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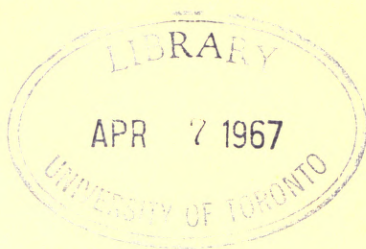
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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

JOHN MAXWELL'S MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THEY passed, as they had come, through the shattered doors, and at the entrance to the courtyard they found the trooper standing musket at the ready, while beyond him surged a crowd of fierce unkempt men and boys, some with sickles, more with black-thorns, one or two with old rusty guns. At the sight of Hugh a yell went up, and the foremost made a dash to clutch him. The sentry raised his piece to his shoulder. Hugh struck it up, and the bullet flew high.

"Stand back," he shouted. Then, quick with his words, he spoke to them in Irish, wild cries interrupting him. But gradually the tumult subsided before the imperious young face and voice.

He stopped; then "Here, Paddy," he said, signing to one of the foremost. "Come and tell Sir Garrett what I was telling you."

Paddy, a tall muscular fellow with an enormous shillelagh, stepped forward with a grin. "You were saying, your honour, that Sir Garrett thought there was a gentleman hiding in the Castle, and he had a right to look for him, for he is a justice of the peace. But sure we all know Sir Garrett, and if so be he looks for him quiet and easy, not a one of us was to annoy him or the sojers."

"You hear, Sir Garrett," Hugh said, turning with a bow. "These people merely wish that you should not exceed your duties. I can't open the doors for you, since, as you see, they are locked from within. But I make no opposition to your forcing them. You may go on now, sergeant. Sir Garrett, will you come with me?"

"I shall report every word of this to the proper authorities, sir," Lambert answered. "And if there is any attempt to rescue—"

"You may report and be damned," said Hugh. And leading the way he went and proceeded to give his orders.

Sullenly the men obeyed this new authority. Axe and beam worked for a full half-hour before the door yielded and the stair was open.

"Here, you see," said Hugh, "is the next room," as he pointed to a vacant apartment some fifteen feet square; "my own room, I may say, Sir Garrett. Would you wish to look under the bed? No one there? Then shall we go higher?"

The stairs climbed winding for some thirty steps, till another door was reached.

"The locks up here are weak," said Hugh. "Ah, I thought so," as they burst in. "Our lumber-room, you will observe. Do you care to look round? There does not seem to be any one here either."

"Troth, then, I will take a wee look," said the sergeant, doggedly thrusting himself forward. He felt that he had been made a fool of, and was keen to come level with his opponent. In a moment he had flung aside a pile of fishing-nets that hung over the whole of one wall, and disclosed the pointed arch of an opening that led to a stair let into the wall's thickness.

A shout went up.

"Ah was just thinking them stairs was a wee thing higher nor the room below," he said. "Ye're a smart lad, Mr. McSwiney, but there's them that's no fules neither."

Hugh looked hastily at his watch. It was now an hour and a half since he had parted from Maxwell. Another few minutes might make all safe.

"Sir Garrett," he said politely, "I regret that I had overlooked this. It only leads to what we call the dungeon, a room that is never used. The stair is a little awkward. May I show you the way?"

The men grinned as they saw the twinge of fear that overspread the baronet's face as he remembered Macnamara's pistols. He affected to take no notice. "Sergeant," he said, "go and see where that leads to. You had better be on your guard."

"Ah'm thankful to ye for the warning," said the sergeant derisively, as he struck a light. "Mr. McSwiney will just need to show me the way, and then if there's any shooting—" He nodded emphatically.

Hugh laughed. "Give me the light, sergeant," he said, adding as the man followed him down the dark corkscrew of the stair, "ah, I was afraid so. This door is iron, and it is locked also."

"Let me in at it," said the sergeant, shoving him back. "Ay, she's lockit. Weel, then, whoever locked

it may just take the chance, for I'll blow it on him." And with that he fixed to the lock the petard which he had prepared, and, before Hugh knew what he was doing, touched the fuse. "Run now for your life," he cried. "Stand back inside there." And hurrying and scrambling the two tumbled up the stair. In a moment there was a heavy explosion with a cloud of foul smoke, and, answering the explosion, a scream.

"Lord save us, yon's a wumman!" cried the sergeant. But Hugh was already down the stairs, and the men, rushing after him, saw by the light of a tiny lancet window a small room full of smoke, and in it Hugh, standing by a petticoated figure, who continued to omit screams, broken with hysterical laughter.

A trooper caught her roughly by the arm and dragged her up-stairs into the light, while the sound of a hand vigorously applied to his face was audible above.

"God damn the bitch," he cried, as he pushed her staggering into the room, "she has the eyes out of me!" And, in fact, scars adorned both his cheeks, while Kate, dishevelled and defiant, shook herself together.

"Where is Mr. Macnamara?" stormed Lambert at her. "Speak up now, or, by God, you'll swing for it!"

"Och, speak easy, and don't be frightening a poor woman," said Kate, setting her arms akimbo. "Is it Mr. Macnamara? Sure I never seen him since a while back, and he bid me lock myself up, for there was a wheen dirty blackguards coming. And the sorrow a lie he told, then, bad cess to the whole of yez."

"We'll be the laugh of the countryside for this job," said a trooper to the sergeant, chuckling in spite of himself. "Damn, but she tricked us fine!"

But as he spoke, there was a rush of feet upon the stairs, and in a moment the hillside mob were in the room; and, flinging themselves on the soldiers, half of whom had dropped their muskets in the confusion, they overpowered them.

Hugh leaped forward. "Steady, boys; what are you doing? Don't touch these men."

At the sight of him, and at sound of his voice, the scuffle ceased, but not till every musket had been seized.

Paddy came forward apologetically. "Sure, Master Hugh, when we heard the report we were sure they were killing you, and you wouldn't ask us to sit still. What were they doing at all?" he added in Irish.

Hugh pointed to Kate, who needed no prompter. "Breaking into a quiet house they were, and blowing a decent woman up with gunpowder. Ah, if I had you, ye ould goat," said she, shaking her fist at Lambert, "'tis I would pin a dishclout to the tail of you."

A general titter went round the gathering, even the soldiers joining, till Hugh interfered, bidding Kate be silent. But it was not easy checking Kate once fully set going, and she continued in an audible aside: "The likes of him to be courting Miss Grace! The dirty renegade!" and similar interjections continued to flow from her, while Hugh peremptorily insisted that the arms should be returned to the soldiers.

"And now," he said, "sergeant, there is a room above, Perhaps if you and Sir Garrett come with me it will suffice."

Sulkily they went after him, Lambert signing for two others to follow. The next room was empty, but its window commanded a full view of the bay, and to this Hugh strode eagerly across; and there, her white sails filling under the westerly breeze,

he saw what he desired to see—McLoughlin's schooner.

"Sir Garrett," he said, with a low bow. "I am now in a position to inform you. Mr. Macnamara, I make no sort of doubt, is aboard of yonder vessel."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN the meantime, while Hugh was drawing the pursuit westward, Maxwell dismounted hastily at the Castle, and after giving to Kate the orders which she so thoroughly executed, ran to the shore, and, stripping his boots off, plunged into the tide which now spread almost from bank to bank. The nearest point of Douros was close on a mile away, but he knew his bearings and waded rapidly through half a mile of shoal before he was waist deep. Then progress grew slower, and soon he had pulled his coat off and was swimming. It was a long two hundred yards before he felt ground again and waded up to the point from which Mary had ridden pillion all these years before. The thought of it came back to him as he drew on his boots again, hiding behind some bushes; but in a moment the sight of Lambert's troopers on the Castle wall recalled him to a sense of nearer preoccupations. Well screened, he ran along the path,—now scarce discernible where it once had been so trimly kept—and, following the shore for nearly a mile, he came as he expected on Neddy, paddling up close by the rocks to visit his lobster-pots. The curragh was hailed; in a moment it shot in behind a point of rocks that screened it from the Castle, and presently the two men were pulling for dear life to the little bay beyond the shoals where McLoughlin's schooner lay at her moorings.

Up anchor and away at half a

minute's notice was no new word to the smuggler ; there was a man ashore, but that mattered little, and Maxwell with good will helped to haul the sail a-peak. But as the canvas drew, and the boat forged ahead under the fair breeze, a sudden exhaustion came over him, and he flung himself on a coil of ropes and stared back at the shore.

Once before he had left Ireland, he remembered, but then his eyes were bent ahead. Then he had youth's curiosity, and also youth's pride and confidence. Now, all he knew was that he vehemently and passionately desired to stay. Everything seemed botched and incomplete. The disclosure of himself, so long deferred, could now never be made as he had planned to make it ; even the meeting of mother and daughter, that he had so laboured to bring about, was marred in the very making. Everything seemed wrong, hopeless, thwarted.

He had risked his neck on a political mission only to come back reporting what he knew before he set out. That was not a brilliant achievement. He had found a daughter, truly, and yet had not found her, had never established a claim on her memory. He had done something for her, a thing she desired, and yet he had done worse than nothing. He had been the means of taking her from the woman she really loved, who really loved her, to give her to that mother between whom and her was the mere bond of whim on the one side and fancy on the other.

And his own life—his life ! He had gone out before, young and poor, but young and rich in hope. He went out now, not old, not poor, but still with the burden of work heavy on him, with full knowledge of the rut in which he must move ; dreadfully lacking in desires, since that one desire which might have transfigured existence must now be quenched.

There was no doubt of the future, he thought. The girl would go with her mother ; she would be drawn into the fashionable life of some English town ; she would marry a rich man. Hugh, if he were lucky, might find his way through the volunteers to a commission, and would in ten years' time be a poor subaltern over whose head a dozen rich young fellows had bought their promotion ; while his mother, lonely in her tower, sorrowed over old days in Castle Carrig.

So he thought, as he lay there wrapped in a tarpaulin ; so he pondered, and so he bit his lips over his failure, while the boat, without a sail shifted on her, ran steadily out past Ganiamore Head and the Turk Rock in the last hour of daylight ; past the Mouth of Mulroy Water and the Binn of Fanad in a gloaming where the stars came out ; past the broad opening of the Swilly and the treacherous strands of Trawbreega ; and past Malin Head itself in the darkness, under smother of mist and cloud, as the skilful pilot picked his way by a sort of divination through the Sound of Inistrahull, and held across the open for the Antrim coast and a southward run down Channel.

Meanwhile at Castle Hayes the women waited ; Grace had never known that an afternoon could be so long. She was new to anxiety. Days had seemed endless to her again and again at Carrig because time was too empty, never before because time was too full.

Emotions had been crowded into those few hours : first, her mother's coming ; then, hot-foot upon that, the warning and Macnamara's flight. That had left her confused, scarcely able to realise what happened. Lost in the thoughts of the meeting with her mother, she had never found occasion to realise that this companionship with the man who knew her father

was drawing close to its end; and when so suddenly the end was announced, a pain wholly unlooked for seized upon her heart, and then, and only then, she knew that she had never really understood that he must leave her. And the way of parting, too, woke new emotions; this strange tenderness, so near to roughness, of the clasp of the man's hand spoke of a wrench that he felt as well as she. Who was this man? What was the tie that bound him and her together, so that parting seemed to tear great fragments out of their lives?

And while all these thoughts suddenly leaped into her consciousness, she heard, as if in a dream, angry railings. Isabella was furious. Inconsiderate, ungentlemanlike, deceitful, abominable—Mr. Macnamara was all of these. "It would serve him quite right to be taken."

Grace heard her with a kind of horror, and, as if shielding herself from a blow, began hurriedly and automatically to frame excuses. Certainly it had been inconsiderate; certainly her mother had a right to be angry. And yet—what was the cause that had kept him? What but the desire to serve and please both her mother and herself?

And now Mary came in, and Isabella promptly turned on her with fierce words. So, cried the angry woman, she was in the secret of the affair! What right had she, in her position, to countenance such a person? But probably it was part of her training; every papist was schooled in deceit.

Grace crept away to the farthest corner of the room and tried not to hear, while Mary stood with her face quiet under the storm. Isabella demanded explanations, but Mary shook her head; and before more could be said, riders swept down the road and dashed up to the door.

Then, indeed, Mary had spoken. Isabella was for going out to tell the whole story, and explain her total disapprobation of all rebels. But Mary checked her. "You shall do nothing of the kind. You shall sit down here and leave me to talk to these men. Mr. Macnamara was here by your invitation; he stayed at his risk to see you, by your own wish. He would have been gone days ago if you would have kept your appointments. You shall not betray your guest."

"What nonsense, Mary," Isabella had answered. "Why, the others have gone on after him. It can make no difference, and I do not see why I should be made to compromise myself. Betray, indeed! Why, the man is a traitor."

But for all that she had remained in her seat, while Mary, with a look of fierce scorn at her sister, had gone out and parleyed with the men, drawing them on by denials to search the house and outhouses, even the turfricks; till at last, angry and discomfited, they rode slowly away after the rest, but not till a good hour had passed.

And then the waiting had begun. Grace, thinking over all she had seen and heard, as she sat there in her chair, white-faced and silent, told herself that it was only natural for a person who was tired and frightened and put out to be a little cross. Yet still, even so, her mother might have more perception. For there stood Mary at the window, minute after minute, hour after hour, straining her eyes to watch the road from Slieve Alt, with a fear in them for what she might see. And Isabella had no pity,—no pity for any one but herself. "Why did I ever come near this miserable, disorderly, uncivilised country?"—that was the burden of her lamentations. And never once did the

answer that was on Grace's tongue appear even to dawn in her mother's mind. There was no hint of the new-found daughter. The whole field of Isabella's consciousness was taken up by discoveries that the fire smoked, that the sofa was hard, that the room smelt musty.

Worst of all, perhaps, in the girl's estimate of these shortcomings, was the fact that Isabella had said not a word about Hugh. And yet, thought Grace, Mr. Macnamara said he had told her—told her the great secret. Ruefully, as Grace looked at her mother, she realised that her mother would scarcely think the great secret so important a matter. And yet, if it was only for his mother's sake, she might perhaps have found a kind word to say about Hugh, who had so peremptorily claimed for himself a share in the danger,—for Hugh's look had been as decisive as his mother's word.

The girl's spirit sank lower and lower as the imperfections of this wonderful mother one by one revealed themselves. While Mary watched the road, Grace watched Isabella for some sign of relenting, some kindlier change, some dawn of a sympathy. But Isabella only kept up her dropping fire of complaints, and Grace, accusing herself more and more of disloyalty, was harder and harder set to frame excuses. And the worst was that nothing would induce Isabella to go to her room and lie down. She sat rigorously on, and her presence kept apart the other two women, who but for her would have faced that trial in full communion of spirit, but now were divided, lonely, and miserable.

And so, minute by minute, the slow hours ebbed away.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was growing dusk in the grey evening, and Mary was still at the

window. Suddenly she cried out, "Why, Grace, here are two gentlemen coming from Letterward."

Grace ran over to her. "Mr. Martin and Colonel Hamilton," she said. "I am sure it is they. What can bring them?"

"Mercy," said Isabella, "this is too bad! Visitors at such a time! Well, I shall tell Martin what I think of him for sending that man to me."

And she preened herself before the glass till the pair were shown in.

The little agent advanced first, a dapper elderly figure; his bow, though somewhat stiff, was still quick and workmanlike.

"Welcome back to your own property, madam. I am sorry I did not know to meet you in Derry. Mrs. McSwiney, Miss Grace,—your servant. Mrs. Maxwell, may I present to you an old friend, Colonel Hamilton?"

"Alec Hamilton in the old days," said the Colonel, now a handsome man of middle age, as he shook hands with his hostess, "when Isabella Nesbit was the belle of the county. Yet I can hardly hope to be remembered, and I would not intrude to-day but for an unlucky business which I deeply regret."

Isabella swept a curtsey. "Indeed, Colonel Hamilton, I remember you very well. You mean this shocking affair about Mr. Macnamara. You cannot regret it more than I do. He seemed such a well-bred person, in every way the gentleman. I could never have believed it of him."

"Believed what, may I ask, Mrs. Maxwell?" asked Hamilton a little sharply.

"Why, what he told me himself,—that he was one of these canting fanatical rebels. Yes, Colonel Hamilton, he avowed it to me himself in this room."

"And so, madam," put in Martin, "you only learnt this to-day?"

"Mr. Martin," she retorted sharply, "what do you take me for? Do you suppose that I would knowingly allow a man of such principles to come under my roof, to converse with my daughter?" Then, with a change which was indeed only natural, she cried, "Why are you both looking at me so curiously?"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Maxwell," said Hamilton. "Am I to understand, then, that this Mr. Macnamara, whom neither Martin nor I have ever met, was a total stranger to you?" He laid an emphasis on the last words which puzzled Grace, who was listening with all her ears, alive to a hint of something that lay behind this dialogue.

"The most absolute stranger," she replied. "Except that you, Mr. Martin, gave him an introduction, at the request of my sister here," she added acrimoniously.

Mary turned her head; she was still at her post by the window. "He was an old friend of mine," she said, "and he was a friend of Grace's father."

Again Grace thought she detected a note of hidden meaning. Alec Hamilton came over to her, where she sat near her mother, and he seated himself by her on the sofa.

"Was he indeed, Grace? Did he talk to you about him? I wish I had met him. Did he say your father was much changed?"

"Colonel Hamilton," Mary put in peremptorily, "we all here are the friends of Mr. Macnamara. It seems that he has to fly and may be taken. I think, then, that the less we say rashly about him the better."

Still there was apparent to Grace the same hint of innuendo. She wondered that her mother did not

feel it. But Isabella was too much occupied in disowning acquaintance.

"Indeed, I have no wish to talk about Mr. Macnamara,—or any other disagreeable subject," she added meaningfully. "Ring the bell, my dear," she said to Grace, "and we will get some refreshment for these gentlemen; they will need it after their ride. Light the candles, girl," she said to the servant who answered the bell, "and draw the curtains to shut out this miserable evening. And bid Thomas mull some claret at once. Mary, I wish you would not stay for ever staring out of that window; you give me a headache."

Loath enough, Mary moved away, and Colonel Hamilton crossed the room towards her as if for private speech. But Isabella called to him: "Come over here, Colonel Hamilton, and tell me what you mean to do. I hope if Mr. Macnamara should be so unfortunate as to be taken, our names may be kept out of the business."

Grace started forward. "But, surely, mother," she cried, "you would not wish to forsake a friend."

"My dear child," her mother answered, "that is a very improper way to talk. I have never forsaken any of my friends, but then none of my friends ever came to me under false pretences. And I must say that, in my opinion, Hugh's accompanying this person was a thing that I should never—"

Her sentence was cut short by the sound of trampling on the gravel. Without a word Mary ran to the door. Colonel Hamilton said a quick phrase of excuse and stepped out, Grace following him, into the hall, where the damp evening streamed in grey and cold through the open door. Outside were vague forms and sounds of horses and riders.

"Hugh! Are you there?" Mary's voice was heard calling.

"Yes, mother. He's safe."

Grace caught the sound, and a thrill of joy in her answered the ring of pride in the lad's voice.

"Well, Lambert," said Hamilton, striding out, "what luck had you?"

"We have one of them," was the answer in a sullen snarl.

"One of them?" Hamilton asked in surprise.

"Ay, young McSwiney."

Hamilton broke into a great jolly laugh. "Hallo, Hugh," he cried, "what's this? Were you trying to escape and join the rebels? Come here to me."

But there was no answer for a moment. Then the sergeant's voice was heard. "Wait a wee, Colonel. We hae him tied and I'm just unstrapping him."

"Tied!" cried Hamilton with an oath. "Who bid you do that?" And hurrying over to Hugh, he helped to unfasten the thong that bound him to the saddle, while the sergeant's nasal voice continued an explanation, in a tone of contempt. "'Twas juist Sir Gairrett's orders, Colonel. He was feared the young gentleman might escape. But, says I to him, if he wanted to escape, what hindered him when he had the whole of the papists in Douros at his back, and not a gun in one of our hands."

"Indeed," said Hamilton, "and where were your guns?"

"Pointing at the heads of us, Colonel. And says I to myself, thon young fellow gave us fair play, and I would like well he would get it."

"I don't understand a word of this," said Hamilton. "Come in, Hugh, and answer for yourself. Lambert, will you come too, please,—and make sure that your prisoner does not escape," he added, with a tone that was not lost on the listeners. "Come you also, sergeant."

But as Hugh stepped into the hall, Mary and Grace each caught him by an arm. "Oh, Hugh, I am so glad," cried Grace. But Mary said nothing, only clasping him the tighter.

And so the procession, headed by Colonel Hamilton, marched into the drawing-room, where Isabella sat nervously indignant, with Mr. Martin doing his best to pacify her.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Maxwell," said the Colonel; "but I must make an examination of this matter, and as you are all concerned in it, I should be glad to do so here."

"Oh, pray do not apologise, Colonel Hamilton," answered Isabella resentfully. "I have been so put out to-day that a little more makes no difference."

Hamilton seated himself, while Hugh, with the sergeant at his elbow, stood before him.

"Now, Hugh, a clean breast, please. When Mr. Macnamara left here—I wonder how he got warning," he said severely—"you accompanied him?"

Upon this hint Hugh began, and narrated the events of the day, briefly and modestly, but not without a kindling eye. And his mother and Grace watched him with growing pride, while the sergeant every now and then interjected a detail. As the narrative proceeded, Lambert's face, in the background, grew angrier and redder, and Hamilton's relaxed more and more into mirth. And when at last Hugh came to the discovery of Kate, the Colonel's laughter was fairly unrestrained. "Surely, Lambert," he said, "you did yourself no justice. You got another prisoner. Why did you not bring her with you?"

"Lord help us, sir," put in the sergeant, "it was as much as a body's life was worth to touch her. Man, but yon was the play-boy! Mr. McSwiney, ye didn't tell the Colonel

how she was for pinning a dishclout to Sir Gairrett, and all the names she called him. I mind them rightly, Colonel, if ye wad like to hear them?"

"Not now, sergeant," said Hamilton. "Let me hear the end of this."

Hugh finished his recital. "That is all, Colonel Hamilton; except, indeed, that I gave my word not to attempt to escape, and I procured Sir Garrett and his men a safe passage; but when we were clear of the people, he had me tied as you saw."

"Sir Garrett is already aware what I think of that proceeding," said Hamilton, his upper lip drawing itself back a little. "But now, Hugh, we come to the point. You have assisted Mr. Macnamara to escape from His Majesty's forces as represented by six men of the regiment which I command. What excuse can you give for doing so?"

"Mr. Macnamara was my mother's guest," said Hugh, drawing himself up.

"And did you know what reason he had for dreading pursuit?"

"I knew that he thought pursuit possible, but I did not know the reason. I guessed, of course, that he was a rebel."

"Did he urge you to rebellion?"

"On the contrary, Colonel Hamilton; he advised me to join your volunteers."

But at this Lambert started forward. "Note that, Colonel Hamilton. The man was a spy, and he persuades papists to attempt to become enrolled in the volunteers."

"I have noted it," Hamilton answered coldly. "Then beyond this," he went on, "you have no knowledge of what business brought him to this country?"

"None at all," answered Hugh.

"And yet he must have had business to keep him where he knew his life was in danger?"

"I suppose so," the lad said.

"But you know nothing?" Hugh shook his head.

"Then," said Hamilton, turning to Mrs. McSwiney, "I must ask you if you can throw any light on this matter. You also knew of the danger? Can you assign a cause why a gentleman who was a rebel to the king should risk his neck in this country?"

"I can," said Mary quietly. And again Grace, by whom she sat on the sofa, noted the significance in her voice, the hint of something unrevealed. She held her breath with expectancy.

Isabella, who had not left her great armchair by the fire, turned to her sister with a look of sullen surprise. The men watched curiously, and Grace felt all the eyes focussed on the single point.

"Then, Mrs. McSwiney," said Colonel Hamilton, "will you explain?"

"Not before Sir Garrett Lambert," Mary answered firmly.

"Come, madam," said Lambert with his gross laugh, which came a little forced, "this is vastly fine, but there shall be no hanky-panky. I am a justice of the peace, and in charge of this matter."

"I think you mistake, Lambert," said Hamilton, in his slow speech. "You appear here as that useful person, an informer. The order for Mr. Macnamara's arrest was not signed by you, and the men whom you took with you are under my command. Martin and I are both of the commission, and two of us suffice if Mrs. McSwiney objects to your presence. Sergeant, will you open the door for Sir Garrett. You may take the men back to Letterward. I will be answerable for Mr. McSwiney."

Baffled and furious, Lambert stood for a moment, refusing to move. Then

the sergeant with a grin, now unrestrained, walked over to him. "Sir Gairrett, I wadna be for stopping ower long. Thon lass might be after ye with the dishelout."

A smile from Hugh, a low chuckle from old Martin, a roar of laughter from Hamilton, and the man was gone. The sergeant stood in the door, the grin still sitting inconspicuously on his hard features.

"Guid-nicht to ye," he said, "Colonel, leddies, and gentlemen. Guid-nicht to ye, Mr. McSwiney. I tellt ye I wad see ye got fair play." And the door closed behind him.

Then Hamilton rose, and planting himself before the fire he spoke. "Mrs. McSwiney, I may tell you at once that suspicion has fallen on your friend Mr. Macnamara of being an agent of rebellion. If he had been taken he would have had to answer for it. As it is, the only question for me is whether Master Hugh here must be regarded as an accomplice."

"His religion gives some colour to that view, you will see, Mrs. McSwiney," put in Martin.

"Mary, I told you you should have brought that boy up a Protestant," said Isabella pettishly. "See the trouble this involves us in."

"Wait a bit, Mrs. Maxwell," pursued Hamilton. "Martin here has arrived at a conjecture which would sufficiently account for this gentleman's presence at Castle Carrig. And his guess agrees with certain rumours that have reached me from the neighbourhood of Douros. So if Mrs. McSwiney can give us a satisfactory reason we shall have no need to inquire further into this gentleman's doings."

Mary rose from her seat, and for the first time Grace saw her tremulous. "I will give you the reason, Colonel Hamilton, since I must, and since I perceive you guess it already. The

gentleman who has been my guest—who was here to-day in this house—is known to all of us here. He is my sister's husband and Grace's father, your friend John Maxwell."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE first to break the silence was old Martin. Turning to Hugh, who stood beside him thunderstruck, he grasped both his hands, and shook them with a comic energy. "Well, Hugh, we are all obliged to you. You did not know what a good turn you were doing this day." Then crossing the room to Mary, he shook her hands also. "Did you ever hear of such an escape?" he said; and, bending over her, he added exultantly in a whisper: "I knew it was he the minute I heard of that three thousand. I never knew but one man to be such a fool with money."

But Mary put a warning finger on her lips, and signed towards Grace. "She must not know of that," she said.

Isabella had drawn herself bolt upright on her chair, her face flushed, her blue eyes aflame with sullen anger. Everybody in the room saw her displeasure except Grace, who, bewildered and plunged into a whirl of thoughts, scarcely seemed to have her senses.

But Martin recalled the girl to herself. Bustling up to where she sat on the sofa, he took her hand. "My dear young lady, I have wished for this many a time. I have wished your father could see you, and you could see your father."

Grace recovered as from a swoon, and drew her hand across her eyes. "But he is gone—I never knew." Then suddenly she cried: "Aunt Mary, why was I not told? Why did you not tell me? Why did not my father tell me?"

All the anger that through that day, and days before, had been gathering in Mary's heart suddenly flashed into life. Her mind was full of pity for the exile; she had known what exile meant. And now that Isabella was there, she forgot that the girl's devotion had been to an ideal mother; she resented bitterly what seemed Grace's perverse partisanship.

"Why?" she answered sharply. "Do you not remember that the first moment you met him you began to tell him what a wicked man your father was? And how you went on telling him that you hoped you might never see your father, but that you wanted your mother? Now do you understand?"

The girl hid her face in her hands. "Oh!" she cried, with a sob of sharp pain. "But he knew; he must have known; he knew that I liked him."

"Yes" said Mary, still remorseless, for her eyes were on Isabella's face, "and he meant to take you with him to America, when this business with Sir Garrett came to break up our home. But there,—you know yourself what you asked him to do. Well, you have your wish, and he has gone away lonely."

Grace rose to her feet, and with a lithe quick girlish motion she crossed the room, and threw herself on her knees beside her mother, putting her arms round Isabella's stubborn waist. "Mother," she said passionately, "what can we do for him?"

But Isabella pushed her roughly away—to arm's-length only, for the girl clung to her. "Have you no heart, child?" she said. "Have you no feeling for your mother? This is the second time he has turned his back on me. Let him go; that is all he wants."

The girl's face altered suddenly, and there came into it the look of one who sits in judgment. She spoke now,

not pleading, but in the tone of deliberate reasoning. "He had no choice. He risked his life for us. Would you have had him stay to be taken?"

But the stubborn folds had set themselves hard about Isabella's mouth, and she answered harshly: "I desire you will speak no more of it, Grace. You will come away with me to-morrow from this detestable country."

But she was met now by a will as strong as her own,—finer tempered, more intelligent, and yet not less hard. The girl rose to her feet. "I cannot do that," she said simply, yet there was a note in her voice that made the words a sentence of judgment. It struck unexpectedly on Isabella's ear. She looked about her, and all the faces that she saw were set in condemnation of her. She was left alone, and for the first time she knew her loneliness. She appealed in a sudden despair to her child. "Grace," she cried, with a mixture of anger and pleading, "what is the meaning of this?"

Tears welled up into the young girl's eyes at this change in one so authoritative. But her mouth remained stern. "Mother," she said, "I will go where you please, and do what you will, if you and I are in agreement. But I am my father's child as well as yours. He risked his life to bring you and me together. He never thought of himself. You and I must think of him."

Isabella's face grew obdurate at the opposition. "Once for all, Grace, let there be an end of this. If you are to come with me, and live as a lady should, that man's name must never be mentioned to me. He was a rebel and a spy, and he has deserted and deceived me. That is all I have to say about it. If you come to me you must give him up, and your aunt here who helped him to cheat me."

Grace's figure stiffened like Isabella's own; she drew her head high. "Then," she said, "mother, if that is your last word, here is mine. I will stay with Aunt Mary till I can go to my father."

And so in the end John Maxwell was not left lonely. On the next day Isabella's great coach rolled back along the same road by which it came, she refusing in sullen resentment to mix further in the affairs of people who had treated her with so little consideration. True to her word, she neither helped nor hindered. But the interest on the three thousand pounds' mortgage (at six per cent.) was paid punctually by old Martin to Miss Grace Maxwell as the mortgagee had

directed. The first intention was that the household at Castle Carrig should remain on its original footing, and that Hugh should endeavour to join the volunteers. But age makes plans, and youth breaks them; and before a year was out Mary McSwiney found herself driven to renew her interest with certain influential folk in France to procure the promise of a passage under safe convoy for herself, her son, and her niece to the revolted States. There Hugh McSwiney, like his father, married young, and like his father chose a military career. And, as John Maxwell said, there were great advantages in having a soldier for a son-in-law, since it enabled a man to see so much more of his own daughter.

THE END.

THE ARGENTINE FARM.

THE growing quantities of food-stuffs which are yearly imported into England and South Africa from the River Plate in direct and successful competition with our own colonies have only of late received proper attention. It is imperative that we should know whether the sources of this supply are temporary or permanent, whether the Argentine output will prove to be a mushroom growth, sinking as quickly as it has risen, or whether it is destined to be a steadily increasing factor in the problem of England's food-supply.

Thirty years ago Argentina was buying flour for her own consumption from the United States. In the whole country there were then only 500 miles of railroad. Her station owners led a patriarchal life on the unfenced prairie among long-horned herds and short-woolled flocks, whose surplus was absorbed by Indian tribes raiding to within fifty miles of Buenos Ayres. To-day the export of bread-stuffs from those same prairies is £20,000,000, and the export of meat, alive and dead, with its hides, wool, and other by-products, is worth over £22,000,000. The length of railroad in operation exceeds 10,000 miles and fresh lines are yearly projected. In spite of political and other drawbacks it is estimated that there are £200,000,000 of British capital invested in the country. The security for this capital is wide, as wide as the Republic itself. Staple manufactures there are none; mines have hitherto proved unprofitable; forests are quickly worked out. It is on the monotonous fertility of her pampas, on the broad

bosom of Mother Earth herself, that Argentina's prosperity is based.

The 1,200,000 square miles of the Republic are divided in nearly equal proportions between forest, mountain-range, table-land, and prairie. In this last-named formation, comprising but one-fourth of the total area, is centered nearly all the country's wealth and commerce. The Pampa of Buenos Ayres is the bed of a sea which formerly lay in an immense horseshoe. Its western boundary was the Andes; to the north and east it lapped the hill-slopes which rise to the central plateaus of Bolivia and Brazil. When the land emerged in its present form, the silt of half a continent was carried down by the subsiding waters and deposited on or about this basin. The greatest depth of this alluvium is naturally found on the banks of those channels where the River Plate and its confluents now run, and there the black surface loam is from four to seven feet thick. A strip of about 500 miles long and 150 miles broad comprises this coast zone, beginning at the southern entrance of the Plate estuary and following the coast-line above the Parana delta as far as the town of Rosario. A rainfall of thirty inches, occurring mostly during winter and early spring, fills a series of lagoons, large and small, which in their turn overflow in numerous watercourses to the coast and encourage a luxuriant growth of rich grasses. Here is the stronghold of the small agriculturalist, the dairyman, the breeder of fine stock, and, more especially south of Buenos

Ayres, the sheepfarmer. Its pastures will support through the year one cow or three sheep to the acre, and in good seasons double that number. Their value varies from £3 to £8 per acre, according to the proximity to a railway or port, or to the capital itself. Locally these coast-farms are known as "inside camps,"—camp, in Argentine parlance, signifying land only.

Journeying westward over the plains towards the Andes the black soil steadily diminishes, till at last only a shallow chocolate tinges the sandy surface. But the subsoil, which was the ancient ocean bed, is uniform throughout. It is mostly composed of a loose marl, in which there is a great quantity of free lime, and its thickness as it overlies the bedrock is anything up to a thousand feet. The watershed which flows down the Andes to meet this deposit is completely absorbed by it. The streams continue their route to the coast underground, in strata which roughly follow the surface contours and are separated from each other by horizontal layers of clay hardpan formed by the action of the water itself on the soil. A rainfall of only fifteen inches is absorbed by the thirsty plains long before the fat meadow grasses of the coast can establish a foothold. These central pampas, or "outside camps," extending over 100,000 square miles, are a prey in their natural state to a wiry bunch-grass whose hard, feathery plumes sweep a horse's belly, but will only support one sheep to every three acres, or one-tenth the stock of the refined coast pastures. Judged on this basis outside camp land was offered ten years ago at a few shillings the acre; it is now worth a sovereign an acre and prices are still rising. The reason of this advance is not solely due to the railways, which had

traversed this zone twenty years before. It is based on the potential wealth of an inexhaustible water-supply, lying only thirty feet below the sandy surface. The agency by which it has been possible to use this wealth wholesale, which has enabled railroads, constructed through a desert, to quote their present shares at a premium, is alfalfa.

Lucerne, or *medicago sativa*, to give alfalfa its European and scientific names, is a nitrogenous plant. That is to say, in common with the clovers and plants of the pea family, it has the property of accumulating nitrogen, the most necessary, as it is also the most expensive, of all chemical manures. On land where it can be induced to grow freely, no forage plant can compare to alfalfa either in the work of soil-renovation or in point of actual production. The Argentine pampas are the adopted home of the plant, where it requires neither irrigation nor manure, and where its roots have been found penetrating the loose soil for over sixty feet. Fields which have been laid down more than thirty years show no signs of falling-off, even under the stress of continued grazing. With irrigation alfalfa yields from ten to fifteen tons of cured hay per acre, which is equal in nutriment, weight for weight, to wheat bran. On the green plant all sorts of growing stock thrive, from dairy cows to poultry. An experiment under Government auspices was carried out last year, at the time of summer drought in New South Wales, when 1,625 sheep were penned for four months on twenty-two acres and a half of irrigated alfalfa, being an average of 75 sheep to the acre. The alfalfa was cut and fed to the flock daily; two sheep died, three were killed, and the result over the whole flock was a slight increase in weight,—a truly remarkable performance.

In Argentina, however, the best argument in favour of the plant is the increased acreage laid down to it yearly by the farmers. The area under the plant has risen from 1,000,000 acres in 1888 to 3,706,000 acres in 1901, an increase of 370 per cent. in twelve years. But this does not accurately reflect the present returns, for although official statistics are as yet wanting it is known that the acreage sown during the two past seasons has been on an unprecedented scale. Three large land-owners in the province of Cordova are laying down 400,000 acres between them this year. Yet they are only the more striking examples of a policy which, in a greater or less degree, is being pushed by every progressive station-owner in the central pampas, a district which, as we have seen, measures over 100,000 square miles.

This wholesale conversion of barren prairie into improved pasture land, involving the constant creation of new tillage areas and the abandonment of the old, places the Argentine farmer upon a very different footing from his competitors elsewhere. In most new countries agriculture is undertaken for the sake of the direct profit to be gained from it, and the farmer owns, or aims at owning, the land upon which he is often a life-resident. This system tends toward intensive culture on sections varying from 100 to 500 acres in extent. But in Argentina, outside the coast belt and a small radius near the larger inland towns, the farmer is a nomad whose profit depends on, and in most cases is only made possible by, the enhanced value accruing to the land and its owner from his passing tenancy,—a period which varies from three to five years only. The usual contract between owner and colonist in such

cases is one whereby the latter undertakes all expenses connected with sowing and harvesting the crop, paying in lieu of rent a percentage of his harvest, varying from eight to twenty per cent., according to the distance at which it must be delivered to the nearest railway-station. The owner gives nothing but the bare land, fenced; but in most instances he will advance working animals and provisions and generally guarantee the colonist's credit until harvest-time. In the final year of the contract the colonist sows the seed of alfalfa or mixed grasses with his grain. When the grain crop is taken off, the owner turns in his animals without more ado, and the colonist takes up a fresh section. More than half the 3,000,000 tons of grain exported from Argentina during the past twelvemonth were probably grown on some such agreement. While making all allowance for the growth of proprietary farms on the rich coast lands (the greatest linseed-producing area in the world), it is this system which is responsible for the expansion of Argentine farming to-day. Lands thus treated more than quadruple their grazing value and ensure a certain profit in the end, even though the nurse-crops should fail to pay expenses, which, by the way, is not often the case. On these outside camps of Argentina wheat can be grown at a profit under cost price. For it is not wheat-growing proper; it is an operation by which the land-owner writes off a greater or less discount, according to the season, from the cost of his real work, the laying down, to wit, of valuable permanent pastures. That this process cannot go on indefinitely is self-evident, but as yet only one-seventh of the available farm-area of the Republic has felt the plough. Meanwhile agriculture may be likened to a wave which, sweeping inland from

the coast, leaves green fields and grazing herds behind it.

Agricultural expansion under such conditions has only been possible by a corresponding effort on the part of the railways which serve the district. Cheap transport is always vital to a young country, especially when, as in this case, the bulk of its products consists of foodstuffs. The traffic carried on the waterways of Argentina is very small. Her self-contained rivers take their source in the Andes and without exception are shallow, uncertain, and torrential. The giants Parana, Paraguay, and Uruguay, which unite to form the Plate watershed, tap a tropical region where the white man does not flourish. Despite its long coastline the country has, excepting only Bahia Blanca, no good natural harbour between Buenos Ayres and the Straits of Magellan. The task of opening out the country has fallen, therefore, almost entirely upon the railroad, and railway development, following the line of least resistance, has again been chiefly confined to the pampa district. This is served by four great lines, namely, the Great Southern, the Buenos Ayres and Rosario, The Pacific, and the Western of Buenos Ayres. These lines are registered as English companies and total over 7,000 miles of road between them. They are worked entirely under English management and are a standing proof of British energy and enterprise in the River Plate. In 1894 the capital invested in their combined lines was £47,000,000 and the price of their ordinary stock, which may be taken as a fair barometer of their wage-earning capacity, averaged £85 for the £100 share. In 1902, eight years later, the capital account stood at £70,000,000 and the value of the ordinary stock averaged 108. This means that while £23,000,000 extra capital had been

invested during those years in the pampa railroads of Argentina, their earning capacity had also increased by twenty-five per cent. over all. This result is the consequence of constructed lines, not to connect arbitrary political centres, but in order to open new districts to the stock-breeder and the colonist. A comparison between the freights charged on Argentine and Australian railroads will be of interest in this connection. The figures here given are for the three main classes of pastoral produce per ton-mile, averaged over all the lines in each country for all distances up to 500 miles.

	Wool, per ton.	Sheep, per head.	Cattle, per head.
Australia ..	49/2 ..	1/0½ ..	12/4
Argentina..	30/5 ..	11½ ..	6/3

The physical features of the country through which these roads have been constructed are in both cases very similar. In Australia the lines are owned by the State; in Argentina they are private property, over whose administration the State exercises a right of veto. Setting details of management apart, we may therefore conclude that the difference in favour of the Argentine producer is mainly due to the superior fertility of his land. This not only enables him to grow a greater bulk of produce within a given area, but to do so with greater certainty, conditions which operate automatically in favour of low freights all the world over. Argentine railroads are less concerned at the present moment with creating internal traffic than with the need for terminal facilities in the way of new ports, docks, and the like, in order to cope with a congestion of produce which recurs regularly with each busy season.

We have seen that the agricultural interest of the Republic, great as it is, is yet inferior to, and in

some cases dependent on, the stock-breeder, and it is doubtful whether this order will ever be reversed. It is on meat, not corn, that Argentina takes her stand. Richer expanses of land, and of greater extent, await the plough elsewhere; but there is no portion of the globe better adapted for the successful rearing of all kinds of live stock. This is a fact which no farmer who has ever travelled for twelve hours by rail into the country at the back of Buenos Ayres will try to dispute. The colonist here is not discouraged by the droughts of Australia, or by the barrenness of the African veldt. He has not to struggle against the inequalities of New Zealand land and climate, or the severity of the long Canadian winter. The climate of Argentina is as a whole healthy and bracing, and from north to south, through 2,000 miles of latitude, stock graze the year round in open paddocks. No time need be lost in clearing land before starting work on the pampa. The cheapest land for its quality in the world awaits the plough on a treeless, stoneless level. The plagues which afflict plant and animal life do not attain the same proportions here as elsewhere, perhaps by reason of the better rainfall and because lands are yet so lightly stocked. The visitations of the locust are confined to a comparatively small area of the Riverine and Santa Fe provinces; the prickly pear, the thistle and the rabbit seem powerless to spread; and all this although Government protective measures are sadly wanting, and the police are incapable of properly enforcing such as are enacted.

