateful. This is the kind of dealing which those are thinking of who accuse the Government of shaking public confidence, and well they may.

The Prime Minister is very indignant at his Government being charged with "hypocrisy." Well — hypocrisy is a harsh word. But what are we to think? At every renewal of a licence the Government

pockets the monopoly value. That is to say, it takes back from the publican what the State originally gave to him, not as a temporary loan or gratuity, but as the basis on which his business was to be conducted. On this security legitimate expenditure was incurred: individuals invested their private savings in the trade: bankers and others advanced large sums on the strength of it: and now the Government turns round and says, you did all this with your eyes open. You must have known that the security on which you relied was liable to be recalled at any time, and as we are in want of money for old age pensions, for the exploration of "untrodden fields," and other expenses incidental to a Government whose boast is economy, we will trouble you for the value of these licences to which we have a legal right, and let equity and morality go. This wholesale plunder—for it is practically nothing else—is thinly disguised under a zeal for temperance, — a disguise so transparent as to betray the contemptuous cynicism with which Government regards the whole affair, and seen through in a moment by all who are familiar with the habits of the working classes and the actual working of the public-house system at the present moment. But such persons are only a small minority, and with the community at large the Ministerial imposture has no doubt had considerable success. The immunity extended to grocers' licences, already noticed, is perhaps a still stronger proof of the utter hollowness of that zeal for sobriety for which Ministers have taken credit to themselves.

If further evidence were wanted in confirmation of the charge by which Mr Asquith would have us believe that his feelings are so deeply wounded, it is to be found in the fact that Mr Balfour's Act of 1904 was already doing steadily and rapidly all that the present Bill pretends to do. Under this Act within the last four years a marked decline has taken place in the number of public-houses. Possibly, says Mr Asquith. But the Act was passed by the Tories. That will never do. Besides, the Tory Bill does not give us what we want — the publican's money.

All these points that we have here enumerated were brought out by Mr Balfour with great force and precision during the course of the Committee debate, and he was well backed up by Lord R. Cecil, Mr Cave, Mr Bonar Law, and Mr Smith. We would call special attention to Mr Balfour's speech on the 27th of October, and to two speeches which he made on the following day. We have embodied in the foregoing remarks much of what he said during the five days, as well as what fell from the other speakers we have named. Of course we are aware that all men who mingle in party controversies are liable in writing of their opponents to be guilty

of exaggeration and of unintentional injustice to those whose positions they are assailing. But we can honestly say that in going carefully through these debates, though we have found plenty of counter-assertions, plenty of recrimination, plenty of *tu quoques* from Ministers and their supporters, plenty of bold assumptions and dexterous evasions, we have found nothing or next to nothing in the nature of an argument addressed directly to the arguments used against them, or any evidence worth mentioning to discredit the alleged facts.

"The three men in London," the Licensing Commission, to whom are transferred functions which the local justices, well acquainted with the circumstances of each particular case, would discharge much better, are an apt illustration of Liberal sincerity. In 1904 the local justices could not be extolled too highly. The then Liberal Opposition were profuse in their compliments to the local authorities, to whom they maintained that all such duties should be confided. But then they knew that they would not be required to make their words good. Now, however, the question presents itself to them in quite a different light. In fact the natural tendency of both democracy and despotism is towards bureaucracy. The one seeks to absorb all local jurisdictions, which are the source of local independence; the other is jealous of the class by which these local jurisdictions have generally been exercised. The Licensing Commission is the counterpart of the Land Court in the Scottish Small Holdings Bill, and of the three Agricultural Commissioners in the English Bill. All breathe the same spirit.

The Bill passed through Committee, as already stated, on the 9th of November, and the Report was taken on the 13th. Mr Balfour protested warmly against the allotment of only five days to the Report stage, and no doubt the fourteen pages of amendments which stood upon the Paper a fortnight ago bristled with vexatious pedantry, and presented a formidable appearance to the naked eye. It might turn out that many of them would demand a more careful scrutiny than could easily be compressed within the time allotted. But on closer examination it did not appear that, with one or two exceptions, they were such as to call for further comment in the present article. With the extension of the period of grace to twenty-one years we are already familiar, though how it will be affected by the operation of local option is not quite certain.

By the time the Bill had reached this stage public interest had become centred on the probable action of the House of Lords. Nothing that was done on the Report was of a nature to affect their view of the situation. On the Bill as amended in Committee of the Lower House they had now to pass judgment. Were they to reject it on second reading, or so to sweat it in

Committee that Government should disown it and drop it? Was there any middle course between these two? If not, it seemed useless to go into Committee on a Bill the end of which was a foregone conclusion. And we do not see what middle course could be suggested which would not amount to a virtual surrender on the part of its opponents.

It was understood, however, that there was a party in the House of Lords who would probably prefer to read the Bill a second time, and return an expurgated edition of it to the House of Commons, unless the latter pleaded their privilege, which would debar the Peers from amending, and leave them no alternative but to throw the Bill out at once. The question of privilege as expounded by Sir Erskine May stands thus. The general principle is well known, namely, that Money Bills belong exclusively to the House of Commons, and that the Lords are forbidden to amend them. But there are two kinds of Money Bills. There are those which are essentially what their name imports—Bills brought in for the purpose of raising money, and nothing else, for imposing new taxes, or repealing old ones on exclusively financial grounds. There are others in which pecuniary provisions are subservient to some other object, necessary, that is, to give effect to important legislative changes — social, political, or religious. Here the money element is not of the essence of the Bill. The Lords, of course, would never think of offering to amend any Money Bills which affect the revenue only. But the Commons, while keeping alive their right to plead privilege in all cases, have occasionally consented to waive it with regard to Bills in which money matters were introduced, not for their own sake, but only as the means to an end which could not be attained without them. To insist on it against all such measures as these might often, as Speaker Abercrombie said in 1838, prevent the House of Lords from the due discussion of measures to which it was highly expedient that they should give the most careful consideration. When we went to press, it was still uncertain what course of action the Lords would finally adopt.

Of the two Education Bills now before Parliament, one will certainly pass this session. Of the other the fate is still in suspense. The Scottish Bill is not a big measure; but it contains provisions which at the present moment possess peculiar significance. The English Bill is defended on the ground that it removes a real grievance under which the English Nonconformists were suffering. The Scottish Bill is complained of because it leaves untouched a very real grievance under which the Scottish Nonconformists are suffering. In Scotland the Roman Catholics and the Episcopalians are the Nonconformists, and they are left in a pecuniary position so glaringly inferior to that of the Establishment that in the Com-

mittee debate of November 10 not one single speaker was found to support the Government in resisting the demand for its improvement. The Board schools receive 65s. a head for the children in attendance, the Voluntary schools only 40s. These last receive nothing from the rates because they are under no popular control. But as the cost of education is rising every day, the 40s. which is inadequate even now will be ten times more so in the future. Of this the Government must be well aware. They must know that without further aid the education given in the Voluntary schools must necessarily deteriorate, and the only conclusion we can arrive at is that they wish to starve them out, — a design with which we have been familiarised during the progress of the English Bill, the Nonconformists desiring all along to work it if they could in that direction.