A conservative estimate of the live stock in Argentina to-day places the sheep at 110,000,000 (more than in Australia and New Zealand combined) and the cattle at 25,000,000, or two-thirds of the number of horned

stock owned by the United States, the premier cattle country of the world. When the pampas, which now stand idle or unfertile have been brought under the influence of the wire fence and the gang-plough, the Southern Republic will easily carry double its present stock, and that without calling upon the yet undeveloped resources of Patagonia. With a clear political horizon and a home population of only 5,000,000 souls, the Argentine out-put, if the present ratio of increase is maintained, seems within a measurable distance of controlling the world's meat-market.

A side-issue of the Argentine stock-farm, ten years ago wasted or disregarded, now bids fair to take a place among its leading exports. In 1895 the butter sent from the Plate to England was 390 tons; in 1902 it was 3,000 tons. The export for the current year cannot fall far short of 10,000 tons. One firm alone is manufacturing at the rate of 6,000 tons per annum, and during the past twelvemonth over 200 creameries have been established. This rapid growth of the dairy industry is greatly assisted by the fact that four-fifths of the cross-bred herds in the country are already of the Shorthorn strain, a breed which combines better than any other the requisites for both a dairyman's and a butcher's cow.

Thus far we have dwelt upon the bright side of the picture only,—a hospitable climate, accommodating railways, virgin acres waiting to enrich the pioneer. Why, then, under such favouring conditions, does the influx of labour to Argentina not keep pace with her influx of wealth? Why is there no rush to take up grants under her very liberal homestead law? No panegyric can gloss the fact that in the face of the greatest wave of prosperity which the Republic has yet

known, immigration is practically at a standstill.

With all their rich inheritance,—perhaps because of it—the Argentine people have shown small capacity for the practical administration of affairs. The patriotism of their statesmen is obscured by politics, and politics, especially in matters of finance, have too often degenerated into mere expediency, dictated in the interests of party. It is but justice to state that, on the whole, the aims of the Federal Government have made for righteousness. Nevertheless in practice its aims are frequently hampered and even opposed by the provincial legislatures, to which an unwise autonomy has been granted. For instance, it is of small benefit to the farmer that Government remits an export duty on his produce, when each State through which that produce passes on its way to the coast retains the power of levying an arbitrary toll upon it. Flawed title-deeds, resulting from inaccurate or contradictory surveys, are a source of constant litigation. The too elaborate machinery of the law is congested with business, and long delays in judgment are fatally reflected in the country's commerce, which has an often quoted and true saying, "Better a bad compromise than a good lawsuit." The domestic machinery of rural districts, on which so much of the amenity of a settler's life depends, is badly administered, and, outside the province of Buenos Ayres, often entirely neglected, save in the matter of collecting taxes. At the same time the insecurity of life in these provinces has been much exaggerated. Civilisation has advanced her frontiers here with little friction, for the native-born Argentine is indolent, if not exactly pacific in disposition, and his respect for a uniform placed in authority over him is born of his own

ambitions in that direction, should the Fates prove kind. The police are under-manned and under-paid both in town and country, but the majority of assaults on the person and on property are found in the towns, where a large number of unskilled immigrants, recruited from the lowest classes of Latin Europe, naturally congregate. The bush-ranging days of Australia, or the organised terrorism of the early Western States, will never have a counterpart in Argentina. Indeed it is not so much the frequency of crime which causes alarm, but rather its tardy punishment, stretching often to impunity. Labour is fairly abundant, and though of inferior quality to that obtainable in English-speaking colonies it is also thirty per cent. cheaper. Troubles from strikes are yet in abeyance owing to the unsympathetic attitude of Government, which recently gave municipalities the right of summarily ejecting all agitators from their borders.

Present conditions in Argentina favour the investor, the shrewd business-man, or the well-to-do farmer, all working on a sound cash basis, rather than the colonist who relies on hard work alone to assure his future. Foreign capital is working here on the sufferance of a Government whose whims it cannot fully foresee or control; as a matter of business therefore the banks and leading commercial houses exact high interest and security from borrowers. The small farmer, who is peopling the waste places of South Africa and Canada, is eliminated from the Argentine where such a rosy future is prophesied for him. He will be attracted there, not by lectures, or newspaper articles, or even by acts of Congress, but only by genuine internal reform. Whether incapacity to set their house in order is inherent in the character of the

Argentine people, or only a passing phase in their history, whether it will prove a hard and fast barrier to their future progress or only a check on its pace, time alone can show. The late peaceful settlement of the Chilian question by arbitration and the cessation in ruinous purchases of armament mark the first steps in a policy of common-sense which, if

persevered with, will speedily advance the great Republic of South America to a very different place from that which she has hitherto occupied among civilised nations. Then, too, the Argentine farm, on which her people ultimately depend, will perhaps cease to be a mere investment and take its true place as a home.

W. SINGER BARCLAY.

TO ONE WHO WENT.

No more the forest's leafy eloquence,
The amber sunset-glow on time-worn towers,
The passionate cry of the wind, the ecstasy
Of all the sudden voices of the sea,
Shall haunt you through long hours,
Nor wound as when, imprisoned in the dense
Colossal coils of London, all your sense
Burned, with a caged bird's agony, to flee
From streets where tide and tempest and torn sail
Seemed phantoms of a half-remembered tale,
And dimmest dreams the yellow, soft sea-flowers.

O friend of friends, what wan, uncharted coast
Holds now those printless feet? What melody
Of undeflowered wave and virgin tide
Soothes your cold ear? What ship, ah me, may ride
That starless, chilly sea?
Not now I sail; yet though the nethermost
Dull keep of death immure your languid ghost,
Ah, when the dawn comes suddenly, eager-eyed
To gild the unsunned waste of sad grey sands,
Will you not cry, and stretch out yearning hands
To me, oh friend and brother, even to me?

ST. JOHN LUCAS.

AN OLD-TIME SLAVER.

"I WAS not born a little slave, to labour in the sun." So ran the childish hymn in the days of long ago, when we were all for emancipation and abolition, and UNCLE TOM'S CABIN was bedewed with our tears. Upon the authority of the hymnal therefore, we may conclude that at one time the negro was expected to work,—to groan and sweat under the primal curse, just as if he were a white man. We have changed all that. In these enlightened days our tender-hearted politicians are ready to shed the sympathetic tear whenever it is proposed to tax the poor black man; even to tax him ever so lightly in return for the security which civilisation guarantees for his life and property. If he is taxed, he will have to work to earn money to pay his taxes; if he is compelled to work, his is "forced labour" which is not to be distinguished from slavery; and slavery is wickedness, and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: we are in a parlous state. Yet many, perhaps most, white men are compelled to toil their whole lives through at uncongenial tasks. Hunger, the hardest of task-masters, is ever at their heels. They do their work under the spur of ambition or the whip of necessity, and no philanthropist pities their condition. The task-master has got hold of us, and we must render up our tale of bricks, with or without straw, with the best grace we may. Many white men are unable to afford the luxury of one wife; yet there arises a piteous wail from our parliamentary sentimentalists if it is proposed to levy a restraining tax

on the large-hearted negro who desires to marry half-a-dozen. The free white man may be taxed and rated up to the hilt; that is progress: but the free negro must be provided with all the benefits of civilisation without paying for them; that is philanthropy. We are become the servants of the children of Ham; where they are concerned, common sense and political economy must be relegated to any planet that happens to be convenient, and the hard world where we live and work, or starve and die, must be made for the negro a zoological garden where he may live his own life and disport himself, free from any necessity of earning his own living, unfettered by any of the restraints to which white men must submit.

Until the year 1807 the slave trade was a perfectly legitimate business in which very many worthy people were engaged. It held a position in public opinion not unlike that which the liquor trade occupies to-day. The law allowed it; it was possible to defend it by the authority of the OLD TESTAMENT. Many people disliked and disapproved it, but they were as yet unable to enforce their opinion upon the legislature, and the great majority, at home and in the colonies, regarded it as a business which was not exactly meritorious perhaps, but certainly necessary. So it came about that those very slavers and slave-owners, (some of whom were our own great-grandfathers) whom we have been taught to regard as monsters of iniquity, were not infrequently very

honest hard-working people who tried to do their best in that state of life to which they had been called, dealt honestly with all men white or black, and bred up their children to be good citizens.

It may be that in that golden future of prohibition and total abstinence to which Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the United Kingdom Alliance look forward as to a millennium, the men of the slave trade and the drink traffic will be pilloried side by side, together with forestallers, regraters, masterless men, and other sinners of extinct sins. Those earnest people who are never so sure of their own virtue as when they are denouncing the vices of others are terribly indiscriminating. Like the rain they drop upon the just and the unjust alike; and in that day mine host of the Garter and John Willett of the Maypole Inn may be held up to the same execration as Simon Legree. We all know (those of us who are not members of the extreme temperance party) that there are many brewers and distillers who, apart from their business, are quite respectable people. Publican and sinner are not necessarily convertible terms. By parity of reasoning we may believe that there were persons of good character even among slave-traders, and it is of such an one that this story is told.

About the year 1801, when Great Britain was at war with half the world, and all her merchant ships sailed the seas armed and ready to protect themselves against cruisers and privateers of all nations, there was no better known skipper in Liverpool than Captain Hugh Crow of the slaver MARY. He had not taken up the slave-trade from choice: indeed he heartily disliked it; but he had been tempted by the offer of a berth as chief-mate when he was out of employment, and, once in, he did his

best to carry it on well and honestly. He was born in Ramsey in the Isle of Man in 1765, and was first apprenticed to a local boat-builder, and then to Mr. Harriman, a merchant and ship-owner of Whitehaven,—which had just been raided by that truculent hero known in history as Paul Jones, though it was as John Paul that he had been apprenticed in the town twenty years before. Hugh Crow made his first voyage in 1782; the carpenter died at sea, and his boat-building experience obtained him the vacant berth. Then he went several voyages as second mate, and in 1794, at the age of twenty-nine, he was chief-mate of the ship GREGSON, Captain Gibson. This ship was captured by the French 24-gun ship ROBUSTE; the GREGSON had only thirty-five men for all her crew, but they fought the Frenchman for two hours before they surrendered. Crow suffered much as a French prisoner, but he made his escape in May, 1795. He spoke little or no French, and yet he contrived to make his way through northern France in the character of a wandering Breton. He knew rather less of the ancient language of Armorica than of French, but he was familiar with Manx, which did just as well.

He was again in action, as chief-mate of the ANNE, Captain Wright, when that ship was attacked by a French privateer and beat her off after five hours of a running fight. Then he obtained the command of the WILL, belonging to Mr. Aspinall of Liverpool, a ship of three hundred tons, carrying eighteen 6-pounders and fifty men. The owner took his newly-made captain to Beat's Hotel to give him his private instructions. They were unusually concise, being summed up in a single sentence, "Crow, mind your eye!" Captain

Crow had but one to mind, his right eye having been destroyed in childhood. In the introduction to his memoirs, which were edited from his own notes by his executors, we are assured with much insistence, that the remaining optic was celebrated as a "piercer." His fighting luck followed him in his new command; and in 1800 the merchants and underwriters of Liverpool presented him with a piece of plate for so handling a little squadron of slave-ships at Bonny as to scare away three French "frigates," which were probably large privateers. Soon afterwards he fought a smart action with a French privateer brig off the island of Tobago. The Frenchman began the attack, and after a few broadsides had been exchanged she ran up on the *WILL's* starboard quarter, and attempted to board. Crow had crammed his 6-pounders with a quantity of copper dross on the top of the shot; and the effect was so destructive that the Frenchman abandoned the idea of boarding. Hauling off to pistol range he hailed the *WILL* to strike or he would sink her. Crow shouted back, "I may go down with the ship, but I'll not strike." After four hours and a half of desultory firing the privateer sheered off, leaving the *WILL* with two men wounded on deck and twelve slaves killed below. Crow received the warmest congratulations from crew and slaves alike; the coloured ladies, who were berthed apart, being especially fervent in their praises. For this action Lloyd's committee presented him with a piece of plate valued at £200. It is a noteworthy circumstance that all this fighting fell to the lot, not of a privateer, for Crow does not appear to have taken out letters-of-marque, but of an ordinary peaceful trader.

There is no portrait extant of

Captain Crow in the hey-day of his glory; but in his memoirs there is a lithographed drawing of him, made apparently about 1820 or thereabouts. Very stout, kindly, and rather precise in his old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat, he might have sat for a portrait of one of the Brothers Cheeryble, or, better still, of Tim Linkinwater, their old clerk, in the act of declaring "That he would so put that man down, by argument—" Even the slaves seem to have regarded him with more affection than reverence. They pestered him with attentions, half respectful, half humorous, teasing him like spoiled children. Whenever his ship arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, with the 'tween-decks full of slaves, he was usually greeted on the wharf by a number of representatives of his previous cargoes. It was a pretty custom among them, men and women alike, to dress in their best and go down to the wharf to see "Massa Crow" and get a joke or a shake of the hand. "How massa do dis voyage? Hope massa he no fight 'gain dis time? Massa Crow he hab fight eb'ry voyage!" Then some sable comedian would be told off to inquire loudly, "Who be dis Cap'n Crow dat eberybody sabby so much?" and the rest would answer antiphonally that "Ebery dog in Kingston sabby Cap'n Crow, 'ceptin' you!"

If such incidents as these should seem to run counter to any preconceived ideas which are held concerning the mutual relations of slaver-captain and slave-cargo in the days before 1807, it is much to be regretted; but we can only repeat them upon the authority of Captain Crow himself. That he was an honest man his contemporaries bear witness. That he was in this matter a marked exception to the rest of his profession is possible,

though it is nowhere suggested. It is possible also that the strenuous efforts of the emancipation party, well-intentioned as they were, have succeeded in creating an exaggerated prejudice against a class of our countrymen who were in no way responsible for the evils of an admittedly bad system. That responsibility lay upon the legislature that authorised it. There seem to have been two kings in Bonny, as in Brentford. Both King Pepple and King Holiday, the sable monarchs in question, always spoke of Hugh Crow in terms of the highest respect. He endeavoured to induce them to put a stop to human sacrifices, which were a custom of the country; but though the attempt was unsuccessful, it occasioned no breach of their friendly intercourse, and many negro children in their dominions were named after him. He was so simple, so kindly, and so plump, that it is hard to realise that there was a sterner side to his character, or that this cheerful old gentleman could ever have been the steadfast, unflinching commander who fought one action after another, and gained from one and all the honour and respect that followed him to the end of his days.

In sanitary science he was far in advance of most naval officers of his time. On board his ship lime-juice was served out to all, black men and white, every morning, and he laid great stress upon their keeping their teeth clean. Whenever it was possible the negroes were encouraged to dance or to run about the deck for exercise. As he shrewdly observed, it would be bad policy for a trader who had paid perhaps £25 for a negro, if he failed to take care of his purchase and keep him in good condition. Mr. Wilberforce had procured the passing of a regulation

guaranteeing a bounty of £100 to all captains, and £50 to all medical officers, who landed their cargo without losing more than a certain proportion of them. There was no such inducement offered to preserve the lives of white seamen, who might die as they pleased upon that pestilential coast, so far as Mr. Wilberforce was concerned. It was all found money to Crow. "Many a laugh have I had," said he, "at Wilberforce and his party when I got my bounty." Nevertheless, he admitted that there were good men and bad men to be found in that trade, as everywhere else; and he evidently took no small pride in reading the announcement regularly made at Kingston: "Crow has come again, and as usual his whites and blacks are as plump as cotton bags." He kept his ship always ready for action, so far as possible. The crew were frequently practised at the great guns and small-arms. It was also his custom to select the most promising among the negroes to be trained as small-arms men, and to perform the duties of an ammunition party. These men were rigged out in shirt, trousers, and cap, and as a crowning glory they were practised in musketry. An empty bottle slung from the yard arm was the target; a dram of liquor and a new cap rewarded the successful marksmen. The bottle was rarely hit, but at least the prize was eagerly contested, and the sport made them merry and contented.

In 1801 Crow became captain of the *MARY*, another ship of Aspinall's, in every way better and more powerful than the *WILL*. She was of five hundred tons burthen, and might be described as a miniature frigate of no inconsiderable force. She carried twenty-four long nines, weighing about twenty-seven hundredweight each, on the main-deck, and four

18-pounder carronades on the quarter-deck. Her crew was scarcely equal to her armament, for her full complement was only seventy men, but thirty-six of them were able seamen who drew six guineas a month. On her first voyage the MARY was boarded, before she was out of the Irish Channel, by His Majesty's frigate AMETHYST. Lieutenant Hill was extremely polite, but his was a courtesy which Captain Crow would gladly have dispensed with, for he pressed a number of the MARY's best men, in spite of the "protections" with which they were provided. Crow ruefully told him that he was sorry the AMETHYST was not a French frigate, for then there would have been less trouble in meeting her. In his memoirs he expressed his opinion that impressment was worse than slavery; and suggested that if Navy pay were made equal to the current wages of the merchant marine, and a bounty were given to men who volunteered for a certain term of service, the detestable hardships of impressment would be unnecessary.

For five years Crow and the MARY travelled the same round, from Liverpool to the Guinea Coast, from Guinea to Jamaica, and home again. On December 1st, 1806, the MARY was in fifty-three degrees west longitude, on the latitude of Tobago (which would be about two hundred and forty miles east of that island), under all sail. The unquiet waters about the Carribean Sea were as full of dangers and adventures that year as in the days when Hawkins and Drake carried slaves across them. In February Sir John Duckworth with seven ships had captured or destroyed five French ships, under Vice-admiral Leissègues, off Dominica. Rear-admiral Willaumez had been at Martinique in July with six French

line-of-battle ships, and among them was the VÉTÉRAN (74), commanded by Jérôme Bonaparte, who had only been a naval officer for three years and a half. It was well for France that Willaumez and the rest of his captains had more experience than their quasi-imperial comrade, for three British squadrons under Vice-admiral Sir J. B. Warren, Rear-admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, and Rear-admiral Sir Richard Strachan, were all hunting him at once. On September 15th Willaumez exchanged shots with the 44-gun frigate ANSON (a cut down 64-gun ship) which was wrecked a year later near Mount's Bay in Cornwall. Quite recently her mouldering hull has been discovered, half buried in shingle, below low-water mark, with her guns still in her. While the battle-squadrons were seeking one another from end to end of the West Indian Sea, Spanish and French cruisers and privateers were lying in wait for British merchantmen in every unfrequented port from Campeachy to Baracoa and Pointe-à-Pitre, from Santa Maria to Matanzas. In October the schooner PITT, commanded by Michael Fitton, the hardest-fighting lieutenant in the records of the Navy, had captured the SUPERBE privateer off Cape Maysi. Dominique Diron of the SUPERBE, a worthy antagonist even for Fitton, had taken prizes to the value of £140,000; but Fitton's victory gained him little beside glory, for he died, still a lieutenant, in 1852. The British trader that sailed upon the West Indian voyage in war-time needed to keep her guns scaled and her men practised if she desired to see the United Kingdom again. No one knew the dangers that beset every league of the long sea-road better than Captain Hugh Crow, and no man went better prepared to meet them.

Early in the afternoon two ships were sighted standing to the northward. Two ships cruising in company were more than suspicious. They were both large vessels, while privateers in those seas were usually small. Their yards were too square for anything but regular cruisers, and British cruisers were not often met with so far to the eastward of our colonies. French cruisers were obviously things to be avoided, so Crow took in his studding-sails and hauled to the southward to keep out of their way. At once the two strangers tacked and made sail in chase; therefore Crow set his kites again, and until six o'clock in the evening he carried on for all his sticks were worth. The night set in cloudy, wet, and dark, with heavy squalls. It seemed to him most probable that the chasing ships would stand on different tacks after dark, so that which ever tack he tried would bring him close to one or the other of them; accordingly he wore ship, and steered north again. If they had separated, that course might enable him to slip between them; if not, he might be able to engage them one at a time. He knew that the *MARY* was a match for any single French privateer, and hoped that she would be able to hold her own, even with a cruiser.

About nine o'clock a sail was sighted to windward. Crow bore away westward to avoid her, but too late; notwithstanding the darkness he had been seen, and the stranger stood after him, firing signal-guns and sending up rockets to summon her consort. Then Crow mustered all hands aft and made them a speech after the good old sea-fashion. "Sailors and shipmates!" he began, "I have done everything in my power to keep clear of these Frenchmen, but in vain. You have always behaved like British seamen; I hope and trust you will

stand by me this night. I know what French prisons are. I've been in one. Rather than be taken, we'll go down with the ship."

What sort of response would be made to such a speech to-day, on board of one of our brass-bound, triple-expansion, eighteen-knot, mail-carrying liners? Who can tell? A hundred years ago, in the days of impressment and discharge at the end of a commission, there were to be found in most crews a few ex-seamen of the Royal Navy to stiffen the mercantile Jacks; and mercantile Jack himself might be transmuted into a man-of-war's man at any time, at the caprice of any officer of the Navy. Continuous service has put an end to all that. There is an ever-widening gulf between the blue-jacket "matlo," and the merchant sailor. Dutchmen, Dagoes, and seamen's and firemen's unions, have each their own way of looking at these things. At any rate there was no hanging back on board the *MARY*. Her people were only mercantile Jacks, and slavers to boot, but no man-of-war's men could have accepted the proposal with a more cheerful alacrity. There was a queer individuality about Hugh Crow's final orders. "Stand to your quarters, men. Mind, I'll have no cursing or swearing. We'll beat them both off, and woe to them if they try to board!" Guns were cast loose, the magazine under the cabin-floor was opened, and white gunners and black powder-monkeys and small-arms men went each to his station, and waited in anxious silence while the leading vessel, a large brig, ranged up alongside. There was a tense, breathless pause. Then the stranger hailed, in English, and ordered the *MARY* to heave-to. Now that was the usual procedure of French cruisers. Had she hoisted British colours, and had it been light enough to see them plainly, Crow

would still have recognised it only as a familiar trick. He hailed in reply that he was the *RAMBLER*, off a cruise, (the *RAMBLER* being a British sloop-of-war of about the *MARY*'s tonnage) and no strange vessel should bring him to in those seas at night. Steadily the *MARY* stood on, the brig keeping abreast of her to leeward. Then came the flash and heavy report of a gun; then another. The *MARY* responded with one gun. That was all, for a time. A few minutes later the second stranger, a full-rigged ship, came close up to windward and passed under the stern of the *MARY*, hailing as she passed; but the hail was lost in the seething of the sea, and Crow could not distinguish the words.

The ship held on her course, ran alongside the brig and spoke her. The brig closed up with the *MARY* and hailed once more, but the noise of the sea again made the hail inaudible. Then she poured her full broadside into the *MARY*. A flying splinter struck Crow on the left shoulder, disabling him for a time, but his men were too busy with their 9-pounders to observe it. They could see dimly that he was still erect on the quarter-deck, and that was enough for them. They had an enemy on each quarter carrying metal far heavier than the *MARY*'s. Those were thirty-two pound shots that were sending the splinters flying and tearing the rigging to dangling rope-ends. Crow began to recover from the shock of his contusion and staggered to the rail to look at his big enemy to starboard. As he did so her broadside burst into flame and the heavy shot crashed around him. Turning round to see what damage had been done, he saw the helmsman fling up his arms and run forward, leaving the ship to steer herself. That sight revived Crow. Half way along the quarter-deck the deserter was brought up short by an

indignant roar. "What? Have we shipped a coward aboard the *MARY*?" In an instant the man was back at the wheel again and the ship steadied as she sailed. Then he proffered broken excuses; the wind of a shot that barely missed him had staggered him a bit; he was all alone there at the wheel, and had acted silly; he hoped Captain Crow would excuse him. There was no more erratic steering after that.

Crow and his armourer had devised and constructed a delectable contrivance for the discomfiture of French boarding-parties. It had seemed to them that two-gallon jars containing four quarts of powder, two quarts of small flints, and two quarts of red pepper would have a discouraging effect if fitted with a tin tube and a fuse and dropped from the tops on to an enemy's deck. Crow admitted that the machine might be regarded as destructive, if not positively wicked; but he was prepared to stretch his conscience to its limit of elasticity rather than be taken a second time to a French prison. The armourer was the strongest man in the ship, and all that night he remained in the top, with the round shot hurtling beneath him and his explosive jars ready to his hand. But the enemy, relying upon their superior weight of metal, would not board. It was safer and more scientific to smash the *MARY* piecemeal. Through the night the three vessels ran on, keeping up a straggling cannonade. The first shot had been fired between nine o'clock and ten. Soon after midnight a shot came through one of the *MARY*'s ports and struck the boatswain, taking off both his legs at the thigh. Another penetrated between wind and water and killed five black men down below; the enemy were tired of trying to cripple her aloft, and had begun to hull her in earnest. Several men had

been wounded, but none the less the 9-pounders maintained the unequal argument, and between three and four, after six hours' action, their bigger antagonist, the ship, backed her topsails and dropped astern. Crow yelled his delight. "I believe we've sickened them both, my lads," he cried; "they'll be talking about us in Liverpool for this, when we get back." The men deserted their guns for the first time that night and began to cheer; but Crow bade them go back to their quarters, and make sure of their victory before they cheered it. He was right, for they were not yet at the end of their troubles; before long the ship came up again and the action continued.

In the gray of the morning Crow was struck by another splinter, and this time by a heavy one. The worn-out crew, seeing him lie on the deck without sense or motion, thought him dead; and losing him, lost all hope of saving the ship. They fired a few more scattered shots and then hauled down their colours. Presently the inanimate Crow began to show signs of life and returning consciousness. Men and officers gathered round him. One of the officers, speaking for all hands, said: "Captain Crow, you have done everything a man could do to defend the ship, but we are no longer in a fit state to continue the action. The rigging is cut to pieces, the hull is much battered, and the ship is making a deal of water." Then Scott, the chief mate, blurted out the truth, "And, sir, we have struck!" Crow begged and prayed them to rehoist the colours and try a little longer. "A chance shot may kill the devil," he urged; "we might wing one of them and get off." He was assured that further resistance was hopeless and then allowed them to carry him below. They laid him on a mattress; the negro women made their way in and

fell to rubbing his feet and hands; they had little science, but much compassion and some rough skill, and they did their best for him.

By this time the light was growing in the east, and for the first time they saw the real force of their antagonists, a force so superior to their own that resistance would be madness. It was still too dark for the enemy to see that the MARY'S ensign was down, and their fire still continued though only in occasional shots. A lantern was run up to the mizen-peak and hauled down again in token of surrender. Mainmast and bowsprit were cut nearly through, three guns were dismounted, and the hull above and below the water was full of shot-holes; but it was not till a boat was sent to take possession that Crow learned the full extent of his misfortune. All that unlucky night he had been fighting His Majesty's sloops DART and WOLVERINE!

That was the finishing stroke. Maddened with pain and vexation, remorse for the loss of wasted lives, and dread lest his gallant defence should be regarded as wilful obstinacy, he broke from the hands of his nurses and friends, rolled off his mattress, and beat his head on the cabin floor till his face was covered with blood. When his own people had managed to calm him and had done their best to make his battered face presentable, Lieutenant Richardson of the DART came to visit him, and with all kindness assured him that he was not to blame for the unfortunate blunder. With the kindly tact of a sailor he comforted Crow with the assurance that if they had been Frenchmen they would both have been beaten off. The DART had two guns dismounted and was almost as much damaged aloft as the MARY. They had mistaken her for a large 36-gun French

privateer for whom they were looking. Poor Crow found one consolation for himself; he snuffled through his swollen nose that it was fortunate neither of them had tried to board, for if they had, his explosive jars would have made terrible havoc!

It is difficult to understand how the MARY contrived to maintain so unequal a struggle for so many hours. Perhaps the two cruisers, believing her to be a crack French privateer, were anxious to take her with as little damage as possible and devoted their attention to crippling her aloft. Had they directed their fire at the hull they could have sunk her in half an hour of close action. In any case Captain Crow and his crew deserved every credit for their long and gallant defence. That this was the opinion of Commander Joseph Spear of the DART is shown by the certificate which he gave to Captain Crow:

H.M. SLOOP DART, at Sea.
Dec. 1, 1806.

I do hereby certify that Hugh Crow, commanding the ship MARY of Liverpool, and last bound from the coast of Africa with slaves, defended his ship in a running action under fire of H.M. sloop under my command, and also H.M. sloop WOLVERINE, both carrying 32-pounders, from 10 p.m. till near daylight next morning in a most gallant manner, supposing us to be French cruisers from Cayenne; and did not give up till his rigging and sails were cut nearly to pieces and several men wounded.

(Signed) JOSEPH SPEAR, Commander.

Crow landed his slaves at Kingston in good health and fine condition. Just before he arrived another British ship, the HANNAH, had been taken by a French privateer who hoisted English colours and hailed in English.

When the Act of 1807 put an end to the British slave trade, he abandoned the sea and settled down ashore; but he sent his son into the Royal Navy under the patronage of Admiral Thomas Russell, who wrote, "Tell the warlike Crow to send me his son, that I may train him up to emulate his father."

The opinion of an honest man is always worth reading, even if it be mistaken. We have all heard the other side of the argument, put forward with all the power that passionate eloquence can give. This was the rough creed of Hugh Crow:

It has always been my decided opinion that the traffic in negroes is permitted by that Providence that rules over all, as a necessary evil; and that it ought not to have been done away with to humour the folly or the fancy of a set of people who knew little or nothing about the subject. One thing is clear; that instead of saving any poor Africans from slavery, these pretended philanthropists have, through the Abolition, been the indirect cause of the death of thousands; for they have caused the trade to be transferred to other nations, who carry it on in defiance of our cruisers with a cruelty and disregard of life to which Englishmen could never bring themselves to resort.

That theory was unpopular even in his day; it has become plainly impossible ever since. But there may be something,—some grain of truth, some glimmer of reason—at the back of it. Perhaps, after all, it would be wiser to entrust the care and control of subject races to those Englishmen who have lived among them and know them, rather than to act hastily upon the crude theories of notoriety-hunting politicians.

THE LONDON WORKMAN'S WIFE.

SPEAKING at Birmingham some years ago, Lord Rosebery remarked that the most striking feature of the population of this country was its homogeneity; that, take a section where one would, one discovered the same tendencies, the same faults, and the same virtues. Nine out of ten people of experience would concur in this statement, yet in no country is each social grade secretly so convinced that an unbridgeable gap, moral and mental, separates it from the mass of its fellow-subjects. In spite of all Mr. Charles Booth's labours, the majority of middle-class folk still vaguely image the East and South-east districts of London as abodes of squalor and starvation. They still believe that the average wage-earner spends his evenings at the public-house, that he is hopelessly improvident, has no sense of family responsibility, and that his chief aim in life is to do as little work as possible for as much pay as he can get. They likewise believe that his wife spends most of her time gossiping on her doorstep, that she is dirty, thriftless, and idle, able neither to sew nor to cook.

The following paper has been written in the hope of contributing something to the juster appreciation of the latter much maligned and little understood woman. The writer's experience has been gained amidst that cluster of mean streets lying between Deptford and London Bridge. The women treated of are the wives of men in regular and fairly paid work. Few, if any, have a whole house to themselves; usually, it is shared with one other family. - Her introduction to them

was through that kindly philanthropic enterprise, Miss Burt's Women's Holiday Fund. For months together she regularly visited their homes to collect the small weekly payments each makes towards the expenses of her holiday, and it was in this way that she first learnt to know and admire the working-class wife and mother.

There are black sheep among them, of course, but the proportion is small; and necessarily so, for no moral engine yet invented equals in potency the fact of being obliged to feed, clothe, and shelter five or six people on a sum varying from twenty to twenty-eight shillings a week. If any measure of success is to be attained, indifference, idleness, and self-indulgence are absolutely precluded.

The black sheep are, doubtless, more conspicuous than in other classes. Among ourselves, when "poor Willy" marries "not quite the wife we would have chosen, my dear," the relatives, for the sake of the family, come to the rescue. One hunts up a gem of a cook, another supplies a treasure of a governess, the favourite sister-in-law abandons her own pursuits and pays long visits. Among the poor no such propping-up is possible. If Mrs. Smith is too lazy or incompetent to prepare a hot dinner for her husband, he flings out of the house in a rage, goes to the nearest public-house,—and the whole street knows it.

The first discovery one makes when on Holiday Fund work is that it is a sheer impossibility for most working men's wives to leave home, no matter how sorely they need rest and change. When the same person is

nurse, cook, laundress, charwoman, and needlewoman to an entire household, her absence means chaos. The cheerfulness with which, as a rule, they face the drudgery and monotony of their lot is almost as far beyond belief as it is beyond praise. Mrs. B., whose family consists of ten children under fourteen and whose boast is that she never sends a child to school with an unstarched pinafore or unblacked boots, said one day to her visitor: "I declare I'm a bit glad when one of them is ill; for then I put on my bonnet and go to the chemist, and it makes a little change. But there, I ought not to complain; I don't have what you may call a laborious life." Nothing would induce her to think of going away when first approached on the subject, but a nervous break-down followed, and rest became a necessity. Another woman said longingly she had not had half a day's holiday for seven years. There were no children in this case, but inquiries revealed that her husband's mother, who was doting and half paralysed, lived with them, and the incessant watchfulness needed by the old lady had literally imprisoned her daughter-in-law in her three small rooms all that time. A neighbour came in for half 'an hour occasionally to let Mrs. F. do her shopping, but that was the only variety she ever enjoyed. Let the reader try to realise for a moment the existence of this intelligent, respectable woman.

Even a grown-up daughter living at home does not always relieve the mother. "I went away last year," said Mrs. G., "and it did me a world of good, but I can never go again. My girl and her father couldn't manage on what I do with, and when I got home they were in debt to all the shops."

Distrust of their husbands' sense of financial responsibility is very

common. "My husband is a good man to me and I have nothing to complain of," remarked Mrs. L., "but he is not so high-minded as I am about the debts." She referred to the custom in her district of paying for all commodities by weekly instalments. If the husband lets these payments lapse while the wife is away, the comfort of the home is gone for months.

The lot of the respectable working-man's wife in London is aggravated by her social loneliness. She usually takes pride in saying that she keeps herself to herself and never passes the time of day with her neighbours. An intelligent woman was once asked why this was so. Her interlocutor pointed out that many house-mothers in the more comfortable classes would lead dull enough lives were it not for the custom of visiting friends in the afternoons. The expense of a cup of tea was so small that there seemed no reason why the practice should not be followed by others. The woman clearly explained. She said that no one who cared for a quiet and decent life ever allowed a neighbour to get into the habit of coming freely in and out of her house. If she did, quarrels were certain to result. She herself never went anywhere, save to give help in sickness or other emergencies. So dismal did this way of life seem that the lady pursued her investigations. Why should quarrels be more frequent among this class of the population than among any other? The scanty housing accommodation is, undoubtedly, largely responsible. Suppose Mrs. A. is visiting Mrs. B. and discussing the welfare of the last baby. The friendly intercourse and sympathy are good for both, but in comes Mr. B. He is in a bad temper, has had words with his foreman, or is suffering from a splitting headache. In a household which possesses a

spare sitting-room a man in such a frame of mind or body would not dream of seeking the society of his wife's visitor. Mr. B. has no choice, and he plainly lets Mrs. A. see he prefers her room to her company. Whereupon she flounces off, covering her retreat with stinging remarks.

One may here point out in passing yet another of the common fallacies in which we are all virtuously reared. We are impressively told that in every walk of life it is our actions that matter, not our words. Every woman, however, belonging to the well-to-do classes knows at the bottom of her heart, that she may be vain, self-indulgent, shallow, without interfering with her social success, but that other things are essential. She must be able to conceal her sentiments, look amiable when she feels cross, and have at her command all those forms and conventional phrases which render personal intercourse pleasant and easy, if not sincere. The Colonel's Lady may be inwardly filled with envy and hatred because her neighbours, whom everybody knows to be in debt all over the place, completely eclipse herself and daughters at public functions, and attract every eligible man into their circle. But she does not march up to the offenders at a fashionable garden-party and loudly remark, "It would be a deal better if some folks paid their bills instead of dressing up like peacocks."

Betty O'Grady, on the other hand, feels she is doing something cowardly and underhand if she does not say straight out what she thinks. The practice, doubtless, has its disadvantages, but if Betty wields her battle-axe, the Colonel's Lady is not without her rapier, and there is, perhaps, not so much a moral as an external difference in their methods of worldly warfare. Be this as it may, it is certain that the habit of

plain speaking and the lack of reticence constitute a real difficulty in the social life of the poor.

After all, asks the reader, is the lot of these women so very hard? Is not their life, on the whole, an easy one? They have no large households to manage, no elaborate furniture to keep clean, and their natural happiness surely lies in their husbands and children.

Only one experience, — that of being absolutely cut off from domestic help and being left to do all her own work—can enable a member of the servant-keeping classes to realise what continuous household drudgery really means, or how entirely it destroys the graces of life. By thirty-five many of these women are well on towards old age, still toiling for the family good, but querulous, broken in health and unattractive, losing influence daily over husband and sons. So accustomed have they become to their long servitude that the whole family takes it as a matter of course. In times of sickness or slackness of work, it is considered the mother's business to keep the home together somehow, — by charring, pawning, or begging — and even to provide a few pence for beer and tobacco. The men are not consciously unkind, but the women keenly feel their careless neglect.

Unless the family is abnormally large, the wife will not be actually working from six in the morning till ten at night but she is "on duty," with the exception, perhaps, of from three to four in the afternoon. After she has given her husband his dinner, sent the children back to school, tidied up after the meal and cleaned herself, she can put on her bonnet and go to a mother's meeting, should that form of entertainment appeal to her. She must, however, be back in time to meet the children returning from

school, as they must remain in the street until she appears to unlock the door.

In addition to the ordinary work of the household she has, for the most part, an infant on hand; and a workman's baby is no whit less egotistical, exacting, and brutally selfish than a rich man's child.

Let us not be misunderstood. The baby may be all this, and more; nevertheless, it is the centre and source of all that is bright and beautiful in the homes of the people. The rich tend to think of the poor as being callous and blunted in feeling. They imagine that a hand-to-hand struggle for existence necessarily deadens the natural sentiments, knowing from observation of their own class the bitter truth that prompted the saying, "When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out of the window." But among the workers poverty does not denote, as a matter of course, social failure and disgrace, and is less embittering. The most prosperous family knows that, at any time, illness, a strike, changes in the employing firm, may bring suffering and privation; and they are therefore less severe on others who fall into misfortune.

One of the many revelations of life among the masses is the enormous strength of the family life and affections,—save in the one point noted above; and, moreover, the family tie is strong in social strata considerably below that of which this paper treats. The most miserable little slum child will hurry away from treat or party in its eagerness to show the new doll or toy at home; older children will return willingly from a week's paradise in the country, "'cos we do so want to see our mothers"; and women depraved and sodden with drink will sell up every stick they possess to secure skilled medical treatment for a sick child.

In a very real sense the poor are the least materialised class of society. To the happiness of the rich soft beds, comfortable chairs, digestible food are so essential that it is difficult for them to realise that there are thousands of people—the failures of life—who would rather sit on hard benches, eat workhouse fare, rise at six on bitter winter mornings than go to a Home of Rest where their age and infirmities could be considered, but where they would be deprived of a short weekly visit from a relative. Yet this was the experience of a South London Board of Guardians who provided what was meant to be a happy and comfortable asylum in the country for the respectable and deserving aged poor under their care. "They tell us they have spent £50,000 on the Homes," said one old workhouse inmate to the writer. "I wouldn't care if they spent £100,000 and gave us all feather beds. I want to see my little grandson every Thursday."

If would-be benefactors of the poor would but bear in mind that "man's life consisteth not in the multitude of things which he possesseth," they would save themselves much bitter disappointment and the poor many charges of ingratitude.

Instances like the following are within everybody's experience. A girl is taken from wretched surroundings in which she was the one good influence, put to service where she is well fed, housed, and paid. After a few days she runs away because, "I had no heart for service like when I thought of mother's being knocked about." A benevolent lady sends an anæmic factory-hand, who has never in her life been away from crowded streets, to a country cottage, where she has the best of air and abundance of food. The loneliness and isolation are horrible to the girl;

she is positively frightened at the vast unpeopled spaces round her, and cries herself to sleep every night. A mother dying of consumption in an ill-smelling room, with no proper attendance or nourishment, is removed to an infirmary, and never ceases to fret till she is among her children again.

On the one hand, the visitor hears : "It is no use trying to help the poor ; one's time and money are merely thrown away ." on the other : "The ladies mean to be very kind, but they don't understand our circumstances nor how we are placed."

Other outlets being denied them, these working-class house-mothers concentrate their energies on their homes. They are marvellous managers and have reduced shopping to a science. "I always begin Monday morning," said Mrs. S., "wondering how I shall come out on Saturday night ; if I don't owe a penny I go to bed happy." She went on to explain how she bought her vegetables a farthing cheaper by going up the street, and saved a halfpenny on her meat by going down it. The great ambition of her life was to provide the family every day "with a bit of something hot."

In spite of recent valuable efforts to elucidate the matter, the budget of the working-class household is still a mystery. A model husband, earning twenty-six shillings a week, will keep six shillings for himself, out of which he buys his own clothes, beer and tobacco, pays his club, and helps to purchase the family's boots. Out of the remaining pound, the wife will pay six shillings rent and provide food for herself, husband, and three children, buy soap, coal, candles and all other household necessaries, besides clothing. On the face of it the thing looks an impossibility ; yet thousands of women contrive to keep fairly comfortable homes with no larger

resources. That they sacrifice themselves is of course inevitable. Milk, for instance, sent for an ailing mother's own consumption will, almost certainly, be made surreptitiously into a pudding for the children. They have, besides, to take advantage of every wind that blows, thereby exposing themselves to another of the charges most commonly levelled against their class, that of graspingness.

Free breakfasts at a Ragged School will empty the places in a neighbouring Board School where the teaching is infinitely better ; a Mothers' Meeting in which "benefits" are known to be dispensed will not lack members ; the parent's contribution to the child's country holiday must be driven as low as the collecting lady will permit ; a garment offered for threepence at a jumble sale must, if possible, be reduced to twopence.

Nevertheless, they recognise a limit beyond which their self-respect forbids them to go. "Of course, we could all do with the soup," said one, speaking of a local soup-kitchen opened for the benefit of the unemployed last winter ; "but my man still has his job, and I wouldn't send my boy, not if you paid me."

Some time ago two ladies began a weekly *At Home* in south-eastern London, managing it, as far as possible, on the ordinary lines of such functions. There was to be nothing edifying, or improving, or of material advantage. The women were asked to come merely for a little social intercourse and amusement. The numbers soon outgrew the room, and a larger one had to be provided. To vary the proceedings, fortnightly discussions were started, and in these the women spoke freely and with much good sense, often waving their babies vigorously to and fro to emphasise their points.

The question on one occasion was: "If you had a daughter in a good trade, able to support herself, would you wish her to marry?" The remarks made were of deep interest from the light they shed on the speakers' inmost feelings. They did not deny that matrimony involved terrible risks, that even where the husbands proved satisfactory, a dozen circumstances might plunge the wives into misery. On the other hand, there was the craving for children, for belongings, for a sphere of influence. "Babies are not such a burden, after all," said one woman, whose domestic trials would have soured most people; "they don't come all at once, and the time doesn't seem so long when you have a child in your arms." There was a consensus of opinion that marriage without children was sure to be a failure. People letting lodgings did not care to take in childless couples, as such were certain either to drink or quarrel.

Another discussion was on what one woman succinctly named "Washing Day." They considered that a mother ought to be allowed to keep her daughter from school on that distracting occasion. "The gentlemen take no account of the difference between babies," said one woman plaintively, speaking of the School Attendance Committee; "one child will lie on the bed quiet enough, and another will scream himself into a fit if he is out of your arms. All the same they summon you if you keep Polly from school."

On another day the subject was the influence on the children of the religious instruction given in the Board Schools. Without exception they spoke highly of the teaching given, said it was practical and interesting, and that the children often talked of the lessons at home. Asked if the boys and girls so trained

tended, when they grew older, to attach themselves to any place of worship, they hesitated, but pointed out the great increase in the district of Mission Halls, Pleasant Sunday Afternoons, and so forth, and said some one must support these, otherwise they would be closed. More than one woman recalled with horror the dreariness of her own early training, forced to commit to memory long unintelligible passages of Scripture, and driven unwillingly to church or chapel. Several remarked that it was no longer a necessary sign of respectability to go to church on Sunday, and that, therefore, whatever attendance there was showed genuine religious feeling. Hardly any of the women present ever went to a religious service themselves. They explained that in the early years of married life they could not go because of the children, and that thus they got out of the habit. Besides, the Sunday dinner is the leading event of the culinary week and the mother must stay at home to cook it. It is only by a figure of speech that the English masses can be called Christian. Their creed is really a vague Deism, and mainly takes the form of believing that Providence, in the great crises of life, will show justice and mercy. Of the Second Person of the Trinity they have little or no conception.

Enlightening and instructive as these little fortnightly debates were, it was found impracticable to continue them for any length of time, as an end was soon reached of the subjects on which the women had any knowledge or in which they took any interest. Their mental horizon is terribly circumscribed, and it would be easy to show, did space permit, how their intellectual limitations are a very serious obstacle to the welfare and prosperity of the working-classes.

One of the most promising social settlement schemes in South America failed recently owing entirely to the unadaptability of the women. In strange and unaccustomed surroundings they became useless, hopeless, and wretched, and a dead weight on the male settlers. Sons are constantly kept back from promising careers by the prayers and entreaties of their mothers to whom the unknown is full of terrors; men, anxious to strike out new paths of life, are deterred by their wives' fears, and become as apathetic as their fellows. Schools remain inefficient, Factory Acts unenforced because the mothers, natural guardians of the young, are so absorbed in trying to make a shilling do the work of eighteenpence that they take no effective interest in other aspects of life.

The scope of this paper does not include homes in which the consumption of alcohol is an important factor of the economic problem. A word must be added lest the subject be thought ignored. When the earnings are much under thirty shillings a week, any considerable expenditure on drink drives the family below the

poverty line, and the best of mothers and managers must fail to keep the home comfortable. When the income rises much above that sum the husband frequently expects the wife still to keep house on the traditional pound while he retains the control of the rest. Of this, doubtless, a considerable portion often goes to the public-house, that being the only pleasure within his reach. If the wife complains, he is apt to pacify her by the gift of an extra half-pint for herself.

No one will deny that the expenditure of the working-classes on alcohol is appallingly great. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the small wage-earners of England have saved within the last forty or fifty years a sum nearly equal to the whole National Debt. In thousands of workmen's homes the welfare of the children is the sole object of the parents and they shrink from no personal sacrifice to secure it. It is these homes which form the foundation of our national prosperity, and it is the devoted lives and unrecognised unthanked services of the workman's wife which alone make them possible.

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

THIS is a story without a moral. So far as I am aware it is as destitute of tendency as a lunar rainbow or a hand of thirteen trumps.

At Reading the school-boy left us. He had consumed *marrons glacés* and studied a *SPORTING LIFE* since joining us at Slough. A porter, summoned by his cracked treble, had collected his rug, bag, and hat-box, the small man supervising the process in superior sort; he had run his eye over racks and seats and had risen to go with the gravity and self-possession proper to the Upper Fourth when the doorway was darkened by a vast check ulster before the advance of which the lad gave ground. Up and on and in pressed the invader blocking the light from the side windows with lateral ranges of rugs, rising to the roof with a lapped travelling cap and driving before him the boy as though unconscious of his presence; then he turned with a grunt and began to receive in silence from a porter and to dispose upon the seats piles of strapped and corded parcels, a portmanteau, hat-box, and large tan leather writing-case swollen with stationery. This went on for a minute; the boy waited, penned under the broad stern of the new-comer as a canoe is impounded by a steam-berge in a Thames lock.

"Will you kindly allow me to pass?" Grunt, wheeze, but neither intelligible reply nor responsive movement. "Will you—?"

"Yer needn't wait. Penny, two-pence; send the Boots along." The porter vanished. "Yer hear what I say? Yer needn't wait."

"Let the young gentleman get out, Tom," came a woman's voice low and conciliatory.

The ulster had a great gloved hand upon either side of the doorway; for some moments he seemed to consider the question on its merits, then, without turning, raised an elbow and permitted the lad to wriggle under his arm ere he reiterated in a voice as rough as a shark's skin, "I've told yer, yer needn't wait. Full! full! I tell yer!" this to someone who offered to enter. "Here y' are, Boots; sure ye labelled 'em Pinckney? Yes? Shillin's yer money. Day t' yer. Did yer hear what I said, 'Ria? Yer needn't wait— No; I've nothin' for yer!"

The woman was on the step speaking low and rapidly, with a flutter in the voice telling of tears level with the dam. "Mind yer fingers now!" said the man as he abruptly closed the door.

"Tickets, please." We showed ours. The collector glanced at the ulster and was met by so confident a "Season!" that he withdrew his head remarking, "Going on, mum? then stand back, please!" He whistled. As the tremor of starting began I had a momentary vision of a tall pale woman in an imitation seal-skin jacket. The pathetic endurance of the eyes remained with me and seemed to find expression in the long-drawn moan of the vacuum brake.

The ulster put his weight upon the window-strap, and the glass went up with a bang; he then settled himself among his wraps. The twilight of Reading station had done him less than

justice: he was a very large man (I had guessed as much when I saw him enter the carriage side-ways), twenty or twenty-two stone he must scale, I thought. Yet it was not his corpulence so much as the height and build that impressed me. Above the massive shoulders, made more massive by the caped and hooded ulster, a many-coloured silk wrapper loosely swathed a bull neck over which loomed a pale, large, formidable visage. The double chin and lips were clean shaven; a wisp of sandy whisker beneath the ear was all the hair visible, the travelling-cap sitting low over the forehead; the bulging eyebrows were faintly marked, though from the centre of each a dozen or so of long bristles united in a down-curving tuft over the eye which was small and pale grey, half-hidden by a pouch of loose skin from the lid that overlapped the outer corner. It occurred to me that I had observed this provision of nature in some animal in the Zoological Gardens; but my memory would not serve as to which. Below a long upper-lip the mouth was sucked in and held. There was not a smile within a yard of him. The connection was simply incongruous. One does not ask the amenities from Rutland Hero XXXIV.; the leading stick, nose-ring, and blinkers are more fitting concomitants.

What does this fellow know? I mused; I've seen his sort before; doubtless he travels in something. Here he divested himself of his gloves, brought round a scrip that hung by a strap under his left arm, extracted a cigar-case and selected a fine *Intimidad*. The fat, big fingers toyed with it lovingly as the man inspected the tip before notching it with his pen-knife. Snap! he struck a fusee. There was a stir in the corner over against me; the third

passenger opened his eyes and sat up. "I beg your pardon. . . You are probably unaware that this is not a smoking-carriage," he said.

The hand that held the match did not pause for the fraction of a second in bringing it to bear, the eyes remained converged upon the process of lighting. The objector spoke again, more clearly but hardly more loudly than before, and now I noticed the peculiar whiteness of his eye and the semi-lunar curves at the corner of his mouth and determined to stand by him, not without an inward groan at the prospect of an altercation. He was a small grey man and flushed a little as he repeated his remonstrance. The smoker dropped the lighted fusee into the sash-well and settled himself back in his corner before replying, then spouting a volume of strong smoke across the carriage he observed in a brief indifferent tone, "All Thirds smokers."

"I might contest that, sir," said the little man somewhat chokily, "but the more immediate point is that this is a Second."

There was no reply to this but another volume of smoke through which I saw the head put back and the eyes closed. Further discussion was difficult. The small man panted a little; our eyes met with a mutual smile. Taking pencil and pocket-book I made a note of the name and address upon the label of the hat-box upon the seat beside me; while I was still writing there was an abrupt movement and with a fierce snort the label was torn off and pocketed. Finishing my memorandum I passed it to my vis-a-vis who read and returned it. He raised his eyebrows interrogatively; I nodded; he assented. Then I spoke. "Mr. T. L. Church of 8 Luxmore Gardens, Reading, I beg to inform you that this gentleman and I object to your

smoking, and still more to your discourtesy. We shall call the attention of the company's superintendent at Braystoke to your presence in this carriage and ask him to examine your ticket. We shall also communicate with the superintendent of passenger traffic at Paddington and offer ourselves as witnesses."

The eyes were wide enough now; I saw white completely round the small pale iris which sparkled as that coloured eye does when irritated. "Hell!" the fellow remarked in a hoarse whisper after a pause and sucked in his lips staring with pulsating nostrils for some seconds. "The deuce you will! and what if I chuck it? Hay?"

"Your ceasing to annoy us will be a point in your favour." He knocked the ash off his cigar, replaced it in his case, pulled the peak of his cap over his nose and was asleep in a minute.

"Thanks," said the small man in a strained distinct undertone; "can't stand smoke now," and he tapped his chest with a dismal little smile. What is there to say in such a case? The truth was too obvious. I hoped my eyes were not obtrusively compassionate. The next few miles were measured by the crackle of newspapers and the deep rhythmical snores of the sleeper.

Suddenly I sat up with a start; my neighbour opposite had lowered his *DAILY NEWS*, and both our eyes were fixed upon the sleeper who was moaning horribly. A man writhing under the hoof of a nightmare is a ludicrous and painful object: one's first impulse is to arouse him. The propriety, not to say humanity, of this course seemed so obvious that I felt some natural impatience with my fellow traveller for not promptly adopting it. The miserable strangled groaning con-

tinued; it was really most disturbing. "I think, sir," I began in a fairly loud and firm voice, pitched in a key which I hoped would render further action superfluous, "I think, sir, you would be justified in arousing this—this gentleman." The little man heard me with grave politeness and replied with the "Yes" interrogative, a suggestion of a smile about his eyes, hardly extending to his lips.

I began to uncurl myself from my rug and had gone so far as to clear my throat in a somewhat authoritative manner when further measures were forestalled by the patient's awakening. "Moy Gawd!" he exclaimed as he threw himself forward; his upper works buttressed by squared elbows and a hand upon either knee, there he sat staring and panting fast through drawn and parted lips; then clapping one hand over his eyes and nervously plucking at his rug with the other he cowered silent in his corner, one long shudder succeeding another. We watched, not without misgivings, from behind the raised redoubts of our newspapers. "Ow!" he had plunged forward again and breathlessly casting loose the strap of his ulster, was unbuttoning it and tugging at his watch. He shook it, it had stopped. "Damn No! I didn't mean that! Look here, could either of you give me the time?" Glancing with corrugated brows from one to the other of the watches we displayed he burst into a beastly howl, "Ow! *Four-twenty-three!* then I've only seven minutes!"

At this juncture the little man exhibited character. "Come, come, sir!" he said quietly, laying aside his paper. "You are under the influence of a bad dream; talk it off, allow us to engage you in conversation for a minute,—nothing like it for nightmare."

"Nightmare be deed!" bellowed the sufferer and again apologised. "You see . . . look 'ere, gen'lmen! I hadn't 'ardly dropped orf when I thought we was at Bray-stoke. Out I gets, steps inter the waitin' room, where I expecks to meet some one; there on the table lays a man . . . me, yes, *me*, sure as I sit 'ere! Flat on me back. I looks at 'im, walks round 'im, jogs 'im. 'E were as dead as a nit! I looks round for someone to arst what it meant and see the clock over the foireplace stand at four-thirty. It's a warnin' and I'm a deader in six minutes!"

"In that case," suggested the small man with composure, "if you have anything to do you had better do it—your will for instance—"

"Charfatherchartineaven!" gasped the penitent from his knees, "—as we furgive—as we furgive—I'm deed, blowed that is, if I knows 'ow it goes! Could either o' you gen'lmen oblige with a bit of a prayer? No! well, of all the onforgiving, *dis-obliging*—and not five minutes—Ow! Can't help it, I *must* swear!" He did and seemed relieved.

"Will?" he suddenly resumed, "Who said will? *You* did, you're a lawyer? No? My luck again! Furgive—it says furgive—damme, I'll do it; where's my pencil?" He made a dive for the leathern case, unstrapped and opened it, releasing a sliding avalanche of stationery, business-cards, sample-packets and what not, to whiten the floor of the carriage. Snatching a blotting-pad and sheet of note-paper he began with rolling eyes and wet pencil-tip, pauses of cloudy abstraction alternating with fierce scribbling, watched by the small man and myself with something more than civil interest. Snap! the lead broke. I had expected it, and a promptly tendered stylograph con-

verted a deep-chested curse into the first gracious word I had heard the creature utter.

"There!" he concluded with a gusty sigh, regarding the manuscript at arm's length with apprehension; "There! she don't deserve it, but there—*furgive* it goes, I know there's suthin' about furgivin'. This oughter be witnessed, I b'lieve; you will, won't yer? Thanks, only be quick, for Gawd's sake be quick!"

I wrote rapidly the legal formula as to signing at the testator's request in his presence and in the presence of one other, attested and handed the pad to the little man who cautiously adjusted his glasses and assured himself of what he was putting his hand to before signing in a neat precise script. Having crossed his t's and blotted the document he made as though he would have returned it to the testator but no responsive hand was extended to take it. The moment was approaching, the haggard wretch had thrown the window down and was facing the rush of air with out-thrust head and watering eyes in full expectation of some visible obstruction upon the line. There was nothing to be seen; the train sped on through a cutting. The rough chalk walls did not invite the leap he plainly contemplated.

Drawing back into the carriage he sank in a heap into his corner. "It's comin'!" he muttered brokenly. "It's comin'; time's nearly up, nearly up! I wish I could do a bit of a pray. Can't either o' yer fake up suthin'—or a hymn? I sung in a choir once, when I was a nipper." Shutting his eyes tightly he warbled in a lamentable voice,

Brightly gleams our ban-a-er,
Pointin' to the skoy,
Leadin' wand'ers up—wuds
To their home on hoigh.

What's the time? Ow! I feel it comin'!"

The sweat had gathered on his forehead and was trickling into his eyes as he concluded his forlorn processional; the tufts of short hair about his ears were dark and dripping; the fat large hands, constantly clenched and spread, beat upon his knees; he had thrown aside his rug and sate erect glancing from side to side, ready to jump, to fly, he knew not whither. "The time . . . the time . . . *the time?*" he squealed in a frantic crescendo. Our watches were out in a trice; we held them before him; it was 4.32; the moment was past.

For a long minute and more we kept our positions, silently observing the beginnings of the return of hope. By 4.35 respiration became normal, while the eye brightening relaxed its hypnotic grip upon the minute-hand and roved slowly from my face to that of my companion; then the tremulous twitching of the upper-lip steadied into a faint smile which broadened and broke into peal after peal of laughter, ending abruptly in a hiccuppy, chuckling curse and the production of a pocket-handkerchief.

By 4.37 he had recovered tone enough to swear without apology and showed some disposition to be offensive. "Huh!" he snorted, lowering upon each of us in turn after a survey of the carriage. "Huh!" he resumed settling his collar and shaking his head as if preparing to toss. "Pretty sort o' chaps *you* are! D'ye call it business or what do ye call it, to lead a man on . . . play with him like . . . ?" He paused and snorted, apparently finding some difficulty in suitably characterising our conduct. I watched him narrowly and saw by the twitching cheek and trembling under-lip that the horror was still present, though

weakening. He was bluffing his way back to confidence and, as is the way of his sort, revenging past humiliation upon the nearest object.

We took up our newspapers. But to be left to himself was the last thing he wanted. "There, dash it all, don't be crusty, you two," he cried, forcing a wheeze. "*You* didn't mean nuthin', I dessay; I don't mind: done as much myself times and often when I've got a cove on." Reassured by these overtures we lowered our defences and listened. "How on earth I come to be took so? Jumps, you'll say, and on my soul I b'lieve I've got 'em, tho' I'll swear I've been takin' nothin' for weeks. Look 'ere now—" he explained his system of beverages in detail.

A passing signal-box changed the current of his thoughts. "'Ullo! Braystoke north cabin!" He was on his knees in a moment hastily collecting his scattered stationery, raising at intervals a red apoplectic visage after dives beneath the seats. As the train slid swiftly into the station the eyes of the little passenger met mine with a half-smile of amused relief. With a common impulse we sat back, raising our feet to release our rugs.

"Wonderful things these vacuum-brakes, what a pace they permit entering a station. You pull up in a—" At this point I saw an official upon the platform gesticulating distractedly. There was a brief shriek from the engine and then with a rending, shattering shock my vis-à-vis and myself were swept into each other's arms, whirled around, bumped heavily against the padded back of the carriage and finally deposited bewildered, dazed, but unhurt upon the floor amidst a shatter of glass from the lamp and windows.

A piteous outcry from the other compartments and a hard roar of

escaping steam filled my ears. For a moment I had no disposition to rise but experienced an inarticulate resentment at the little man who was bending over me with enquiries and encouragement. "Feel better? That's right; try to get up now. So! Good, that's good. And how are you, sir?" This was addressed to our fellow-passenger. When the shock came he was bending over his writing-case with his face to the engine; he was now lying across it, his head in the angle of the seat, his knees upon the floor. The little man pounced upon him like a weasel upon a hare, peeped, listened, stood back clapping him smartly over the shoulder, and failing of audible response bent over him closely.

Owing to the escape of steam and the trampling of feet outside I could hear nothing; apparently he heard too much. "Rouse up, sir," he cried to me imperatively. "Rouse up and help, this is a serious case."

At this moment the door was wrenched open by a pale, angry porter. "Git out, git out, you!" he began, but something in the small man's face and calmly-raised forefinger checked him. "Beg pardon, sir, but I'm orf me chump: the bloomin' brakes didn't act—"

"I know. Now, my man, keep your head and do as I bid you. There is no stretcher in the station, I suppose? No! What shape is your waiting-room table? Round or oblong? Oblong! Fetch it here instantly, you and another man, quick now, and mind, don't take orders from anyone else or do three or four things first; this is a bad case."

"Beg pardon, sir, but is the gen'l-man—?" The small man, who I now felt sure was a doctor, raised the lappet of the travelling-cap and from the shocked expression in the porter's eyes as he leaned into the carriage I

guessed at serious mischief and craned forward to see.

Blood was oozing from the orifice of the ear and filling the outer cavity. At the same moment that I saw this I was conscious that the man was snoring. "He is stunned," I said.

"Yes, he is stunned. Take that arm; one, two, *up!*" With a simultaneous effort we swung the heavy form into a sitting posture upon the floor. "Hold him so," said my companion and deftly loosened collar and shirt. The deep rattling snores continued, blood dripping slowly from the ears. A group of railway servants were at the door with a table. My companion assumed the command and gave his orders in precise unemotional undertones. A couple of stout fellows in green corduroys clambered into the compartment across the recumbent form of the patient and kneeling upon the seats held his arms whilst two others outside drew him from the carriage by his feet. The doctor supported the head. Still breathing stertorously he was lifted upon the table and borne slowly down the platform. I waited to collect the hats and rugs; from one of the latter fell a piece of folded paper; I had well-nigh stepped upon it as it lay between the hot-water tins fluttering in the draught from the door. It was the hastily executed will. "Most extraordinary!" I exclaimed.

At the entrance to the booking-office I overtook the improvised ambulance. Its slow progress down the platform had exercised a tranquillising influence upon the frightened and irritated passengers. The plump old lady, suffering from the dislocation of her bonnet and false front, ceased her outcries for a medical man and evinced a lively curiosity in a case so obviously genuine. The clergyman, who had clambered head-foremost through a broken window to the detriment

of his clothing and his hands, released the station-master's button-hole and left in temporary abeyance his demand for a prompt and liberal settlement of his claims. Even the driver and stoker, who, with heads bound up and raw knuckles, were busy around the engine, which, having mounted the stationary buffers, lay helplessly canted amidst heaps of fallen masonry and coals, turned a pitiful regard as we passed.

As the bearers set down their load the doctor bade me put one of the rugs beneath the head he was still supporting. The railway servants moved in silence towards the door. "Wait, please, one of you," he said without withdrawing his eye from the upturned forehead upon which a dampness was breaking. "This won't last long," he muttered; "I want a telegraph form." The porter went. "You, sir, I think, have the address?"

He wrote slowly, calculating the effect of every word, enquiring as he concluded, "To whom shall we send this, eh? Better look at the will perhaps. What did I do with it? Had it in my hand when— Oh, you have it! Good."

After a moment's study of his patient he opened the paper and running his finger from line to line stood silent, deciphering with difficulty. I glanced at the great supine mass between us, at the half-fallen jowl, the contracted pupils, the raised brows over each of which the sweat was now standing in an arched tract, and a sudden qualm shook me. I turned to the window. A cab was drawing up outside; with small interest I watched the fare, a coarsely handsome stylish woman of perhaps twenty-five, glance cautiously to left and right before alighting. Presently a voice, presumably hers, a shrill high-pitched voice, was giving directions for the

labelling of something to Pinckney. The cabman re-mounted his box and drove off, I followed him with my eyes trying not to think of the thing behind me. Decidedly I was shaken; I could feel it now.

"You had better not go in there, ma'am."

"An' why not, I should like to know? It's the public waiting-room. . . . Gentleman ill? well, I s'pose I've seen a gentleman unwell before, and he won't want every chair in the room." This woman was the sort that acts while pursuing her argument. The station-master apparently left his advice to be justified by results and conceded the door. "I'm expectin' a friend," she remarked to him in a somewhat mollified and explanatory tone as she entered, "Lor, it's Tom! Tom, what's the matter with you? You've bin at it again, I b'lieve."

The deep snoring respiration had been getting perceptibly slower, there was a pause, then a long-drawn fluttering breath followed by silence.

"The fool! What's he bin 'avin'?" she said, biting her lip in irritation.

"Am I speaking to Mrs. Church?" asked the doctor, withdrawing a finger from beneath the patient's vest.

"Yes, that is—"

"To Mrs. Maria Church of No. 8, Livermore Gardens, Reading?"

"And what business is that of yours? And who are you, I should like to know?" she exclaimed with heightened colour.

"Here, porter, take this telegram, get it off at once. You'd better communicate with the police. No mortuary here, I suppose?"

"What's the matter, I say, tell me!" cried the woman. The doctor regarded her over his shoulder in silence as he mechanically re-folded the will. "Better call a cab for her too, I should say." He drew the great silk scarf that loosely swathed the

throat, shook it out and laid it lightly upon the face.

She began to realise her position; covering her mouth with a handkerchief she edged towards the door, her eyes fastened to the table.

"Humph, sooner than I anticipated; bulky subject, base of skull, no doubt. When did it occur? My watch seems to have stopped. Yours too? Well, it was a bump, and that thing is no use."

This called my attention to a clock

on the wall above the mantel-piece apparently out of order, for a sheet of paper effectually hiding the dial was shut inside the glass to prevent mistakes. As we glanced at it there was a little chink as of strained metal giving way: the case slowly opened releasing the paper which sank in a long curve across the room.

The motionless hands stood at 4.30.

ASHTON HILLIERS.

THE EVOLUTION OF A COLONIAL GOVERNOR.

I.

COLONIES are as children born to a country, and they repeat all the phases of its growth. Their respective histories may be as widely different as the careers of a son who has gone out into the world and of a father who has never left his native village, but the main lines of their evolution will be similar. Their origin is alike; colonies have been founded by individual and sporadic emigration, with now and then an emigration in mass, and if we wish to understand how England and most other European countries were settled, we shall do better to study the process in the story of modern colonisation than in illusory narratives of racial struggles, wars, and military conquests. Both parent and child pass through the same successive stages of absolute, mixed, and constitutional government. In both societies the great organs of the collective life,—the executive, the judicature and the legislature,—come into existence in response to the same needs and in almost the same ways. These undergo a like development. Thus the colonial governorship, which is the core of the executive, reflects all the vicissitudes of kingship—its rise, its greatness, and its decline, the variety of types of character that have adorned or debased it, the services it has rendered, the judicial scrutiny that has tested its worth, the picturesque incidents that have attended it, the depositions, resignations, and recalls, the public penances and the posthumous vindications, death under

distant skies or burial in St. Paul's Cathedral.

II.

Both institutions have a kindred origin. Some of the earlier kings, as the Haralds and Einars of Norway, may be said to have discovered the lands they settled, and discovery was the first title of Alexander and many a sovereign to the countries they subdued. In a truer, but still in a relative sense the first of modern colonial governors discovered the countries they afterwards ruled. Columbus, Cortez, Pizarro, and Balboa had titles of a unique kind to their splendid viceroalties. Exploration is discovery in detail, and intrepid explorers like Grey, Eyre, Johnston, and de Brazza have thus won their offices. Most early governors, like most early kings, were likewise ruthless conquerors. In both cases the methods of acquisition may be of a primitive character. The legendary Hengist and Horsa have been dubbed pirates, and Morgan, a notorious buccaneer who took and plundered Panama, was knighted and made deputy-governor of Jamaica. Creators of colonies, like Baltimore, Penn, and Oglethorpe, repeat a type that is rare in history and has analogies only in the leaders of the Hebrew and Waldensian migrations, a type rare perhaps because it probably produces the noblest of rulers, men who are kings by a diviner right than that of any known sovereign. Pacific Attilas and Alarics, Captain William Wakefield guided a scattered multi-

tude of English farmers into the wilds of New Zealand, Captain Cargill led a company of Scottish Free Churchmen to Otago, and John Robert Godley settled a still finer band of English High Churchmen in neighbouring Canterbury; all three became by indefeasible sovereignty the rulers of the self-reliant communities they founded. Usurpation is more impracticable for a governor than for a king, yet Gonzalo (the younger) Pizarro was a usurper. Rebellion is less often provoked, yet two governors of New York and several governors of other North American colonies were the creatures of insurrections.

From the nature of the case, heredity is a rarer title in a colony than in a monarchy, yet the great Spanish house of Mendoza supplied no fewer than five viceroys to Peru, and that of Cañete two, father and son; a governor-general of Canada, Lord Durham, was succeeded and vindicated by his son-in-law, Lord Elgin; and two Elgins ruled India. Both Cortez and Pizarro were urged to convert their governorships into dynasties, and Rajah Sir James Brooke handed down to his children the colony which England refused. The election of governors in the charter colonies of New England recalls the election of the early Frankish kings, but really repeats that of the governors of commercial companies, who have thus bequeathed to all British colonies at least, as also to American States, the title of their chief executive officer; but with these we are here not specially concerned. The great majority of colonial governors has been, directly or indirectly, appointed by the Crown. They have been selected from very various classes. The pre-revolutionary governors of the North American colonies are described as

having been "generally unworthy men." They were relatives of court favourites, men of broken fortunes, dissolute and ignorant, and sometimes mere adventurers. The class of men thus sent out, it is plausibly alleged, was largely responsible for the loss of the colonies. Only five of them are singled out as having been "conspicuous for public spirit." Such is the judgment of the late John Fiske, as it is that of the New England school of historians. The verdict must not be accepted without qualification. It is the growth of a "climate of opinion" that prevailed all over North America till within the last thirty years, and was, in fact, a survival of the War of Independence. The national point of honour required that all officials who took the side of the Crown should be sternly judged. Early in the Seventies the tide began to turn. Andros (as we shall see) was then vindicated. Lord Cornbury's turn may come next. The poet who ascribed to Berkeley "every virtue under heaven" had a eulogy almost as unstinted for the governor who has excited the resentment of publicists only less deeply than Andros.

The Australian colonies were never, to the same alleged extent, a refuge for decayed members of Parliament; yet the outspoken Dr. Lang characterises the early rulers of New South Wales as "a series of ignorant and absurd governors," and, when the military stage of governorship had been merged in the court stage, questionable individuals brought the office into disrepute. In both America and Australia they reflected the state of the British monarchy at the time. In a later and happier age bucolic accomplishments have now and then proved the best recommendation of a governor. Send no

man to Queensland, cried the first governor of that vast territory, unless he can both ride and shoot. Accordingly, Sir William Denison was sent there, and his performances across country showed that he was clearly the right governor in the right colony. Sir George Bowen found that the governor of Mauritius must be able to stalk deer as well as speak French. At least one lawyer, Vaca de Castro, who administered Peru, has adorned the position; a physician, Dr. Macgregor, has governed New Guinea and the Straits Settlements; and a minister of the Gospel, the impetuous John Mackenzie, held a brief commissionership in Bechuanaland. Though not a few have been men of culture, Bowen and Lord Milner are perhaps the only two governors of academic distinction. The late Lord Elgin was said to be the finest elocutionist of his time at Oxford, and those who heard him speak in public on the eve of his departure for India can readily credit the statement. Two men of scientific distinction have been selected as colonial governors. Sir Thomas Brisbane was President of the Royal Society of Scotland and an astronomer of mark when he was sent out to New South Wales, where he set up an observatory. Seventeen years ago Professor Paul Bert deserted his laboratory and the Sorbonne in order to go out as civil Resident-General of Annam and Tonkin. Two naval officers, Sir John Franklin and Admiral FitzRoy, had been engaged in scientific work before they were appointed governors. Two have been journalists, — Napier Broome and Milner, and both partly owed their appointment to the fact. A father's fame, like Tennyson's, may procure a governorship for his son. Ambitious young statesmen occasionally aspire to serve an apprenticeship to public

life on an imperial field, and sometimes beat a hasty retreat from the uncongenial element.

As the office changes its type, the range of choice is widened. Poulett Thompson went to Canada as a "merchant-pacifcator," and Gerard Smith considered it fitting that a representative of the great mercantile class should be sent to Western Australia at a time when the name of the gold colony was great on all the exchanges. Sir John Thurston had been an islands-trader and Lord Brassey a contractor, as Lord Carington was a banker and Sir Thomas Buxton a brewer at one remove. The great majority of governors have been of home origin. Of six hundred and seventy-two viceroys, captains-general, and governors of South America only eighteen were native Americans, and the proportion of indigenous British governors is probably no larger. The Canadian rebel, Sir Francis Hincks; a New Zealand premier, the high-minded Weld; a New Zealand run-holder, Sir Frederick Napier Broome; Sir John Thurston and John Mackenzie, — these almost complete the list, and even these were immigrants.

III.

The governor's changes of type are those of the sovereign. Like all the early kings of Europe to the end of the Middle Ages, the pioneer governor is almost always a military ruler. Where the natives are troublesome, or there are hostile rivals, or there is a danger of rebellion, the young colony is ever under arms, and its head is necessarily warlike. The governors of New France were all soldiers: Frontenac was continually in the field, either against the English or against their allies, the Iroquois; and the last of them, the Marquis

of Montcalm, died on the heights of Abraham, defending Quebec against Wolfe. Governor Shirley of Massachusetts commanded the New England expedition that took impregnable Louisburg. Oglethorpe and Moore led forces against the Spaniards in Florida. The first seven governors of Australia belonged to one or the other arm of the military service. The first four were sailors,—the first three of them, and the first two governors of New Zealand, sea-captains of the grand old English type idealised by Kingsley—probably because, like Phillip and Hobson, they were sent out in men-of-war to take possession of the new territory, and it seems to have been thought natural that their immediate successors should belong to the same profession. The military governor supervened in most of the colonies. Colborne, Cathcart, and Head in Canada; Hindmarsh, Gawler, and Grey in South Australia; Grey and Gore Browne in New Zealand; Arthur in Tasmania; Pottinger and Smith in South Africa,—these were all military officers, nor were their military functions a pretence. Sir George Grey was fond of relating how he informed Sir Harry Smith, then commander-in-chief in South Africa, that if he did not advance against the Kaffirs, he would himself, as commander-in-chief in the colony, supersede him and take command of the troops. The threat was, of course, a *brutum fulmen*. The War Office has always refused to admit that a colonial governor has any authority over British troops that may be stationed in a colony, where his military powers are confined to colonial levies. But all the clerks in the War Office could never have obliterated from Grey's mind an idea that grew more deeply fixed with each year. The same veteran governor

related with equal pride how he had got together a force of colonial irregulars and with it captured a Maori stronghold which his personal enemy, General Cameron, refused to attack. It ought to be stated, however, that a narrative published last year by a British officer puts a different complexion on the event. In Dutch Guiana and Dutch New York Van Sommelsdyk and Stuyvesant were fighting rulers. In Virginia, about 1670, Colonel Jeffreys was the first in a long line of military governors. Many, perhaps most, of the governors of our West Indian colonies, where the blacks are menacing, have been military. The captains-general of insurrectionary Cuba were fighters, and sometimes savage fighters, to the last. Only religious and special settlements, like New England for a time, or recently founded colonies, like Queensland, Tunis, Annam, and Tonkin, have escaped the military stage. When Paul Bert went out to the East seventeen years ago, he declared that he would have there no "sabre-dragners," no soldiery, no escorts. Rhodesia did not quite escape.

The military governors were followed by organising rulers of the Tudor type, or by reactionary rulers of the Stuart type, who were often militant at heart, and carried on a new warfare under the forms of peace. Masterful men like Sir Richard Bourke, Sir George Gipps (both governors of New South Wales), and Sir George Grey in his earlier years, are brilliant examples of the former class. Unscrupulous men like the legendary Cornbury, Harvey, and too many other governors of the North American colonies, are obnoxious representatives of the latter class. When the critical or the constructive period in the history of a colony has passed, a purely civilian type succeeds

—that of diplomatic statesmen like the late Lord Elgin and his successors in Canada, Sir George Bowen and the majority of recent Australian governors, Sir Hercules Robinson and several High Commissioners at the Cape. They may be considered as answering to the later Georgian sovereigns.

In the second half of the sixteenth century, when the greatness of its colonies was beginning to be recognised, the Spanish Government made a new departure by reflecting on its colonial governors the growing splendour of the monarchy, and henceforth sent out to South America viceroys of exalted rank,—grandees of Spain, dukes, marquises, and counts, who had a viceregal court, a palace, and a body-guard. More than three centuries later, by deliberate or unconscious imitation, a similar change was brought about in the British Empire. In 1874 the most ostentatious of British Prime Ministers inaugurated the new Imperialism by announcing in his magniloquent language that only those would in future be appointed colonial governors who had been “born in the purple,” like the Byzantine emperors. Then descended on the delighted colonies a flight of marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons, many of whom had no natural or acquired qualification for the post other than the English, Scottish, or Irish handle to their names which procured them the appointment. The Liberals had few peers to send out, and doubtless they intentionally appointed governors of a somewhat lower rank; but, notwithstanding one or two such reactions, the aristocratic régime was too dear to the hearts of the flattered colonists to be discontinued, and it held its ground for a quarter of a century.

Before our eyes the office is under-

going a final transformation. It is a sociological law that the last stage of an institution resembles the first, though always with a difference. The colonial governorship began with naval and military officers, and it is ending with them. But the last are the men of a stamp very different from the first. The first Australian governors had powers that the Czar or the Sultan might have envied; the last have only the authority inherent in their own characters. A similar change was made in South America in 1745, when experienced naval or military officers were appointed in the belief that they would be more in sympathy with the colonists than the Spanish grandees of the previous two hundred years. No such benevolent object was the cause of the recent alteration in Australia, where two admirals and two generals have lately replaced four noblemen. It was the inevitable consequence of the sinking of the States to a subordinate position by the side of the Commonwealth and of the reduction in the salaries of the governors. But it seems likely to have in Australia the effect it failed to have in South America. The Governor of Victoria has declared that he will discourage the separation of classes in that democratic community, and the Governor of New South Wales has announced that he and his family have gone there to make themselves one with the people among whom they are to dwell.

IV.

The governor of the monarchical colonies is the deputy of the sovereign, and the story of his authority is the story in brief of the royal prerogative. The governors of the Spanish colonies arrogated and abused a power far more despotic than a Spanish king's.

The viceroy of Peru issued innumerable ordinances; he was at the head of the financial and revenue departments, and he was commander-in-chief. As president of the Supreme Court he sentenced forty-two persons to death in 1665 and banished upwards of sixty more. The French governor of Illinois ruled with absolute sway. The Dutch governor of New York fixed wages, tampered with the currency, forcibly inspected merchants' books, and arbitrarily changed the rate of customs' duties; he persecuted Lutherans and imprisoned Quakers; he refused a legislature, and levied taxes arbitrarily. The first governor of New South Wales possessed unequalled powers. The administration of justice was exclusively in his hands; he could impose a fine of five hundred pounds and inflict a flogging of five hundred lashes; he could sentence to death, execute, or pardon. He had the fee-simple of a territory as extensive as England and France together, and could bestow grants of land. He fixed wages and prices, and controlled the sale of commodities. The regulation of trade and customs was in his hands. He commanded all the labour of the colony. He appointed to all places of honour or profit. The colonists were his subjects. With the mother-country then at six months' distance, he was practically irresponsible. Circumstances favouring, an English community can evidently assume the characters of an Eastern satrapy. It is the stage of pure absolutism, and is necessitated in the colony, as in the mother-country, by the presence of a small company of immigrants in the midst of a hostile native population, as in North and South America, or of a handful of free settlers among a convict populace, as in New South Wales.

It is succeeded by the stage of limited absolutism. The authority of the governor is nominally controlled by the appointment of a council. Most of the North American crown colonies were at this stage at the time of the rebellion. It answers to England under the later Tudors or under the Stuarts, and, as there, left ample scope for oppression. The governor was commander-in-chief, administrator, treasurer, chief judge, and (in Virginia) even head of the Church. With his subservient council he exercised supreme legislative power, promulgated, modified, or repealed laws at his pleasure. This stage may coexist with a popular assembly (as in Virginia) without being essentially modified. It went the round of all the colonies. Pringle's passionate apostrophe,

Oppression! I have seen thee face to
face,
And met thy cruel eye and clouded
brow,

was addressed to Lord Charles Somerset, then governor at the Cape. Lord Durham did "not blush to hear that" he had "exercised despotism" in Canada, "because his delegated authority was despotic." At an earlier date Sir James Craig treated his Canadian parliament as superciliously as a Stuart. Earl Grey claimed it as a merit that ministers had conferred on Sir George Grey, in New Zealand, the powers of a dictator. In that colony the complaints were continual that Grey had more absolute power than a sovereign. The distinguished men,—Godley, Cargill, and Wakefield—who were the agents of the Canterbury Association, the Otago Association, and the New Zealand Company, were, in a manner, his feudal vassals, and were oftener than not in rebellion against their liege lord. So far did he carry the

assertion of his quasi-royal prerogatives that he refused to bring into operation a constitution enacted by the British parliament and sent out to him for that purpose. The constitution may have had some faults; it may have provided imperfect securities for the rights of the Maories; but its fatal defect in the eyes of the governor was that it made an end of his own arbitrary and all but irresponsible authority. In South Australia previously, and afterwards in South Africa, the same governor was a constituted autocrat, his council not limiting but aggrandising his power.

But the chief example of gubernatorial oppression, at least in North America, has long been Sir Edmund Andros. That too celebrated official was for about seventeen years the governor, first of New England, then also of New York and New Jersey, under one consolidated administration. He is the special antipathy of New England historians. The eloquent Bancroft, in particular, has exhausted vituperative language in describing his misdeeds. He was "an unmitigated tyrant." Under constitutional forms he enjoyed practically unlimited powers, and he exercised them without scruple. His measures were "the most vexatious and tyrannical to which men of English descent were ever exposed." Seats of learning were allowed to fall into decay. Town-meetings, the palladium of New English freedom, were almost abolished. Liberty of exit from the colonies was restricted. Taxes were levied in spite of the resistance of the towns, and protestors imprisoned. Andros dissolved the government of Rhode Island and substituted government by commission. He abolished the government of Connecticut. He intimidated the Assembly of New Jersey. In New York he refused

to summon the Assembly and levied customs' duties without its consent. These things were done in the reign of James the Second, and resembled the English monarch's arbitrary acts. Yet Bancroft admits that Andros was "personally free from vicious dispositions," and that he "advised his master to concede legislative franchises." He allows that the taxes and duties were levied "at the instance and with the special concurrence of James the Second," that they were "in amount not grievous," and that they were "for public purposes." He states that Andros carefully preserved the archives which, on the New England theory of him, should have sufficed for his condemnation, but which have served for his exculpation.

We are reminded of Schiller's indictment of Wallenstein. Through many impressive pages the historian piles up damning accusations against the imperialist general. Then, in a brief paragraph of less than a score of lines, he confesses that the case against him rests solely on the testimony of his enemies, that no documentary evidence in support of the graver counts exists, and that all his actions are compatible with the supposition of his innocence. As a matter of fact documents were discovered almost two hundred years later (in 1832) which were believed to vindicate the imperialist. A contemporary historian, Anton Gindely, who is re-writing the history of the Thirty Years' War, professes himself still doubtful, and in any case the vindication is incomplete. But, at all events, Wallenstein is not the convicted traitor whom Schiller has consigned in a national drama to immortal infamy. Like Wallenstein, and like the Dutch statesman, Olden Barneveldt, Andros has had to wait almost two centuries for a vindicator.