Now it was observable during the debate in Committee, as it had been on the second reading, that the opposition of the Irish members to a state of things so hostile to their co-religionists was of a very lukewarm character, rather apparently for show than with any real intention of embarrassing the Government. They have shown the same disposition on several occasions lately; and now it is an open secret that another "compact" has been entered into with the Nationalists' leader, by which they on the one hand are to refrain from any serious opposition, while the Government on the other is to take up the question of Home Rule where it was left by Mr Gladstone. To find a parallel to this nefarious transaction we must go back to the reign of Queen Anne, when the Whigs agreed to support the Occasional Conformity Bill, the pet child of Lord Nottingham, which they had always vigorously denounced, provided that Nottingham, who had wept annually over the continuance of the war, would join them in censuring the Peace. The Nationalists now desert the Voluntary schools, of which they have been the recognised champions, and the Government adopt a policy with which at the last general election they indignantly disclaimed all connection.

However, we know now what we have got to expect; nor indeed ought it to be any surprise to us. It has been surmised all along that Government had Home Rule up their sleeve, to be played when circumstances should demand it. Circumstances, perhaps, have hurried them on a little faster than they meant to go, and by bringing their reserves into action at so early a period of the battle they betray a consciousness of weakness greater than, to judge only by the surface of affairs, the general public would have suspected. What is going on below that surface, however, is well known to those actively engaged in the game. The Government has no policy of its own as a Government, but has to take what it calls a policy first from one section of its followers and

then from another, who all get a little, but none of them as much as they want.

Other points in the Scottish Education Bill which the Government refuse to amend are the present distribution of areas, and the provision for attendance at continuation schools. The former are much too small, the consequence being that the local authorities are not as a rule the class of men to be entrusted with the control of education: so that there is some excuse in Scotland for the "bureaucracy" of which Mr Munro Ferguson so frankly proclaims his detestation. But there is none at all in England, as we have often shown. The other point which the Lords would do well to attend to is the enactment regarding continuation schools. It rests with the local authorities to enforce the attendance at continuation schools of young persons between fourteen and seventeen; and it is asserted, we think with justice, that this should be done directly, if done at all, by Act of Parliament, and not left in these limited areas to local option, and to the judgment of persons not always best qualified to form one.

Moreover, by the 5th subsection of the clause (cl. 9) a provision is introduced calculated to interfere very materially with the working of the Factory Acts. It enacts that if any person

"knowingly employs a young person at any time when his attendance is by any such bye-law required at a continuation class, or for a number of hours which, when added to the time required under any such bye-law to be spent at a continuation class, causes the hours of employment and the time so spent, taken together, to exceed in any day or week, as the case may be, the period of employment permitted for such young person by any Act of Parliament, he shall be liable," &c., &c.

This sub-section, if it becomes law, will embarrass many employers of labour rather seriously, and especially factory owners, who may find two hours of their working day cut off as regards boys and girls of sixteen or seventeen, whose labour is often very valuable.

On the English Education Bill Ministers have made concessions which will probably go far to help it through. Many people, doubtless, are weary of the controversy, and would accept almost any terms to get rid of it. The feeling, perhaps, is natural, but it is not altogether laudable. To yield to importunity what we do not yield to reason is always a confession of defeat. At the same time we have to consider facts. Further resistance, we may be told, can only end like the Sibylline Books. We had better settle with our enemy while we are in the way with him, than hold out longer and fare worse. This is the kind of view which always commends itself to the practical English mind: and on a large class of subjects it is often the most sensible one to take. Whether it is so on the subject of religious education we are not so sure. We can understand

earnest men thinking that it is better to face the worst than to jeopardise the truth.[1] The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, whose words we have just quoted, has come to the conclusion that if the clergy had the right of entry to the council schools to instruct the children of their own denomination in the religion of their parents, and also if the head teacher was empowered to give such instruction when required, provided he was willing to undertake it, a *modus vivendi* would be attained. To these conditions he afterwards added a third, and in the new Bill which the Government introduced all three were partially embodied, though with restrictions and reservations which sensibly impair their value. The head teacher may give religious instruction in transferred schools, but not in others. The local authority may prevent him from doing so if they think he is wanted elsewhere. And the whole arrangement seems to be only of a temporary nature. The latest suggestion made by the Archbishop has borne fruit in the shape of what we suppose will be known as "Association Schools," or schools which are "contracted out." That is to say, every religious denomination may form an association for the maintenance of denominational schools free from local or Government control, except as regards inspection and the ordinary requirements of efficiency and sanitation. They will receive a Government grant in proportion to the number of scholars, and this, though single school areas are excluded from the operation of it, seems a really valuable concession, though, till we have had more time to consider it, we can offer no final opinion on it. It should be calculated to mitigate to some extent both the injustice inflicted by the former bills and the danger to religious teaching which they equally involved. It may mitigate them. But will it remove them? If the Archbishop really believes, as no doubt he does, that to keep the controversy open would be more injurious to the Church and the cause of religion in general than the sacrifice by which he hopes to close it, the judgment of a prelate of such marked ability, such ripe experience, and such conspicuous loyalty to the Church of England, ought not to be lightly called in question. We must try to believe that the event will be as he desires. Yet we should be false to our own convictions if we laid aside all apprehensions or ceased to doubt that the prospect was far from reassuring.

It is the object of the Nonconformists, and of Dr Clifford especially, to habituate the people to regard the Church of England as a sect. To place her in a position in which she must necessarily seem to be playing second fiddle to the

[1] Archbishop of Canterbury, December 19, 1906: "There are more important issues even than peace."

Nonconformists is a step in that direction. The Bishop of Durham in 1906 called particular attention to this dishonest attempt to trade on the ignorance of the masses. We wish we could feel more certain that the right of entry will work as beneficially as those who are satisfied with it have taught themselves to expect. Moreover, even under the new arrangement the atmosphere would be changed.[1] Cowper Temple teaching itself would deteriorate,[2] and drift more and more towards a purely secular system. The children would soon come to feel that they occupied a subordinate position in the scheme of national education, and all who know children well can calculate the effect of that impression on their youthful minds. The Archbishop of Canterbury has, of course, foreseen all these objections, and regards the dangers which they indicate as the lesser of two evils. That they are not so considered by the great body of the English clergy is certain. It is not a question of dignity that they are fighting for. It is for the maintenance of that moral influence and prescriptive authority, the loss of which would seriously impair their efficiency as religious teachers.