In 1868-74 Mr. W. H. Whitmore reissued a series of tracts relating to Andros, and published a memoir of him, which historical experts admit to have effected a total change of opinion regarding his character. The charges against him have been successfully refuted, and the stigma of being a placeman and a tyrant has been wiped out.¹ It is a parallel to the vindication of many a calumniated sovereign.

Another and a nobler parallel might be drawn. Great things have been attributed to kings, from the invention of the alphabet to the project of the circumnavigation of the globe, which even Gibbon, who has stripped many a royal daw of his borrowed plumes, ascribes to George the Third. Yet the actual beneficent achievements of monarchs fill an inspiring volume of history. Their counterparts, the governors of colonies, have a no less honourable record. The great German poet, intending to make his hero redeem his past and work out his own salvation, assigns him as a task the draining of a marsh. Could Goethe have even then travelled in the nascent British colonial empire, he would have found grander materials for an epic delineation than were supplied by the confined conditions of a petty German principality. Had Faust been an Australian governor in the second decade of the old century, when his creator was dreaming out the story of his redemption, he might have played a notable part in the building up of new States. As Colonel Lachlan Macquarie, he might have stamped his name in perpetuity on lake, river, plain, and port. He

would have used the abundant convict-labour at his disposal to open out his vast territory by making hundreds of miles of durable roads, and he would have thrown a highway over a precipitous range of mountains, thus binding the east to the west. He would have devoted himself to moralising the convicts, converting them into free citizens, teaching them to build homes and to farm, and aiding them with money and stores. He would have erected churches, schools, and public buildings. At a somewhat later date, if he were still bent on draining marshes, as governor of South Australia he would have reclaimed the mangrove swamp where now stands the beautiful city of Adelaide. Returning to New South Wales as Governor Brisbane and Darling, he would have distributed his thirty or forty thousand convicts all over the colony, assigning them to farmers and tradesmen, and thus initiating agriculture and industry. As the genial and popular Sir Richard Bourke, he would have discontinued the free granting of State lands and put them up to auction, given the squatter his Magna Charta, and placed pastoral occupation on a secure footing. As the irascible and resolute Sir George Gipps, adopting the ideas of the great colonising genius of the age, he would have set apart the funds received on account of the sale of crown lands for the promotion of immigration, and have thus rescued large numbers from starvation and planted them down under sunnier skies, where the hard struggle for existence is sensibly lightened. Stretching his powerful arm across the stormy waters that separate the island-continent from New Zealand, he would have arrested the flight of land-grabbers that descended on that colony in its earliest days and have guarded its virgin soil for

¹ Whitmore's work is described in the admirable BIBLIOGRAPHY OF AMERICAN HISTORY compiled by a corps of forty American professors and librarians, edited by Mr. Larned, and published through the munificence of Mr. George Iles.

worthier occupants. Reincarnated as Sir George Grey, he would have lightly sped over that same sea and continued to fulfil the same high mission. There, too, he would have found a race that would have equally evoked his sympathies and appealed to his imagination. One-half of it, possessing no ordinary personal attractions, and with the added charm of strangeness heightened by a picturesque environment, he might have loved as he had loved Gretchen,—not wisely, but too well. Thus initiated, he would have set himself to gather their proverbs, their romantic legends, their striking myths, and the collection would have made a classical work on Polynesian mythology. Believing, like many missionaries and colonists, that a mixed race of Maories and British was destined to colonise the islands, he would have devoted himself to raise and improve the condition of the natives. He would have organised for them a form of government. He would have given them schools. He would have valorously resisted all attempts to deprive them of their lands, and would have exposed their robbers, even were those robbers missionaries of high standing. He would still not have neglected the white settlers. Giving little encouragement to sectarian colonies, he would have done his utmost to throw open all land to free settlement. He would have schemed a federation of the South Sea Islands, as he would afterwards have projected a federation of South African States, where the Boers would have been in the ascendant. And when the time came to lay down the reins of the power that he had on the whole so beneficently held, he would draft for the colony a political constitution deliberately modelled on the most democratic commonwealth of modern times. Few rulers, it may be thought, have had such

opportunities of doing good to their fellows as a British colonial governor.

V.

Certain colonies, to which the existence of lower races in disproportionate numbers denies the capacity for further growth, are permanently arrested at this pre-constitutional stage, where the governor is all and in all. In Mauritius, a recent governor of the island states that he is expected to do everything, "down to the smallest details of administration." In several of our West Indian colonies he is at this day a perpetual superintending providence. To the last the Spanish colonies were despotically governed. Even in normal colonies the stage is sometimes unduly prolonged. The North American colonies slowly wrested from their governors the elementary rights of self-government about the same time and in much the same way as the people of England wrung their independence from their kings. When responsible government is granted to a colony, as it was gradually to the North American colonies after 1688 and to most Australasian colonies about 1854-55, its governor becomes a ruler answering to a constitutional sovereign. In one of the few philosophical treatises that have been written on the subject of colonies (a book that procured for its author the influential post of Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies) Professor Herman Merivale defines the chief function of a constitutional governor. He should be "a mediator between extreme parties and a controller of extreme resolutions, an independent and dispassionate adviser." Echoing language that has become classical, Earl Grey instructed the governor of Nova Scotia to "make himself both a mediator and

a moderator between the influential of all parties." In the earlier phases of this stage (on the testimony of Sir George Bowen), "a governor with a strong will, popular manners, and political knowledge and experience" may exercise a commanding influence, and the sagacious Lord Elgin, who endeavoured to maintain a "dignified neutrality" between opposing parties, asserted that he enjoyed twice the authority in constitutional Canada that he had possessed in semi-absolute Jamaica. Like Lord Sydenham, he may exert great influence over the legislature. Like Metcalfe, he may come victoriously out of a conflict with the executive council. Like Bowen in Queensland, he may successfully resist an unwise attempt to introduce a paper currency. As George the Third in 1783, and William the Fourth in 1834, arbitrarily dismissed the Whigs, a governor of Newfoundland in 1861 dismissed his ministry; in 1858 the governor of New South Wales had resolved to dismiss his; the Anglo-Indian Frere summarily discharged the Molteno ministry in South Africa; nine years afterwards Sir Hercules Robinson cashiered Mr. Rhodes. But it is a heroic remedy which Sir George Bowen did not dare to use in Victoria when his ministers cut adrift almost the entire Civil Service because the Legislative Council had thrown out the supplies bill, to which a bill for the payment of members had been tacked. All of these larger prerogatives have been gradually laid down in the constitutional colonies. Three prerogatives are retained. The governor, like the sovereign, selects his prime minister, and the act may have serious consequences. Like the governor-general of Canada in 1896, he may refuse to appoint senators, and may maintain his refusal. Like the governor of New Zealand in 1893, he may refuse

to appoint a batch of twelve legislative councillors in the belief that the council would thus be swamped. An obscure clerk in the Colonial Office, using the name of the Secretary for the Colonies, who never sees the message, will then invite him to "waive" his objections, and the invitation will be equivalent to a command. He may also refuse to grant a dissolution to a sanguine minister, and, as three recent Australian experiences show, without exciting public disapproval. Beyond these real but rarely exercised prerogatives he has little else to do than sign his ministers' documents. Even this is superfluous. A convict may be released in the name of the governor before the governor's signature has been appended to the warrant. Things are done every day in government departments in his name without waiting for his sanction. What would happen if he then refused to sign the document, it passes the imagination to conceive. Nor must he identify himself with his ministers' policy. When Lord Hoptoun publicly avowed his participation in a certain action of his ministry, he was openly rebuked in the Federal House of Representatives. The governor has become a shadow. The Premier of the colony, the Prime Minister of the Dominion or the Commonwealth, is now its working king.

VI.

The governor completes the parallel with the sovereign by undergoing all his vicissitudes. As monarchs have died prematurely, been assassinated, have fallen in battle, taken their own lives, abdicated, been imprisoned, deposed, banished, restored, tried have beheaded, so colonial governors have died in office, been assassinated, have

fallen in battle, laid violent hands on themselves, resigned, been imprisoned, deposed, expelled, restored, impeached, tried, recalled, and hanged, and in both sets of cases for similar reasons.

Many North American governors died in office,—some of them (like some popes and some presidents) soon after entering on its duties. Not a few South American governors died in office, or soon after their term had expired before they had left their colonies, or when they were on their way home, or when they had reached home. Four Australasian governors died in harness,—two of them from the vexations of office reacting on an enfeebled constitution. One of the greatest colonial governors, Pizarro, died at the hands of envious rivals, thus expiating the murder of the Inca sovereign, Atahualpa. One of his successors in the viceroyalty of Peru, like at least one Roman emperor and a Norwegian king, was assassinated by men whose wives he had wronged. A governor of the Gold Coast, Sir Charles MacCarthy, was killed by an Ashanti chief, and a Spanish governor of Sulu, in the Philippines, by a Moro pirate. A governor of Dutch New Guinea, Van Sommelsdyk, fell in the field, fighting against rebels. Like at least one king, Ludwig the Second of Bavaria, a governor of New York, who found himself unable to enforce his instructions, committed suicide.

Governors have resigned, as kings and queens have abdicated, for a variety of reasons. They have resigned because their ministers did things in their absence of which they disapproved, like Sir Arthur Gordon in New Zealand, or because they were innocently entrapped, like Lord Onslow in the same colony, into approving their ministers' sharp practice. They have resigned, as ministers of the Gospel have resigned, because of slights and insults. They

have resigned, as bishops have resigned, because their wives could not endure colonial society, as is said of a governor of New South Wales; or because they had committed well-intended blunders, like a more recent governor of the same colony; or because they were out of sympathy with the tastes of the people, like a recent religious and non-sporting governor of South Australia; or because they had hopelessly compromised themselves. Wisely emulating Diocletian, the second and easy-going governor of Tasmania, Colonel Davey, withdrew from the worries of office to cultivate cabbages near Hobart.

They have been recalled for an equal variety of reasons. A governor of the Cape of Good Hope was recalled because he was unpopular; a viceroy, the first of the two Marquises of Cañete, for severity to the Spaniards; De la Barrière, a governor of New Caledonia, for too great leniency to the convicts; Valekenær, a governor of Java, for cruelty to the Chinese. Lord Torrington, governor of Ceylon, was recalled because of hostile resistance in his council after the rebellion of 1848 and a quarrel with his principal officers. Sir Benjamin d'Urban was recalled from South Africa in 1837, and Sir Henry Bartle Frere in 1880, because they were out of harmony with the Home Government's policy of renunciation. From the same Cape (and colony) of Storms Sir George Grey was recalled in 1859 for incorrigible insubordination and extravagant assertion of his powers. Like a viceroy of Peru, Sir Peregrine Maitland was recalled from the Cape because he was too old to be equal to a critical situation. Sir Francis Head was recalled from Canada because he was "feather-brained and untrustworthy." Pronis, the first French governor of Madagascar, was recalled because his

life shocked even the French settlers; and Sir J. Eardley Wilmot was recalled from Tasmania on similar grounds, according to one account, or for a lack of straightforward dealing with the Secretary for the Colonies (who was then Mr. Gladstone), according to another account. Wilmot reaped little profit by superseding the good Sir John Franklin, whom Lord Derby recalled on a frivolous pretext. The first four governors of Australia, and possibly the sixth, were lied out of office. The strange, but energetic Count Frontenac, governor of French Canada, fell before the machinations of his enemies. An outbreak of public indignation, like that against Governor Eyre, may be needed to bring about a governor's recall. It may be contrived by a mere clerk in the Colonial Office. Sir Henry Taylor relates in his AUTOBIOGRAPHY how he had come to the conclusion that the governor of one of the sugar colonies ought to be removed. He tried to persuade the Secretary of State to take that step. The Secretary knew that he might have to defend it in Parliament, and could not be persuaded. Taylor let some time elapse, and then, finding that the governor in question was not mending his ways, he wrote a despatch recalling him, and took it to the Secretary to be signed. He signed it. Taylor's colleague, Sir James Stephen, could have told many a similar tale.

A governor's acts may be called in question during his term of office. The most illustrious of colonial governors was superseded by an obscure individual, who sent home the great Columbus in chains; by a salutary operation of the *lex talionis* not uncommon in colonial history, Bobadilla was himself supplanted, and soon perished with his ill-gotten gold. A commissioner was sent out to supersede the discoverer of the

Pacific, and another commissioner was sent to supersede *him*. A lawyer was commissioned to report on Pizarro, and took his place after he was murdered. A commissioner was despatched all the way to Australia to check Governor Macquarie's craze for building. Such inquisitions have been far from infrequent, and have taken place in the South Seas within the last few years. Kings have been tried, and governors have been tried. The greatest of Indian governors-general was impeached. Articles equivalent to impeachment were drawn up against a governor of New South Wales, who, like Clive, suffered the indignity of seeing his administration scrutinised by a committee of the House of Commons. When a Spanish governor's term of office came to an end, he underwent his *residencia*. He was then, as it were, placed on his trial, and his whole course as governor subjected to a strict scrutiny. He retired to a neighbouring village, where he remained in seclusion. The ordeal was no mere form and no mockery. In the case of one viceroy it lasted two years. Another viceroy, the Count of Lemos, was sued by the relatives of a Spaniard whom he had put to death. The lawsuit dragged through forty years, and the viceroy was condemned, or rather his judgment was reversed, for he had long before gone to his account. Governors, like kings, have been imprisoned. La Bourdonnais was sent to the Bastille: Andros was imprisoned in Massachusetts and Valckenaer in Java; and in Carolina it was the "common practice" to resist and imprison their governors. The deposition of kings is one of the standing tragedies of history. The deposition of governors is as frequent in the history of colonies. It was often witnessed in North America. An oppressive

governor of Virginia was banished to England, but sent back and restored, like Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. A governor of New South Wales was deposed by a military mutiny and shipped to Tasmania, but was nominally reinstated. A governor of New Zealand was shipped to England. The last viceroy of Peru was deposed by an insurrectionary junta.

The panorama of history unwinds no more dramatic scenes than the public penances of imperial Henry under the iron grasp of Hildebrand, and of royal Henry under the unrelenting pressure of Becket. It was reserved for a Spanish viceroy to furnish another striking parallel between governors and sovereigns. Convinced by his confessor, or convicted by a still sterner monitor within his own breast, the Count of Lemos, already mentioned, was racked with the pangs of remorse on account of forty Spaniards whom he had summarily executed, and seven years afterwards he ordered masses to be said for the souls of his victims. The grandee of Spain even took part in the atonement by acting as sacristan, organ-blower, and lampman. In the midst of his theatrical penance retribution overtook him, and he was carried off by some obscure disease while still in his prime.

Lastly, as a French king expiated the crimes of his ancestors by the guillotine, a French colonial ruler was publicly executed. And, as a

single English king was brought to the block, so has a single English governor atoned for his rebellion on the scaffold.

The guerdon of the colonial governor would thus seem to have been supersession, compulsory resignation, recall, imprisonment, deposition, death from a broken heart, or a death of ignominy. But he has also reaped fame, rank, wealth, and an honourable grave. In the story of empire few names will shine with a brighter lustre than those of Columbus and Cortez, and Penn and Oglethorpe, Durham and Grey. Four Peruvian viceroys were made marquises. At least five British colonial governors have been raised to the peerage, and two others have been advanced in it. A grandson of Almagro received a grant of lands. Two governors of Tasmania and a governor of Victoria accepted sums of money; while others, as the second governor of South Australia, made heavy pecuniary sacrifices for their colonies. Several Spanish governors, on their return, were placed in the Council of the Indies, and one of them became its president. Sir Hercules Robinson is known to have advised the Colonial Office, but the British governor usually comes home to live in obscurity and die in neglect. Frere and Grey alone, their errors forgotten and only their greatness remembered, sleep in St. Paul's Cathedral.

J. COLLIER.

MADemoiselle AÏSSÉ.

THE public has lately devoted a considerable amount of morbid attention to the epistolary effusions of lovers. Many centuries and many countries have been ransacked for these personal revelations; the real and fictitious, the distinguished and the puerile have alike been devoured with indiscriminating avidity. Pondering on this somewhat sudden burst of literary sentimentality, if literary it can be called, we recollected a certain volume, for many years the occupant of a place on our bookshelves, keeping company with a variety of French memoirs. It is a little book, of meagre proportions and unassuming aspect, and it contains, not the avowed correspondence of lover and mistress, but a sequence of gossiping letters written by a woman to her intimate friend. It bears the title, *LETTRES DE MADemoiselle AÏSSÉ À MADAME C.*, and was published at Paris in 1787. Only one genuine love-letter is included among the thirty-six filling the covers. Nevertheless there runs through the seven years' correspondence the story of a love as tragic as it was profound. It is revealed, so to speak, almost involuntarily, not with the overwhelming abandonment of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse's direct declarations, or the intellectual passion of Heloise, but in disjointed records and half veiled allusions, wrung by suffering from the lonely writer. It is an unchallenged axiom how strangely the sentiment of an age is unconsciously illustrated in the career of its contemporaries. The life of Mlle. Aïssé

is a case in point; the record of it reads like one of those semi-oriental romances so greatly in vogue during the eighteenth century, and in fact later many of the circumstances were appropriated by the novelists of that school.

About the year 1698 a certain small town in Circassia was sacked by the Turks, and those of the inhabitants who were not massacred were conveyed to the slave-market of Constantinople and there offered for sale. Among these was a big-eyed four-year-old girl, lovely, winsome, and singularly intelligent, and held by report, rightly or wrongly, to be of royal lineage. Under what circumstances this pretty child attracted the notice of the Comte de Férriol, French ambassador to the Porte, is uncertain; we can only speculate as to the motives which induced the elderly *roué* to purchase her. The fact however remains, that he bought the child, and shortly afterwards returning temporarily to Paris he took her thither with him. Little Aïssé was installed with his sister-in-law, young Madame de Férriol, in the big family hotel in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, where she shared the nursery of the year-old heir, the baby Comte de Pont de Veyle. His brother the Comte d'Argental, the future friend of Voltaire and Adrienne Lecouvreur's faithful lover, was not born until several years later. During her childhood her position in the household seems to have been an assured one, as in corresponding with the family the ambassador constantly couples her name with those of his nephews, "our

children," as he affectionately styles them. We have no clue as to how or where her education was achieved, but that intellectually it must have been excellent is amply proved by the distinguished place accorded to her, while still a mere girl, in the most cultured society of the epoch, a society including Voltaire, Fontenelle, Sainte Aulaire, Montesquieu, Lord Bolingbroke and his charming second wife, the cynical Madame de Deffand, Madame de Tencin, and Madame de Lambert, the fair philosopher,—a world as brilliant as it was immoral, where all men and women had their price, and few refrained from realising their value. Honour was held but as an inheritance wherewith to pay the debts of pleasure. Perhaps at no period was French society more corrupt than during the minority of Louis the Fifteenth, when one of the most profligate dukes of the profligate House of Orleans acted as Regent. During the latter years of the late King's reign Madame de Maintenon's influence had established a certain outward decorum at court, but neither Quietist meditations, Jansenist prayers, Bossuet's eloquence, or Fénelon's piety had accomplished any real social purification. Beneath the surface the old vicious tendencies flourished uncleansed, and quickly sprang up afresh in the tainted atmosphere of the regency.

The De Fériols were ill calculated to be wise or safe guardians to a young girl amid such surroundings. The head of the house, Auguste, Comte de Fériol, councillor, president of the parliament of Metz, receiver general of the finances of Dauphiné, was immersed in a tangle of financial intrigues and speculations. His wife, considerably his junior and already noted for her intimacy with the Maréchal d'Uxelles, was sister to the notorious Madame de Tencin. Of the

two ladies St. Simon writes, *Madame de Fériol avait plus de douceur et de galanterie, l'autre infiniment plus d'esprit, d'intrigue, et de débauche*,—a crude but not unjust analysis of their characters, though he should have added to the former a cupidity which few considerations ever curbed, and which was a constant incentive to actions of the meanest kind. On the few occasions when we find the countess in the position of adviser to her ward, we are appalled at the low moral standard she exhibits. Her treasury held only false coin, debased by the world's alloy, superscribed by the god mammon. Brought up from infancy in this vicious environment the personality of Aïssé is a revelation moving us to astonishment. We find her a being utterly apart, as alien in spirit as in race to those around her. Sincere, gentle, and unselfish, she cherished an ideal of purity, which no evil influence could ever deface, no lapse of her own destroy. In her darkest moments, from the lowest abyss of misdoing, we hear her agonised cry, "Ah! I am full of faults, but I do respect and love virtue." Her steps might falter, she might fall, but her ideal was never obliterated. To Aïssé's personal charms all her contemporaries bear ample testimony; beyond actual physical beauty, she also possessed a tender, irresistible grace, subtle and pervading as some faint perfume, a dowry from the Orient. But the very gifts so largely contributing to her attraction, proclaimed an origin fatally detrimental to her advancement or establishment in life.

About 1711 the ambassador returned finally from Constantinople, a wreck in mind and body, and definitely settled down in the Hotel de Fériol, where he remained until his death eleven years later. Throughout his final illness Aïssé

nursed him with the devotion of a daughter, and at his decease he bequeathed her a small sum of ready money and an annuity of £150. These legacies were, however, productive of little pleasure to the girl. They evoked a tempest of avaricious wrath from Madame de Férriol, who overwhelmed her with daily accusations of scheming and ingratitude until in a moment of despair, Aïssé threw the obnoxious will into the fire, thereby destroying all legal proof of her benefactor's intentions. The De Férriois, apparently without scruple, took advantage of this rash act to retain the money for their own needs. These were possibly pressing, as they appear to have been involved in constant financial difficulties, due to the count's speculations and his wife's extravagance. The unfortunate Aïssé was again relegated to her former position as a dependant on charity.

About this time the bitterness of the situation was greatly augmented by the appearance on the scene of the Duke of Orleans, whose vagrant fancy she had caught, and who persecuted her with insolent attentions. Madame de Férriol warmly espoused his cause. To her lax and ambitious mind, to be *maitresse en titre* to the Regent (a position eagerly coveted and unblushingly held by the first women in society) seemed a brilliant opening for the dowerless waif. But Aïssé's views were far otherwise; no coercion, no persuasion, would induce her to listen to her royal lover. Finally she avowed, that sooner than yield to his importunities, she would take refuge in a convent. The threat appears to have frightened Madame de Férriol into abandoning her part of devil's advocate; Aïssé was infinitely useful to her in a hundred ways, and she had no mind to be a loser at home and no gainer at court. After her withdrawal from the intrigue we hear

little more of the Regent's attentions; doubtless he speedily found another lady as fair, and less obdurate.

Scattered throughout the many memoirs and correspondences of the day we have frequent glimpses of the pathetic figure of *La belle Mademoiselle Aïssé, La charmante Grecoque*, as she was sometimes called. Now caressed and flattered, as often humiliated, of no assured status, without a possible future, yet *spirituelle* and lovely, she is ever welcomed in the first Parisian salons, a cherished member of their most exclusive *côteries*. The slender details we know of her home life do not present it as attractive; the low moral tone, the complete lack of sympathy between herself and Madame de Férriol, whose temper also was none of the best, must have been very painful to Aïssé's tender nature. Her frequent reference to her wish to fulfil her duty marks the width of the separation between them. A warm attachment seems to have, however, existed between herself and the sons of the house, and any occasional misunderstanding which arises cuts her to the heart. Pride has no part in her affections; even when wronged she is always the first to seek reconciliation. Poor starving soul, so fain to make a nest for itself! We hear of her affection for the maid Sophie, for Patie her dog, the delight she takes in the decoration of her dreary little salon, in her flowers, her *bibelots*. On every side her nature throws out little tendrils of love and interest, alas into how ungenial an atmosphere! Not least among her troubles comes the pinch of personal poverty, so keenly felt by a dependant.

Suddenly this twilight existence, with its grey griefs and petty worries, flared into splendid day. The birthday of her life was come; she was beloved and she loved again. About

the end of 1721, or early in the following spring, Aïssé met in the salon of Madame du Deffand, then in the zenith of her reckless dissipated youth, Blaise d'Aydie, *clerc tonsuré du Diocèse de Périgueux, Chevalier non profès de l'ordre de St. Jean de Jerusalem*. A few years Aïssé's senior, he was a younger son of a poor but distinguished family. Loyal, brave and clever, capable of appreciating the finer side of life, he had hitherto indolently accepted the baser. Handsome and dissolute, though ever an unfaithful lover, he was adored by women; and it remained for the lovely Circassian to evoke and rivet a passionate and unswerving devotion. Under her gentle influence his life ennobled and expanded; her tender hand weeded out the tares, and sowed the barren places with pure thoughts and lofty ideals. But like many a woman before and since she awoke from the intoxication of spiritual husbandry to find that, mingling with the white lilies of platonic friendship, the red rose of passion had sprung in her own breast. She realised the situation poignantly. Between the Chevalier d'Aydie, courtier and man of rank, and Aïssé, the Circassian slave, what honourable union could there be? With desperate courage she determined to thrust from her the love she so sorely craved. With tragic despair she turned for help to Madame de Férriol. "Forbid him the house, madame, I am so weak. Let me not see him," she cried; but she appealed vainly, she spoke a language that was as a foreign tongue. The countess laughed in her face: "What, you love the chevalier and you wish to send him away? You are mad—you want a lover, and you are exceedingly lucky to get one that all the women will envy you." Fate was too strong for her. The chevalier became a daily

visitor, and Aïssé returned his adoration with all the strength of a matured and southern nature. The sequel was almost a foregone conclusion. Love the betrayer triumphed, and the price had to be paid.

In the extremity of her need Aïssé turned to her friend Lady Bolingbroke, whose first husband had been Monsieur de Vilette, the nephew of Madame de Maintenon, for she dared hope for no aid or counsel from the De Férriels. Her confidence was not misplaced. Lady Bolingbroke arranged a journey together to England, but Aïssé did not proceed further than the outskirts of Paris, where she was lodged under the care of an English valet and her faithful maid, Sophie—Sophie so often mentioned in the letters, "the loving guardian of my soul and body," who after her mistress's death took the veil. Probably the few weeks before and after the birth of her baby were the happiest in all poor Aïssé's troubled life. In the seclusion of the sanctuary found for her by Lady Bolingbroke she received her lover without comment or question, while for a short space her arms enfolded their child, whom she adored. The peace was short-lived; she was quickly bereft of her treasure. Little Célenie was sent to England, later to be brought back, and placed in a convent at Sens, as Miss Black, a niece of Lord Bolingbroke, while Aïssé returned to the old harassing existence in the Hotel de Férriol. Apparently her reputation had in no wise suffered, as we find her still moving in society with distinction and appreciation. It is hardly possible, however, that scandal could have been entirely silent in gossiping Paris, but it is equally doubtful whether, even had the truth become known, it would have greatly affected her position, so lax were the

morals of the day. Beside the sordid intrigues of those around her, that of Mademoiselle Aïssé and the chevalier was as light to darkness; but Aïssé judged it by another standard. Condemning herself, her heart broke in her lover's hand. Like the great Spanish mystic she tried to serve both God and man, a double servitude which marriage alone can consecrate, and even as St. Teresa she found no rest. She had violated her own ideal, and with Pascal learned that, *Celui le plus difficile à pardonner, c'est soi-même.*

Clear writ within the chamber of her soul she read the word *renunciation*; but where was she to find the courage to bar out a love, which was to her as the breath of life? How was she to forsake a man to whom she was bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh? "I have not the strength to subdue a passion that my reason condemns, but cannot conquer." For nine long years the weary warfare twixt body and spirit was waged; "Duty and love," she wails, "combat without ceasing in my heart and soul." The volume of letters to which we referred in the beginning of this article reveal with psychological minuteness the whole of this protracted agony. The first letter, written when her child was about two years old, bears the date 1726, and the correspondence continues until the writer's death. It is to Madame Calandrini, aunt of Lord Bolingbroke and wife of a Genevan professor, with whom Aïssé had formed a strong friendship during the lady's visits to Paris, that the letters are addressed. Ostensibly they are an idle chronicle of passing events and trivial personal experiences, written with considerable literary aptitude and full of wit and charm. But amid the idle Parisian tattle there rings with profound irony

an involuntary cry of intense personal suffering.

Quoth heart of neither maid or wife,
To tongue of neither wife or maid,
Thou wag'st, but I am worn with strife,
And feel like flowers that fade.

Yet it is a pity that such strife should ever have been, for undoubtedly the chevalier would have made her his lawful wife. In August, 1727, she writes: "He has offered to marry me—he makes me the tenderest, the most impassioned proposals in the world." The tragedies of life are its lost possibilities,—sadder far than lost possessions. The chance of happiness comes to most people once in their lives, if they only knew it, and the decision which accepts or refuses it is usually the sum total of their life's training. Thus it was with Aïssé. Years of self-effacement found their ultimate expression in the rejection of her lover's proposal.

"Judge, how the step would be viewed by the world, if he married a nobody without means, solely dependent on the family of Monsieur de Fériol. No, I love his honour too dearly. He would repent," she adds sad and untrusting, "he would repent of having followed this insane passion, and I—I could not survive the misery of having caused his ruin." The blindness which sacrificed the future happiness of both as the sequel surely proved, is perhaps the most tragic episode in the whole story. Logically she should henceforth have accepted the situation, or for ever have severed the connection. She did neither; where heart and conscience so disagreed she lacked strength to arbitrate, and month after month the weary struggle continues. One moment she despairingly dreams of forsaking the earthly for the heavenly bridegroom, of wresting a peace from the hand of God within the convent

walls ; but what rest could come to her, who knew no paradise save in the shelter of her lover's arms, and to whom the sacred image of the Virgin's Child would but recall her own defrauded motherhood ?

La petite personne, as Aïssé calls her child, is constantly in her thoughts. She is ever hungering for the touch of the clinging childish hands, the baby prattle, the sweet kisses, which are lavished on the pious sisters in the old grey convent at Sens. To raise a dowry for the little Célenie she daily makes her pitiful economies, or sells her jewels to invest the money in some promising venture ; schemes too often frustrated by Madame de Fériol, who borrows the slender hoards, and apparently forgets to repay them. Nor was the chevalier, who idolised his child, backward in similar endeavours, though his position about court made the task of saving a more difficult matter. The meetings of Aïssé and her child were rare, social ties and lack of means continually keeping them apart. There is among the letters one detailed record of a couple of weeks spent at Sens. In a rapture of delight Aïssé writes: "The poor little one loves me to distraction, she was so overcome with joy at seeing me it nearly made her ill." A divine instinct seems to have drawn her to the beautiful stranger whose heart she wrings by crying, "I have no father, no mother, I pray you be my mother ; I love you as much as if you were."

Poor mother ! Poor child ! Lady Bolingbroke was greatly attracted by the little girl's charms, and much wished to adopt her, a proposal which "terribly upsets you know whom—he is mad about it," scribbles Aïssé to her confidante. At the chevalier's desire the offer was declined, and wisely as events proved, for it was not long ere the father could assert

his entire right to the child. The mother's weary pilgrimage was nearly done. "All that the ardour of an overwhelming passion can do or say, he has done, and said ;" but no love of his could heal the wounds, or bind her to life. The worn-out frame becomes weaker and weaker, the spiritual forces gather strength. "I make efforts which kill me, my body succumbs to the agitation of my mind." Week by week are posted to her friend the details of the lingering illness, the wasting fever, the deadly sickness, the hacking cough ; nothing is omitted, nor does any struggle of the tortured spirit pass unrecorded. The fierce fight of body and soul for existence is terrible. But more tragic even than Aïssé's sufferings is the despair of her lover ; step by step he contends with death for his beloved. All concealment of their *liaison* is ended ; he never leaves her, and all that human love and thought can do he does, but vainly. Aïssé slips further and further from him ; like another who had greatly loved, she strove for a final conquest of the flesh ; with Guinevere she cries, "For as well as I have loved thee, mine heart will not serve me to see thee." The moment of supreme renunciation was come, and with feeble hand she writes the dismissal of her lover. We know only the substance of that sad letter, but we possess his reply in full, noble in its simplicity and unselfish tenderness. He accepts all conditions—it is too long to quote at length. "Rest, be happy, no matter by what means ; to me they will always be bearable, provided they do not drive me from your heart. Be assured from this moment I love you as tenderly as it is possible to love, as purely as you could desire." Finally he adds : "Above all believe I am further removed even than yourself from ever forming another tie."

Pathetically he explains that he writes a reply to her letter, not daring to discuss it with her face to face. Truly the darkness must have closely encompassed him, as he stood in the valley of the shadow of death.

Her decision once made, his mistress with feverish haste would fain obtain the Church's absolution and support. With strange incongruity it is Madame de Parabère, frailest of women but most faithful of friends, and Madame du Deffand, bitterest of sceptics, who send for a priest to minister to the eager, troubled soul. Madame de Férriol stands aloof. It matters not to the dying woman who is the bearer of the message of reconciliation. He comes and the truce of God is signed at last. "I am overwhelmed, my peace is almost too great." She pleads for a little longer life only to prove her strength and sincerity, but the great Task-master is merciful. He asked no test; He accepted her word. One long letter more, full of infinite tenderness for her lover, her child, the devoted Sophie, and her friends, and then the pen falls from the tired fingers: "Fare-

well, I have not strength to write more." We can only add, *Requiescat in pace.*

For some twenty-five years more we may follow the solitary figure of the chevalier; never again was his name linked with that of another woman. Immediately after Aissé's death he left Paris, and taking little Célenie with him, settled on his estate in Périgord. To her he was always the most devoted and loving father, who even after her happy marriage to the Vicomte de Nanthia continued to watch over her. He kept up a correspondence with his old Parisian friends, sending them witty, affectionate letters, but he rarely visited the capital, and no entreaties would induce him again to make it his home. We seldom meet with any allusion to her whom he had loved so profoundly, and lost, but she was unforgotten. "There is a silence of life, more pathetic than death's," and every action of his life bore testimony to her unfading influence. He died, as Voltaire wrote of him, *un chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche.*

A LESSON IN BIOGRAPHY.

SOME are born biographers: others achieve biography; and some (by far the greatest number) have biography thrust upon them. And that is why the spirit of this reviewer, one of a class to whom the incompetent biographer is a bane, an incubus, and an indigestion, rises up with alacrity to point the moral, not by the help of a drunken helot, but from a splendid example of successful art.

The case of autobiography stands apart. Bold indeed is the man who attempts it, but he can be certain of achieving something, since even the attempt to give significance to the insignificant is in self-portraiture significant of much; and in the worst autobiography that ever was put together a man is at least legibly, and with a kind of dumb eloquence, written down an ass. But when two rambling volumes go to prove mainly that a man left behind him a pious widow or a friend without the literary gift, there is no step taken towards the presentment of a personality. And that, let it be clearly recognised, is the aim and end of all biography, although the task may be enlarged and enriched by the incidental interest of side-lights thrown upon history, literature, art, or some other general theme.

First, then, let us consider the moral for mourning relatives. Which is likely to be the better portrait,—the work of a proved artist who sees his subject only perhaps at a dozen sittings, but brings to the portraiture a lifetime's skill in disengaging the essential character and in conveying on canvas what he sees, or the

dabbling attempt of an amateur to set down features long familiar to him in a hundred different expressions? The answer cannot be unqualified. It is true that the artist will almost infallibly see the head not precisely as friends see it,—that he will probably slur aspects which are dear and even significant to those who know. It is certain, moreover, that just in proportion to his skill will be his unwillingness to retouch, modify, and compromise, or to sacrifice the scheme of his picture in order to consecrate perhaps a cherished pair of slippers. Yet,—which will be the better portrait?

Relatives, even the most pious, commonly recognise the superiority of an artist over the amateur in the matter of painting; but once it comes to biography, they will not apply the same canons. The biographer is selected because he knew the dear departed so well; and when the selection has been made, at the biographer's elbow stands the bereaved family, withholding this letter, qualifying that statement, insisting on this to be put in, that to be left out,—in plain English interfering at every turn with what ought to be a work of art. To all such may be commended the example of Mr. Gladstone's family, who having selected with the best of their judgment a man to present to the world Mr. Gladstone's personality, gave to the chosen biographer, as Mr. Morley gratefully acknowledges, a perfectly free hand. They have their reward.

It should be conceded at once that those to whom falls the task of select-

ing a biographer cannot rely upon commanding one qualified as Mr. Morley has been. We have argued so far that, just as the good portrait-painter is certain to make a better portrait of a sitter who merely comes into the studio and pays a price than could be made by a friend abounding in sympathy and knowledge, but deficient in skill and hampered by interference, so the skilled artist in biography, given the data from which to construct his memoir, will produce a work of more value than can be achieved by the unskilled piety of friends. Skill in the biographer and freedom to use that skill are of more moment than first-hand knowledge of the subject. But for the consummate work of art, even in portraiture, there is needed sympathy, that intimacy of the mind which inspired Reynolds's picture of Johnson, and animates the wonderful group of heads by which Mr. Watts has enriched his generation. The quality which is in Mr. Watts's *Lord Lawrence*, in his *Mill*, his *Tennyson*, his *Swinburne*, does not come of a dozen professional sittings, for these pictures do not show merely how a human face and figure may be rendered significant and decorative. They show the artist's power matched with the thinker's desire to express the particular significance of one face that has been to him charged with meaning and beauty; they are, if you will, a form of hero-worship. And that quality is the quality which marks off the great biographies from those which are merely valuable and interesting memoirs.

It is probably not strictly accurate to say that Mr. Morley desired to write a *Life of Gladstone*. From a task so immense and so difficult even the hardest might well shrink. But one may say assuredly that he could no more have slept easy at nights if some one else was doing it

than could Lockhart if the biography of Scott had been entrusted to another hand. Throughout the book one is aware of a man who is not merely carrying out conscientiously and skilfully an allotted task, but is also obeying the impulse to create a living likeness by the resources which his art commands. That is the art of biography: to conceive as an organic whole a personality in its growth from boyhood to the inevitable dwindling which is also in some ways a fulfilment; and, having conceived it, to convey steadily and deliberately that conception, never pausing nor losing sight of the central pre-occupation, but selecting and arranging the material so as to raise up in the reader's mind a corresponding unity of impressions. It will not suffice that the biographer should furnish a number of facts arranged neatly in chronological sequence out of which we can construct a man. He is there to construct the man for us,—and then leave him to our judgment.

Up to a certain point his problem corresponds with that of the novelist, and is governed by similar considerations; it is a problem of selection, in which the law of economy, rejecting whatever is superfluous to the desired result, has full government. Only the significant can afford to be related, and whatever can be taken for granted must be left out. Domestic relations, as in the case of Shelley, digestive troubles as in the case of Carlyle, claim attention only when they are abnormal. Further, the biographer works under conditions which vary according to his task. No man who knows Boswell's book will deny the significance of trifles; but evidently the attempt to present Gladstone as Johnson was presented would have required a book hardly smaller than the pyramids.

And here, of course, we strike the

essential difference between the artist in fiction and the artist in biography. The novelist either invents a character to fit a career or a career to display a character; he makes and limits the material from which to construct his unity. The biographer, who is bound by historic veracity, finds himself confronted with a medley of actions and utterances; his task is to write the history of a career in such a way as to reveal, expressed through this maze of words and deeds, a continuous and growing personality. Yet his province must not for a moment be confounded with that of the historian.

To the historian character is of interest as a factor contributing to the series of events which it is his business to describe. To the biographer events have significance as revealing character. The important fact for the historian is, let us say, that the Corn Law was repealed and certain results followed; the biographer is primarily concerned to know what motives impelled Peel to his change of front, and how far Peel's personal ascendancy and abilities made the operation possible. In a life of Mr. Gladstone the whole episode of Corn Law reform is significant mainly as marking one of the slow and gradual steps by which the Tory of 1833 was transformed into the Liberal; and Mr. Morley, very rightly, lays less emphasis on Gladstone's part in the passage of the measure than on his more distinctive and characteristic action in the less weighty matter of Maynooth.

For the biographer, who has overcome the ordinary temptations of the amateur,—who can be trusted on the one hand not to accumulate insignificant personal details, and on the other not to omit or glaze over awkward facts—the commonest fault is that which leads him to stumble from his main purpose into side issues of

narrative or controversy. It is difficult for a man profoundly interested in a chain of events to remember that his only business in relating them is to render intelligible the part played in them by one man, and the effect produced by them on a character and a career. It is difficult for a man with strong views of his own to remember that his primary business in recording opinions is not to show how far they were wrong or right, but to use them in displaying his subject's personality. Yet both these temptations, though present in the highest degree, Mr. Morley has in our judgment successfully resisted.

It is with a kind of heroism that he refrains in the first volume from a brilliant narrative of the social upheaval which engendered the repeal of the Corn Laws. One can see him disregard on every side openings for the purple patch, in order to follow laboriously the devious course of a mind led by its natural impulses towards convictions opposite to those in which it was reared, and of a born party-man clinging with almost passionate loyalty to his party and its personal ties, while gradually the ground of allegiance gave way under his feet. The temptation to give the work in this stage the character of a political history, concentrating interest on the momentous events themselves, and not on the part which one politician played in them, must have been the greater because Mr. Morley was well aware that certain possibilities inherent in his subject were impossible for him. Gladstone was a churchman first and a politician afterwards, at least chronologically speaking; and the very time when the task of following his political career becomes most difficult and dry, is the period to exhibit most dramatically the other aspect of his personality. Yet the intimate history of Glad-

stone's religious mind during the years of the Oxford Movement and the great secessions could not be adequately treated by Mr. Morley. What he could do, he has done admirably, in bringing out the dominating part which religion played in Gladstone's life; his conscious self-dedication to a work done for the sake of faith, and his long uncertainty as to whether the decision was right when he decided for politics and against work "in the sanctuary." Probably no one who reads the book will think that this element in Gladstone's nature has been slighted in the representation; but those who read carefully will note that the treatment of it is separate. The method is here largely by citation; here only the biographer tends to present us with raw material rather than with the finished product of his own art. And no one could know better than Mr. Morley that a man in writing a book can ill afford to abdicate,—to resign the ear of his audience to another voice, another tone and temper. Nevertheless he has not hesitated to do it. In matters of politics, of literature, of social life, he can interpret freely, summarising in narration, interweaving his comment with Gladstone's words, and using long citations only when their documentary value renders them so important that even in a speech curtailment could hardly be attempted. Thus, sure of his ground, he maintains the continuity of style, the note of personal address which distinguishes the book from the repository of useful extracts. Only when he comes to treat of Mr. Gladstone's faith does he bare his head, stand aside, and leave the man (in so far as letters or diaries make it possible) to speak for himself.

Yet,—and here is where Mr. Morley saves himself from the attitude of an

alien—the narration is kept constantly warm and living by insistence on the aspect of Gladstone's faith which appealed to the biographer. If he cannot fully understand and enter into the belief which meant so much to the man of whom he writes, he can and does bear constant testimony to the living relation in Gladstone between faith and act. There are few things in the book better than the chapter dealing with the episode of Mr. Bradlaugh, in which Mr. Morley shows how the Christian statesman's anger was roused, not by the proposal that an avowed atheist should sit in Parliament, but by the opinion which attached qualifying virtue to the respectable recognition of "a God of some sort." Mr. Gladstone was not going to whittle away Christianity, and Mr. Morley is on this matter as well able to interpret his feeling as any Christian. Further, where the book deals not with Mr. Gladstone's central faith but those theological opinions which from time to time he defended, the critic is as ready to pass brief and incisive comment as in the other matter of Homeric controversy. Nothing could be better than these comments; terse, yet authoritative, they suggest a witty scholar's marginal pencillings.

We have indicated some of Mr. Morley's special difficulties. Once the first volume is done with, these disappear. Henceforward (from the age of fifty) the statesman is never distracted between religion and politics; the politician, landed at last on the side of the House for which his whole temperament destined him, no longer is beset with compromises; party affairs take a somewhat sharper definition, clearer indeed as Gladstone's influence increases. But on the other hand, the common difficulties of execution redouble. It is now the whole history of English

politics that has to be brought somehow into the story; nor of that only, but of European politics as well. With great art Mr. Morley shows how Gladstone's intervention in Continental affairs arose out of sympathies, partly traditional by scholarship (the lover of Homer, the lover of Dante, naturally vowed to the liberty of Italy and of Greece), partly born from the man's own passionate hatred of oppression and inability to remain inactive before such wrongs as he saw and heard in Naples. So skilfully is the whole managed that explanatory interpolations hardly seem interpolated. Mr. Morley has a journalist's tact for helping the ill-equipped reader over stiles, joined with the talent, which is all his own, for presenting briefly and vividly a complex group of relations viewed in one commanding light. No better instance of this could be given than the account of the Italian Revolution which opens the second volume.

With the third volume the book's character changes, for here the biographer is not merely a biographer, but the historian of great transactions in which he himself played a part. He feels, as we feel, that for the fourteen years from 1880 to his retirement Mr. Gladstone was perhaps the most commanding figure that the century could show. A biography of him assumes almost unconsciously the air of a history of England. One has to stop and think before realising how much has been left out, how many controversial issues avoided, in order to concentrate attention on the supreme interest and effort, the fight for Home Rule. To a reader who should incline to say that the chapter given to the Parnell Commission is out of scale (and so brilliant is it that certainly this criticism will never have the tone of complaint), Mr. Morley is entitled to reply that after

1880 Ireland was the central pre-occupation of Mr. Gladstone; that after 1886 nothing else kept him in public life; that, in short, the history of the Home Rule movement was inextricably entwined with the life of Mr. Gladstone, and therefore that every momentous episode in the movement must be displayed in its full value. Except for the Transvaal and Egypt,—subjects weighty enough but easily brought within compass—there is no dominant topic in the third volume but Ireland, and this gives a unity of interest, which enables us to realise the difficulty of Mr. Morley's earlier task, where the multiplicity of Gladstone's activities is absolutely unlimited. Yet in truth even to the end of the old man's life the difficulty persists. Mr. Morley's task has been that of drawing a section through the political and intellectual life of England for a period of more than sixty years. The least thought will show how endless were the problems of selection and compression raised at every turn.

Indeed it is not without good reason that the two best biographies in English are memoirs not of men of action but of letters. Contrast for a moment the task which Mr. Morley undertook with that of Boswell or of Lockhart. They had to deal with men whose personality had thrown itself into the production of books which remained hard, solid, and tangible; Mr. Morley has had to deal with a politician working under conditions of party government where the authorship and the responsibility of action can seldom be sole and undivided. The works of Scott or of Johnson could be taken down from any bookshelf, and studied in detachment; the acts of Mr. Gladstone were in large measure also the acts of the House of Commons. The affairs in which Scott and Johnson showed their

qualities of honour, courage, and the like, were small private matters easily compassed in narration; Gladstone's personality revealed itself in transactions which involved conflicting classes and the interplay of kingdoms. Yet, and this is not the least of Mr. Morley's virtues, the *Life of Gladstone* is shorter than the work of Lockhart, and little longer than Boswell's. If he fail of their transcendent success, it must be allowed to him that his enterprise was infinitely more difficult than theirs.

Further, in many respects odds have been heaped up against him. The prudent biographer will choose a subject whose character has a natural and universal attractiveness. Southey's *LIFE OF NELSON* is a classic, but probably no man could write a popular *LIFE OF WELLINGTON*. The Duke's personality might inspire admiration, but it repelled enthusiasm and at many points forbade liking. Napier dedicated to him his *History* in memorable words, saying that he had served "long enough under your Grace to know why the Tenth legion was loyal to Caesar"; but plenty of utterances in his own memoirs make it clear that he could never have written of his great leader in the temper which makes his memoir of the conquerer of Scinde the best biography of any British soldier. Now it cannot be denied that though Mr. Gladstone inspired enthusiasm as few men have done, there was also, deep in the very fibre of his nature, a bias which bred instinctive repugnance in thousands of his countrymen. And by common consent it was greatly through the physical potency of his presence,—by the eye, the voice, the gesture, the whole emanation of his vitality—that the spell wrought which made not only multitudes but the House of Commons itself (so inaccessible to rhe-

toric) pliant to his will. By common consent also the qualities which engendered antipathy,—the disposition to casuistry, to hairdrawn argumentation, to subtilising language—made themselves most evident when he wrote instead of speaking. Hand and eye and voice are gone now, as irretrievable as the magic of Garrick or of Siddons; what remains, what Mr. Morley has had to work with, is precisely the cold record of print. Yet,—and this is a matter on which each can only testify to his own impression—for one reader at least who neither heard Gladstone living nor saw him, he has re-created the magic. That is to say,—and one can say no more—we feel the effect produced by Gladstone's words when Mr. Morley cites them, as we feel the words of Johnson in Boswell's pages. But with what a difference! We see Johnson continually in his unbuttoned ease whether at home or at the supper table. Of Mr. Gladstone's domestic life his biographer gives us barely glimpses; and no doubt for an excellent reason. The man's real life was in affairs, in books, and in controversy; his relaxations were a change of labour. Just as Boswell does not show us Johnson working, so Mr. Morley does not show us Gladstone at play. The whole personality of the one revealed itself in leisure; the other was most himself when in full exercise of his faculties at "working the institutions of his Country." In one matter, however, and that a fundamental one, there is more than a resemblance of methods; each biographer shows us the man in his closet, in religious meditation, in prayer. And certainly Mr. Morley's attitude towards Gladstone's religion seems to us more reverent than Boswell's introduction of his hero's devotions.

If one inclined to dwell on tech-

nical points, such as Mr. Morley's discretion in so breaking up and abridging quotations as to retain consistently the personal colour of his narrative, one might add a panegyric on his abstention from long foot-notes, and his sparing use even of brief ones. And again, if it were not almost impertinent at this time of day, it would be a pleasure to eulogise Mr. Morley's style. Here is prose (we may at least be pardoned for saying) that *is* prose; that maintains its own proper excellence and uses none of the colours of poetry, yet can at times attain to a turn of phrase not less memorable than verse, as when it speaks of Parnell "at bay with fortune and challenging a malignant star." Yet it is not on single felicities of phrase that we would base our eulogy. Here is the close of the section in which Mr. Morley describes the scene in the House of Commons at the introduction of the first Home Rule Bill; and we quote it boldly, having in mind the famous passage of Macaulay (in the essay on Warren Hastings) which its opening suggests.

More striking than the audience was the man; more striking than the audience of eager onlookers from the shore was the rescuer with deliberate valour facing the floods ready to wash him down; the veteran Ulysses, who after more than half a century of combat, service, toil, thought it not too late to try a further "work of noble note." In the hands of such a master of the instrument, the theme might easily have lent itself to one of those displays of exalted passion which the House had marvelled at in more than one of Mr Gladstone's speeches on the Turkish question, or heard with religious reverence on the Affirmation bill in 1883. What the occasion now required was that passion should burn low, and reasoned persuasion hold up the guiding lamp. An elaborate scheme was to be unfolded, an unfamiliar policy to be explained and vindicated. Of that best kind of eloquence which dispenses with

declamation this was a fine and sustained example. There was a deep, rapid, steady, onflowing volume of argument, exposition, exhortation. Every hard or bitter stroke was avoided. Now and again a fervid note thrilled the ear and lifted all hearts. But political oratory is action, not words,—action, character, will, conviction, purpose, personality. As this eager muster of men underwent the enchantment of periods exquisite in their balance and modulation, the compulsion of his flashing glance and animated gesture, what stirred and commanded them was the recollection of national service, the thought of the speaker's mastering purpose, his unflagging resolution and strenuous will, his strength of thigh and sinew well tried in long years of resounding war, his unquenched conviction that the just cause can never fail. Few are the heroic moments in our parliamentary politics, but this was one.

Few things are better in a writer than good writing, but Mr. Morley's highest praise rests elsewhere than on his style. It is his achievement to have so written the record of a man's life who was actively concerned in great events as to show that the man was great and notable not because he took part in great affairs, but rather because he ennobled and magnified transactions which without him would have been other and meaner than they were; that, moulded himself by great forces, he wrought powerfully upon a great nation. There are many who will read this *Life* and feel that they are led to see not only the greatness of Mr. Gladstone but the underlying greatness of England. For the man who through long years was the chosen representative of his country,—and more than that, its conscience-keeper—must be no bad index of the country that chose him. That, we take it, is the impression which Mr. Morley designed to leave, and apart from all criticism of its historic justification, our business is merely to note that he has produced it.

THE WAR COMMISSION—AND AFTER?

I. MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY

“THERE is also urgently required a new law of political misdemeanour. If the popular element is to have any real weight in our constitution, if ministerial responsibility is to be a reality, a safeguard against imbecility as well as corruptions, those who undertake the office of Minister should see clearly that they may be one day called upon to give account. They must be subject to give account not to those who, under the sham of party opposition, have a fellow-feeling with them, but to a jury of the people themselves. It must not be in the power of a Minister of the Crown to withhold from the country the evidence which would convict himself, and the archives of all the public departments should be accessible to the law-officers for the conducting the prosecution of state-criminals, as of course they would be open to the defendant.” *Ministerial Responsibility*, WESTMINSTER REVIEW, July - October, 1856.

Once again we are face to face with the dreary catalogue of folly, ignorance, and negligence which has so frequently been revealed by enquiry into the miscarriage of our military enterprises. The tale is all too familiar to students of English military history, and seems likely to be repeated indefinitely. From time to time an admiral has been shot, or a general cashiered, disgraced, or censured; but there is no instance within my knowledge of a minister having been touched, though in a very large proportion of cases it is the minister, —which is to say the Government —who has been chiefly to blame. The result is that we learn nothing from the past and remember nothing for the future. Some such indignant paragraph as that which stands at

the head of this paper, is written; the matter is forgotten in some petty incident of the hour, and the military administration of the country slides back into its old evil groove. We reflect comfortably on our victories, ignoring the terrible and unnecessary cost at which those victories have almost invariably been won.

The old rule of momentary indignation followed by a relapse into apathy seems likely to hold good to-day. “Although I heartily concur,” writes Sir George Goldie in his note to the Report, “in the hope that the state of affairs in 1899 may not recur, this hope on my part is a wish and not an expectation;” and he must be a sanguine man indeed who thinks Sir George unduly despondent. The newspapers have published such portions of the evidence as best suit their prejudices or their favourites: violent denunciations have been hurled at the War Office; and a few fervid persons have gone the length of urging that Lord Lansdowne should be impeached, as though impeachment had not been proved a farce more than a century ago and were not now as obsolete as the Star-Chamber. Finally Lord Rosebery has delivered himself of some of those sententious futilities which he has taught us to expect of him, ending in a proposal which is more futile even than his sententiousness. But of practical suggestions or resolutions for amendment there is little or no sign.

Yet in truth the really vital

question which lies behind all these revelations of the War Commission is that of ministerial responsibility. It is cowardly to rail at unfortunate generals who have been sent out to perform impossible tasks ; it is unjust to denounce the War Office, which, though it be hampered by a vicious system, contains probably as many able men as any other public department ; it is above all things unfair to visit every blunder upon the head of Lord Lansdowne. It is the Cabinet, collectively, which has broken down in the task of administering the business of the country, and this for the simple reason that there exists no machinery for co-ordinating the work of the various departments, and laying it, in all its bearings, before the Ministers sitting together as a Board of Management. This is no new defect in the Cabinet. It was seen in 1783 when Shelburne and Fox sent rival negotiators to treat with France and America at Paris. It was seen still more strongly in 1881, when the unfortunate peace was patched up with the Boers after Majuba. "The Cabinet as a Cabinet," wrote the Duke of Argyll, "was most imperfectly informed, and everything was done departmentally and from time to time." Exactly the same state of affairs is revealed by the Report of the Commission on the War in South Africa.

For there can, surely, be no doubt that in 1899, as in 1774, the Government did not know what it was doing, and did not know what it meant to do. Before going to war it is always well for a Government to make up its mind clearly as to two points, first, with whom it means to fight, and secondly with what object it means to fight. Further it should always bear in mind the fact, carefully proved by Clausewitz, that war does not mean the suspension of

political transactions but merely the continuation of them under a different form, being, in fact, a means to a political end, and not an end in itself. Not one of these three vital matters received proper consideration from the Government ; and the result was that, when its military advisers were called into counsel, they had no sufficient data upon which to ground an opinion.

The first question was, were we to fight the Transvaal only or both of the South African Republics ? Lord Wolseley, as early as June, 1899, gave it as his opinion that it would be impossible to count on the neutrality of the Orange Free State, and Sir Redvers Buller at precisely the same time, but independently of his chief, was equally emphatic upon the point. A month later Sir Redvers again pressed the Government to make up its mind as to its attitude towards the Free State, and Lord Wolseley was equally urgent that some explicit statement of its intentions should be obtained from that Republic. The whole plan of campaign turned upon the hostility or neutrality of the Free State,—the whole question on whether the advance should be made through Natal upon the Transvaal only, or by the central railway upon Bloemfontein.

Lord Lansdowne, with admirable loyalty to his colleagues, declares that the Government always counted on having to deal with both Republics ; but this statement is hardly borne out by facts. Mr. Balfour, speaking at Dewsbury in November, 1899, said that in the previous September he would as soon have expected war with Switzerland as with the Free State. Again, Lord Lansdowne's own Minute, drawn up for the Cabinet of August 12th, 1899, contemplates hostilities with the Transvaal, and expressly mentions the

concentration of an Army Corps and a Cavalry Division in the north of Natal. Plainly the Orange Free State was wholly left out of account at this time, and the entire force mentioned above was intended to deal with the Transvaal only. In a similar Minute of September 25th, 1899, written in consequence of a strong representation from Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Lansdowne wrote: "It is obvious that if we continue to make all our preparations for attacking by way of Natal, we shall find it virtually impossible to alter our plans should the Orange Free State at the last moment declare itself hostile. . . . After all that has taken place, the Orange Free State will scarcely have a right to complain if it has to choose between treatment as an open adversary and an explicit undertaking of neutrality." This is clear evidence that the Government had taken no steps, even within a fortnight of the outbreak of war, to ascertain whether it would or would not be obliged to fight the Free State, and had made all its arrangements to attack the Transvaal only. How then, with no clear idea of the forces with which they would have to contend, was it possible for the generals to make plans to meet them?

Next, as to the object for which we were to fight, it is certain, as Sir William Butler points out, that far fewer troops would have been needed if we designed merely to defeat the forces of the Transvaal and reduce Kruger to compliance with our demands, than if we aspired to deprive either or both of the Republics of their independence. General Butler predicted surely enough the nature of the struggle which seemed to be ahead of us; and it is curious that, though the Government recalled General Butler for expressing his particular opinions, it is content to

excuse its own neglect to prepare for war by quoting his advice. Of course, too, the uncertainty respecting the number of our enemies and the objects for which we were to fight them, made it impossible for the generals to calculate what would or would not be a sufficient garrison to protect our own colonies. Sir Redvers Buller in July gave his opinion that the first thing to be done was to strengthen the garrisons of Natal and the Cape Colony to the extent that the local authority might think necessary; but it does not appear that Sir William Butler was ever consulted upon this point, nor, without more certain intimation of the Government's intentions, would it have been possible for him to give a satisfactory answer. The truth is that the only real and sufficient precaution which could have been taken was that urged by Lord Wolseley in June and again in August, and on both occasions rejected, to mobilise 35,000 men upon Salisbury Plain. This was the only prudent and statesmanlike course, whether from a military or a political point of view; and it is idle to urge political reasons to excuse the evasion of it. No political reasons can justify a country drifting into war without preparation. The bare idea of such a thing can arise only from the confusion of thought which places war in a sphere distinct from politics.

The Government had the less excuse for this confusion of thought since General Butler had written, with perfect truth, that "there was no abstract political situation in South Africa, as distinguished from the military one, but that both were involved together." Since the General's opinions upon the situation did not accord with those of Lord Milner, the Government would have done wisely to have recalled him

earlier than it did. Instead of this, it deliberately acted so as to increase rather than to diminish the friction between the General and the High Commissioner. The position of affairs was sufficiently difficult for both of these officials. First, there was the Imperial Government with no clear ideas as to what it should do: secondly, there was the Government of Cape Colony, practically representatives of the Africander Bond, and in all their sympathies Dutch to the core; and thirdly there was that disturbing element which has cost us untold millions, the party of the Raid headed by Mr. Cecil Rhodes. This last party had in July, 1899, already organised another raid, to start from Tuli, while the Imperial Government had given orders for the raising of two irregular corps at Mafeking. For some reason, these two irregular regiments were placed not under the command of the General who was responsible for the protection of Cape Colony in case of war, but under the High Commissioner who, according to General Butler, wished to throw in his lot with the raiders. Well might General Butler say: "Let my chiefs at the War Office tell me what to do and I will do it; but I will not be dragged by syndicates in South Africa, and I will not obey them." But this ignoring of the General did not cease here. On August 3rd the Secretary of State for the Colonies telegraphed to the High Commissioner suggesting that the troops in Natal should draw nearer to Laing's Nek; and this telegram, affecting the movement of troops under the General's command, was not even shown to him. Naturally Sir William Butler objected strongly to any such proceeding, if only for military reasons, but the Colonial Secretary was not so easily to be

foiled. In September he repeated the same suggestion to the High Commissioner; and a new General, Sir Frederick Forestier Walker, was compelled for the second time to point out that the occupation of Laing's Nek would be, as any subaltern could see, a most dangerous proceeding.

And here let me digress for a moment to ask how we can possibly expect our military affairs to go aright if any busy Minister is to order the troops from place to place on his own account? If the authorities at the War Office wanted regiments moved to Laing's Nek they could have instructed the General accordingly; but why is the Colonial Secretary to take upon himself the functions of the Secretary for War and the Commander-in-Chief? If those troops had been posted at Laing's Nek and had come to disaster (as must almost inevitably have happened), upon whom would the responsibility have rested? And yet it is easy to trace the origin of this extraordinary state of things. At present there are no fewer than three, or one might say four, offices (exclusive of the Admiralty) which conduct wars on their own account, the War Office, the Colonial Office, the Foreign Office, and the India Office. All this is a relapse to a system which was found wanting in the past. During the American War of Independence the troops that fought at Gibraltar were under one Secretary of State, and those that fought in America and the West Indies under another Secretary of State. Since nearly all reinforcements were sent, to save convoy, first to Gibraltar, and thence across the Atlantic, the result was constant confusion and delay. To end this confusion and delay the troops were united in 1795 under a

new Secretary of State, namely for War; and when Henry Dundas, the first holder of the office, tried on one occasion to palm off some of his work upon the Foreign Office, he received such a rap on the knuckles from Lord Grenville as speedily brought him to reason. Yet all this has been forgotten; and at the present rate we shall no doubt shortly see the Board of Trade carrying on wars on its own account, then the Education Department, and finally, the Ecclesiastical Commission.

And yet one would certainly have thought that the Colonial Secretary might have found sufficient occupation for his energy in his own department. He might, for instance, have made it his duty to see that the Secretary of State for War, the Commander-in-Chief, and the General designated to command the troops in the field, were properly informed as to the political situation in South Africa. Through the minutes of Lord Wolseley in August and September, 1899, runs a suppressed complaint that the progress of political affairs at the Cape was kept secret from him; and Sir Redvers Buller formulates the same complaint definitely in the statement which he laid before the Commission. Yet, extraordinary as it may appear, Lord Lansdowne was not in a position to give them any further intelligence than was open to the man in the street. "Everything that happened during the course of the negotiations [such are his words before the Commission] appeared from day to day in the columns of the newspapers; there was really nothing that we could have imparted to Sir Redvers which he could not derive from the ordinary sources of information." And in proof that Lord Lansdowne's statement was correct let the following brief passage from his evidence be cited.

Sir John Jackson. You do not think that if at that time we had shown a firmer front by providing against the chance of war, it would have had beneficial effects in making Mr. Kruger more reasonable?—Everyone has a right to their opinion upon a conjectural point of that kind. I remain of the opinion I have ventured to express.

Chairman. Do you think that was Lord Milner's opinion also?—I do not know.

We are forced, therefore, to this extraordinary conclusion, that when a serious war is in prospect the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, the General designated to command the forces in the field, and apparently the Secretary of State for War, must all of them depend, for any information immediately outside the sphere of their own departments, upon the newspapers. Now there are still some incredulous folk who do not believe everything that they read in the newspapers; some indeed have been taught to believe nothing that appears in the newspapers, except in the Court Circular, and have even found the lesson to be profitable. I am therefore at a loss to know what to think about this matter and shall say no more about it.

But Sir Redvers further represented, though without complaint, that even within the War Office he was not treated with the confidence nor furnished with the assistance to which, as commander designate of the field-force, he thought himself entitled. To this the Government answers that Sir Redvers was intimately acquainted with every department of the War Office and could collect as much information as he pleased. But to this course there were two objections. In the first place, Sir Redvers had been instructed to keep his appointment strictly confidential, so that he could hardly go prying about the office for

information without betraying his secret ; in the second place, he was in command of the troops at Aldershot, the first on the roster for active service, and had therefore plenty of work of his own to do. If a manufacturer promotes a foreman to be head of a branch establishment, he generally expects him to look after that establishment and not to idle about the central factory. Moreover if he designs to send this foreman abroad in charge of some still more important branch of business, it is his custom (if he knows what he is about) to give him all the information in his power, and to invite him to put forward his own thoughts and suggestions. Also it is his practice, by frequent conferences and discussions, to make sure that his emissary is fully alive to the whole situation, thoroughly cognisant of the wishes and policy of the firm, and so equipped in every respect as to meet on an easy and unembarrassed footing with any other of the firm's agents that may be already on the spot.

On the whole, therefore, it would seem advisable, that the present principle of allowing generals to trust to the newspapers and to the casual intelligence of the War Office for information, should be abandoned ; and that we should revert to the old system of furnishing them with full information and instructions from headquarters. I call it the old system because (although the fact appears to have been forgotten) no general in old days left England to take command of a force in the field without instructions. This was certainly the practice during the period from 1689 to 1815, and there can be no doubt that there was great advantage in it. I am not concerned to deny that occasionally these instructions were so narrow and pre-

cise as to be absolutely dangerous ; but the disaster in America acted as a salutary lesson in this respect, and after the peace of 1783 (as also frequently before it) a general's instructions were sent to him in draft, to be amplified and modified according to his suggestions. And the principle upon which alterations were made was always this,—that the Ministers should describe as exactly as possibly the situation, as they apprehended it, state broadly their policy and their object, with the reasons which had led them to decide upon it, and leave to the general the greatest possible latitude in action towards the execution of their wishes. It was not always easy to draft such instructions, because Ministers very frequently did not know their own minds. But herein lay the benefit of the system, that it brought Ministers to know their own minds. Few instructions could be more difficult to frame than those for Sir Charles Grey when he sailed for the West Indies in 1794 ; yet by frequent and friendly conference and correspondence between him and Dundas they were made as good as instructions could be. And Dundas was not a man to leave himself without a loophole to escape from responsibility if he could help it.

I have, I think, already put forward some evidence in favour of the contention that in 1899, as in 1881, the Cabinet, as a Cabinet, was imperfectly informed, and everything done departmentally and from time to time. Lord Wolseley's earnest contention that, when war threatens, the Commander-in-Chief should have readier access to the Cabinet, forms indirect testimony to the same effect ; and indeed it would seem that the Cabinet were not kept fully apprised of his views or of Sir Redvers Buller's. At the beginning of September, 1899,

Sir Redvers judged from the newspapers that the country was drifting rapidly into war, and, having private intelligence to the same effect, opened his mind in confidence to Lord Salisbury's private secretary. That gentleman, who may be presumed to have had better sources of intelligence open to him than the General, was so much disturbed that he begged for a short summary of his views in writing, to be laid before Lord Salisbury. The Prime Minister in his turn asked Sir Redvers for a fuller statement of his opinions, which was duly furnished and laid before the Cabinet. The document is printed in the evidence and will be found to contain little or nothing that had not been written many times before by Lord Wolseley or by Sir Redvers himself; yet apparently it was new to the Prime Minister. After the Cabinet Council at which these papers were produced, reinforcements were ordered from India to Natal, and Sir George White was sent out to take command of the troops in that colony. Yet, though the military authorities had repeatedly given warning that the great difficulty of a South African campaign would be transport, and that South African transport would be strange to British troops and most difficult to improvise, there was still delay in providing the money to furnish it. The Secretary of State for War had long before applied for money, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer had refused it, and there the matter had ended. Everything was done departmentally, and there was no machinery in the Cabinet to decide between conflicting departments.

The country was now in the rapids, but the Cabinet still imagined itself in a backwater. On September 29th it was at last determined that the main advance against the South African Republics should be made

through the Orange Free State (the route urged from the first by General Buller), though up to the 25th, as we have seen, all our preparations had been made for attacking by way of Natal; but still the order for mobilisation was withheld, in spite of the General's remonstrances, with the acknowledged loss of a fortnight of precious time. The Cabinet was apparently exhausted by the effort of decreeing the expenditure for mobilisation, and could not be expected to do more than that at any one sitting. We are told that a British Cabinet is a unique body; let us hope that it is so.

On October 9th, 1899, the Boers declared war, exactly three months after the mobilisation of the Army Corps had been recommended by Lord Wolseley, and two days after it had been sanctioned by the Cabinet. Mafeking and Kimberley were invested not many days later; and in Natal Sir George White found himself set down to the most difficult of military operations, the retarding of an enemy's advance with a force greatly inferior in numbers. To accomplish this successfully it was essential that he should have one or more fortified centres of action, which he could leave in safety under the protection of a portion of his force while he sallied out to strike swiftly with the remainder. He found no such centre ready for him and seems at first not to have appreciated the need for creating one, being rather inclined to send his cavalry away on some wild enterprise into the enemy's country. He perceived, however, at once the need for concentrating the whole of his force, which, despite General Buller's protests, had been dangerously dispersed; and he summed up the whole position with excellent clearness in two of his telegrams to the Governor of Natal.

“If I am strong here [at Ladysmith] and can strike out, the country is unconquered. If I am shut in here, the Colony is at the mercy of the enemy and will have to be reconquered from the sea. While I have sufficient force to strike out they cannot do more than raid. If I am reduced in force I cannot go on striking out.” And again: “The true policy is to concentrate all possible force here. If I am beaten, or shut up, one or two battalions will not save either Maritzburg or Durban, and they might enable me to strike a decisive blow.” As things fell out, he was shut up in Ladysmith within less than a week after sending this message. Evidently he had not expected it, and Sir John French seems to think that conceivably he might have avoided it; but, whether it were avoidable or not, the garrison of Natal was surrounded and the whole colony laid open to the enemy. This was the first serious mishap of the war, and it is well known that the Government met it by recommending the supersession of Sir George White.

Meanwhile on October 30th, Sir Redvers Buller arrived at Cape Town, to be met not only by the bad news from Natal, but also by a threat from the civil magnates of Kimberley,—that is to say, from Mr. Cecil Rhodes—that unless speedily relieved they would take their own steps, or, in other words, surrender. The troops at the General’s disposal were a mere handful, and Sir Alfred Milner wished them to be kept for the security of the Cape Peninsula, but to this Sir Redvers refused to accede. There was nothing for it but to set a bold face upon matters, which he did, and meanwhile to proclaim martial law and clear Cape Town of spies; but this the High Commissioner, perhaps because he could not help

himself, declined to do. For three weeks the two colonies lay at the mercy of the Boers, and for three weeks the General confronted the peril unarmed but unmoved. At last a respectable force arrived from England, and the High Commissioner, as was to be expected, urged Sir Redvers to make the relief of Kimberley his first object. The General on the contrary considered Southern Natal to be more important than Kimberley, and would fain have taken his whole force thither to rescue Sir George White and assure the safety of Natal, before entering upon operations on the side of Cape Colony. But the fall of Kimberley would have wrought dangerously upon the native mind, and within Kimberley Mr. Rhodes, who controlled the great majority of the defenders, was threatening to surrender.

Very reluctantly Sir Redvers divided his force, assigning to Lord Methuen the task of advancing to Kimberley, reinforcing its garrison, and carrying off the non-combatants; while he himself, despite the entreaties of the High Commissioner, sailed to Natal. Needless to say, Mr. Rhodes at once raised objections to this method of treating Kimberley; but the General was peremptory. “In dealing with Kimberley we must put De Beers out of the question. . . . All we have to do is to keep the Union Jack flying over South Africa, and I trust Methuen and Kekewich to do that without favour to any particular set of capitalists.”

What followed is well known. On November 10th General Gatacre was repulsed with loss in an attempt to surprise Stormberg. The Government at once proposed that he should be superseded. On the 12th Lord Methuen was also repulsed at Magersfontein. The Government at once proposed to deprive him of his com-

mand, and actually appointed Sir Charles Warren to take it over. On the 15th General Buller himself sustained a serious reverse in attempting a *coup de main* upon the Tugela, and came to the conclusion that without another Division it would be impossible for him to relieve Ladysmith. Then were seen the consequences of withholding confidence from a General, of leaving him to rely upon the newspapers for information, and of sending him abroad without instructions. The Government had appointed Sir Charles Warren, who with the Fifth Division under his command was on his way to South Africa, to take over the troops under Lord Methuen's orders on the Western Railway. Lord Methuen had reported that without another Division he could make no further progress. Since the Government would hardly appoint a new general to take over Methuen's command in order that he might sit still and do nothing, the inference was that he was intended to pursue the operations from Kimberley with the aid of the Fifth Division. Indeed, with Lord Methuen's report before him, Sir Charles Warren would have had some reason for complaint if he had been sent up to the Modder River without his Division. Moreover the High Commissioner had not concealed from the General that he set far greater store by the relief of Kimberley than by the safety of Natal; and so far the Government had not showed itself very attentive to the counsel of its military advisers. The General had no information as to the Government's relations with Mr. Rhodes, which indeed are a mystery to this day, but he did know that the High Commissioner, with or without the Government's sanction, had favoured the raids projected by Mr. Rhodes's party and had been annoyed

with General Butler for not abetting them: he knew that the Colonial Secretary had placed some troops under the command of the High Commissioner instead of under the General, and had attempted to dispose other troops according to his own strategical notions; and he also knew, as we all do, that notwithstanding Mr. Rhodes's proved complicity in the Jameson Raid, his name had never been removed from the list of the Privy Council. In brief, all that he knew or could learn pointed to the probability that the national interests, so far as he understood them, were in danger of being sacrificed to the interests of a syndicate.

The moment was not one for wasting time in long discussions with the Secretary of State and the High Commissioner. Sir Redvers telegraphed home that, not being strong enough to relieve Ladysmith, he thought that he had better let it go and take up positions for the defence of Natal. He received, as he expected, an answer that the fall of Ladysmith would be considered a national disaster, and that he was at liberty to use the troops then arriving as he thought best. "Many thanks, exactly what I wanted," replied the General. "I was in doubt as to weight I should attach to financial considerations at Kimberley." The Government have characterised this famous telegram as a "clumsy threat." A threat it undoubtedly was, but unfortunately it is too often only by threats that generals in the field can prevail over the timidity and incompetence of Governments. "I dare say," said the Duke of Wellington, "that I may have said to the Government as often as fifty times, D——n it, if you don't do this or that you may as well give up the war at once."

The remainder of the story of Ladysmith, being new to the public,

may be very briefly told. After Spion Kop the Government made enquiries as to defensive positions in Natal, which can only be explained by the supposition that they contemplated letting Ladysmith go. Lord Roberts also was averse to further attempts at relief until the result of his own operations should have been seen. He discovered, however, immediately before the attack on Vaal Krantz, that the longer the enemy was kept in Natal the easier his own task would be; and if this were so, it is not obvious how his operations were to make General Buller's task less difficult. In the middle of the work at Vaal Krantz Lord Roberts informed Sir Redvers (and did not fail to inform the world at the same time) that Ladysmith must be relieved at any cost. Four days later he ordered Sir Redvers peremptorily (but without intimation to the public) to remain on the defensive, "since the repeated loss of men on the Tugela without satisfactory results is that which our small army cannot stand." Nevertheless, though he felt that his force was too weak to make sure of forcing the very formidable position before him, Sir Redvers Buller was not to be turned from his policy of "pegging away" at an apparently impossible task, in the hope of wearing the Boers down. Finally, after ascertaining that Sir Charles Warren agreed on all essential points with Sir Redvers, Lord Roberts yielded to the General's adjuration, "As you value the safety of Ladysmith, do not tell me to stand on the defensive," and allowed him

to have his way. Thus after almost continuous fighting for fourteen days and nights Ladysmith was relieved.

The action of the Government towards the man who relieved it, in face of enormous difficulties from within and without, has been thoroughly characteristic. For some reason a section of the Press turned with extraordinary bitterness upon the two men, Butler and Buller, who declined to bow down to the party of the Raid and to its leader. If there had really been anything against these officers they should have been tried by court-martial; but Ministers were afraid of a fair trial, lest the evidence, which has at last been published by the War Commission, should convict themselves of incompetence. Hence they preferred to encourage accusations against these officers, to forbid them to defend themselves, and to throw them to be worried by the Press. A piece of work more unworthy a British Government was never done; but so long as justice is forbidden (as at present it is) to British officers, and impunity is assured to British Ministers, so long we may expect to see the same mismanagement and the same outrages continued. The only remedy is to insist that Ministers shall be as liable to trial for incompetence or misconduct as officers; and that upon conviction before a jury they shall be subject to fine or imprisonment, or to such detention as will permanently secure the country from the dangers of their imbecility.

J. W. FORTESCUE.

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THE COURT OF SACHARISSA.

(A MIDSUMMER IDYLL.)

CHAPTER I.

WHEN they reached the rustic bridge the Exotic refused to go any further. "I have," said he, "walked enough, and now I shall sit down under that willow and smoke."

The Ambassador smiled a little and gazed across the stream. "I wonder if we should be justified," he began.

"A bridge," remarked the Poet, who was apt in his less inspired moments to begin at the beginning, "is meant to be crossed."

"It looks like a garden," continued the Ambassador; "yew hedges and gravel paths imply at least a gardener."

"Well, who's afraid of gardeners?" said the Man of Truth, who was young and frank.

"I am not afraid," returned the Ambassador mildly, "but I have a delicacy—"

"False delicacy," interjected the Man of Truth setting one foot on the bridge.

"The stream is full of trout," announced the Scribe, who had wandered for some distance up the bank, irrelevantly. This decided the Ambassador, who followed him, took him by the arm and induced him to return. He then led him across the bridge without more hesitation.

"I will wait for the other," said the Poet indicating a figure crossing the meadow in the distance, a figure which conversed with itself and waved its arms.

"Should you," murmured the Exotic, "happen upon strawberries or anything of that nature, bring them back with you in a cabbage-leaf."

The Man of Truth was already some distance up the yew-alley when he stopped. Before him lay a stone fountain in whose midst stood three marble maids, daughters of Danaus, with their heads bent forward as they emptied their pitchers, while the falling drops flashed in the sun. Beyond the fountain were numberless beds of rosebushes planted each according to its kind, soft creamy squares, diamonds gleaming white, and hearts blushing crimson, and beyond the rosary lay a wide expanse of velvet lawn.

"I think," said the Scribe slowly as he looked on the scene, "that you make a better picture for this frame than we; will you lead the way?"

The spirit of the place was doing its work. The Ambassador passed between the roses with easy grace. Unconsciously he raised his left hand towards his heart, until his cane assumed that perfect angle at which a cane becomes something more than

itself, a nice expression of dignity and a promise of deference when occasion shall demand. With his handkerchief he delicately flicked a speck of dust from his sleeve, and then with the first two fingers of his right hand he tapped the lid of an imaginary snuffbox held lightly between the thumb and fore-finger of his left. His back became more courtly, more supple, as of a man prepared at any moment to bow on either hand. He had stepped back two centuries; he was a person of quality again. And so he passed beyond the roses and across the lawn until he came to the old sun-dial and the trellised arbour behind. There he paused and swept a low bow with uncovered head, while the Scribe and the Man of Truth, who had followed in his steps, removed their hats with what elegance they could; the consciousness of two hundred heavy years was upon them.

A slender figure appeared at the door of the arbour and a pair of gray eyes looked from under long lashes at the bowing trio with open wonder, with which, as the curve of two red lips seemed to hint, was perhaps mingled some amusement. Then the figure curtsied low and stood, cream-coloured and softly outlined against the dark background, waiting.

"Madam," said the Ambassador, "we are infinitely yours to command."

"Sir," she replied, "I am deeply sensible of the honour," and waited for further explanations.

"My friends and I," continued the Ambassador, "have, I fear, unwittingly trespassed upon your privacy." She inclined her head as an invitation to proceed. The Ambassador paused for a moment; the situation was not of the easiest. "Our explanation—" he began, but checked himself with a slight cough. "The explanation for our intrusion—" he paused again.

"There isn't any," said the Man of Truth in a loud aside.

This the Ambassador was bound to admit. "In effect, Madam, on consideration I find to my everlasting sorrow that it is even as my friend has suggested, and we have positively no explanation to offer."

"We simply came," explained the Scribe.

"Across a bridge," added the Man of Truth.

There was a momentary gleam in the gray eyes and the red lips curved a little more.

"Therefore," said the Ambassador, "we have to offer our most abject apologies." She inclined her head again as though to intimate that apologies were not out of place. "Our most abject apologies," he repeated. "But," he continued with another profound bow, "while I assure you that we are most penitent for our ill-doing, will you pardon me if I say that it is an error which we shall never be able wholly to regret?"

It may be that there was in her face the question which the Ambassador had expected. He deemed it necessary to explain. "Because," said he with yet another bow, "it has given us the unparalleled felicity of being permitted to make those apologies to which you have so graciously listened."

At this she laughed outright. "Is that why you came?" she asked.

The Ambassador weighed the chances. "Alas, Madam," it seemed safer to say, "we cannot excuse ourselves so. We came in ignorance." It occurred to him to prepare for eventualities. "I very much fear, too, that others of our party wander at this moment in your lovely garden, also in ignorance,—ignorance as yet undispeled by the light." He punctuated his conclusion with another bow.

She glanced round the lawn in

what seemed some slight apprehension while she repeated the word "Others?"

"Three others," said the Man of Truth in accurate confirmation.

"You will comprehend therefore," continued the Ambassador boldly, "how great must have been our ignorance in that we are, as you observe, but three. Had we not been in ignorance, undoubtedly we should all have come—to apologise; even if there had been *no* bridge," he added as an appropriate after-thought.

She pursed her lips. "Where are they?" she asked, still looking round.

"We left them," replied the Ambassador guardedly, "on the other side of the stream."

"Smoking," commented the Man of Truth.

She pondered a little; then, "Can they bow too?" she enquired.

"Passably well, Madam," the Ambassador answered, with the air of one who is sure of his pupils but not unduly proud on that account.

"It seems hardly fair—" she began thoughtfully, and hesitated. The Ambassador was all attention. She seemed to come to a sudden determination. "It seems hardly fair that only three of you,—I think you ought to go and find the others and bring them here—to apologise." She laughed as she added the words, and went on more seriously; "While you are doing so I will see about tea."

It is the most difficult thing in the world to retire from the presence gracefully, but the Ambassador accomplished it as though his days were entirely devoted to the service of royalty. He led the way back across the lawn to the rosary, while the others followed him, their shoulders a little shrugged to mitigate the state of critical eyes in the rear.

"Tea," remarked the Man of Truth, when they were out of earshot "good!"

"The teapot should be made of silver," murmured the Scribe thinking of the fitness of things.

The Man of Truth reproved him; "A silver pot makes bad tea," he asserted.

The Ambassador said nothing but strode on till he reached the fountain. There a curious sight met his eyes. In the middle of the path stood a son of the soil, impassive, with a fork in one hand and a wicker basket in the other. Before him stood the Mime and the Poet checked in their onward career and obviously indignant. The Mime was speaking with arms waving and eyes a-kinde.

"Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How darest thy harsh rude tongue
Sound this displeasing news?"

The aptness of the quotation was lost on the son of the soil; he repeated the displeasing news. "These grounds is private," said he.

"The word *private*—" began the Poet but he was somewhat rudely interrupted.

"You can't come in here," said the man with the fork, "so you'd best turn about and go back where you came from."

"O man of mud," protested the Mime,

"I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament."

"Round you turn and out you go," said the man of mud raising his fork, an action which somewhat affected the constancy of the northern star, for he backed a little explaining to the Poet that "Hercules himself must yield to odds."

The Ambassador saw that it was time to intervene. He stepped forward and said with magnificence:

"Kindly allow these gentlemen to pass ; they are friends of mine."

An intellect of higher grade would have succumbed at once but Cerberus was not impressed. "Oh, are they?" he said. "And who are you?"

The Ambassador perceived that this was one of those occasions on which the shadow of diplomacy is not sufficient without the substance. "I," he announced, placing a thumb and forefinger in his waistcoat-pocket, "am," he continued, withdrawing them, "a guest at this house," he concluded extending them towards the gardener, whose hand instantly dropped the basket and came to meet them. The argument was entirely successful ; Cerberus pulled his forelock and "hoped to be excused but the gentlemen turning up so sudden he couldn't but think—" at which point the Ambassador at once accepted and dismissed his apologies, and turning round led the party towards the arbour.