Of the other measures reserved for the autumn session, the Eight Hours' Bill is the only one that requires any notice, and that must be very brief. But the Government announcement about relief for the unemployed is tarred with the same stick, and is not only mischievous but silly. The men most to blame for one of them, and indirectly perhaps for both, are the Trades Union leaders and agitators, who, it may fairly be said, "sin against light." For what is the use which is made of higher wages when the Trades Unions have extorted them? They are made simply an excuse for less work. A very large number of the skilled mechanics and artisans, more especially in the shipbuilding yards, generally work only four and a half days in the week, and on Saturdays, after pay, they devote it and Sunday to gambling and drinking, and Monday to recover from the effects of it. It seems, therefore, that the higher the rate of wages the less work is done. As the one rises the other sinks in proportion. If the men get their eight hours a-day they will still only work for four and a half days, and will still continue to clamour for higher wages, urged on by the Trades Unions, who regard the demand as only part of a righteous war against the capitalists. If the principle involved in this demand is allowed to spread we all know what it must end in. It is a thrice-told tale. When the Socialist enters at the door capital will fly out at the window. Our so-called merchant princes and millionaires, as they see their fortunes gradually diminishing, will retire

[1] 'Maga,' October 1906.
[2] Bishop of Oxford and Lord Lansdowne, 1906.

before the advancing wave of rapine, taking with them what remains of their wealth, and leaving the working classes to do without it as well as they can. Then when the Trades Unions have taught them to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs, their eyes will perhaps be opened; and they will turn and rend the teachers who, to further their own selfish designs, have led their miserable dupes farther and farther on the road to ruin, till—trade gone, the fund from which wages came destroyed, the wealth of the country so diminished that even Government is at the end of its resources — they are plunged in abject and apparently hopeless poverty.

It is high time for the Government to consider very seriously what they are to do with the unemployed, for if they continue to legislate on the principles which have hitherto distinguished them, they will soon have a very large family to provide for. They are creating unemployment, if we may coin such a substantive, as fast as they can.

Mr Balfour's speech at Cardiff was such an exposure of the incapacity, hypocrisy, and folly of our present rulers as has seldom if ever been held up to a misgoverned and misguided nation. Their absolute want of administrative or constructive ability is shown by their repeated collapses on the Education question, so that it was not till the Archbishop of Canterbury came to their assistance that they got out of the muddle in which they had stuck fast. But their unfitness for the position which they occupy is shown perhaps even more conspicuously by their total failure to take the measure of the House of Commons or to calculate the amount of business which it is capable of transacting in a single session. What Mr Balfour well calls their "insatiable appetite for legislation" is a disease to which Radicalism is liable, but which the present Ministers have taken in an unusually aggravated form, to the ruin of their own health and the temporary discredit of Parliamentary government. Mr Balfour repeated with great point and precision all that he had said in the House of Commons, and all that we have said in this article, as to the distinction, drawn by Government between on licences and off licences in relation to drinking. There is a great distinction no doubt. But it is just the inverse of what the Government Bill represents. If the public-house under police supervision is answerable for some amount of drunkenness, the grocer's shop and the working man's club under none at all are answerable for twice as much. Yet the publican is mulcted, while the grocer is allowed to go free. Mr Balfour paid an eloquent tribute to the vitality, energy, and activity displayed by the Church in Wales, and the progress she has made during the last half century. Threatened men live long, and we venture to predict that if a

Bill is brought in next session for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in that country it will only knock another nail into the coffin of the Government. The House of Lords has been threatened long, yet at the present moment it is probably stronger than it ever has been since the Reform Bill. Mr Birrell's penny trumpet, at all events, will not bring its walls down. But it was to fiscal reform that Mr Balfour gave the largest share of his attention. That is coming, and all the Mrs Partingtons in the world can't stop it. Of this Mr Balfour is quite sure. And he promises that when the Unionist Party are called on at no distant date to resume their duties, they will set themselves to the task of carrying out that policy in a practical shape.

Mr Balfour speaks in a very sanguine tone: and there seems to be a growing opinion in political circles that his return to power cannot be very long delayed. But the public must be patient as well as hopeful. Much is expected from the internal dissensions by which the Ministerial party is torn asunder. But we should remember Bailie Nicol Jarvie's description of the Highland clans: "They may quarrel amang themsells, and gie ilk ither ill names, and, maybe, a slash wi' a claymore; but they are sure to join in the lang-run against a' civilised folk that wear breeks on their hinder ends, and hae purses in their pouches." That reason will prevail in the long-run we may feel pretty confident; that the working man will recognise in time that in fiscal reform lies his best hope for the future we have no manner of doubt. But how soon a sufficient body of public opinion will be formed to override the combination of factions which now confronts us it is not so easy to say.

TO THE EDITOR.

PERSECUTION OF PROTESTANTS IN SPAIN: A RECENT TRIAL.

SIR,—In the last issue of 'Maga'[1] we had something to say concerning the disposition shown by the Church of Rome in Spain to persecute. We referred to attacks made on the Figueras Evangelical Mission, and spoke of the "social obloquy, lawsuits for alleged insults to the Church," and other forms of hostility to which it is exposed. The result of the lawsuit we had in our mind is now known, and the whole history can be told. It is one which ought to be made as public as possible, and commented on fully. We repeat it on direct evidence from the best source.

A few words of recapitulation will be pardoned, for they serve to make the case clear. There is a community of Spanish Protestants in the province of Gerona, aided by contributions from this country, but existing as a native and spontaneous movement. The director is a Spaniard, Pastor Don Luis Lopez Rodriguez, who is married to an Englishwoman. It is not superfluous to insist on the nationality of Don Luis, or to remind the reader that his wife is subject to the same political allegiance as her husband. If he and she were British subjects they would have a real protection against the malicious or pedantic application of the letter of the law when it was used against them. The Spanish Government might refuse to recognise the right of a foreign State to question the application of the law of Spain and in Spain. In form it would refuse. In practice it would act on the maxim, "Allá van leyes do quieren reyes"—the law goes as the king orders,—and would take care that its procurators-fiscal did nothing which was likely to cause trouble with other Governments. A Spanish subject has no such protection. The experience of the Figueras Protestants shows to what kind of pettifogging, but none the less injurious and even ruinous attacks, the Spaniard who ventures to separate himself from the national church may be subjected. The pretext on which the present attack is made is thus told by themselves:—

"In the village of Aviñonet, near the town of Figueras, in the province of Gerona, Spain, the death took place on December 7th, 1907, of a boy of five years of age, named José Gimbernat Bes, the son of Don José and Doña Enriqueta of Vilabertrán, members of the Evangelical Church there, and teachers in the Mission schools. The parents immediately advised the Director of the Figueras Mission of the death of their son, requesting him to conduct the funeral service on the following day. Accordingly they, accompanied by the Rev. L. Lopez Rodriguez and his brother Don Alexander, left

---

[1] "Spain To-day," 'Blackwood,' November 1908.