"You've got to bow, and you've got to apologise," said the Man of Truth as they went.

"To whom?" asked the Poet.

"To her," said the Scribe guardedly.

"Who is she?" the Mime enquired not without reason.

"The person who's going to give us tea," explained the Man of Truth. "She's pretty," he added with some finality.

There was no time for further explanations for they were already close to the arbour, at whose door a wicker table loaded with silver and china denoted that tea was ready. Half a dozen basket chairs were set in a semicircle round the table, while the giver of the feast herself was seated just within the arbour. The Ambassador motioned to the two new-comers to step forward and make their salutation. The bow of the Mime was a wonderful thing ; while it missed something of the quality of the Am-

bassador's, in quantity it exceeded the efforts of all the party put together. It suggested the oriental prostration saving only that no part of him but his feet actually touched the ground. The obeisance of the Poet on the other hand was somewhat tempered with the consciousness of genius in difficulties, and therefore possessed more of dignity than of grace. The lady made smiling acknowledgment and waited for them to speak.

"Apologise," prompted the Man of Truth with his eye on the tea-table.

"The essence of an apology," began the Poet at the beginning, "consists in the certitude of the person offending—" here the Ambassador felt called upon to interpret. "My friend," he said, "wishes to convey to you that he feels how insufficient are mere words to atone for the gravity of his trespass."

She accepted the interpretation and glanced at the Mime who was already in an attitude. His apology was something unexpected. "Whip me, ye devils," he began,

"From the possession of this heavenly
sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in
sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid
fire!"

Fortunately he had to pause to consider how he should go on, and the Ambassador was able to calm his evident fears. "My other friend," he said, "who has missed his vocation, is apt to indulge in figures of speech, but what he means is that he is very sorry."

She laughed, still however keeping a nervous eye on the Mime, whose tension, now that he had said his say effectively, appeared to relax. Then she made a little speech. "Gentlemen, I am very glad of the fortunate accident which has enabled you to

come to-day. Please sit down, and let me give you some tea."

While the Ambassador was handing round cups and cakes a thought struck him. "Dear me," he exclaimed, "I had quite forgotten!"

"What?" asked his hostess.

"The other member of our party," he replied. "I suppose he is still by the bridge."

The Man of Truth expressed his profound conviction that tea, even as a mere abstract distant idea, would be more than sufficient to ensure the appearance of the Exotic, and the others murmured assent.

"What did you call him?" she asked. "The Exotic? What a curious name," she added on learning that she had heard correctly.

"He is a curious person," said the Man of Truth, as though he himself were puzzled.

At this moment a voice reached them from the other side of the lawn. It was, in fact, the Exotic's and it complained: "Where are you, and where are my strawberries?" Catching sight of the group he came towards it. He showed no visible signs of surprise at finding his friends seated at tea on the lawn of a stranger, and it so chanced that he could not see the lady herself who was hidden from him by the side of the arbour.

"Oh, there you are," he said, as he came nearer. "I met a gardener-man who said I was trespassing. So I said, 'Am I?' and he said, 'You are.' So I asked him how he knew, and he said he knew very well and I must go away. Then I asked him if he had ever heard the tale of the Considerate Kurd, and he said he didn't want to hear any tales. So I began to tell it to him, and I hadn't got any further than the Careful Camel when he interrupted me and asked me if I was a friend of *his*, and he winked.

I didn't know what he meant, but I said I was and I winked; and then he begged my pardon and I came on. And now I want my strawberries in a cabbage-leaf."

To this curious history she listened with round eyes, and then she whispered to the Man of Truth, "Now, I understand,—a little." With that she jumped up from her chair, took a plate of strawberries from the table, and coming out of the arbour confronted the Exotic. "I'm so sorry," she said, "we haven't a cabbage-leaf; will a plate do? If not, I can easily get a leaf from the kitchen-garden."

To do the Exotic justice, though he was a good deal taken aback, he accepted the plate of strawberries with murmured thanks; then taking off his hat, he looked helplessly at the Ambassador, who preserved an admirable gravity and relieved the situation by saying,—“Owing to my remissness my friend of course does not understand that you have so honoured us as to ask us to tea. It is my fault, my fault entirely; I fear I have again to ask your forgiveness.”

The Man of Truth could no longer contain himself and gave vent to mighty laughter. As at a signal, everybody joined in; even the Exotic smiled patiently, and took the opportunity to drop into the vacant chair, where, with fine presence of mind, he at once consumed a strawberry.

When at last the laughter had subsided to a general smile the lady with a curiosity which, in the circumstances, was only natural, opened conversation with a question. "Are you all staying in this neighbourhood?" she asked the Ambassador.

"No," he said, "we have come down from London."

"For the afternoon," added the Scribe.

"By train," explained the Man of Truth, somewhat needlessly.

"We commonly spend an afternoon in the country once a week," continued the Ambassador. "We find it an excellent tonic for the brain."

The Exotic held a strawberry poised midway between his plate and his lips while he threw light on the situation. "We go to a terminus," he said, "and find out the names of places where trains go to. Then if we like the look of a name we go there. We went to Shepherd's Bush once," he continued in hushed reminiscence. "We thought we should find a nice common and sit under the bush enjoying the air and talking to the shepherd."

"And did you?" she asked, laughing.

"No," he replied, "we found a patch of grass in the middle of houses surrounded by a railing. There was no air and no bush, and no shepherd, and the inhabitants were clinging to the railing." She looked her question. "They were intoxicated," he said wearily, as though the memory bored him.

"And what did you do then?" she inquired.

"We retired into the station," he said, "and waited until there was a train back to town." With that the Exotic returned to his strawberry and silence.

The Man of Truth who had been listening with unconcealed surprise could no longer refrain from speech. "We've *never* been to Shepherd's Bush," he said in an injured tone.

The Exotic was roused to one more effort. "That was before you were thought of," he said reprovingly to the Man of Truth. "But we are never going there again," he admitted to the lady. "We have found out how to avoid it. We never pay less than four shillings for our tickets now because anything under that is sure to be houses, and we never go

to a place that is named after a person because that attracts people so. If there had not been a shepherd with a desire for notoriety we should have found a common and a bush and air." He sank back exhausted with the closeness of his reasoning.

"I think you are wise," she said kindly. Then she turned to the Ambassador with an irrelevance that was flattering to him at least. "Oh, I do hope you take care of them."

The implied compliment may have been only comparative, but the Ambassador by no means rejected it. He said modestly that he did his best. The Man of Truth who seemed a little restive was about to say something, when the Mime suddenly changed the current of talk.

"In this garden I could act for ever," he exclaimed with rapture.

"Won't you act something now?" she suggested politely, but the others raised a protest.

"For ever is such a long time to sit through," said the Scribe.

"And it would be for ever if you once let him begin," said the Man of Truth, brutal but convinced. It may be that she had something of the same feeling, for she did not press the point.

"It is indeed most stimulating," said the Ambassador, smiling at the Poet, who, having after a long search found his note-book, was feeling in all his pockets for a pencil. He was quite lost to his surroundings, and the Ambassador explained to her in a low tone that sudden inspiration always had this effect on him.

Meanwhile the Scribe had also evidently been revolving something in his mind, and at last he uttered his thought. "You have a pretty trout-stream at the bottom of your garden," he said.

"Are you fond of fishing?" she

asked following the Scribe's suggestive remark to its logical conclusion. He admitted that it was so. "Oh, you ought to come again and fish," she said. "Yes, you must, and catch me some trout. I'll give you some tea, so it will be a fair exchange," she laughed. "There is no one here to catch them. Couldn't you all come and help him?" she added impulsively. "In the country"—but her sentence remained unfinished. Perhaps she had intended an explanation of her motives in giving the invitation. Instead, however, she looked at the Ambassador for an answer.

"Our pardon is complete," he returned without hesitation; "we are permitted to re-enter Eden."

"I will see that no sentinel bars the path," she said with a smile. "Will you come then this day next week?" The Ambassador promised for his party. "Perhaps," she hinted looking at the Poet who had found his pencil, "the poem will be finished by then."

"It shall be," the Ambassador took upon himself to say.

The general enthusiasm was by this time communicated in some degree even to the Exotic, who said suddenly with more energy than he had yet displayed, "I feel as if I could narrate the history of the Considerate Kurd."

"Oh do," said the lady, but even as the Exotic was framing the word *considerate* the Ambassador had consulted his watch and was upon his feet.

"Alas, Madam," he said, "time wears away, and your train service is something exacting. I find we have only twenty minutes in which to get to the station, and so we must tear ourselves away from this enchanted spot. Please allow me to offer our united thanks for your courteous hospitality and for this

delightful afternoon spent so unexpectedly in Eden."

"Well, if you have to catch a train," she replied, "I won't try and keep you, but come earlier next week if you can. I want to hear that story," she said laughingly to the Exotic.

"It shall be told," he said with determination. She held out her hand to the Ambassador who took it, bowing low. The others followed his example, and then they passed across the lawn back towards the rosary.

"Remember to come early," she cried after them. The Ambassador turned and acknowledged her courtesy and then followed the others past the fountain and along the yew-alley. They walked without speaking till they reached the bridge.

Here the Man of Truth gave utterance to the problem that was troubling him. "I wonder who she is," he said.

"Her name," said the Poet dreamily, "is Sacharissa." It was felt that this was one of his more inspired moments, and the truth of his statement was admitted in silence.

CHAPTER II.

"I HOPE you have not forgotten the poem," said Sacharissa to the Poet. There had in truth been no danger of his forgetting it. The Ambassador, having pledged his word in the matter, had in the course of the week paid more than one visit to the Poet and, partly by guile, partly by precept, had succeeded in overcoming the natural tendency of genius to regard a few desultory words written in pencil upon a scrap of paper as a finished masterpiece. He had even caused him to write the completed work in ink on a fair quarto sheet and had placed it in his

own pocket for its better preservation. So now it was with an easy mind that he saw his party seated as before in the hospitable chairs; he had brought it through all the manifold dangers of rail and road without accident (unless the loss of the Exotic's ticket can be considered an accident), and having fulfilled his promise to his hostess he was content.

"He hasn't forgotten it," said the Man of Truth. "He wanted to, but the Ambassador stood over him till he finished it."

Sacharissa looked her amused approbation at the Ambassador, who with a tolerant smile suggested that the Man of Truth was somewhat given to exaggeration.

"Not at all," he returned. "I heard you threaten to finish it yourself."

"I don't think you can have heard quite that," said the Ambassador. "I may perhaps have asked our friend if he needed any assistance."

"Well, it's the same thing," persisted the Man of Truth.

"Are you a poet too?" asked Sacharissa. The Ambassador deprecated the idea with a gesture and murmured something about "occasional verses."

"It is one of our traditions," remarked the Scribe, "that the Ambassador can do everything."

"He is a perfect Autolycus," confirmed the Mime.

"Is that quite a compliment?" Sacharissa asked doubtfully.

"It is so meant," the Scribe explained. "For him the merit of a character largely depends on its acting possibilities."

Any retort the Mime might have made was rendered impossible by the Poet, who had not been listening to the conversation, but now suddenly remembered that the lady had asked him a question. "It would have

been impossible for me to forget," he assured her earnestly. Everybody laughed and he looked round a little bewildered.

Sacharissa came to his aid. "It is very nice of you to say so," she said kindly. "Will you read it to us?"

The poet expressed his readiness to do so, and felt in his pockets. His incipient alarm was quieted by the Ambassador who handed a sheet of paper across to him. Sacharissa noticed the action with a quiet smile. The Poet looked at the paper in surprise, but his brow cleared when he found that his own handwriting was upon it, and without more delay he began to read.

At trysting-gate, my April maid so fair,
Alone I wait, thou can'st not there;
Why so unkind to me?

Thy heart yet sleeps; ah, didst thou
know

A lover's pain,

A lover's woe,

Thou wouldst not use me so disdain-
fully.

Sunshine and shower change all the
April day,

Sunshine thy *yea* and shower thy
nay;

Thou'rt all caprice to me.

All smiles one hour, then nought but
scorn,

Thou fancy free,

And I love-lorn.

Thy waywardness I follow mournfully.

I woo: thou'lt pout thy lip to flout me,
Such lips as ne'er should frame a *nay*.
Though I may doubt thou can'st not
doubt me;

Awake thy heart, 'tis all I pray.

Ah, make thy yoke less hard to bear,
For Love's dear sake, some pity spare,—

Is love to thee but play?

Thy slave am I, then mercy show.

Ah, bid me stay,

Or bid me go.

Take not my heart to break and throw
away.

"Thank you," said Sacharissa simply, when he had finished, "it is charming."

The Man of Truth pounced on an anachronism. "Why do you make her an April Maid?" he asked in a combative tone. "This isn't April."

"Isn't it?" asked the Poet dreamily.

"No, she ought to be Queen of Roses or something like that, that is if you mean it for Sacharissa. I suppose you *do* mean it for Sacharissa?" he added in a manner that left no doubt as to the wound that would be inflicted on his feelings by a negative answer. But the Poet had returned to his meditations and answered nothing.

"Would it be indiscreet of me," began the lady, "if I asked who Sacharissa is?"

"Not at all," said the Man of Truth. "Sacharissa—"

The Ambassador averted the bludgeon. "Sacharissa," he said, "is the lady celebrated by the poet Edmund Waller. My friend finds in his own muse something akin to that of the old poet, and so has borrowed his abstract divinity." Therewith he looked rapiers at the Man of Truth who was opening his mouth again but subsided on encountering the glance.

"I understand," said Sacharissa slowly, as though she did not understand at all. "What a bad hostess I am," she exclaimed a moment after. "I quite forgot it last week, and now I am forgetting it again to-day." She jumped up and reached a silver box from a table inside the arbour. She handed it to the Ambassador. "Please smoke if you care to," she said.

"This is indeed kind," said the Ambassador warmly, as he passed the cigarettes round, so warmly in fact that she smiled.

The necessity of taking and lighting a cigarette spurred the Mime to activity. "I like poems about love," he announced. "I have loved," he

continued with a profound sigh. Sacharissa glanced at him through her eyelashes.

"You suffered?" enquired the Ambassador politely.

"Unutterably," groaned the Mime. "She was fair, a daughter of a hundred Squires. She sat her untamed steed like some Brunnhilde of old. I loved her to distraction." He warmed to his narrative and lived it all again. "'Wilt thou be mine?' I entreat. She softens, she half yields, I take her hand,"—here he grasped the cigarette-box, thereby embarrassing the Exotic who was about to take a cigarette—"but no, she will not, she draws it away." The Ambassador rescued the box. "'I, a daughter of a hundred Squires, will wed no man who cannot follow me to the death.' I tremble, I turn pale, but I am resolved. The horses are at the door. Booted and spurred I climb into the saddle." The better to illustrate this process he extricated himself from his chair, a display of energy which the Exotic seemed to resent. Sacharissa kept a watchful eye on the Mime, unconsciously edging a little in the direction of the Ambassador.

"Tally ho! we are away," continued the Mime. The Poet started, the suddenness of the conversation to which he awoke surprising him. "The hounds stream out before us. She leads the field. But see, right in our path lies, dark and grim, a monster hedge. No gate! No gate!" At this point the sense of impending tragedy came upon the Poet, and he nervously clutched the arms of his chair. "Her courage but rises higher in the face of death. Alas that one so fair—but no! she lifts her horse, she rises in the air, she is over, she is gone!" The Mime leaned forward peering eagerly into the distance, and after a moment of breathless suspense,

during which the distance between Sacharissa and the Ambassador sensibly decreased, he threw up his arms and crashed backwards into his chair. The Exotic delicately applied his handkerchief to his brow.

"That's not *your* chair," observed the Man of Truth reprovingly. "But what happened to you?"

"I fell off," said the Mime, whose enthusiasm had evaporated.

"On her side of the hedge?" eagerly asked the Poet.

"No," he replied curtly.

"And the lady?" enquired the Scribe after an interval.

"She married," the Mime answered.

"The son of a hundred Squires, I suppose?" said the Scribe. The Mime nodded and relapsed into gloomy silence. Sacharissa moved her chair back to its original position.

"I can see her still," began the Poet who seemed to have been thoroughly roused by the Mime's story. The Ambassador was about to address Sacharissa but he paused; it might be that the Poet had stumbled upon one of his more fortunate moments. He glanced at the Man of Truth to signify that interruptions would be out of place, and the Poet was allowed to continue.

"I was sauntering through the cornfields, whose ripe ears rustled faintly as the evening breeze sighed over them with a last caress. The harvest-moon touched with silver the narrow pathway that stretched before me into the shadow of the distant trees; the poppies drooped in slumber. Only the moths were stirring; to and fro they danced by the hedgerows under the moon seeking in fairy courtship their humble mates, the glow-worms, who timorously quenched their light at my approach. The spirit of the evening claimed me for its own; I could not hasten, and half way across the field I lingered gazing

into the shadows of the grove. She whom I had long sought must surely be waiting me there; she would be leaning on the gate while the soft evening breeze gently kissed her brow and delicately caressed her hair. She awaited my coming, making the night lovelier by her presence.

"I tried to picture her as I stood, and my heart yearned for her. Without her I was alone; she was the completion of all things. I wondered if she was dreaming of my coming, dreaming that we two should together find out the world's old secret, the secret that lies hid from every eye, that but few can seek and none can find alone, for only by love to those that love is even a glimpse of it revealed.

"The stars smiled on me. I uncovered my head; it seemed that the hour was sacred, full of a divine peace. I knew that I stood on the threshold, and I knew that she held the key. And I watched long.

"But above the shrill cry of a bat rang out, and the calm was broken, the spell shattered. He sought his prey amid the pale fluttering moths that danced in the moon seeking only honey of flowers to sweeten their little lives. Night was profaned; her ancient peace was gone like a dream, and the fear of death was abroad. Sadly I retraced my steps."

The Poet stopped, having apparently finished. The Man of Truth looked puzzled. "What about her?" he asked.

"About whom?" enquired the Poet.

"Why, the lady leaning on the gate," demanded the Man of Truth indignantly. "You said you retraced your steps."

"I don't think she can have been there." The Poet searched his memory. "I don't remember seeing her."

Sacharissa looked at him in some astonishment, while the Man of Truth reproved him. "People shouldn't begin telling a story unless they've got a story to tell," he said with vigour. But the Poet had become silent and returned no answer.

The Exotic came to the rescue of the Poet with a contented sigh. "I liked it," he said. "It was beautifully restful. Please tell it again." A loud but inarticulate protest came from the Man of Truth.

"I presume," said the Scribe, "that you have had your little revenges. Has she written a poem about the trysting gate too?"

The harassed Poet looked round for aid; he half repented his excursion into prose. "I don't quite understand," he said in bewilderment.

"Were you really expecting to meet a lady?" asked Sacharissa.

"On such a night all things seemed possible," was the Poet's apologetic explanation.

"I knew there wasn't anyone," declared the Man of Truth. "It's a pity you tried to make a story of it."

The Poet was goaded to retort. "Perhaps you can tell a better story yourself," he suggested.

"Well, I could tell something that really happened at any rate," returned the Man of Truth, assuming an elderly expression. "I also have loved. It's quite true," he persisted, annoyed at the merriment he had provoked.

The Ambassador helped him. "Tell us about it," he said, "if you can bring yourself to speak of it."

"Oh yes, I can do that," he returned, "though it still annoys me. I was at the seaside, and there was a girl who walked on the pier. She was pretty and I wanted to know her, but I couldn't get an introduction anyhow. So I asked the Exotic what I should do, and he said he would help me out, and he told me

of an infallible dodge of automatic introduction." The Man of Truth paused to refresh his memory. "I can't quite remember how it went. You got a bangle—what was it?" He turned to the Exotic who looked at him innocently amazed at being brought into the story. He was not however suffered to escape, and under pressure he began to speak in a parable.

"She was veiled, as are all the women of that sunny land," he said with apparent irrelevance, "but I could see her eyes, and they roused in me a curiosity, and a desire to cultivate her acquaintance. As neither she nor her attendant were proceeding with any unseemly haste, I bestirred myself to walk towards the bazaar whither they too appeared to be going. I seated myself in a booth and meditated over my coffee and a cigarette. It so chanced that they entered the next booth wherein were displayed the wares of a dusky jeweller, and I could listen to the bargaining. The purchase eventually made was a necklace of amber and turquoise, almost worthy of the probable charms of its future resting-place. As they departed I noticed that a precisely similar ornament still remained in the jeweller's stall, and it may have occurred to me that by purchasing it and exhibiting it to the owner of the other at our next meeting—"

The Man of Truth broke in impatiently. "That wasn't it at all," he said. "I know now. You go into a shop and buy an imitation gold bangle for a shilling. Then you go on to the pier until you see the girl, and you walk a few yards behind her. Presently you catch her up and apologise for interrupting her and say you think she must have dropped one of her bangles. Well, she says she hasn't and suggests that it must have been the lady over there; but you

insist, and say you know it isn't because you have asked her. Then you ask what on earth you are to do with the thing which you suppose is valuable. Of course she doesn't know and a bright idea strikes you; you ask her if she would be so very kind as to give it to the attendant at the ladies' cloak-room, to be left till called for. She says she will, and you thank her very much and go away. Next day you meet her again and ask if the bangle has been claimed, and she says no, and the day after that you say you have asked after it and find it is still there. And so on for several days until you and she have a sort of joint interest and are quite on a footing."

"A very dishonest proceeding," commented the Ambassador with much disapproval.

"Yes," admitted the Man of Truth, "it was the Exotic's idea, but I did it quite honestly. I had a *real* gold bangle."

"Did you buy it with a *real* shilling?" asked the Scribe.

The Man of Truth took no notice of the question. "I borrowed it from my sister," he explained, somewhat to Sacharissa's amusement.

"Well, did you get your introduction?" she asked.

"No," he replied indignantly, "I took it up to her and said I thought she must have dropped it, just as the Exotic told me." The Man of Truth became furious. "It was the most dishonest thing I ever heard of," he said. "She thanked me very much and said she thought she must have, and she took my real gold bangle and walked away."

"It served you perfectly right," said the Ambassador when he had recovered himself.

"What did you do?" asked the Mime.

"I was too astonished to move for a bit," said the Man of Truth, "and

when I did at last go after her she was gone, and I couldn't find her anywhere."

"What could you have done if you had found her?" asked the Poet.

"I should have told her that it wasn't her bangle after all," he replied, "and that I had made a mistake, and I should have taken it away again."

The Ambassador, perceiving that the Man of Truth was in some danger of losing his reputation for chivalry, asked the Exotic if he too had not had some experience.

"Yes, I also have loved," he admitted, smiling sweetly at the pleasing recollection. "But it could not be," and he shook his head in tender reminiscence.

"Do tell me about it," said Sacharissa with sympathy, and the Exotic yielded and began to narrate.

"I saw her go past the window, and I loved her to distraction; but she had a green feather in her hat, and so I realised that it could not be."

"Is that all the story?" asked Sacharissa, after they had waited a considerable time for further details.

"Yes," said the Exotic.

Sacharissa looked at him with pity. "Have you ever got over it?" she asked.

"Never," he declared.

"You must be very impressionable," she suggested.

"I am," he said; "a green feather has always had a disastrous effect on me." Sacharissa laughed, and the Exotic looking pained at her heartlessness composed himself to silence again. But the Ambassador felt that duty had been shirked.

"Is that the whole of your experience?" he asked in a tone that admitted of no evasion.

"No," the Exotic confessed. "I loved again; but I do not feel strong enough to tell the story now." He

looked pleadingly at Sacharissa, who smiled a gentle reproof at the Ambassador. "But," he continued with more energy as a thought struck him, "I will narrate a little tale that has some love in it though it did not happen to me personally. It is called the Tale of the Considerate Kurd."

The groan of the Man of Truth was unheard by Sacharissa, who cried, "Oh yes! That is the story you promised me. Please tell it," she added with a pretty gesture, half entreaty, half command.

The Mime, with a readiness of resource that would have graced any stage, attempted to pass the cigarette-box across to the Scribe and in doing so clumsily upset it into the chair of the Exotic to his great discomfort. The Ambassador, taking up the cue, apologised as though he had done it himself, and to cover the confusion caused in picking up the cigarettes observed to Sacharissa that he saw the tea-tray coming.

She looked up. "Oh so it is," she said. "Well, we will have the story after tea. Will you help me to get the table out?" And so the danger was for the moment averted.

CHAPTER III.

THE Exotic finished his third cup of tea and lighted a cigarette. "I will now," he said, "proceed to relate, as I promised, the Tale of the Conscientious Curate and the Superfluous Umbrella." It should be mentioned in passing that during tea the Ambassador had found an opportunity of a few private words with the Exotic.

Sacharissa looked surprised, "That was not the one you promised," she said. "It was the Considerate something."

"Oh, did I say *considerate*?" said the Exotic. "Well, I will relate

the Tale of the Considerate Curate and the Superfluous Umbrella."

"Oh, but it wasn't," cried Sacharissa; "it was something beginning with a K."

"Curate," suggested the Exotic with mild determination. In spite of the obvious danger the Man of Truth could not resist giving utterance to his conviction that *curate* did not begin with a K.

"And there was nothing about an umbrella," Sacharissa persisted.

"It isn't really an umbrella," said the Exotic in a soothing tone; "it's a parasol."

Sacharissa looked helplessly at the Ambassador who fully lived up to his title. "I am afraid," he said in a low voice, "we must let him have his way; if he has once made up his mind, there is no shaking him. If *you* cannot move him, how should the efforts of the rest of us prevail?" The true diplomatist only shows as much of his hand as is necessary. Sacharissa submitted, while she acknowledged the compliment with a little puzzled smile.

"I will relate," said the Exotic firmly, "the Tale of the Conscientious Curate and the Superfluous Umbrella. The incident came under my notice that day I told you about when we went to Shepherd's Bush."

"We didn't," grumbled the Man of Truth.

"I think I explained," continued the Exotic placidly, "that at that time we had not the pleasure of your acquaintance." The Man of Truth protested in silence.

"Well, I missed the train back."

"But you were in the station," objected Sacharissa on whom the adventure at Shepherd's Bush had not been lost.

"Yes, I know," he admitted, "but I went to sleep on a seat and the others did not wake me."

"That was too bad of them," she said laughing.

The Exotic conceded it with the air of one who has forgiven much and began his narrative. "I was alone in the tiny oasis of safety that cheers the wayfarer in the midst of the all-too-frequented high-road awaiting some convenient vehicle that might assist my return. Several public conveyances had indeed passed, but the appearance of their temporary occupants was so entirely unprepossessing that the contemplation thereof effectually checked any incipient idea I might have entertained of adding myself to their company. Nevertheless, feeling a wish for conversation, I had accosted certain omnibuses that were going in the contrary direction, and had expressed my curiosity as to their ultimate destination. The replies of the officials, though presenting some trifling varieties of diction, were however couched in a strain of monotonous discourtesy.

"I fell to musing; the red sand of the Syrian desert unrolled itself before my inner vision, stretching into dim infinity. The heated air quivered as it rose, distorting the proportions of a distant camel till they loomed grotesque, gigantic. It advanced slowly, its master suffering his careful Bactrian to choose its own pace. Not without reason, as I was to learn, had he won the title of the Con—"

"—scientious Curate?" suggested the Ambassador with an assumption of *naïveté* as he caught the narrator's eye.

"But the dream faded," pursued the Exotic with an air of slight reproach, "and I found myself once more in an English desert, a desert of unlovely buildings and yet unlovelier inhabitants. A small boy interrupted my reverie by some remark, doubtless of a personal nature,

and I meditated despatching him in search of a hansom,—there were none in sight; but, perceiving that my attention had been aroused to the fact of his existence, he misjudged my motives and departed with quite unnecessary suddenness. You can perhaps judge of my desolation and the uncongeniality of my surroundings when I confess that for an instant I thought of getting into a tram car with a substantial female whose baby had been eating marmalade, or even of walking back to the station."

Here, perhaps by way of rivalling the Mime, the Exotic stirred almost sufficiently to endanger the equilibrium of his tea-cup, which despite the anxious glances of Sacharissa he had persisted in balancing on his left knee. The Ambassador deftly removed the cup, and placed it on the table, thereby enabling Sacharissa to smile whole-heartedly with the others.

"I half turned," continued the Exotic, pausing for a moment as if in doubt whether he ought not to suit the action to the word; but the Mime had already done it for him, so he proceeded contentedly. "I was aware that there stood beside me the Conscientious Curate, who carried, or rather poked out before him, a feminine and all too palpably superfluous umbrella."

"What sort of umbrella?" asked Sacharissa innocently.

"The Superfluous Umbrella, of course," the Exotic answered.

"Do you mean the parasol?" the Man of Truth demanded.

The Exotic conceded the point almost curtly.

"But we think you should describe it," suggested the Ambassador with a look to Sacharissa.

"Oh, you must," she insisted,— "that is, if it was a lady's umbrella."

The Exotic drew breath. "Its

handle," he began, "was of mother of pearl that Arab divers rescue from the jealous waves of Bahrein, and of gold for which red-shirted sons of a free race wage stubborn war with nature in the gloomy cañons of California; the silken fabric had been woven in the looms of Ning-Po; chaste white lace, worked by timid novices in the quiet convents of Ghent, served to set off its delicate rose-pink hue, soft as the blush of a maiden at the first kiss of her lover."

At this point the Poet was observed to be feeling for his pencil. The Exotic, therefore, in the hope that it was about to be immortalised, repeated his last sentence again slowly. But apparently the Poet had no such intention, for, finding himself discovered, he gave up the search with a face that unwillingly rivalled the maiden. The Exotic, a trifle disappointed, looked to Sacharissa for approbation. Apparently she was satisfied with the description for she nodded quickly. He went on again.

"The Curate was a singularly perfect specimen of the traditional type complicated by an anxious expression, as his eye travelled from the superfluous umbrella to any passing example of the district's feminine population. It seemed to me that I had an opportunity of doing a good action by assisting his perplexity. I therefore addressed him. 'I perceive that you have been entrusted with my sister's umbrella, on the strength of which inanimate introduction may I claim the privilege of your acquaintance?' 'It is your sister's?' he said and his face brightened. 'What a providential encounter!' He handed it to me at once. 'I have been looking for the owner everywhere,' he added wearily. 'I take it,' I said, 'that you are not known to her personally?'"

"How could he be?" broke in the

Man of Truth. "You haven't a sister."

"As I have already had occasion to remark," returned the Exotic patiently, "this story belongs to a period antecedent to your official existence."

"The sister is evidently—a gold bangle," suggested the Ambassador perceiving that the Man of Truth was about to express himself more fully.

"Please go on," said Sacharissa. The Exotic smiled and obeyed.

"He said he had not been so fortunate; and indeed he scarcely looked as if he knew anybody's sister. Also he murmured something about an appointment with his vicar. In fact, had there not been a number of vehicles in the road, I believe he would have left me at once. I checked him. 'What are you going to do with the umbrella?' I enquired. 'I thought you said it was your sister's,' he protested. 'In which case she would be pleased to thank you herself,' I said. He appeared embarrassed, but I relieved his anxiety. 'As it happens, however, it is not my sister's. Yet I think I can describe to you the owner.' His face expressed a shade of suspicion as I took the superfluous umbrella and turned it round. Its daintiness enkindled me to clairvoyance. 'She is tall,' I began, 'and slender of form, sprightly yet graceful. Her eyes smile at you, and her cheeks dimple as the light fancies of girlhood flash upon her. She is merriment and tenderness in one. You are a fortunate man, reverend sir. She will illumine your country parsonage with her sunny radiance. She will cheer your sick and bring the hardened to dream of beauty, raising them out of their sordid lives by the mere presence of her loveliness. She will hang on your words, and inspire you in your work, till your very sermons

are,—that is, exceed their present surpassing excellence. Her name—” the Exotic paused for effect. “Her name is Sacharissa,” he continued seeing that his audience was becoming expectant.

“What did you say her name was?” demanded the Man of Truth with honest indignation.

The Exotic ignored the existence of the interrupter. “The Curate had been getting a little restive,” he explained, “and when I had finished my portrait expressed a desire for more accurate detail. I looked at him; he seemed to have become more conscientious than ever and murmured something about taking it off to the police-station.”

“Why didn’t he take it back where he found it?” asked the Man of Truth.

“Where did he find it?” put in the Mime.

“Yes, where did he?” repeated the Scribe slyly.

The Exotic slightly elevated one eyebrow, possibly in protest, possibly in bewilderment.

“I don’t think we ought to interrupt the story,” said Sacharissa gently.

“But he hasn’t told—” began the Man of Truth. The Ambassador passed him the cigarette-box with an air of determination.

“If,” said the Exotic in a tone of euphonious injury, “if this were a common-place tale of the imagination I could understand a demand for plausible if somewhat mechanical explanations. In actual life I myself once rescued an old gentleman’s hat which was wafted against my feet by the breeze as I was waiting for an opportunity to cross the road without undignified haste; but he has not died and left me his fortune. And a yet more striking example is afforded by an anecdote that was told

to me once as I sojourned at a caravanserai, whose roof had in earlier days sheltered—” The Ambassador coughed warningly. “I will return, however, to the Curate’s proposition, that he should leave the Superfluous Umbrella at the nearest police-station, to which I was compelled to object. ‘Leave,’ I said, ‘leave this in an atmosphere tainted by evil, in a haunt of crime and vice, this delicate trifle to be handled by the unimaginative detective, to be put away on a deal shelf, perhaps even to be desecrated by a ticket and a number?’ The better to bring home to him the enormity of his suggestion I unfolded the Superfluous Umbrella before his unresponsive gaze. And then I saw that I had been vouchsafed a small but entirely adequate miracle.” The Exotic looked to the Mime to supply the appropriate gesture, this time without success. His effect was marred, and with a touch of melancholy he returned to his narrative.

“The Curate was still unresponsive, but he was concerned and he entered upon some further and still more unsatisfactory suggestion as to the disposal of the Superfluous Umbrella, but I cut him short. ‘Perhaps after all,’ I said, ‘it would be best to take it back to the proper owner.’ The obviousness of this course left him no alternative, but he was not pacified until I gave him the actual name and address, which was, which was—that of a lady in a well-known quarter of the town. Even then I believe he would still have tried to desert me, but I pointed out that the responsibility of restoration lay with the finder, a point which his conscience grasped after a little explanation. So we went there.”

“But how could you have known—” began the Man of Truth.

“There was a silver band lower

down the handle on which all particulars were inscribed," said the Exotic. "I think I remarked that I had opened the Superfluous Umbrella." His tone suggested that the Man of Truth's lack of perspicacity was becoming wearisome. But the Man of Truth was not quite suppressed.

"How did you go?" he asked.

"We went," the Exotic replied in a decided manner.

He paused so long that Sacharissa was compelled to ask if the lady was in.

"She was not, so the butler assured us," continued the Exotic thoughtfully, "but her mother was. The man, however, seemed to want information,—a distressing habit of people of that class—and the Conscientious Curate was too overcome by the magnificence of the edifice to express himself, so I took out my card-case and looked through it. You see, I thought we had better go in because it was about tea-time. Tea makes such an effective setting for a story," he observed irrelevantly.

"You had got as far as the card-case," murmured the Ambassador.

"It was full of cards," pursued the Exotic, "quite a varied assortment. You see I had left home to pay calls."

"In Shepherd's Bush?" asked the Scribe.

The Exotic waived the point. "And just as I was leaving, having discovered that I had used up all my own cards, I picked up a handful from the card-basket, because it is absurd to pay calls without cards; and so I had plenty for our present needs." He continued rather hurriedly because he saw several questions formulating in the face of the Man of Truth, "I picked out an ordinary *Reverend* for the Curate, and selected a *Mr. de Something* for myself, because we had

to impress the butler and there was nobody else of note in the card-case except a bishop and a knight, and the Curate did not wear gaiters and knights are so terribly common and suggest useful commodities, and I was afraid it might lead the conversation round to jam or furniture." He paused to take breath, but he had tided over the awkward interval and the Man of Truth was reduced to astonished silence.

He smiled reassuringly at Sacharissa, who seemed inclined to protest, and continued. "We were ushered into a reception room whose magnificence can only be compared to—" no parallel suggesting itself at the moment he omitted it, "and found ourselves in the presence of a well-favoured and generously-proportioned lady, who received us with some slight surprise. The Conscientious Curate hung back,—I don't think he had quite caught his own name—and I saw that the necessity of opening the conversation devolved on me. I said that we had been so fortunate as to find the umbrella of her sister—"

"Daughter," corrected the Man of Truth.

The Exotic sighed dispiritedly. "The point was so painfully apparent," he murmured. "She, of course, set me right as to the relationship, at which I looked my astonishment." He waved his hand gently in the direction of the Ambassador to indicate the sort of look he meant. "We sat down, and she gave us tea and the most delicious little tea-cakes; but I gathered that she rather wanted to see the umbrella. I of course looked to the Curate; he had not got it. 'We left it outside' I had to say, and indeed we had. Yes, it was lost," he concluded with one eye on the opening mouth of the Man of Truth.

"Oh, dear," cried Sacharissa;

"how in the world did you manage to lose it again?"

"It might have been the Curate," said the Exotic with cryptic lameness, but she would not let him off this time.

"We lost it; I fear that is all that can be said. Had I known," he continued with dignity, "the precise manner of its disappearance, it would naturally not have disappeared. And the Curate nearly got us into difficulties, for I believe he was going to ask me if I had not brought it in with me, only the door opened and she appeared."

"She," repeated Sacharissa, interested, "your Sacharissa?"

"Not mine," returned the Exotic pensively, "the Curate's I think; yes, certainly his."

Sacharissa, not for the first time, began to feel that she was getting a little out of her depth. But seeing the Ambassador bestow an approving smile on the veracious historian she attempted a look of sympathetic comprehension. The Scribe was amused.

"Her mother said all that was necessary," the Exotic continued, "but the Conscientious Curate seemed perturbed. I don't think he quite liked his new name,—so far as I remember it was not very stimulating, but then you see I couldn't make him a bishop without gaiters, could I? He would have had to change, and then we should have been late for tea. However, before he could interrupt, I told her that I had only been acting as guide and that all her thanks were due to him. She was just what she should have been, and she thanked him for all his trouble until he ought to have become quite reconciled to his name and everything else. She said the umbrella was a present and she would not have lost it for worlds. In fact she had advertised for it and offered a reward.

The Curate's conversation was rather of the monosyllabic and protesting order; he really didn't rise to the occasion at all properly,"—there was a note of regret in the Exotic's voice—"but in the presence of Sacharissa it is difficult for anyone to do himself justice," he admitted in the ambassadorial tone.

The Poet nodded his head sagely.

"So I helped him out again. I described a sad case which he had in his parish, that of a poor widow whose husband had been killed on the railway where he was nobly doing his duty in the signal-box as pointsman, and I said how she herself had broken her arm in falling over a wash-tub and could not do her work, and was now starving with her nine children. She became so interested that she ran and fetched her purse and gave him five sovereigns, three for the reward and two for the poor woman, to whom she sent a lot of kind messages. And—can you imagine it?—he actually wanted to be conscientious, though there must have been quite a number of cases like that in his parish. I know a millionaire who gets letters from hundreds of people much worse off every morning." The Exotic looked round for the due astonishment, but could not find it. He returned to his tale in placid surprise. "So I saw there was only one thing to do. I pleaded an important engagement, bade farewell for my friend and myself and took his arm. He pocketed the sovereigns mechanically," the Exotic laid some slight stress on this point, "and I got him half-way down-stairs. But she followed. 'I must see my parasol,' she said gaily. Fortunately the door was already open. 'My friend will be only too happy to show it to you,' I said, leaving him and stepping into the street. There was a hansom passing. I got into it and gave the

driver the address of another man's club. And now may I have a cigarette?" he concluded hurriedly.

There was a considerable silence after the Exotic had finished his tale, and then Sacharissa felt that he needed a rebuke. "Your treatment of the poor man," she said, "was disgraceful."

The Exotic looked at her in innocent wonder. "Why I helped him immensely," he asserted. "He would probably be carrying the umbrella about now if it had not been for me."

Sacharissa looked at the Exotic severely. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said; "it is a perfect catalogue of crime." She enumerated the points of his story. "You introduce yourself to a harmless stranger under false pretences. You drag him off to the house of another stranger, and take him into it under a false name. You make him tell untruths and accept a reward for a thing he cannot produce, and then instead of trying to help him out of the difficulty you run away, leaving him in the hall to explain." She stopped; words failed her before such a revelation of iniquity.

The Scribe laughed, while the Exotic lay back in his chair with the pained face of one who is misunderstood by an unfeeling world, murmuring, "I got him five pounds anyhow."

"Do you think that a sufficient compensation for the loss of Sacharissa's esteem?" asked the Scribe.

Sacharissa gave a little shudder. "I don't like to think of the poor man at all," she said.

"It was a fine dramatic situation," observed the Mime with relish. "I remember once when I was almost in the same sort of difficulty."

The Scribe purposed to cut short the intended narrative. "How did you get out of it?" he asked.

"I didn't," the Mime answered. "I got out of the window."

The Man of Truth's laugh aroused Sacharissa who had been sitting in an attitude of pretty perplexity. She looked enquiringly at the Ambassador who smiled at her to signify that she had not missed anything.

"I nearly became a curate once," said the Scribe, thinking to make a diversion. Sacharissa glanced at him with interest. "There was a charming old rector I knew who badly wanted a curate. He had a mile of splendid trout-fishing on his glebe, and I badly wanted that, so I thought we might come to an arrangement. But it takes a year of preliminaries to become a curate and he could not wait, so I am still a layman."

Sacharissa betrayed her disappointment so visibly that the Scribe hastened to add in a consoling tone: "I dare say it's just as well. I should not have made a good curate."

The thought did not appease her. "That makes it all the worse, I think," she said reprovingly.

The Scribe assumed an air of dejected humility and addressed the Exotic with a sad smile. "The relation of our sufferings does not even meet with sympathy."

Sacharissa shook her head at them. "I am sure I've given you all you deserve," she said. "But I've still a little left," she laughed, glancing at the Ambassador.

The Man of Truth took upon himself to interpret. "That means it's your turn," he said to the Ambassador with satisfaction.

The Ambassador relieved Sacharissa's slight confusion by answering her glance. "I fear I can advance no claim," he said. "My experiences would not be worthy of your attention, in fact I think I have had none. But experience always comes," he

added with a polite and expressive bow. Sacharissa's gaze left his face very swiftly and concentrated itself on the tea-pot.