Figueras the next morning for Aviñonet, and went to the house of the child's grandparents, where the corpse lay, and there waited, whilst the father went to the Town Hall to obtain the permission from the Mayor for the interment to take place, that of the Judge being already in his possession."

He naturally applied to Don Luis Lopez Rodriguez to perform the burial service. Don Luis—no less naturally—came. He was accompanied by his brother Don Alejandro, who actually read the service—a duty entrusted to him because his voice is stronger than his brother's, and would be heard outside the limits of the cemetery—which, unless Aviñonet differs very much from other Spanish villages, must be a small strip of ground reserved for civil funerals. Except on such an occasion as this, a Protestant cannot perform a religious service in public in Spain. The Constitution forbids the public celebration of any religious ceremony other than those of the Roman Catholic Church. When Señor Tornos was asked a few years ago to read the burial service over an Englishman in Madrid, a mob collected outside the cemetery and kept up a continual howl of threats and abuse at "the renegade." The Director of the Figueras Mission, the Rev. Luis Lopez Rodriguez, had taken care to provide himself with all those judicial and municipal permits which must be obtained in order to perform the simplest function in Spain. The last obstruction in his way was removed by the Alcalde of Aviñonet—a friendly official whose friendship was to bring him into trouble. No sooner was the service over than the priest of Aviñonet hurried down to Gerona, and there obtained the help of the Bishop to set going a prosecution of Don Luis Lopez Rodriguez, his brother, the father of the boy, and the Alcalde of Aviñonet, on the ground that they had done an illegal act by performing the burial service over a boy baptised by him.

"At this juncture the mother confessed to her husband that the boy, soon after his birth, and during the absence of the father in Barcelona, had been baptised by the priest of Aviñonet. At that time she was a Roman Catholic. Her parents seized the opportunity to have the child baptised by the priest, who, by doing so without the father's consent, violated both ecclesiastical and civil laws."

As the child had in fact been baptised by the priest, until he had reached the age at which he would be free to choose his own religious community he was to be considered as a Roman Catholic.

The story of the baptism of Señor Gimbernat's son is characteristic. He was brought to the priest for baptism secretly —"the church doors being closed and the bells not rung, thus violating ecclesiastical and civil laws"—during his father's absence in Barcelona, and without his consent, by the mother, who was then a Roman Catholic, acting under pressure from her family. The doctrine of the Church in these cases is well

known. It was illustrated in the once famous case of the little Mortara, the Italian Jew child, baptised by the intrigue of his nurse, and therefore taken from his family by the Church. On this occasion the Church made no effort to carry off Señor Gimbernat's boy, and probably did not wish to assume the burden of supporting him. Whether the baptism performed on the sly and without the consent of the father was valid is a point on which the canon law and the law of Spain may be found to be in conflict. We need not discuss an obscure question, for it is very certain that if nothing had been at stake beyond the Catholicity of the child Gimbernat, nothing would have been done. Neither need we inquire what justification there was for a prosecution in the jungle of Royal Decrees issued to fortify Article 16 of the Constitution, which proclaims Roman Catholicism to be the religion of the State. Much may be found in that obscure region where Spanish lawyers lose themselves. The plain truth is that the excuse would not be sought for if the clerical leaders in the province of Gerona had not thought they saw a chance to crush the Evangelical Mission, to ruin the Rev. Luis Lopez Rodriguez, and to enable the immigrant French orders, which are settled all along the frontier, to acquire sequestered property.

The four persons we have named were prosecuted at Gerona. The reader must understand what a Spanish provincial law court is. It is not a tribunal composed of highly paid, irremovable, independent judges. It is composed of removable, ill-paid magistrates, who are resident in the chief town of the province, who are dependent on the goodwill of their neighbours not only for all the comforts of social life, but for the complimentary presents at the New Year and other perquisites which make it possible for them to subsist by their office. "El abad de lo que canta, yanta," says the Spanish proverb. The priest lives by the altar, and if his good offices are not sought for he starves. Gerona is a cathedral town, the see of a Bishop who at this moment is a known ultramontane and bigot. It is very clerical, and is the centre of a Carlist district. In such a place every kind of pressure would be applied to the judicial authorities, who themselves are probably clerical in sympathy. We cannot, therefore, be in the least surprised to hear that when the case came on for trial on the 26th October last, Don Luis, his brother, the Alcalde of Aviñonet, and Señor Gimbernat were all sentenced to two months' imprisonment, fines, and costs. The court had shown its animus against the Director of the Mission by compelling him, and him only, among the four defendants, to deposit £160 (a large sum in Spain) as security for costs. Don Luis would be singled out for exceptional treatment, not only because he is the head of the mission but because he possesses property—a building and a printing plant—which can be subjected to sequestration, and then sold cheap to the clerical party. Yet

the evidence that he had committed no irregularity was asserted to be clear by his counsel—so clear that this lawyer declared he did not need to address the court. It is, to be sure, as well to remember that counsel practising in a provincial court are subject to the same pressure as the judges, and must be either heroes or reckless fighters who use the law courts as a platform for political speeches if they are prepared to defy the social illwill which can prevent them from receiving any further briefs. It is manifest that the whole purpose of the trial was to ruin Don Luis Lopez Rodriguez, and to terrify the members of the Evangelical community and all who, like the Alcalde of Aviñonet, are disposed to allow them equal rights. There is an appeal to the Supreme Court at Madrid, and in the atmosphere of the capital, where foreign opinion has some influence, the fanatical, clerical, and ignorant prejudices of Gerona will have less sway.

An appeal is costly and of doubtful result always. The power of the Church will be used in Madrid as elsewhere, and it is great in all parts of Spain. We see from this story that it will persecute as far as it can, will make free use of chicane, and can dominate the law courts. The best chance for the fair treatment of dissidents in Spain is that the facts of such episodes as this should be reported abroad, and should be freely commented on; that Spain should be made to understand that it cannot expect to be considered as a free and civilised nation till it acts like one. Need we add that Spain will be materially aided in learning how to show toleration if the heads of the Church of Rome, who claim to be themselves fully tolerated, will set a good example by discouraging petty persecutions.—I remain, Sir, Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE "SPAIN TO-DAY."