The Poet at this moment discovered a ball of paper under the cushion of his chair. He smoothed it out and found that it was his poem. "I wonder," he began doubtfully, "if you would care to have it. I am afraid it is rather crumpled."

Sacharissa was pleased. "Thank you so much," she said; "I should indeed." She took it and read it. "I am afraid that Sacharissa, if that is her name, treated you very badly," she pronounced with a smile.

The Poet became confused. "Oh no, she treated me very well,—that is, she hasn't treated me at all—that is, I mean—"

The Ambassador kept an eye on the Man of Truth while he rescued the Poet. "A poet's woes are also his pleasures," he said, "because they give him inspiration, therefore I don't think you should waste too much of your reserve of sympathy on him."

"Perhaps not," smiled Sacharissa; "but at any rate I am sure the poem is much too good for her."

The Poet was in deep water at once. "Oh," he said gratefully, "I am so glad you think so. I mean nothing could be too good for her. That is, I should say—"

"He doesn't know what he means," said the Man of Truth, vaguely realising that the Poet was in difficulties and needed help. His effort was successful and the slight awkwardness passed in laughter. He glanced at the Ambassador with pride.

That gentleman was now on his

feet deploring the necessity for instant departure if the train was to be caught. The party was already moving when Sacharissa detained him by a slight gesture. "Oh," she said, "I only wanted to remind you to come quite early next week and"—she hesitated a moment; then she raised her eyes and looked full at him. "Who is Sacharissa?"

The Ambassador hesitated too. "A fancy of one of my friends," he began and paused; but it was better that she should be told. "I hope you will be able to forgive us, but in fact I have the honour of addressing Sacharissa at this moment."

The Man of Truth, who happened to be looking back, had a vision of the Ambassador bowing very low, and of Sacharissa standing with the sunset in her face.

The Ambassador followed the others, and as he reached the rosary he heard a light step behind him and a voice which said, "Please thank your friend for the pretty name."

He turned but could only catch a glimpse of drapery vanishing behind the roses and could only hear a low musical laugh.

He came up with the others at the bridge.

"I saw her blush," observed the Man of Truth when he reached them.

"She asked who Sacharissa was," explained the Ambassador.

"Did you tell her?" asked the Scribe.

"I did," he replied.

"Was she very angry?" enquired the Poet nervously.

"Not very, I think," answered the Ambassador.

(To be continued.)

A CHAPTER IN OLD PORTUGUESE HISTORY.

IN the library of the British Museum, among other publications on the subject, may be seen a somewhat curious old street-ballad, printed in Valencia, with the title TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE MELANCHOLY HISTORY OF DOÑA IÑEZ DE CASTRO (HERON'S NECK) OF PORTUGAL. It must be read for the simplicity rather than the truthfulness of its jingling verse. On its first page is a barbarous and inexpensive wood-cut of a headless lady seated upon a chair, with a fountain of blood shooting upwards from her neck. To the right of her is a man with a knife, and to the left another man holding aloft the severed head. In his opening lines the humble rhymester does not mind playing a little upon the traditional term Heron's Neck which, in token of her dignified deportment, was applied to poor Iñez. "I entreat the queen of heaven," he says, "that I may have the loan of a quill from one of her wings to enable my genius to describe the inhuman cruelty which incited to tears of pity statues of both bronze and marble." He concludes with the like exuberance: "The homicidal tyrant came to her seated in a chair with her hands tied behind her . . . and the brutal knife cut her lovely throat. . . . Thus died Doña Iñez de Castro. God gave her soul glory and enrolled her for evermore in the ranks of the celestial nymphs." In the woodcut Iñez is shown with her hands in her lap instead of behind her. It is thus abundantly plain that, in matters of detail, the Valencia ballad cannot be trusted.

But there is indeed much that is dubious even in the better accredited versions of Iñez's life and death and subsequent exhumation. Camoens has done his best to make her memory immortal, yet in his account of the coronation of the corpse he seems to have taken the full licence of a poet in pinning his faith to the Spanish narrative of Faria y Souza rather than to the far more trustworthy, if balder, Portuguese chronicle of Fernao Lopes. One would willingly see the broken-hearted Don Pedro thus crown his wronged wife, even after death, and the nobles in succession bend the knee to her as they kissed her bloodless hand and swore she was truly their queen. It is an incident sufficiently medieval and by no means out of keeping with the character of Don Pedro as he is limned for us in the chronicles. But the evidence is too weak. With reluctance one is disposed to believe that no such tremendous function preceded that gloomy seventeen-league march with the confined Iñez from Coimbra to Alcobaca, over hills and through pine forests as thick now as in A.D. 1355, by the light of a hundred thousand torches. They had seen no funeral procession to equal it in those days, and one may safely say that it has not yet been rivalled for its sombre magnificence.

The strong interest of the tragedy all centres about Don Pedro, first as heir apparent and later as king of Portugal. Iñez is for us little else than a beautiful and confiding woman to whom her lord's will was law. She was of good Spanish blood, cousin

to Don Pedro himself and came to the Portuguese court with her father to escape the ill usage of the tyrannical king of Spain. The Prince lost his heart to her and married her at Bragança, the prior of Guarda performing the ceremony. This churchman and the Prince's servant, Estevan Lobato, seem to have been the only disinterested witnesses of the marriage, which was thenceforward kept a secret with fatal scrupulousness. Iñez was placed by her lord in a house on the south side of the Mondego, with Coimbra, the capital of the realm, scarcely more than a bow-shot away on the opposite bank of the pale blue stream. The situation was convenient. The royal convent of Santa Clara was close at hand, where dwelt King Alfonso the Fourth with his court. When the King hunted, the Prince was free to enjoy the society of his Iñez unquestioned; and when the Prince hunted it was easy to rest before or after the chase in the lovely gardens and by the fountains of the house on the Mondego. The legend flows (like the crystal clear runlet itself) that at other times Iñez was wont to send loving messages to her lord in little toy boats carried by the current of the watercourse into the precincts of the royal convent. It may well have been so. Still, as in 1350, the living water gushes from the rocky cave of the Fonte dos Amores, and in a tiny cemented channel part of it speeds towards the convent. This however has long gone from its high estate. Its church alone survives ignobly. The mud of the Mondego's inundations, century after century, has raised the level of the ground half as high as the church porch. It is in fact no church now. Carpenters saw wood in the workshop they have raised in its aisle. An indifferent eating-house, the Buen Retiro de

Santa Clara, presses it closely to the north, with vine-clad arbours in its tangled garden of pot-herbs and orange-trees. There are mills near of a size that would not discredit Stockport, and the young ladies of the factory loll about and make remarks that are not at all romantic. The lichens, weeds, and ivy on the convent church are also witnesses to its downfall. But that pellucid little brook still hurries hitherwards, as if it had a special mission to perform far more important than the swelling of Mondego's classic flood.

Though only in the early twenties of his age the Prince was already a widower when he thus secretly wedded the fair Iñez. His father wished for nothing better than to have a second daughter-in-law, to whom he might look with hope for a secured continuance of his royal line. But there was no assurance in the court that Iñez was more to the Prince than a mistress. It was only natural therefore that they should seek to eclipse her happiness by attempting to arrange an orthodox second alliance for the heir apparent. For such a purpose Doña Blanca, the sister of the King of Navarre, seemed very suitable, and negotiations were accordingly opened with the King of Navarre.

One does not know exactly how far these proceedings went on the road to maturity. The Spanish ballad-writer certainly romances bravely in bringing the Prince and Doña Blanca together and in making him declare, with no regard for the lady's feelings, that he is already so content in a wife of his own choice that "there can be no happiness in the world to equal mine, and therefore Your Highness may return at once to Navarre." From this same source we learn that, to avenge his sister's humiliation and sad tears of

disappointment, the King of Navarre sounded his trumpets, called his captains together and marched direct for Lisbon, which he besieged. It is a considerable cry from Navarre to Lisbon, even in these days of the *Sud-Exprès*. In the fourteenth century locomotion, with or without an army, was more difficult still in this peninsula of mountains, separate principalities, and very troublesome rivers. Still, it is much to get hold of something like an adequate motive for the royal assent to the murder of Iñez, and, granting that Alfonso was seriously embarrassed by the presence of alien troops about the walls of his city on the Tagus and believed the sacrifice would save his crown, the deed was not one of unexampled ferocity. But, alas for the probabilities, Lisbon was not then the capital of Portugal, though undoubtedly it was at the later date when the Spanish ballad-monger wrote. If the King of Navarre had rung his warlike clarions in the neighbourhood of Coimbra, it would have been much more to the point.

We must fall back on the more conventional pretexts for the murder. The Spanish influence (a most undesirable thing) was feared by King Alfonso's courtiers as the outcome of the prince's infatuation. Iñez was of course not without relations who looked to her for aggrandisement in the time of her own supremacy. Her power over her lord was immense and it seemed likely to outlast even her beauty, for Don Pedro's temperament was not of the fickle kind. This spelled mischief, if not ruin, for many of the native barons. And so siege was laid to poor Iñez in the mind of the King, who was entreated in the interests of the realm to banish her at least, if he would not positively kill her. Of these enviring snares and schemes the Prince appears to

have been fondly unconscious, or if conscious neglectful, for a certain time. His happiness cannot be questioned if we may believe (as we readily may) that he wrote the fragments of verse preserved as his in the medieval *Cancionero*. "You are worthier to be served," runs one morsel, "than any lady in this base world; you are my second divinity; you are my joy in this life; you are she whom I love for her merits."

After this, Camoens in *THE LUSIAD* has surely full permission to make the most of Don Pedro's affection for Iñez. The measure of his success may be seen even in translation, than which none can be better than Sir Richard Burton's.

He placed thee, fair Iñes! in soft
retreat,
Culling the firstfruits of thy sweet
young years,
In that delicious dream, that dear
deceit,
Whose long endurance Fortune hates
and fears:
Hard by Mondego's yearned-for
meads thy seat,
Where linger, flowing still, those
lovely tears,
Until each hill-born tree and shrub
confest
The name of him deep writ within
thy breast.

There, in thy Prince awoke responsive-
wise
Dear thoughts of thee which soul-
deep ever lay;
Which brought thy beauteous form
before his eyes,
Whene'er those eyne of thine were
far away:
Night fled in falsest, sweetest phan-
tasies,
In fleeting, flying reveries sped the
day;
And all, in fine, he saw or cared to see
Were memories of his love, his joys,
his thee.

It does not matter very much if the original house in which the Prince enshrined his darling has long since

disappeared. The site remains. The dark cedars by the side of the streamlet in the garden are now giants of their kind, about a hundred and eighty feet high, unrivalled in Portugal and perhaps in the world. But though these to the romantic visitor are pregnant with gloom and suitable suggestion, in Don Pedro's time they were not the prodigious hearse-plumes they are now. And the glorious sunlight of the south, with the green slopes, the tree-clad hills, and the purple summits of the Estrellas away to the east over Mondego's valley, were surely as joyful and hope-inspiring to the wedded lovers as they are to the most matter-of-fact tourist of our day. Coimbra was of course not the gay climbing city of many colours it now is; but its brown church-towers, its convents and surrounding walls must have made a beguiling picture for their comfort, whether actually or mirrored tremulously before them in the gliding river. Few places have so enchanting a position as Coimbra; and no bower could have yielded to poor Iñez more felicity, assuming, as we must, that her lord was always kind. And yet it was her lord who caused her death. Don Pedro would not declare openly that he was married to her. His father wished to honour her as the Crown Princess of Portugal; but Don Pedro would not give him the right to do so. Was he jealous of the public eye to which then, almost of need, his lovely wife would have to be exposed? One may hope so. It seems the most charitable reading of his stubbornness. But, on the other hand, by the light of common human nature (princely or otherwise), it were easy to see in Don Pedro's conduct, from the privacy of his marriage onwards, motives of downright brutality. The hint may suffice. And, truly, if we

do not wrong him in this, no man was ever more bitterly chastised for the remote contemplation of future and unworthy pleasure by the abrupt and tragic extinction of his present bliss.

Now, at any rate, the Prince ought to have prepared for a duel to the death with his (that is his wife's) enemies at the court. The Queen, his mother, the Archbishop of Braga (then Primate in Spain) and many of the nobles warned him that his lady's life was in peril. Yet he declined to act on their advice and put Iñez in a safe place,—if such might indeed be found. He took no precautions and continued silent about his marriage, declaring to his father's envoys that the subject displeased him. And so the King was persuaded that for the good of the realm the fair Spaniard must die. For this purpose he came to Coimbra and the convent of Santa Clara, almost within call of Iñez in her garden. He went in person to his daughter-in-law, accompanied by the knights who were to murder her, choosing a time when his son was hunting. This, one infers, was his first and last sight of Iñez. She, perceiving her doom, won on the King's pity with her tears as well as her loveliness so that Alfonso left her with a changed mind. Outside, however, his courtiers regained the mastery over him and convinced him that the deed ought to be done. The actual assassins seem to have been Alvar Gonçalves and Pedro Coelho, though Diego Pacheco was also a chief counsellor of the act, and was therefore subsequently bracketed with the two for the dire vengeance sworn by the Prince. They killed her, so the story goes, like butchers. Thenceforward the spot was consecrated to the memory of her tears as well as of her love. The somewhat smug white villa nowhere, approached

by a short avenue to which access is allowed by the liveried servant at the lodge, is the Quinta das Lagrimas, the House of Tears.

We are told that when Don Pedro returned from the chase and found Iñez thus barbarously slaughtered his rage was extreme almost to madness. It was no wonder, in the circumstances. Whichever way he looked at the tragedy, he had cause for self-upbraidings; and we know from the subtle mind of Shakespeare that wounds self-administered are apt to resist the healing art. He buried his much-wronged lady and took up arms against his father, whom, of course rightly, he made responsible for the crime. This same year, 1355, the Black Death visited Portugal as the rest of Europe. Its grisly favours might by Don Pedro's unbalanced mind well have been viewed as a celestial vengeance on his behalf. He made hot haste to support the plague in vexing his father and the realm. The next two years were passed in this civil war. The Prince does not seem to have performed any great feats of arms. He ravaged the smiling lands of Minho, where vineyards and cheerful brooks and meadows fill the valleys and the pine-clad hills are fantastic with rocks. But there was no battle in which the armoured knights of father and son could meet and appeal decisively to heaven to declare in the issue which of the two had been wronged the more. Don Pedro besieged Oporto and found it troublesome. Eventually the politic Archbishop of Braga intervened, and a sort of peace was arranged. The King gave his son the right to administer justice in his name,—a bad omen for the murderers of Iñez. No sooner was this settled than Alfonso fell mortally ill at Lisbon, and died. But before dying, with a certain fairness for which kings

have not always been remarkable, he summoned Gonçalves, Coelho, and Pacheco, the three men most concerned in the murder of Iñez, and advised them to leave Portugal at once. They fled to Spain as if the point of Don Pedro's sword was already pressing their backs.

The new King was thirty-seven when he began to reign. Iñez had been dead two years. She lay at peace in the convent church of Santa Clara, and there she lay tranquilly four years more, while the monks sang dirges on behalf of her white soul and the King moved heaven and earth to get possession of her assassins. Don Pedro the First is known in history as the Severe. We at this date must accept with moderate thankfulness the popular summary of him. The chronicles do not portray him as an insufferable monster, even though he did carry an executioner with him wherever he went, and wore a whip in his girdle as methodically as a modern gentleman wears a collar. Executioners were very necessary appanages of a court in the fourteenth century. As for the whip, even if Don Pedro did wield it in person on the shoulders of criminals, though possibly he lowered his royal dignity in the act, we may ascribe his energy at least as much to his furious hatred of evil-doing, and therefore of malefactors, as to ingrained brutality. He did not at any rate, like his namesake the Cruel of Spain, kill for the mere killing's sake, nor did he shoe men as if they were horses. It is recorded that he flogged with his own hands an adulterous bishop of Oporto, but until he got his feet on the necks of Messieurs Gonçalves and Coelho, this is the worst act of his that we can record.

On the other hand, he was liberal, just (if severe), absurdly fond of dancing, and a stammerer. He coined

much gold,—a pursuit in which his royal successor of to-day would be charmed if he could to follow his example. As he capered through the realm, he distributed ornaments of gold and silver with exceeding lavishness. To his servants he was incomparable, for he raised their wages without being asked to do so. Further, he continued fond of the chase, though there was only one hunt of which he never grew tired until the quarry was at his feet. The dance was a mania with him, and, reading of his achievements in this particular, one is reluctantly tempted to believe those who avow that he was mad from the day of Iñez's death. He delighted to stand up before the eyes of his subjects in the streets of his cities and pirouette like a mountebank. He caused silver trumpets to be fashioned specially to accompany him in his beloved folly. When he made a royal procession through the realm, he expected to be met outside the walls of his cities by the principal persons, with whom he straightway danced, and thus dancing he arrived at his lodging for the night. There were times when he could not sleep (for thinking of Iñez, perchance); then he would bid them sound his silver trumpets, light torches, and prepare for a dance. He thus danced through the night,—not in the privacy of his royal apartments, but on the roads outside the towns. And so about daybreak he would return soothed to the palace. He must have been a puzzle to his liege subjects. One of the events of his reign was the famous feat of arms of Don João Alfonso Tello in the open space now known as the Rocio, whence the tram-cars in our century start for all parts of Lisbon. Here they roasted whole oxen and prepared barrels of wine and mountains of bread for the people throughout the festival.

And hither one night during the tournament the King came dancing like a mad creature through the streets, having caused five thousand men to form an avenue for him across the city, each holding a waxen taper. It must have been a spectacle worth looking at from the windows of the gabled houses on either side. No wonder the people trembled who stood as criminals before this same eccentric monarch, with a whip in his hand instead of dancing pumps on his feet.

But the fragments of his poetry show us what was in his mind all this time, whether his levity was heartfelt or spurious.

He who has killed you, lady, needs the mighty protection of fate and the stars.

Those mortal wounds given to you for my sake have stricken two lives in ending one.

Yours, guiltless, is already over, and mine, which lingers still, will be ever filled with the anguish of grievous recollection.

Oh fearful cruelty! Injustice monumental! Was there ever in all Spain so barbarous and sad a death?

The fidelity of my heart shall be a wonder to the world. Since you are thus dead, I will be as the turtle dove bereaved of its mate.

Rest in peace, lady, for I survive you in this world. If I live, your death shall be well avenged. For this purpose I continue to live; else it were better, lady, that I had died at once with you.

What ails me? Where am I wounded, lady? It is I who have slain you and your death has slain me. Blood of my heart, oh heart that was mine, who could thus have mutilated you without cause? From him will I tear out his own heart.

Only in the fourth year of his reign did Don Pedro determine publicly to settle the national mind in the matter of his marriage with Iñez. He then held a great court at Coimbra and on the Gospels swore to the marriage in the presence of his barons. The

Bishop of Guarda also testified to it. Afterwards his Chancellor, the Count of Barcellos, formally addressed the nation there assembled in its representatives,—the people, the nobles and the clergy—in these words, preserved for us by Fernao Lopes :

Friends, you must know that the King our lord has received Doña Iñez de Castro for his lawful wife, and since it is the King's will that this should not be hidden, he has commanded me to inform you of it that you may withdraw suspicion from your minds and that it may be known explicitly ; but if, in spite of this, some of you may still doubt because of the degree of consanguinity existing between them, she being the cousin of our lord the King, he has commanded me further to show you this bull obtained when he was Prince and in which the Pope gives him a dispensation to marry any woman he pleases, however near in blood.

The disinterment of Iñez and (if we may believe the poets) the futile swearing of homage to the dead body followed. The march to Alcobaça, where a superb tomb was prepared for her, completed Don Pedro's endeavours to atone for the neglect that had been her portion.

In the meantime the full fruits of his vengeance were also ready for the King. Gonçalves and Coelho were, after much negotiation and in defiance of oaths, sent bound into Portugal from Castille, and Don Pedro welcomed them with terrible joy at Santarem, then as now famous for its bold situation on a rock above the Tagus, its churches and its strong walls. Santarem's streets are dark and narrow, and its black-gowned students, poring over their books in its thoroughfares, do not seem burdened with a sense of the blithe gift of youth. One may suppose that the spirit of Don Pedro in his worst moments has tainted the place in spite of its beauty. The

King hastened to charge the knights with their crime, and then tortured them with his own hand. They refused to confess their guilt, and Don Pedro lashed Coelho across the face with his whip. This brutality had effect, though not of the desired kind. Coelho hurled epithets at his tormentor, as if, resigned to the worst, he meant at least not to go out of life with the stigma of craven upon him. "Bring onions and vinegar to season this hare!" (*coelho*—a hare) cried the King, laughing, and then they tore out Coelho's heart from the front and that of Gonçalves from the back—"all of which was done horribly because of the lack of practice." Afterwards the bodies were burnt in the sight of the people, and the King ate and drank gaily while he looked on at the spectacle. Pacheco was fortunate enough to escape such treatment. He broke from his guards and kept his liberty until the King's death six years later. We are told that Don Pedro lost much in the popular esteem because of the manner of the execution. But it was all done for love of Iñez. On his deathbed also he remembered her, and Pacheco, whom he now expressly pardoned for his share in the murder, which was not an active one. And so, six years after that memorable procession from Coimbra to Alcobaça, another procession went north to the same bourne, and they laid the King in a tomb as splendid as his wife's.

There are few objects in Portugal so interesting as these twin monuments in the chapel at Alcobaça. Each is about eleven feet long by five in height, and the sculpture is marvellous for its delicacy and minuteness of detail. They stand foot to foot, so that on the resurrection day the husband may look first of all upon his wife, who now lies calm in

effigy on the top of her tomb, crowned and supported by six charming little stiff-winged angels. Six sphinxes with monkish faces bear up the tomb of Iñez, and six lions do as much for the King, whose massive bearded form in stone appears far too heavy for the six small angels who have charge of him. Both monuments are so superb in their workmanship that one could almost regret that they are left in the dim chapel appointed for them five and a half centuries ago. They are a sight worthy of Europe, but the wheezy sacristan seldom unlocks their chapel-bars for the stranger.

The spirit of decay is upon this vast Cistercian establishment of Alcobaca, once the largest in the world. Its acres of russet roofing no longer shelter monks but soldiers,—little men with long swords. Its cloisters, still amazing for the exuberance and elfishness of their capitals, are crumbling. Weeds have taken root in the crannies of the chiselled stones and they are allowed to push on the destruction already decreed by the dread triumvirate of time, damp and shameful contempt. The beautiful fabric of the church itself is still strong to endure for an indefinite number of centuries; but within are the green damp on its pavement, the tapestry of cobwebs pendant from its lofty unstained windows, and the ghastly spectacle of its mouldering altars, their gilded columns and pediments reeling or fallen to the ground. The tombs of Iñez de Castro and Don Pedro in the heart of this saddening ruin are like two white lilies hale and lovely in a flower garden blasted by the breath of some foul factory.

During the French invasion Alcobaca suffered with the rest of Portugal. The invaders were vexed to find that the monks had not secreted treasure with Iñez's body, from which an enthusiast contented himself with

severing a tress of hair, which was subsequently exhibited in Paris. Senhor Corvalho, who then saw the body, declared that it was perfectly preserved and bore indications of great beauty, though the skin had become like brown velvet. He describes it as clad in a long blue robe and a red half-tunic. We may almost be grateful to France that her sons did not leave a worse mark of their presence in Alcobaca.

With Iñez and her husband in this dim chapel lie three of their children, in beautiful small tombs. Their eldest son, João, rests in Salamanca, and his dismal history, so grim an echo of his father's in one particular, demands a few words. When Don Pedro died he was succeeded on the throne by the son of his first marriage, whose wife was Doña Leonor Telles. This lady's sister, Doña Maria Telles, a youthful widow, was wooed by João, the son of Iñez and Don Pedro, and therefore the King's half-brother. He was an audacious youth and she a discreet lady; she would not, the chronicle says, give him his will save in marriage. And so they were married secretly, like his mother. Their happiness too was extreme for a time. Then the queen began to scheme against her sister, wishing to ally João with her own daughter, that the crown might continue in her family, for Fernando the King was sickly and without a son. She persuaded João that his wife was an adulteress, though in truth she loved him as fondly as Iñez had loved Don Pedro. Even then João held back from the vile end towards which the Queen was urging him. He yielded at last, however, and, taking armed men with him, he broke into his wife's room at Coimbra one morning early. The lady, we are told, leaped from bed with nothing

round her save the coverlet and stood against the arras protesting her innocence and her shame to be seen thus by his knights. But the ancestral evil was in Don João. Paying no heed to her protestations, he snatched the coverlet from her so that she fell naked on the floor before all the men, and he stabbed her between the shoulder and the breast. "Mother of God," she cried, "help me and take pity on this soul!" Then her husband stabbed her again and, having cried "Jesus son of the Virgin, help me!" she died choked with blood. It was this miserable murder that brought Don João to his end in Spain. The Queen deceived him about his new bride and he found himself pursued in deadly vendetta by his step-son and brother-in-law. He breathed his last, a hunted exile, instead of King of Portugal.

The Coimbra students, their portfolios brightly tied with yellow or red silk ribbons, come singing or smoking down the steep narrow alley of the city with the Telles palace on one side of it. But they do not think so much about the tragedy which took place in this house of golden-tinted stone, with the ponderously ornate portal, as about the tender romance preceding that other tragedy in the white house on the opposite side of the river, far below them. Probably a couple of hundred sonnets a year are written by the Coimbra undergraduates on the theme of Iñez de Castro,—but not printed, and it may safely be left to

them to keep the memory of Iñez green for generations yet to come.

So long ago as 1360 (but five years after the murder) the Coimbra authorities on formal parchment described the fountain in the garden as *Fonte dos Amores*, making it a penal offence to injure the conduit running thence to the convent of Santa Clara. This was done of course in the interest of the royal thirst, not as a tribute to the romance. The other day I found a stout washerwoman wringing clothes in this same fountain, under the shadow of the tall cedars so black against the cloudless heavens. "What! you dare so behave yourself?" exclaimed my guide, the steward in charge of the house, when we came upon the industrious lady squatting by the water-side. A wordy argument ensued and finally the washerwoman took up her clothes and departed. This prohibition, it seems fair to suppose, was decreed solely on behalf of the romance. And yet the man merely laughed while we discussed it; a tragedy more than five centuries old was not worth remembering under that dancing June sunlight, with the fragrance of orange-blossom in the air, the musical murmur of the little conduit at our feet and the purple *Estrellas* so fair to see in the east, high over the pale blue Mondego gliding rapidly beneath Coimbra's terraced houses of blue, white and crimson, and its many church towers, all crowned by the noble university on the hill-top.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

THE SCOTT GALLERY.

WE are indebted to Messrs. Jack, the well known Edinburgh publishers, and to Mr. J. L. Caw, the curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, for a work which no lover of Sir Walter Scott who can afford to purchase it should allow himself to want. In his review of Boswell's *LIFE OF JOHNSON*, Macaulay says that Croker the editor has at least this claim to his gratitude that he has induced him to read the book again. For our own part we need no inducement to read the *Waverley* novels over again, but if any incentive had been wanting we should have found it in those two portfolios. Among the portrait galleries of the world this collection, we should say, is almost unique. All the characters are intended to illustrate the life and works of one man, a life which in the whole long history of British worthies has scarcely a parallel. The circle represented by these portraits, of which Scott was the centre, was composed of materials as various as they were splendid, and covering the widest field of human interests with which any single individual has ever had the fortune to be identified. It is difficult to imagine a more delightful existence than that which these names recall to us, the life at Abbotsford when Scott was at the height of his prosperity, and his horizon was without a cloud. Then were seen, as has seldom if ever been seen either before or since, the highest intellectual brilliancy, all the charms of art and literature, all that men of the greatest political and legal eminence could add to such a banquet,

mingled with the simpler pleasures of rural life and sylvan sport, to be exchanged only at close of day for the company of high-bred accomplished women, and all the gaieties of a witty and vivacious, but cultured and refined society.

There is of course an earlier portion of Scott's life, his childhood passed at Smailholme and Sandy Knowe, and his residence at Lasswade and Ashestiel, which has a claim on our attention apart from the maturer glories of Abbotsford, and makes us pause over the engravings which accompany the portraits with peculiar interest. It was at Smailholme that the seed was sown of that passionate love for the legends of the Scottish Border which determined the bent of Scott's genius, and led him to the springs from which he drew all his most characteristic inspirations. As we look at the old ruined tower perched on a rocky eminence we can see the boy gazing from it over the wide prospect, and revolving in his mind all the tales of Border foray which the "aged hind" poured into his ear, or the Jacobite stories, not omitting the cruelties of Cumberland with which the Border yeoman who had been out in the Forty-five still further fed his imagination. At Lasswade and Ashestiel amid scenery fit for a poet and a lover as Scott then was, the seed began to bear fruit. In *THE EVE OF ST. JOHN*, written at Mertoun House close to Lasswade, the lady looks down from Smailholme tower,

Over Tweed's fair flood and Mertoun's
wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

The cottage at Lasswade is drawn as it was when Scott lived in it, before any alterations had been made. It is a simple thatched building, where, however, Scott received many distinguished guests with the unostentatious elegance observed by Stoddart. The move to Ashestiel took place in 1804, and here Scott found himself in a house more resembling "a gentleman's seat." Here he wrote most of his three great poems and the opening chapters of *WAVERLEY*. He quitted Ashestiel with deep regret in 1812, but he carried away with him all that was destined to immortalise it, and when he settled at Abbotsford was fully equipped for the great work of his life.

Of the numerous portraits and busts of Sir Walter which are here exhibited the majority are familiar to the public. There is one, however, a drawing by Crombie done in 1831, which is little known, and represents Scott as he was during his last years. It must, however, be very like what he was early in 1827 when he was visited by Dr. and Mrs. Gilly, of whom the latter died only a few years ago, and has often described to the present writer the appearance of Scott as he came out to meet them. The Doctor, a Prebendary of Durham, was a middle-aged man. His wife who was very pretty was much his junior, so that Sir Walter when he saw her cried out in some surprise, "Why, she is quite a young thing." The drawing by Crombie gives Sir Walter as the lady beheld him.

The portrait by Raeburn, done in 1808, prefixed to Lockhart's *Life*, and that by Sir Thomas Laurence in 1820 are probably the two best. But Chantry's bust and Leslie's half-length (painted for Ticknor in 1824) were always regarded by the family as the only likenesses of him which preserved

the expression most familiar to themselves. A pretty picture is one of the Scott family masquerading as peasants of the date of 1817, the Misses Scott bare-footed and carrying milking pails, and Scott and Adam Fergusson in the knee-breeches and gaiters common to the yeomen of the period. In "Scott and his Literary friends at Abbotsford" we have an assemblage of portraits which are given separately elsewhere. They are only part of the brilliant circle which surrounded him.

As we propose to confine these remarks to such portraits as illustrate in some manner Scott's life and character we need say nothing of Byron, Moore, or Rogers, of Southey or Wordsworth, or of any others whom we associate with Scott rather on literary than social grounds, and of course neither of these two portfolios include a tithe of the distinguished men who were casual visitors at Abbotsford, and whose names are scattered up and down the pages of Lockhart. We shall begin with his earliest friend William Clerk of Eldon, the original of Darsie Latimer in *REDGAUNTLET*. Scott and he, like Alan and Darsie, pursued their studies together; they passed their Scotch law trials on the same day, and put on their gowns on the same 11th of July, 1792, after which ceremony Clerk formed one of the guests at old Mr. Scott's table when the newly called Advocate gave his "bit snack of dinner" on the occasion. As we look at his portrait to-day, painted when he was an old man, we see a rather broad but very sagacious Scottish countenance in which traces may be detected of a capacity for mirth and humour without which he never could have formed one of that joyous company who with Scott for their leader rambled over the country far and wide in quest of antiquities.

They must have stumbled upon many a Meg Dods and Mrs. Mac-Candlish in the course of their wanderings ; and it was Clerk who told Scott that when his grandfather carried some English visitors to see a supposed Roman camp, and pointed out what he thought the Prætorium, a herdsman who stood by exclaimed in the words of Edie Ochiltree, "Prætorium here, Prætorium there, I made it with a frightened spade."

But the companion with whom his later excursions into the recesses of Liddesdale were undertaken was Robert Shortreed of whom we have only a silhouette, representing a round bullet-head and a good-looking profile, indicative of resolution with a taste for what the Baron of Bradwardine called "a modest hilarity." It was with Shortreed that Scott visited the farmer who surprised them at first by the very limited supply of liquor that was placed on the table, and who, in the middle of the after-supper prayers, rose suddenly from his knees exclaiming in a loud voice, "By G—d here's the keg"; and conviviality was then kept up to the dawn of day. We have of course no portraits of Scott's hosts on these occasions, but one of them, Willie Elliot of Milburnholm, was, we are assured by Mr. Shortreed, the original of Dandie Dinmont ; but of this we shall have more to say presently. One incident which happened at Milburnholm brings us very near to Charlies-hope. The inmates were at first rather awestricken at the rank of their guest when informed that he was an Advocate, just as Mrs. Dinmont and the maidservant were at receiving a live captain of Dragoons. Another anecdote of those days brings us equally near to ROB ROY. At a drinking-bout in the hills prolonged to a very late hour Scott fell asleep, and when he awoke was persuaded that he had sung a song, the same

trick which was played on Francis Osbaldeston.

Scott continued his visits to Liddesdale with the same companion for seven years ; but at the same time he was extending his knowledge of the Highlands, which he visited again with Clerk and Adam Fergusson in 1793. His first visit, when he was only fifteen, it does not come within the scope of this paper to describe, but it must have suggested many things in WAVERLEY and ROB ROY. Adam (afterwards Sir Adam) Fergusson was one of Scott's most intimate friends with whom much of his early life was spent. He entered the army later on and served in the Peninsular War. Retiring in 1816 he took up his abode at Huntly Burn close to Abbotsford, greatly to Scott's delight, who now had one of his oldest friends so near a neighbour as to admit of almost daily intercourse. The portrait here given represents a very pleasant kindly countenance, not devoid of shrewdness, and lighted up with a genial smile. With him Scott visited Tullybody the seat of the Abercrombys, and the owner, the father of the famous Sir Ralph, told Scott how in his early youth he had visited Rob Roy in just such a cavern as was inhabited by Donald Bean Lean, and dined, just as Waverley dined, on collops fresh cut from some of his own cattle which he recognised hanging up by their heels. Whether Fergusson accompanied him to Glamis is not distinctly stated. But it was during the same tour that Scott visited the fine old castle and saw the *poculum potatorium* of the family, a silver-gilt goblet moulded into the shape of a lion and holding an English pint, which Scott confesses that he emptied as Waverley drained the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine.

Fergusson of course was a prominent figure at all "superior occa-

sions" of which at Abbotsford there were several. The chief was the Abbotsford Hunt and the dinner afterwards at which Scott was chairman, and Fergusson croupier, when over the toddy and the punch he regaled his hearers with tales of Busaco and Torres Vedras, winding up perhaps with THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN. The captain was married in the year 1821, and Scott says there was nothing like it since the days of Lismahago. "The captain, like his prototype, advanced in a jaunty military step with a kind of leer on his face that seemed to quizz the whole affair." There is little in the captain's exterior, or in his good-humoured genial countenance, to remind one of Smollett's poor lieutenant who is a sort of companion character to Commodore Trunnion. But Fergusson seems to have thought it necessary to comport himself at his wedding in a style which might really have been borrowed from that hero.

Another very early friend was Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, whose bust, now in the possession of Mrs. Maxwell Scott, does not convey exactly the same impression of the man that Lockhart's description leaves behind it, though both may be equally true. The bust represents a massive head and countenance with a stern expression about the mouth and eyes as of one accustomed to deal with prevaricating witnesses. But Lockhart says he was "the only man he ever knew that rivalled Sir Walter Scott in uniform graciousness of *bonhomie* and gentleness of humour." He was President of the Jury Court in Scotland and spent a great deal of his time at his country seat in Kinross-shire. "Here about midsummer, 1816, he received a visit from his near relation William Clerk, Adam Fergusson, his hereditary friend and special favourite, and their life long

intimate Scott." The three stayed there for two or three days, and were so much pleased with their visit that they determined to repeat it every year at the same season. This was the origin of the Blair Adam Club, at which down to 1831, the year preceding his death, Sir Walter was a regular attendant. Once on their return to Edinburgh they stopped at the Hawes Ferry, and Scott stood on the beach watching the porpoises at play. "What fine fellows they are," said he, "I have the greatest respect for them. I would as soon kill a man as a *phoca*." These words were addressed to the Chief Commissioner, who was convinced then that Scott wrote THE ANTIQUARY. *Phoca* is, of course, a seal and not a porpoise, and the word is used correctly in the novel; but if Scott wanted to give his friend a hint as to the identity of the Great Unknown, he could hardly have chosen a better moment.

Among Scott's eminent legal contemporaries, who were at the same time among his bosom friends, William Erskine, Lord Kinnedder, held the first place; and his portrait is a very interesting one, since, unlike some of the others, it is exactly what we should have expected, and also because the friendship between the two men is a curious illustration of the well known fact that persons of exactly opposite tastes and habits so often become attached to each other, or, if of different sexes, fall in love with each other. The portrait here given is by Raeburn, and a skilled physiognomist might almost construct from it the character drawn by Lockhart. "Erskine," says the biographer, "was, I think, the only man in whose society Scott took great pleasure, during the more vigorous part of his life, that had neither constitution nor inclination for any of the rough

bodily exercises in which he himself delighted." Shooting, fishing, and coursing were in his eyes abominations. He would dismount from his pony on reaching the most trifling descent, and grew pale at a precipice. "His small elegant features, hectic cheek, and soft hazel eyes were the index of the quick sensitive gentle spirit within. He had the warm heart of a woman, her generous enthusiasm, and some of her weaknesses. A beautiful landscape or a fine strain of music would send the tears rolling down his cheek." And we see him on Raeburn's canvas exactly as he is on Lockhart's page. The expression on the face is one of infinite softness and tenderness: the mouth is weak, but the forehead is good; and the impression created by the whole is that nature rather meant him for poetry and literature than for law, though like Lord Mansfield, of whom the same thing was said, he was an excellent lawyer, and fully deserved the promotion which only came to him too late. Scott had a high opinion of his critical powers, and after writing the ballad of *BONNIE DUNDEE*, when he could not make up his mind whether it was good or bad, he notes in his Journal, "Ah poor Will Erskine, thou could'st and would'st have told me!" Erskine was Scott's confidant in his early love affair, and when asked long afterwards whether Scott ever committed a sonnet on his mistress's eyebrow, replied, "Oh yes, many," and that he and William Clerk, to whom they were shown, thought most of them very poor. Erskine's end was a melancholy one quite in keeping with his character.

Of the men of science whom Scott numbered among his friends, Sir Humphry Davy and Sir David Brewster were the chief, and we have both their portraits in the gallery.

Sir Humphry Davy, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, appears as a very handsome man of about forty, fashionably dressed and a great contrast to the figure he must have presented when he joined the famous coursing party on Newark Heath in his angling attire. "The most picturesque figure," writes Lockhart, "was the illustrious inventor of the safety lamp. He had come for his favourite sport of angling, and had been practising it successfully with Rose, his travelling companion, for two or three days preceding this, but he had not prepared for coursing fields, or had left Charlie Purdie's troop for Sir Walter's on a sudden thought; and his fisherman's costume—a brown hat with flexible brims, surrounded with line upon line and innumerable fly-hooks—jack-boots worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surtout dabbled with the blood of salmon, made a fine contrast with the smart jackets, white cord breeches, and well polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him."

'Tis a pity he was never taken in this costume. But it was not only as a sportsman that Scott valued the philosopher. He had a vein of poetry in his nature, just as Scott had a liking for physical science, and in the evenings each strove to make the other talk his best, and they did so says Lockhart "more charmingly than I ever heard either on any occasion whatever." Scott's romantic narratives "touched a deeper chord" when he had Davy for a listener, and Davy brought to bear on scientific questions "a flow of imagery and illustration" of which the habitual tone of his table-talk or his prose writings could give no adequate notion. "Gude preserve us," whispered Laidlaw to the biographer on one winter evening at Abbotsford, "but this is a very superior occasion! Eh, sirs, I wonder

if Shakespeare and Bacon ever met to screw ilk other up?" Davy's is a singularly prepossessing countenance, not corresponding at all to that idea of a philosopher which Dr. Johnson's friend Edwards entertained. He had tried to be a philosopher, he said, but somehow or other cheerfulness was always breaking in. Davy's features have more the air of a cavalier, and his portrait certainly does not correspond to the popular notion of a scientific inventor, who ought to stoop and wear spectacles.

With Professor Wilson, again, it is just the reverse. He looks more of the professor and less of the convivial *littérateur* than one would have expected only from his writings. In this portrait he does not seem like a man who stood in need of Scott's admonition when he was a candidate for the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh University, namely that he "must leave off sack, purge, and live cleanly as a gentleman ought to do."

The two Ballantynes now claim their share of notice. The two brothers are really best described by the different dinners which they gave. James was all for turtle and venison, with iced punch, ale, and Madeira. Johnny treated his guests to Strasburg pies, a boar's head from Coblenz, or a turkey stuffed with truffles from the Palais Royal. But the two portraits do not betray these respective tendencies. The references to both of them in Lockhart's life are innumerable; and we fail especially to recognise in the mild and pensive countenance which here stands for the younger brother anything to remind us of Rigdumfunnidos. Nor do the head and shoulders here given of James Ballantyne appear to be those of "a short, stout, well-made man" as Scott describes him. Constable, "the Napoleon of the Publishing

Trade," painted by Raeburn, has some look of the real Napoleon about him, nor is there anything visible in his countenance at first sight to justify the nickname of the Crafty which he always bore. He is a portly, rather good-looking man with his tail-coat buttoned close up as was then the fashion, and on the whole decidedly prepossessing. Robert Cadell's portrait bespeaks the character of the man as much as most of them; a square, practical, sensible head and face, one to attract the confidence which Sir Walter very wisely reposed in him. And it was, as Mr. Caw says, largely due to his enterprise and friendship that the great novelist was able to make satisfactory arrangements with his creditors.