INDEX TO VOL CLXXXIV.

Abbotsford, the purchase and laying out of, 624.
ALBUERA, A PRISONER OF, 425.
Ancestor worship, practice of, in ancient Egypt, 59.
ANCIENT CHRONICLER, AN, 779.
ANCIENT ROUTES THROUGH THE UPPER EGYPTIAN DESERT, BY: I. THE EASTERN DESERT AND ITS INTERESTS, 671.
APOCALYPTIC STYLE, THE, 545.
ARCADIA EGO," "ET IN, 114.
Artillery, early history of, Sir Henry Brackenbury's studies in the, 599 *et seq.*
ASQUITH, MR, 722.
Asquith, Mr, the administration of, as Home Secretary, 722—attachment of, to the New Liberalism, 724—the opportunism of, 725 *et seq.*
Athletic sports, the craze for witnessing, 303.
Atholl, some heroes of the House of, 650.
Avenues, antiquity of, 338—English examples of, *ib. et seq.*—references to, by Cowper, 344—various forms of, 345—kinds of trees suited for, 346 *et seq.*
AVENUES, CONCERNING ENGLISH, 338.
Balfour, Mr, speech of, at Cardiff, 873.
Banda and Kirwee prize money, story of the, 597.
Bengal, recent outrages by natives in, 417.
Black Watch, the, origin of, 643—joins the British Army, 644—sent out of Europe for first time, 645—2nd Battalion of, raised, 646—services of, in foreign lands, 647 *et seq.*
'Blackwood's Magazine,' Sir Walter Scott's appreciatory remarks on the first appearance of, 621.
Bombay, recent seditious acts in, 418.
BONES, THE DEAD, 729.
Brackenbury, Sir Henry, the Royal Artillery joined by, 593—service in India requested by, on outbreak of Mutiny, 595—return home of, invalided, 596—appointment of, as Assistant-Instructor in Artillery, 597—researches of, as to the early history of artillery, 599 *et seq.*—other literary work undertaken by, 602 *et seq.*—connection of, with the daily press, 741 *et seq. passim*—appointment of, as Professor of Military History at Woolwich, 744—friend-of, with Sir Edward Law, 745 *et seq.*—experiences of, as a war-correspondent, 750 *et seq.*
Bretteur, meaning of the word, 371—former examples of the, at Bordeaux, *ib. et seq.*
BRETTEURS, AN EXTINCT RACE, THE, 371.
BRIDGE, MRS BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON, 35.
Bright colours, predilection of the ancient Egyptians for, 65.
Brooke, Major William, the manuscript journal of, 425 *et seq.*—account of the battle of Albuera by, 427—wanderings and capture of, 428—subsequent experiences of, *ib. et seq.*—arrival of, in England, 448.
Brougham, Lord, eccentricities of, 138.
Brown, Lancelot ("Capability Brown"), the landscape-gardening of, 344.
BULLER, REDVERS, 123.
Buller, Redvers, the career of, 123 *et seq.*—record of, in the Zulu War, 124—achievements of, in South Africa, under Sir Gerald Graham, 125—appointed Wolseley's chief of staff, *ib.*—command of the Desert Column by, *ib.*—tactics of, as commander in the Boer War, 126 *et seq.*—relief of Ladysmith by, 127.
BUREAU, FOUND IN AN OLD, 258.

Cairns, Lord, the Chancellorship of, 135 *et seq.*
"Calling," the hunting of moose by, 222 *et seq.*
Campbell, Alexander, author of 'Albyn's Anthology,' Sir Walter Scott's friendship with, 625.
Campbell, Lady Caroline, eldest daughter of John, Duke of Argyle, marriage of, first, to Lord Dalkeith, 472—second, to Charles Townshend, 473—becomes Lady Greenwich, *ib.*
Campbell, Lord, 'Lives of the Chancellors' by, 129—varied career of, 139 *et seq.*
CANADA, MOOSE-CALLING AND MOOSE-HUNTING IN, 222.
Canada, the fight for the possession of, 23—name of, missing from regimental colours, 24.
Canterbury, Archbishop of, views of, as to religious education embodied in the new English Education Act, 871.
Champlain, Samuel de, founding of Quebec by, 144 *et seq.*
CHANCELLORS, THE VICTORIAN, 129.
Chelmsford, Lord, the career of, 131.
Chenab Canal, magnitude of the, 45.
Child-names, use of, amongst the ancient Egyptians, 66.
CHRONICLER, AN ANCIENT, 779.
Civil List Pensions, the recent Government return regarding, 573 *et seq.*
Clephane, Mrs Maclean and Miss Anna Jane, letters of Sir Walter Scott to, 620 *et seq.*
Cliques, congestion of business by, in the House of Commons, 279.
Cloche, James de la, son of Charles II., history of, 858—attempted identification of, as the Man in the Iron Mask, 860 *et seq.*
Closure, gross abuse of the, by Government, 278, 286 *et seq.*
Cochrane, Lord, the charge brought against, in 1814, 651.
CONCERNING ENGLISH AVENUES, 338.
Cranworth, Lord, successive promotion of, 130.
CRICKETER, MORE LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY, III., 49—IV., 214—V., 376—VI., 504—VII., 683.
Cricketers, duty of, to join the new Territorial Army, 306 *et seq.*
CRIMINAL CASE, A, 389.
DEAD BONES, THE, 729.
DECAY, PERSIA IN, 408.
DEFENDERS OF KYONKADON, THE, 203.
Devonport, military life at, fifty years ago, 594.
Disruption of 1843, principles involved in the, 615.
Dominica, the Cheshire Regiment entitled to bear the name of, on its colours, 29.
Douglas Cause, the Great, 476—judgment in, 477.
DOUGLAS, FRANCES, LADY, 471.
'Edward FitzGerald and "Posh," Herring Merchants,' by James Blyth, notice of, 150.
EGYPT, 200.
Egypt, true character of the ancient inhabitants of, 58 *et seq.*
EGYPTIAN DESERT, BY ANCIENT ROUTES THROUGH THE UPPER: I. THE EASTERN DESERT AND ITS INTERESTS, 671.
EGYPTIANS, TEMPERAMENT OF THE ANCIENT, 58.
Eight Hours' Bill, Trades Union attitude towards the, 872.
El Tor, the pilgrimage port of, description of, 469.
El Wej, changed character of the port of, 468.
English Education Bill, the religious difficulty in the, 870—enactments as to religious teaching in the new, 871.
English roads, character of, 400 *et seq.*—improvement of, on introduction of mail-coaches, 402—injury to, by motor-cars, 403 *et seq.*
"ET IN ARCADIA EGO," 114.
Evelyn, John, references to avenues in the 'Sylva' and Diary of, 340 *et seq.*
EXPERIMENT, THE LABOUR MEMBER'S, 319.
EXTINCT RACE, AN: THE BRETTEURS, 371.
Ferdinand, Duke, the campaigns of, during the Seven Years' War, 24.
Fez, a journey from Tangier to, 558 *et seq.*—Moulai el Hafid's residence at, 564 *et seq.*—an audience with Hafid at, 566 *et seq.*—lavish hospitality at, 569 *et seq.*
Figueras Evangelistic Mission, persecution by the Church of Rome of, 875.
FitzGerald, Edward, friendship of, for Joseph Fletcher ("Posh"), 150 *et seq.*
Folk-tales, the, of the ancient Egyptians, 66.
Football-players, duty of, to enrol in the Territorial Army, 307 *et seq.*
FOUND IN AN OLD BUREAU, 258.
FRANCES, LADY DOUGLAS, 471.
Franco-British Exhibition, description of the, 274 *et seq.*
'Fraser's Magazine,' Sir Henry Brackenbury's connection with, 603 *et seq.*
Froude, J. A., Sir Henry Brackenbury's literary friendship with, 605 *et seq.*
GAPING GHYLL, 93.
Gaping Ghyll, the Yorkshire cave called, a descent of, 95 *et seq.*—description of the bottom of, 99 *et seq.*
GARDEN, THE HOP: Canto I., 289—Canto II., 535.
Gardens, affection for, by the ancient Egyptians, 64.