Henry Mackenzie, popularly known as the Man of Feeling and described by Sir Walter as the Scottish Addison, would startle the man in the street who might suppose that his nickname was due to the extreme tenderness of his nature. It was the title of a book which, though immensely popular in its own day, is a trifle too sentimental for the robust tastes which Scott was born to foster. The expression of his countenance is grave and rather melancholy; and it is unfortunate for him that he has been called the Scottish Addison since that forces a comparison upon us which Mackenzie might otherwise have escaped. His periodical essays, which are evidently modelled on THE SPECTATOR, are written with what our ancestors would have called great elegance, but they are as much like Addison's as a prize poem is like the *Æneid*. The truth is that when a friend was in the case Scott's heart was wont to get the better of his head. Washington Irving, Basil Hall, Canning, Hogg, Wilkie, all deserve more than a passing notice, but with a few

words on William Laidlaw we must proceed to what are perhaps the most interesting portraits of all, namely those which represent the originals of the best known characters in the Waverley novels.

To all readers of Lockhart's great work Laidlaw must be nearly as well known as Scott himself. He was a Scotch farmer, possessed with some literary tastes, and the author of at least one ballad which entitles him to a place among the poets. He accompanied Scott in many of his early rambles, and when he failed in business and was obliged to quit his farm, Scott offered him a cottage near Abbotsford, and from this time (1817) forward he appears as the intimate friend, the faithful and devoted servant of the Great Magician. His portrait here given is exceptionally characteristic. It is a face indicative of much gentleness and tenderness combined with mingled simplicity and refinement, qualities which of course endeared him to the Sheriff. It was Scott's idea at one time that Laidlaw might support himself by literary work; but the project was never carried out, and he became instead Scott's land-steward, amanuensis, and general factotum. He was always a leading figure at the Abbotsford Hunt, where he acted as adjutant; but interesting as is the picture drawn of him in the biography, he has a still greater claim on our gratitude if, as Lockhart hints, it is to him we owe ST. RONAN'S WELL.

We are likewise, according to the same authority, indebted to him rather than to Willie Elliot, the reputed original of Dandie Dinmont, for some of the most delightful touches in Scott's description of Charlies-hope. As Willie Elliot was the first of the upland sheep-farmers that Scott visited, we may probably recognise his likeness in the thews

and sinews, the black shaggy bullet-head, the contempt for "a scart on the pow," and the addiction to "a gey stiff cheerer" which distinguished Dandie, and which do not at all correspond to the portrait of Willie Laidlaw. But the character of Dandie was in Lockhart's opinion suggested by that of Scott's old and faithful friend. "I have," he says, "the best reason to believe that the kind and manly character of Dandie, the gentle and delicious one of his wife, and some at least of the most picturesque peculiarities of the *ménage* at Charlies-hope, were filled up from Scott's observation, years after this period, of a family, with one of whose members he had, through the best part of his life, a close and affectionate connection. To those who were familiar with him, I have perhaps already sufficiently indicated the early home of his dear friend William Laidlaw, among 'the braes of Yarrow.'"

Dinmont of course suggests Pleydell, and the portrait of Dean Crosbie who sat for him agrees as little with our previous idea of the Counsellor as Laidlaw's did with our conception of the stalwart Borderer. Crosbie was Vice-Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and noted like Pleydell for both his wit and his conviviality; but the face set before us by the painter is not the face we have always attributed to the hero of Clerihugh's. The Dean as here depicted is rather a puffy-faced gentleman without any trace either in the eye or the mouth of the humour which distinguished Pleydell. In the portrait he is apparently addressing the Court, or the Jury, and looks as little like the "Auld Sherra Pleydell, who was the man for sorting them, and the queerest rough spoken deevil too that ever ye heard," as he does like the Counsellor in his "Altitudes" or in

his encounter of wits with Dominie Sampson. We have always pictured Pleydell to ourselves as a well preserved old gentleman who had kept his waist, as well as his calves, with a lean shrewd face and a twinkling eye.

Next upon our list is George Constable of Wallace Craigie the original of the Antiquary, and here again we meet with an equal surprise as far as externals are concerned. "He had," says Scott himself, "many of those peculiarities of temper which long afterwards I tried to develop in the character of Jonathan Oldbuck." But Jonathan Oldbuck at the date of the story had not the hobbling gait which is apparent in the portrait, nor should we have thought that his countenance however sarcastic its expression ever wore so sour an aspect as Mr. Constable's. We all know what his feelings were when his theory of the Prætorium was shattered by Edie Ochiltree, or when he found that the chicken-pie and the bottle of port on which he had calculated for himself and Lovel after their fatiguing walk had disappeared in his absence. It is possible that on this occasion the cloud which overspread his visage may have caused it to bear some slight resemblance to the reputed original; but we cannot believe that the face of our dear old friend was habitually that which is here represented by the draughtsman.

The portrait of the actor Mackay who played the character of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, when a dramatic version of Rob Roy was produced at Edinburgh in 1819, shows us the face and attitude of one of whom Scott said that he was "the living Nicol Jarvie," and we can easily conceive on looking at his stage representation, that such was the expression of his face when he first recognised Rob Roy in the Glasgow Tolbooth. Yet we would

rather have seen a picture of the Bailie in Rob Roy's hut after the escape of Macgregor from the soldiers, when he "received with a kind of reserved dignity the welcome of Rob Roy and the apologies which he made for his indifferent accommodation," one of the most humorous situations in all the novels.

Scott took the name of Dalgetty from an old half-pay officer whose acquaintance he made in his childhood, but who in all but the name was evidently the prototype of Captain Clutterbuck in that inimitable Introduction to *THE MONASTERY*. Though the Captain who figures in the *LEGEND OF MONTROSE* is entirely a creation of Scott's fancy, some hints for his conversation, especially that part of it relating to the "honourable soldado's" adventures under the Lion of the North, were taken from the Memoirs of Colonel Robert Monro, and from the still better known Memoirs of Sir James Turner, printed by the Bannatyne Club. There is a portrait of Sir James in the gallery, a grim-looking veteran who, without Dalgetty's humour, was probably very much of the same mind with Dalgetty on matters of military service and military honour.

We have only one more genuine prototype to mention and that is Scott's own father, who sat for old Saunders Fairford. Old Mr. Scott appears in the dress which was commonly worn to near the end of the eighteenth century. The portrait was painted in 1758 and represents a handsome young man about thirty; but Scott's own description of him in his autobiography does not agree very well with the account of old Mr. Fairford. Mr. Scott was not, in the opinion of his son, specially well fitted by nature for the legal profession, nor was he at all absorbed in the pursuit of it. How different from

the "little dapper old gentleman" described in REDGAUNTLET, who scorned all paths to eminence except that of the law, and found the whole pleasure of his life in the transaction of his daily business. Scott clearly could not have intended to draw a portrait of his father in Saunders Fairford, though when he had to describe an old-fashioned Writer to the Signet of that date, it was natural that the one he knew best should be frequently before his eyes.

Of public characters who figure in the Waverley novels the gallery contains numerous portraits. Mary Stuart's is the one belonging to Lord Morton, according to Horace Walpole the most to be relied upon of any of her portraits. Sir Walter's exquisite description of this beautiful woman will be fresh in the reader's recollection, but the portrait, we think, does not quite come up to it. There is a something which it is difficult to define in Mary's face as here represented, suggestive not indeed of guilt or vice, but of the artifice which is woman's weapon and is doubly permissible in a Queen surrounded by enemies and traitors. Still as she appears in THE ABBOT we are not allowed to recognise even this small drawback to her charms.

The portrait of her son James the First, one of Scott's most masterly and delightful characters, does not call for much comment. It stands next to that of George Heriot, Jangling Geordie, as James called the accommodating goldsmith, with whom His Majesty loved a gossip, the dialogue between them in THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL coming as near the perfection of comedy as anything in our literature. Macaulay, not inclined to judge too favourably of the author of WAVERLEY, was so struck with the character of James, that he wondered why Scott had never attempted the

Duke of Newcastle (the Duke of the second and third Georges), between whom and King James he seems to have thought that there were many points of resemblance. The mention of THE ABBOT and Queen Mary naturally brings before us the saucy blue eyes and piquant figure of Catherine Seton; but in the group representing the first Lord Seton and his family we look for her in vain. Claverhouse is here, beautiful as he appeared to Steenie Steenson the piper when he saw him among the ghastly revellers in the Devil's Mansion,—“With his long dark curled locks streaming down over his laced buff coat, and his left hand always on his right spule-blade to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made.” It is the one known as the Leven portrait, and was probably taken, though nothing certain is known of it, when he was serving in the Dutch Guards under the Prince of Orange. Save for the mustachios it would correspond very well with the Claverhouse who breakfasted with Lady Margaret Bellenden at Tillietudlem: “An oval face, a straight and well formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon.” The strangest contrast between the painter's portrait and the novelist's is in the case of Charlotte, Countess of Derby, whose picture by Lely would never suggest the stately dame depicted in PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

And now when we look back upon the whole ground that we have

traversed what a world of memories crowds upon us! what a vivid panorama is spread out before us! what varied scenes of human interest, what grand historical dramas, what visions of romance and poetry, what combinations of humour and sorrow, of comedy and tragedy! The whole romance of the Stuarts is here unfolded from the flight of Mary into England at the end of *THE ABBOT* to the final retreat of Charles Edward to the Continent at the close of *RED GAUNTLET*. The drama is complete within itself, the beginning and the end being perfectly well marked, and the intermediate events all leading up to the ultimate catastrophe. We see the tragedies of great old houses in *THE ANTIQUARY*, *GUY MANNERING*, and *THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR*. We see the old Scotch upper and middle class life with all its eccentricities, its prejudices, and its other strongly marked characteristics reflected in the Manor House at Tullyveolan, in the household of Monk barns, in the parlour at Charlies-hope, and in the inn at Kippletringan. With the portraits of Charles Edward and Colonel Alastair Macdonell (the original of Fergus M'Ivor) to incite us, we may

accompany Waverley to Glennaquoich, follow his steps to Holyrood, and witness his introduction to the Prince who declared that no Master of the Ceremonies was needed to introduce a Stuart to a Waverley. Or we are with Oldbuck in the fisherman's cottage listening to the conscience-stricken old woman as she unfolds her tale of guilt, and falls lifeless to the ground as she concludes it. We may make one of the party in Colonel Mannering's drawing-room and witness that wonderful recognition of Bertram, which drew tears alike from both Pleydell and Dinmont, albeit not given to the melting mood. We hang with breathless interest on the escape of Mary from Lochleven, and the part assigned in it to Roland Graeme; and we hear the splash which announced that Rob Roy had burst his bonds and dropped into the river from the back of the trooper's horse. But we have said enough. These two volumes are sufficient to fire the imagination of the dullest elf who has, or ever had, the slightest power of appreciating the Waverley Novels. We have revelled in the associations they call up, and hope for many kindred enthusiasts.

THE OLD CONFLICT.

KARL MARIA VON WILNAU sat sketching out a violin part by an open window in the palace. He gave an impatient shake of the head and dotted in the piano accompaniment with little hieroglyphs like grains of sand across the staves. "It is very well to please the Grand Duke," he muttered; but this melody was too good to throw to a virtuoso who would turn it into mere fireworks.

The Grand Ducal gardens lay under his windows. Gardeners in brown liveries were carrying from invisible hot-houses orange-trees like pyramids of green above green tubs, and rose-bushes cut in the shape of peacocks. A court architect was marking places for the erection of countless green staves. They had at their tops large gilded crowns or great silvered glass globes that reflected the clear sky in a white blaze and the foliage of tall trees in rounded shadows. Garlands of bay-leaves and festoons of roses hung between the pillars of stone balustrades and a multitude of statues writhed over the basins of fountains.

"No, this is too good for a virtuoso piece," von Wilnau muttered. "This confounded executant will juggle it into a piece of display." He had very little time left; he had no more than half a lung and that he had to waste on the eternal conflict between the creator and the man who, standing on the platform, seems to be eternally intent on twisting the thing created into a means of displaying himself. The melody von Wilnau was jotting down was reminding him suavely of a classical temple on a

green island in a little green lake. He had rowed there with his Beloved and her mother ten years before. They had drunk iced sour-milk and eaten little cakes in the shape of true-love knots. Yes, it would be too good for a virtuoso piece. With a pathos and a tenderness that were in truth voluptuous, his little black marks represented what it is to be twenty, to love, to be upon the green water, to be back in the past with a Beloved who had been false because one was too poor,—with a Beloved who had married a professor of logic only to write one heart-felt letters after one had become more than famous.

Karl Maria was the last of a family of Austrian barons who had gradually ruined themselves by their devotion to the stage and to music. His father the Baron Ernst had even, under an assumed name, travelled as director of an operatic troupe. But in 182—Karl Maria's opera, *THE WOODLAND ROBBERS*, was being played in all the capitals of Europe. In Berlin the young officers fought duels with every man who refused to swear that the Woodland Hunt chorus was the swansong of music. But long poverty, the intrigues of Italian composers, the ceaseless speculations of his father, ill-usage from the King of Saxony, the dissipation of the small German courts and entanglements with dangerous and exacting women had left him almost at death's door and very poor. The Grand Duke of Hildburgshausen had carried him off,—at first to the ancient and solitary Castle of Tunnen where all

alone they had made music together ; afterwards, when they had returned to Hildburghausen, he had set at von Wilnau's disposal this suite of tall, cool rooms in the palace. There he was to sit, to write, and to recover ; the Grand Duke had commanded it with a mild and dogmatic enthusiasm. So he was writing a piece to do honour to the silver wedding of the Grand Duke with Luise, Archduchess of Austria. Boucher, the violinist of the King of Spain, had been engaged to play the violin part. He was famous for his likeness to Napoleon and for playing with the violin on his forehead or behind his back. "A little piece," the Duke had asked for. "Great people come—do me honour, thou—but not much trouble—no.—Spontini paid for that."

The great voice of a blackbird shouted out a stave of wild notes from the garden. It shouted, paused, listened to the faint notes of a rival. The composer shook his head and muttered a little. It was difficult to follow his own melody. The blackbird screamed a blatant and victorious pæan and the voice of the court architect from the garden said, "But how sweetly the bird sings." Von Wilnau threw down his pen and shut the window. "Always these confounded executants," he said aloud. He had to pace up and down the room before he could catch again the thread of his thought. As he walked, tall, slender, straight, and with the skirts of his dressing-gown flapping about his knees like the tails of a military coat, he kept repeating aloud and abstractedly, "Con-foun-ded-ex-ecutants, con-foun-ded-ex-ecutants," in time with his thoughts.

The door opened, following a small knock. A little old man with a white head running back to a tiny pigtail above his collar, said, "Ah,

pardon, Baron, I thought I heard voices."

"I was confounding executants," said von Wilnau with a smile.

Landkammerrath Stock sighed deeply and looked out of the window ; his small shoes with buckles pattered like walnut-shells on the waxed floor. He was the Grand Duke's financial adviser and he was thinking of the expense of the festivities, of the silvered balls on staves, of the cost of the gardeners' liveries, of the Grand Ducal debts and of the German Confederation that, he dreaded, must soon put in receivers to adjust their finances. "Boucher has arrived," he said. "He is very like Buonaparte. It is true. . . . But three thousand thalers and the receipts of a benefit concert ! That is inconceivable in the Grand Duke."

"But Boucher is like Napoleon," von Wilnau laughed.

Bennett, von Wilnau's copyist, a young Englishman with a sanguine face but an overwhelmed expression, came softly into the room. "Boucher is making Napoleon-poses on the balcony of the Rothe Hahn," he said contemptuously. He took the sheets of manuscript to his table in a corner.

"I do not understand why we should like a man who looks like Buonaparte," Stock said. "The left wing here cost three million to rebuild after he burned it."

"People love it," von Wilnau said, "because when they have him they have also a pantomime of Napoleon ; when he plays with the violin on his forehead they have also a conjuring trick, and when he exhibits himself in the market-place a great many people see him and it is in the nature of mankind to desire to see what many others have seen. Why, I do not know, but it has nothing to do with art." Art ! It seemed to

him ridiculous that with one word they swept together, as if into one net, his creations and the childish poses and the melodious scrapings of a Boucher. He smiled indulgently.

Bennett, by nature a silent and blushing boy, suddenly spoke loudly: "And that man has dared to say that your Woodland Hunt is like the squeaking of pigs."

Von Wil nau spun round in his dressing-gown. Stock moaned: "And my august master gives this *Schelm* three thousand thalers and a benefit concert."

"Ah, but I and all the students shall be there," Bennett said. He bent his angry head above the violin score he was about to copy; his lips began to hum inaudibly and his blue eyes sparkled. "Beautiful, beautiful," he muttered in English.

"I shall not finish my piece for this man," von Wil nau said.

The voice of Madame von Wil nau came through the door. "It is an outrage. It is abominable, shameless to have him here." She appeared, tall, thin, very elegant and already a little grey. Her eyes sparkled too.

"*Lieber Karl*, this violinist has said that thou art a little *Kappelmeister*. Thou shalt make the Grand Duke chase him out with *gens d'armes*. Thou, a nobleman composing the selectest music!" Madame von Wil nau had been a court lady to Princess Leiningen and had married von Wil nau "for love" five years before. Von Wil nau's life had been a succession of these insults for years, over and over again. He was determined not to play with Boucher and not to compose for him, yet all the while he was considering the violin melody which in his thoughts grew more suave, more overpoweringly sweet and tearful. He wished to be alone.

But Blumine, the daughter of Court-

Theatre-Director Wandel, had already cast her arms round his neck. "Ah, Great One," she said . . . She was dressed in white muslin, had fair ringlets à l'anglaise, was thirty-two and the authoress of *ROSE AND THORN PIECES* which von Wil nau had undertaken to set to music. She fixed a rose passionately in the buttonhole of von Wil nau's dressing-gown. He was her poet's-nature's-soul's-brother. There were by this time also in the room two other young girls in white muslin and the Princess Amalie, the Grand Duke's younger daughter. She had the Hapsburg chin but the mildly enthusiastic blue eyes of her father. Regularly every morning she came but was too shy to speak to the Master more than three words of confusion.

"Great high-souled, heart-elevating art," Blumine intoned over her rose. "Thy thunderbolts shall strike this French Goth."

"My papa shall have him whipped," the Princess Amalie brought out in a deep voice, and then lapsed into hopeless confusion.

Madame von Wil nau looked with disfavour at Blumine and continued to the Landkammerrath: "Yes; I heard it from Herr von Wahlen who came in the Berlin coach along with this Boucher."

Stock said: "He is reputed the best violinist in the world and . . ." He shuffled his feet as if he were on the top of a hot stove. "My august master must have the best."

"But the whole city is repeating his insults with indignation."

Stock sighed. He was thinking that the best is very expensive.

The whole city was indeed repeating with indignation the sayings of M. Boucher. The Berlin papers had come by the post-coach that had brought him, and the Berlin papers, particularly the *SCHNELLPOST* of Herr

Saphir, were full of the sayings of Boucher. Having posed for half an hour on the balcony of the Rothe Hahn he was now eating a sardonic breakfast at a window in full view of the market-place. He was in a perfectly good humour; it was a holiday and great crowds had seen him. He had stood with his hand in his breast, his blue coat buttoned tightly; he had walked up and down with his head hanging; he had pressed an immense tricorne down on his forehead, his brows had worn the frown of destiny. He had done it better even than was usual with him. But Schmidt, the court music-publisher, was telling him that not more than half the tickets for his benefit had been sold.

"*Comment ça ?*" he snapped out.

"Our people, most worthy Herr Chevalier, dislike to pay five thalers for a seat. I would have you remark that this is not Paris."

Boucher stuck his fat hand into his breast and pondered. The heavy state-coaches of the palace guests rattled over the cobbles of the market place; yellow basket-work, the heads of white horses and the cocked hats and pigtails of coachmen passing along above the heads of merchants, of professors, of peasants in three-cornered hats and blue waistcoats, and of peasant maidens in immense black headdresses with wings fluttering as if ravens were perching on the backs of their heads,—all confirmed the observation. "Decidedly this is not Paris," Boucher grumbled, like Napoleon, between his lips. He continued to ponder over what device out of many he should employ.

"They resent too," Schmidt extended his ground timidly, "what you have said about our great master."

"*Hein ? Qui ça ?*" said Boucher with gruff astonishment. When he got the answer he opened his eyes

wide. "What, that little man lives here?" He laughed for a long time. "*Moi ?* I, and what have I said?" Schmidt wiped his silver spectacles and pulled out Saphir's SCHNELLPOST to read. Boucher frowned, reflected and then spoke: "Oh, for that! What do I know what I said of these *melomanes*? It is absurd this Woodland Robber mania in Berlin." He had talked incautiously, after wine, at a banquet the Prince August had given in his honour. They had crowned him with violets interspersed with golden bees in honour of Napoleon.

"Our excellent citizens are all *melomanen*, all music-mad," Schmidt said. "We worship this sacred art in all its manifestations."

"And you have me," Boucher said. Schmidt shook his head and feared that there would be an outrage at the Chevalier's concert. General von der Buecher had already, in front of his, Schmidt's, shop torn into pieces the tickets he had bought.

"Waiter," Boucher's voice resounded in the large, cool and empty hall, "order for me at once the largest bouquet in the town; the finest flowers, and with tricolour ribbons. *Rasch! Galop!*" The thin strain of a violin under the window set his teeth suddenly on edge. A blind fiddler, drawn along by a Spitz dog, had halted before the orange-trees in front of the hotel doors, hoping to attract attention from the King of Spain's violinist. "Waiter, ah, waiter, ah, ah," Boucher shuddered and called. He pulled a gold piece out of his fob: "Give this,—no, stay; tell that poor dear man to be quiet, but to wait there,—to wait, but ah, for the grace of God to be silent."

Still shuddering he began to pace the hall whose lace curtains in the windows at either end shivered in a slight breeze; the ancient parquet

flooring, loosened by years, cracked under his feet, his hands were clasped behind his back. Suddenly he said, "*Comment s'appelle ce lieu?*" The wideness of his campaigns across the earth, conquering with his bow cities and principalities, came out in the question.

"Hildburgshausen."

"Did the Emperor fight a battle here?"

"*Ach*, yes. My warehouse was burnt with four thousand pieces," Schmidt sighed. Boucher approached him with little sighs. He pinched Schmidt's ear after the fashion of Napoleon: "Then this shall be our battle of Hildburgshausen. It is won." As if he were directing Ney (he half felt that he was) he commanded Schmidt to print, that morning, in his largest Roman type:

I the undersigned declare that the "Woodland Robbers" is the Swan Song of Music.

(Signed) BOUCHER.

Violinist to the King of Spain.

(Attested) L. SCHMIDT.

Court Music-Publisher to the Grand Duchy.

"*Aber*, Herr Chevalier——" Schmidt began. His mild and slow mind had taken in only that Boucher had for the Master a contempt that sickened and pained him.

"Print it and affix it to your sun-blinds," Boucher commanded. "I am ready to do homage to your master. Why not?" Why not? What did it matter to him, a composer more or less? These fellows made tunes that he endowed with being? What would they be without him? The earth without the kisses of the sun, Eve before life was given to her. But if they wanted adoration, why not? And "the swan song of music." What was that idiotic phrase? He was ready

to subscribe to it. No doubt THE WOODLAND ROBBERS was that for Hildburgshausen. The thing was that Hildburgshausen must quiver at the first notes from under his bow, as Paris had quivered, and Berlin and Madrid and London. This little nest mad about music, the "Music Temple" of Germany, he must conquer too.

His body automatically preserved the heavy immobility of Napoleon in meditation; the music-publisher was awed into silence and mute wonder. That too delighted him, for applause and wonder were the breath of his delightful life. He revelled in his orders from foreign sovereigns, in his likeness to Napoleon, in his playing with the violin on his forehead, and in the notes that his bow drew out. Ah those tones, long drawn out like the first notes of a nightingale, suspended like a holding of the breath, pure and wailing as the voice of the night, penetrating like frost, tremulous like love. The rage and fury of these *melomanes* pleased and amused him too. It was part of the life. He imagined them running about in the palace, fussing and intriguing. This utterly unimportant Kappellmeister von Wilnau would be bribing the orchestra to play false notes in an accompaniment, and women urging their lovers to hiss. Ah, he knew those ropes. He nodded his head, tapped with his foot. "The battle is already won, my dear Schmidt," he repeated.

A state-carriage from the palace clattered to the hotel door. The fat, dappled horses nearly pushed the blind fiddler off his feet. A footman, with a thin pigtail and a chocolate-coloured livery coat, appeared to conduct Boucher to the Grand Duke and to carry his violin. Boucher stood on the doorstep surveying the crowd in the market-place whose high cream facades climbed into peaks like flights of

steps. "I go to do homage," he said to Schmidt in a resounding voice, "to the Apollo of Hildburgshausen." Then he greeted the blind fiddler in German: "*Ach armer Kerl*, poor dear fellow. All the world rejoices and you are sad alone. Shall it be said? Never! Never! Give! Give!" He dragged the violin from under the fiddler's white and yellow beard, he tuned it with grimaces of disgust. He stood behind the old hat that lay upturned on the cobbles. His hand smote the bow on the strings as an axe strikes a tree. All over the market-place high and piercing notes penetrated startled ears and arrested footsteps. His figure in the blue coat, knee-breeches, and enormous tricorne swayed to the rhythm. His eyes were closed, his face pale, inert, threatening, abstracted and as if doomed. Peasant girls who saw it shuddered beneath their immense black wings. He played *Partant pour la Syrie*, the Napoleonic tune that they remembered very well there. When his eyes opened he seemed to be an eagle, looking out wildly over endless seas and chained to the black rock, St. Helena. His notes began to fall in a variation like sparks from an anvil, and silver coins were already dropping into the fiddler's hat. An old peasant from a neighbouring Duchy cried out: "*Oh, jo! Det et wat!*" He began to dance, jostled in the crowd and snapping his stiff fingers over the rim of his three-cornered hat. "They will know me at least here," Boucher grumbled between his teeth. "That is the first point gained."

Karl Maria von Wil nau was still turning over in his mind the piece of music he had begun. Its aspect for him had suddenly changed. He had begun it as a little piece in honour of the Grand Ducal silver wedding, but suddenly a beautiful development had

blossomed before him. He saw it now plainly to the last note, and he was worrying to put it on paper. But his rooms were more crowded than ever. The Grand Duke had come to pay his accustomed morning visit, and had brought with him his nephew, the Duke of Suffolk, and the great Staatsminister, von Wolfgang, from W——.

The Duke, a ruddy personage in a scarlet uniform, had been sent against his will to get a wife from some German court, because, the Princess Charlotte being dead, heirs must be raised for the Throne of England. He stared at von Wil nau with perplexity, his good-natured face above the too tight collar of his uniform having the air of an apple, very red, stuck on to the neck of a wine flagon. He extended a finger and said that music was a fine thing. The austere form of the Staatsminister from W——, old, flexible and courtly, bowed its head in stately fashion. A feeling of awe was on the faces of Blumine and the young girls. Their lips parted and they looked swiftly from von Wolfgang to von Wil nau.

Von Wolfgang said, amid silence, how happy was Germany. Its rulers delighted to offer hospitality to practitioners in all the arts, and thus mankind went forward towards humanity and pure joy. Frau von Wil nau rustled frostily, von Wil nau's eyes flashed, but no retort occurred to him because he was thinking of his melodies. The Duke of Suffolk beckoned von Wolfgang rather querulously through the doors into the next room of the suite. He asked huskily why the devil the Grand Duke had brought them to see a fellow in a dressing-gown.

"Head better?" the Grand Duke was asking of von Wil nau. "Sleep? Not cough? No, no." His eyes sparkled mildly and affectionately

under thin white brows. He was sixty-two, he owned seven million souls, an orchestra, a state-opera, and a conservatorium. He had ruled absolutely in Hildburgshausen for twenty-seven years. He was subject to fits of passing imbecility, and once he had walked through the market-place in a scarlet woman's dress, but he played the double-bass, the cyther, and the water-organ, all like a master. "Ah, and my little piece?" he asked. "But not overwork, dear fellow thou. No, no."

The young girls were whispering together in the corner behind Bennett who continued to copy the violin part. But von Wilnau in a reverie had erected a whole scheme for his music-poem. In the first soft and agitated melody there were already symbolised Young Love and the temple in the lake: then came the Call of Honour, Germany lying at the foot of the Tyrant; then the Last Dance, a waltz soft and flowing (he was the great master of the waltz), a timid declaration, a tender avowal from the heroine, the Departure to the War; then War. The lover returned to find the heroine dead in virgin white. Then there should be tearful reflections above the bier and a coda in which the violin expressed in the words of Geibel, "A sad eternal longing after early death," and for the piano an accompaniment typifying mysteriously the soul of the young girl yearning to manifest itself to her lover.

Von Wolfgang was explaining to the Duke of Suffolk that von Wilnau had no poetry, no pure fancies in his soul. He only wrote beerhouse melodies that had inflamed the patriotic spirit of Berlin. So at least friend Zelter had written to him about THE WOODLAND ROBBERS; he himself had not heard it. The Duke said:

"Oh, we've a short way with them in England. A French fellow was singing a dreadful long song at Devonshire House. So Devonshire took hold of his arm and said '*C'est assez, mon cher.*'" Von Wolfgang said that many French songs were not worth the attention of an august audience.

"Oh, it was a good song enough," replied the Duke.

But the Grand Duke was gently pushing von Wilnau into their room, towards a corner. "Boucher insulting?" he whispered. "Want'st not have him sent away? Will do if askest." Von Wilnau was confident in the beauty of his piece; he cared nothing about Boucher for the moment. He shook his head. "Must have best fiddler in the world for my feast," the old man spluttered.

Von Wilnau smiled at him affectionately. "You shall hear him play what I have written of sweetest," he said. There was a rustling in the other room that now contained only the women and Bennett, an "*Ach,*" from Madame von Wilnau, a small shriek—evidently Blumine's.

The Duke of Suffolk who had his face towards the door of communication exclaimed: "By God, *Buonaparte!*"

He was standing, solemn and sinister in the doorway. He seemed to advance imperceptibly, as once before, Napoleon had walked over those polished floors that dimly reflected his slow and heavy gait, his cream-coloured breeches, and his blue coat. He made a false step towards von Wolfgang and then saw von Wilnau in the corner. He extended both hands. "*D'abord homage au Maître,*" he exclaimed. "Homage first to the Master of THE WOODLAND ROBBERS."

The Duke of Suffolk examined his back curiously through a single

eyeglass. "He will start those seams if he bows any more. That coat's a deuced good fit," he said.

Afterwards Boucher saluted the others with a certain reserve. Madame von Wil nau was holding, with an embarrassed air, an immense bouquet, like pink and white sugar icing, bound with tricolour ribbons that reached to the floor. Eventually von Wil nau was left alone with his melody. The presence of Boucher filled him with a desire greater than ever to hear it, and to utilise the man's matchless skill. He did not care whether Boucher were sincere or insincere. Then the whole matter vanished from his mind. He began writing. He wrote very fast, tossing the sheets to Bennett across the table, without once looking up. In the garden the rose-trees and the shining balls were all in symmetrical lines and alleys converging upon circles. The royal guests came out in groups that followed the blue uniform of the King of Prussia, the black coat of the Staatsminister, or the white dress of Baroness Speyer according as they loved power, wisdom, or beauty. But for von Wil nau they remained noiseless and invisible.

Boucher came in for the rehearsal, walking on tip-toe to bend over Bennett's copying. He whispered for the young man's ear: "*Que c'est beau! Ah, que c'est beau!*" He cast about in his mind for an expedient to avoid playing this queer, odd, sentimental stuff. It was so easy that a child of twelve could play it. Was that a thing to set before the first virtuoso in Europe? But the Grand Duke had commanded it.

Von Wil nau threw down his pen. It was finished, but he read backwards the last few bars of the tranquil close. Gradually he grew aware that Boucher was there. His resonant voice was congratulating

himself on having the honour to give to the world for the first time pearls of so exquisite a sensibility. Von Wil nau with a gracious wave of the hand said he was fortunate that his humble little piece should come to life at the touch of so great an artist. He explained the idea of the music—the love, war, death and the longings.

Boucher said, "It is you who give the life to us poor executants." At the same time his hands played, on the violin concealed behind his back, with accuracy and precision but quite low, the opening bars. He was unable to deny himself that pleasure, but he did it while speaking as if it were done in absence of mind. Von Wil nau said, "You will not need to rehearse, it is so simple." "He has some trick up his sleeve. Does he wish to make me break down?" thought Boucher, but said out loud, "Ah, but give me the pleasure and the great privilege."

The composer felt for the virtuoso a dislike and a distrust, the instinctive dislike of the slow and the sincere for the brilliant and the assured, the instinctive distrust that the thinker feels for the talker. But he had also so intense a desire to hear his work that he half persuaded himself it must overwhelm even such a man as the great violinist. He struck his sweet and muffled opening chords. "What? This fellow is a pianist as few are. They did not tell me that," Boucher thought. Bennett stood up to turn over the leaves for his master. At the end Bennett could not see the notes for tears. Such playing, such music he was never to hear again. The composer was bending over the keys and panting; these long mornings of chatter, the work and its strong emotions were killing him very fast. Boucher in an immobile silence that very well represented the motionless-

ness of a man overcome, was grinding his teeth. "He has dished me, this little Kappelmeister," he thought. "Is this a piece to set before a man like me?" It was as simple as a child's exercise, and it seemed to him that the violin, for more than half the time, played long, sustaining notes while the piano gave out suave melodies. A piece!" He broke the silence with an immense sigh. "*Mais, c'est énorme!*" He said that it would reduce the audience to tears. That was precisely what it *would* do in Hildburgshausen.

Von Wil nau said, "Ah, if I only had your playing always to inspire me." And Bennett added with a generous penitence, "Such a talent as yours, Chevalier, there will never be again."

"It is merely the second fiddle here," Boucher returned, adding gently, "And you have the grace to permit me to improvise a cadenza. What generosity! Ah, at least at the end I will show them," he meditated.

Von Wil nau started. "A cadenza? But that is not in the spirit of the piece." In the fury of his composition he had completely forgotten that perquisite of the virtuoso. It came to him as a passionate conviction that those fireworks into which Boucher so ably introduced the trilling of nightingales, waterfall effects, the baaing of sheep, and even a bell that, hidden beneath his coat tails he played with a string from his heel,—that one of the great "Boucher potpourris" should not here have an opportunity to exist. In face of Boucher's cold and hungry eyes he felt suddenly the distrust that had vanished beneath that heavenly playing. "No," he said in a hard voice, "there can be no cadenza."

Boucher's face fell in spite of his Napoleonic mask. "It is unheard of," he stammered.

"Monsieur, it is impossible," von Wil nau said coldly. "Your cadenza would ruin my tranquil close."

"Even von Beethoven allowed one," Boucher urged. "Monsieur le Baron, this is lacking in generosity."

"It is not a question of generosity." Von Wil nau's eyes flashed, and he spoke with an exaggerated distinctness. Bennett trembled.

"One does not stand there to play for nothing," Boucher said hotly. "This piece comes at the end of the state-concert. I have my benefit to think of." He would make no impression at the last; the climax would be for von Wil nau. He was a pianist, even, as few were in that *genre*. They had not told him that. And the composer of the piece! He, Boucher, would be overwhelmed and forgotten. It was not thus that one treated a guest of distinction. His face had quite lost its immobility, his lips quivered, he uttered an "*Ah, mais non,*" of vexation and dismay.

"A cadenza is impossible," von Wil nau insisted; but he felt concern and even contrition. It was true this was not a virtuoso piece such as Boucher had the right to expect. "A cadenza, no." He cast his mind rapidly back over his piece. "Ah, but there is the battle motive."

"Eh, eh?" said Boucher.

Von Wil nau considered for a moment. "It would be an honour to me,"—he recovered his composure—"if there the Chevalier would improvise a solo passage." He imagined the MARSEILLAISE introduced into his piece and cannon shots and the Napoleonic attitudes; but afterwards he would resume the blithe and touching melody of the Hero's Return to the Beloved. "But my conscience forbids a cadenza at the end." He smiled.

Boucher said, "Ah, you are generous; be sure I will repay you." But

that he decided should be the end, and his alert and determined mind cast about for an expedient. "Till to-night," he said and went away.

The little state concert-room was covered with flowers. They framed the panels of Fragonard's paintings and immense baskets of them stood beside each of the gilded chairs. Spontini, conducting the opening bars, grumbled, "My singers will have their voices affected by these flower-smells," and he called on the trombones with a petulant jerk of his baton. The Grand Duke nodded in time to the march and his wife, by his side, shut her eyes. The fourth entry was that of Boucher. The King of Prussia whispered to the Grand Duchess: "Did you hear? When I said to him: 'Astonishing your likeness to Buonaparte,' he answered: 'But a more spiritual version.' The rascal!"

The Grand Duchess answered languidly, "How charming to see the Ogre fiddling."

"Nero," someone whispered from behind.

He played of course, the TRILLO DEL DIAVOLO. But the silence of the audience enraged him. The Grand Duke forbade applause because it jarred on him. When he came on again he played like a demon. "*Diantre*, I will show them," he grumbled between his teeth. He drowned the notes of the small orchestra. "Ah, ah," he said to himself because the King whispered to his neighbour.

"Again, Bis—Majesty of Prussia begs," the Grand Duke called to him. He played his own BARCAROLLE in a tumult of disdain and exultation. It gave him a shudder of excitement, the silence and the eyes fixed on him. It was like playing to the Sphinx. "Forty centuries look down on me," he grumbled with the violin pressed to

his jaw, his fingers moving like snakes and his eyes fixed threateningly upon a lackey. "No, forty crowned imbeciles look up. Ah, but you shall clap yet." The perspiration ran down his back. Spontini bowed his sallow Italian face to him and the violinists made silent motions of applause with their bows at the end of the Beethoven concerto. "You shall clap yet," he muttered. But there were two of von Wilnau's songs from LYRE AND SWORD, and the composer was smiling when he came down from playing the accompaniment.

The black-bearded bass who had been singing said to Boucher: "Mon-sieur, you are a great artist. But is it true that you said *those* songs were like drunken shouts?"

Boucher regarded him with an austere and threatening scowl. "You shall see how I do honour to this master," he said. He spat out inaudible oaths and he changed his violin for the last piece, laying his Amati tenderly on the table and snatching a Guadagnani from his valet. "For a special effect," he said to von Wilnau who was waiting to go on to the platform. Von Wilnau thanked him.

He got in front of von Wilnau at the head of the platform stairs, started, came back, took him by the hand and, bent nearly double, led him to the piano. Von Wilnau, wiping his fingers on a lace handkerchief, looked into the blaze of the hall. "Ten years ago," he thought, "this might have done me some good." His music about to sound seemed like a prospect of falling into a blissful and tired dream. The keys felt silky and soft. Then he was playing. It was indeed as if a boat were gliding from the shore of a green lake. Boucher's notes were like things not drawn from a string; they existed, as light shines, without relation to

the earth or to the will of man. Von Wil nau wondered where, in this vulgar charlatan lay the secret of these heavenly tones. His own fingers were rippling caressingly, and with instinctive loyalty he subordinated the accompaniment to the violin. Boucher's playing was like the charm of a very beautiful woman whom to trust is to know the bitterness of death. Von Wil nau sighed; he had known that. The waltz tune tripped by so that you heard the rustling of feet and felt the passion of an embrace. His heart began to beat with the March to War. It was going, it was going,—ah, this was life! He struck the last chords of that part with a sigh of contentment. It reconciled him to Boucher's solo, and he felt a deep affection as he whispered, "Chevalier, now!"

The first notes of the violin seemed to poise themselves in a flight and he closed his eyes. Four harsh, short chords startled him with their familiar harmony. They resolved themselves into a horn-effect, familiar too, answered faintly and then given again. Von Wil nau said, "Ah Heaven!" Boucher was imitating the opening of *THE WOODLAND ROBBERS*. Von Wil nau refused to believe his ears. But there came the melody of the Wild Hunt. It filled him with rage and dismay. It was as if he had connived at this dragging in of his own work; in front von Wolfgang would be saying that here was another vulgar trick. He jerked round on his seat and whispered, "Enough, enough!" But the song *Adelaida*, ah, swam out from the violin. His music seemed to him suddenly vulgar and repulsive. The veins on his forehead stood out and he struck three violent chords.

But Boucher used them to open the Demon's Chorus from the middle of the opera, as if those chords too

had been preconcerted with von Wil nau. Boucher played like a man possessed, his violin seemed to contain all the instruments of the orchestra. But at last the shrieking of the demons, the grunts of the wizard, the whistling of the wind, and the hoots of the owl, poured all together in a tumultuous discord from the violin. Von Wil nau drew a deep breath and pressed his nails into his palms; it must be coming to an end now. He was going at all costs to efface this horror with the beauty of his last music, he was going to show this man how, with his own playing, his own temperament, his beloved and pure art, he could retrieve this despicable fiasco of display.

Boucher was playing the final chords; von Wil nau turned sideways towards the audience that had flushed and excited faces already. He expected to catch Boucher's whisper of "Now!" and he moved his hands on to the keys that seemed to caress his fingers with a reassurance of success.

A young footman, he saw, started forward as if to catch something about to fall; the animated face of the young Baroness Speyer had suddenly a look of alarm and of surprise. The eyelids of the tired Grand Duchess contracted with a shudder at a musical jar, vibrating and hollow, that ended on a tearing and splitting crash. In an alarmed silence it pierced von Wil nau's ear like a sharp and inconceivable blow.

Boucher with a convulsed motion of the shoulders was tearing at something between his knees. "Never another note," he panted out, "shall sound from this divinely honoured instrument." His violin hung in his hand, bits of brown wood tangled together with the strings swinging from the black neck like the debris of a mangled bird. He crushed it

beneath his feet. And he did this, the greatest possible honour to von Wil nau, with a passion so breathless, and such abandonment to the comedy in hand that he was really crying with triumph as he cast himself on to von Wil nau's neck. "*Ah cher maître, que je t'aime!*" he sobbed.

The aristocratic bewilderment of the audience issued into a roar of applause that the Grand Duke himself led with tears of enthusiam. The great violinist had proved beyond denial at once his virtuosity and his generous admiration of the master ;

he had drawn applause from the silent people, and he had made it impossible for the piece to proceed and efface his effect. For his valet had already carried away his other violin even had von Wil nau been in a condition to play.

Perhaps that does not make much difference to the fact that Hildburgshausen and the rest of the world still sometimes weep over Karl Maria's music poem, or that Boucher, violinist to the King of Spain, died, after having been for some years forgotten, in want.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

SCHOOL-FEES AND SCHOOL-MASTERS.

IN the Report of the Royal Commission on Secondary Education issued in 1895 the following passages