Gladstone, W. E., founding of Glenalmond by, 614 *et seq.*—issue of cheap edition of Lord Morley's 'Life' of, 702 *et seq.*—the prolixity and casuistry of, 704 *et seq.*
Glenalmond, founding of the school at, 610—the first masters of, *ib. et seq.*—prejudices of Scottish Presbyterians against, 613 *et seq.*—schoolboy life at, 616 *et seq.*
GOVERNMENT AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS, THE, 862.
Guadaloupe, taking of the island of, from France, 28—name of, not found on regimental colours, *ib.*
Guillotine, abuse of the, by the present Government, 278, 286 *et seq.*
Hafid, Moulai el, the new Sultan of Morocco, an audience with, 566 *et seq.*
Halsbury, Lord, legal pre-eminence of, 133.
Hannah, Dr, recollections of, as Warden of Glenalmond, 612.
Hare, Sir John, the retirement of, from the stage, 267—the acting of, *ib. et seq.*—the stage-management of, 269.
Hatherley, Lord, character and career of, 132.
Havanna, capture of, by Britain, 30—absence of the name of, from several regimental colours, 31.
Henslow, Philip, the 'Diary' of, notice of, 406.
HEROES OF PERTHSHIRE, THE, 643.
Herschell, Lord, the legal attainments of, 133.
HIGHLAND SCHOOL SIXTY YEARS SINCE, A, 610.
HISTRIONIC POLICY, A, 277.
HOLLAND HOUSE, 833.
'Holland House Circle, the,' by Lloyd Sanders, notice of, 835 *et seq.*
Holland House, description of, 833—possession of, by the Fox family, 835—the distinguished society at, 839 *et seq.*—present condition of, 850.
Holland, Lady, early marriage of, 836—marriage of, to Lord Holland, 837—the literary *salon* of, at Holland House, 839 *et seq.*—last days of, 850.
Holland, Lord, marriage of, to Lady Webster, 837—character of, 838.
Holy Trinity, a visit to the monastery of, 775.
HOP GARDEN, THE: Canto I., 289—Canto II., 535.
House of Lords, new responsibilities thrown on the, 287.
HOUSE OF LORDS, THE GOVERNMENT AND THE, 862.
Indentured labour in South Africa, extravagant language of some writers regarding, 554.
India, planning of new villages in, 42 *et seq.*—unpopularity of the Irrigation Department of, among European engineers, 47 *et seq.*—attitude of natives of, towards British rule, 415 *et seq.*—manufacture of bombs in, 419—Government measures for suppression of disorder in, 421 *et seq.*
INDIAN CANAL, ON AN, II., 39—III., 191.
Indian Mutiny, hardships of British troops during the, 596.
Indian weir, the construction of an, 41 *et seq.*
Ingleborough, the great cave of, 94.
Irish Universities Bill, object of the, 284.
Iron Mask, the Man in the, doubtful identification of, 856—origin of the story of, 857—a new solution of the mystery of, 858 *et seq.*
Irrigation Department of India, unpopularity of, among European engineers, 47 *et seq.*
Jhelum Canal, construction of the, 193 *et seq.*
Jiddah, the port of, description of, 460 *et seq.*—arrival of pilgrims from Mecca at, 464 *et seq.*
'Journal of Elizabeth, Lady Holland, the,' edited by the Earl of Ilchester, notice of, 836 *et seq.*
'Journal of the Siege of Gibraltar, a,' by Captain Spilsbury, notice of, 709.
Journalistic style, the, of the present century, 545 *et seq.*
JUNE, THE NEW, I.-IX., 1—X.-XVI., 153—XVII.-XXIII., 349—XXIV.-XXXI., 483—XXXII.-XXXVII., 752—XXXVIII.-XLVI., 789.
Kashmir, the journey from Rawal Pindi to, 114 *et seq.*
Kent, William, the landscape-gardening of, 343.
Khan, Hassan Ali, a conversation with, 412.
King Solomon's Mines, the identification of, 678.
Kirchdenkern, the name of, absent from list of regimental honours, 27.
KROBO HILL, THE TAIL GIRL OF, 517.
KYONKADON, THE DEFENDERS OF, 203.
LABOUR MEMBER'S EXPERIMENT, THE, 319.
'Lady of the Lake,' forecast of the, 623.
Land Values Bill, defeat of the, 283.
Landscape-gardening, the, of William Kent, 343—of "Capability Brown," 344.
Law, Sir Edward, the career of, 745 *et seq.*
LEAVENED: The Constitutional Caliph, 821—The Philosophy of Hassan Ali, 825—My Cook, 828—Belteshazzer, 830.

Le Nôtre, André, avenue-planting by, 339.
Licensing Bill, the, Committee stage of, 863—some iniquities of, 864 *et seq.*—Report stage of, 867 — question of privilege regarding, 868.
LIFE IN NORTHERN NIGERIA, 310.
LIMIT, THE, 449.
'Lives of the Chancellors,' Lord Campbell's, characteristics of, 129.
Lloyd-George, Mr, the speech of, in favour of peace, 398 *et seq.*
Love-songs of the ancient Egyptians, examples of, 61 *et seq.*
Lyndhurst, Lord, brilliant career of, 134 *et seq.*
Mail-coach, performances of the, in bygone times, 402.
Mall, the, recently planted plane-tree avenue at, 348.
'Man of the Mask, the,' by Arthur Stapylton Barnes, M.A., notice of, 858 *et seq.*
Martinique, contest between France and Britain for possession of, 29—conquest of, in 1809, not commemorated on regimental colours, 30.
MEMORIES OF MY SPARE TIME, 1856-1885, SOME: I., 593—II., 741.
Meteora, the, or Mid-Air Monasteries, a visit to, 772 *et seq.*
Meteoron, a visit to the monastery of, 777.
MID-AIR, MONASTERIES in, 772.
'Military History of Perthshire, a,' edited by the Marchioness of Tullibardine, notice of, 643.
MISSING REGIMENTAL HONOURS, II., 22.
MONASTERIES IN MID-AIR, 772.
Montcalm, magnanimous conduct of, 148.
MOOSE-CALLING AND MOOSE-HUNTING IN CANADA, 222.
Moose, hunting of, by "calling," 222 *et seq.*—the trade in heads of, 232.
MORE LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY CRICKETER, III., 49—IV., 214—V., 376—VI., 504—VII., 683.
Morritt, Mr, of Rokeby, Lady Douglas's friendship with, 479.
Motor-cars, destruction of roads by, 403 *et seq.*—needed reforms in use of, 405.
MOULAI EL HAFID, A VISIT TO, 558.
MR ASQUITH, 722.
MRS BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON BRIDGE, 35.
Music and dancing, cultivation of, by the ancient Egyptians, 67 *et seq.*
MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD: *July*, 144—*August*, 267—*September*, 397—*October*, 572—*November*, 702—*December*, 851.
'My Story' by Hall Caine, notice of, 707.
Napoleon I., Lady Holland's hero-worship of, 842.
National army, the present effort to create a, 304—call to members of cricket and football clubs to join, 306 *et seq.*
Nationalists, Government compact with the, 869.
NEW JUNE, THE, I.-IX., 1—X.-XVI., 153—XVII.-XXIII., 349—XXIV.-XXXI., 483—XXXII.-XXXVII., 652—XXXVIII.-XLVI., 789.
NIGERIA, LIFE IN NORTHERN, 310.
North America, the contest with France for the possession of, 23.
NORWAY, REINDEER-STALKING ON THE HIGH FJELD OF, 104.
Old Age Pensions Bill, passing of the, 280—defects of the, 281 *et seq.*
Olympic Games, the, at Shepherd's Bush, 271 *et seq.*
ON AN INDIAN CANAL, II., 39—III., 191.
Ophir of the Bible, identification of the, 678.
Oxford, life of a present-day student at, 735 *et seq.*
Patriotic appeal, use of the, by certain writers, 551 *et seq.*
PERSECUTION OF PROTESTANTS IN SPAIN: A RECENT TRIAL: TO THE EDITOR, 875.
PERSIA IN DECAY, 408.
PERSIA IN TRANSITION, SKETCHES OF: The Nemesis of Naib Mahamed, 579—The Story of the Expert Artillerist, 583 — In the Shadow of the Blue Mosque, 590—The Wages of Sin, 713—The Opinions of Rahmat Khan, Duffadar, 714—The Passing of the Georgians, 719.
PERTHSHIRE, THE HEROES OF, 643.
PILGRIMAGE, PORTS OF, 460.
Plane-tree avenue, the recently planted, at the Mall, 348.
POINT OF VIEW, THE, 759.
POLICY, A HISTRIONIC, 277.
PORTS OF PILGRIMAGE, 460.
"Posh" (Joseph Fletcher), friendship of Edward FitzGerald for, 150 *et seq.*
PRISONER OF ALBUERA, A, 425.
Public school, life of a boy at a modern, 729 *et seq.*
Punjab, the, importance of irrigation in, 39 *et seq.*
Purchase in the army, Sir Henry Brackenbury's efforts for the abolition of, 608.
Quatre Bras, the name of, missing from regimental honours, 33.
Quebec, the tercentenary celebration at, 144—founding of, by Samuel de Champlain, *ib. et seq.*—present-day aspect of, 147—capture of, by Wolfe, 148.

REDVERS BULLER, 123.
REGIMENTAL HONOURS, MISSING, II., 22.
REINDEER-STALKING ON THE HIGH FJELD OF NORWAY, 104.
Romantic Revival, the, of the nineteenth century, 546.
Roosevelt, Mr, resemblances between William II. and, 851 — undignified conduct of, 853 *et seq.*
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, Mr Hall Caine's biography of, 707 *et seq.*
Saffron Hill murder case, recollections of the, 598.
"Saints, the," claim of the 69th Welsh Regiment to commemorate the name of, on its colours, 33.
SALEH: A SEQUEL, XII.-XVIII., 74—XIX.-XXVII. (Conclusion), 234.
Scott, Lady Frances, the posthumous daughter of Lord Dalkeith, childhood of, 473 — life of, in Dublin, 475 — marriage of, to Lord Douglas, 478—hospitalities of, at Bothwell Castle, 479 *et seq.*—character of Jeanie Deans probably drawn from, 482.
SCOTT, SIR WALTER, SOME LETTERS OF, 620.
Scott, Sir Walter, visit of, to Lord and Lady Douglas, 480 — friendship of, with Lady Douglas, 481—character of Jeanie Deans by, probably drawn from Lady Douglas, 482.
Scottish Education Bill, the, Voluntary complaints against, 868—Government policy regarding, 869 *et seq.*
Selborne, Lord, the prestige of, 137 *et seq.*
'Short History of the Black Watch, a,' notice of, 643.
SIXTY YEARS SINCE, A HIGHLAND SCHOOL, 610.
SKETCHES OF PERSIA IN TRANSITION: The Nemesis of Naib Mahamed, 579—The Story of the Expert Artillerist, 583 — In the Shadow of the Blue Mosque, 590—The Wages of Sin, 713—The Opinions of Rahmat Khan, Duffadar, 714—The Passing of the Georgians, 719.
Snake-charming, an exhibition of, 559.
Socialism, want of sympathy with, amongst the working classes, 727.
SOME LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, 620.
SOME MEMORIES OF MY SPARE TIME, 1856-1885: I., 593—II., 741.
Spain, gradual improvement in the material condition of, 692 *et seq.*—the political administration of, 694 *et seq.*—power of the Roman Catholic Church in, 697, 875 *et seq*—intrusion of the French orders into, 699—the hopeful outlook for, 701.
SPAIN TO-DAY, 691.
Spanish Protestants, persecution in Gerona of, by the Roman Catholic Church, 875 *et seq.*
SPORT AND THE TERRITORIALS, 303.
Sports of the ancient Egyptians, examples of the, 71 *et seq.*
Srinagar, description of the city of, 117—life at the English quarter of, 118 *et seq.*
St Barlaam, a visit to the monastery of, 775 *et seq.*
St Leonard, Lord, eminence of, as a judge, 132 *et seq.*
St Lucia, the victory of 1778 at, 32—the name of, not found on regimental lists, *ib.*
'St Paul's Magazine,' Sir Henry Brackenbury's contributions to, 607.
St Stephen's, a visit to the monastery of, 772 *et seq.*
Statesman, distinction between a politician and a, 723.
Stow, John, early life of, 779 *et seq.*—admission of, to the Company of Merchant Tailors, 781—the quarrels of, 782 *et seq.*—literary labours of, 785—skill of, as a chronicler, 786—character of, 788.
STYLE, THE APOCALYPTIC, 545.
Sugar Convention, Government acceptance of the, 285.
SUMMER VENTURE, A, 174.
'Survey of London, a,' by John Stow, notice of, 779 *et seq.*
Sweet River Canal, construction of the, 196 *et seq.*
Tabriz, description of, 408 *et seq.*—the citadel of, 410—the present situation in, 413 *et seq.*
TAIL GIRL OF KROBO HILL, THE, 517.
TEMPERAMENT OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS, THE, 58.
Territorial Army system, the, theory of, 811—the six months' training under, 812 *et seq.*—results of embodiment under, 819.
TERRITORIALIST'S POSITION IN TIME OF WAR, THE, 811.
TERRITORIALS, SPORT AND THE, 303.
Tombs of ancient Egypt, light thrown by, on the character of the inhabitants, 59 *et seq.*
Townshend, Charles, marriage of, to Lady Dalkeith, 472 — the brilliant career of, *ib. et seq.*
Trollope, Anthony, a visit to the home of, 607.
Upper Egypt, some journeys in the desert of, 671 *et seq.* — the ancient gold-mines of, 677 *et seq.*—the quarries of, 680—means of locomotion in the desert of, 681.
VENTURE, A SUMMER, 174.

VICTORIAN CHANCELLORS, THE, 129.
'Victorian Chancellors, the,' by J. B. Atlay, notice of, 129 *et seq.*
VIEW, THE POINT OF, 759.
Villages, planning of new, in India, 42 *et seq.*
VISIT TO MOULAI EL HAFID, A, 558.
WALDEN, 631.
WALL, THE WRITING ON THE, 415.
Walpole, Horace, references to the daughter of John, Duke of Argyle, in the letters of, 471.
WAR, THE TERRITORIALIST'S POSITION IN TIME OF, 811.
Warburg, importance of the victory of, 25—the name of, should be added to list of regimental honours, 26.
"War-Song of Lachlan, High Chief of Maclean," Sir Walter Scott's first draft of the, 622.
Waverley Novels, Sir Walter Scott's denials of the authorship of the, 626.
Wellinghausen, the action of: *see* Kirchdenkern.
Wells, value of village, in the Punjab, 40.
Westbury, Lord, instability of, 141—judgment of, in the 'Essays and Reviews' case, 142—caustic utterances of, *ib. et seq.*
Wild-deer, stalking of, in Norway, 104 *et seq.*
William II., resemblances between, and Mr Roosevelt, 851—the indiscretions of, 852 *et seq.*
Wolfe, General, career of, 148—capture of Quebec by, *ib. et seq.*
Wordsworth, Dr Charles, recollections of, as Warden of Glenalmond, 610 *et seq.*
WRITING ON THE WALL, THE, 415.
Yanbo, the port of, arrival of pilgrims for Medina at, 468.
Yorkshire, the three mountain-masses of, 93 *et seq.*

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

BLACKWOOD'S
MAGAZINE.

No MCXVIII.

Contents for December 1908.

The Dead Bones.

Some Memories of My Spare Time, 1856-1885.—II.
By General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Brackenbury, G.C.B.

The Point of View.
By "Ole Luk-Oie."

Monasteries in Mid-Air.

An Ancient Chronicler.

The New June.—XXXVIII.-XLVI.
By Henry Newbolt.

The Territorialist's Position in Time of War.

Leavened.
The Constitutional Caliph—The Philosophy of Hassan Ali—My Cook—Belteshazzer.

Holland House.

Musings without Method.—
William II. and Mr Roosevelt—The Folly of Rulers—The Man in the Iron Mask—A Son of Charles II.—One Mask and Two Faces.

The Government and the House of Lords.

To the Editor—Persecution of Protestants in Spain: A Recent Trial.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

PRICE 2/6

Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.

By the Author of 'Captain Desmond, V.C.'

Fourth Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Great Amulet.

"A very fine and vital piece of work."—*Outlook.*

By MAUD DIVER.

"One of the best novels of the season."—*Daily Mail.*

"The scene once more is the Punjab and the Frontier, and some of the characters in Mrs Diver's previous novel, 'Captain Desmond, V.C.,' appear again. A powerful and interesting book."—***The Times.***

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

THIRD LARGE IMPRESSION.

SHILLING EDITION.

Maud Diver's Popular Novel.

CAPTAIN DESMOND, V.C.

1/- net. **1/- net.**

At all Bookstalls.
At all Bookshops.

Handsomely Bound in Cloth, with Coloured Illustrated Wrapper.

ONE SHILLING.

THE COMPLETE BIBLE in Modern English.
4th Edition. 10s.

THE NEW TESTAMENT in Modern English.
6th Edition. 2s. 6d.

The People's Edition NEW TESTAMENT. 1s. 7th Edition.

ST PAUL'S EPISTLES.
1s.

By FERRAR FENTON, M.R.A.S.

"I think it a *very able* version."—The Right Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, D.D.

"Many of your new renderings are very striking and attractive."—The Rev. A. H. Sayce, D.D., Professor of Assyriology, Oxford University.

London: S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co.
New York, U.S.A.: HENRY FROWDE, 29-35 West 32nd Street.

AP
4
B6
v.184

Blackwood's magazine

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY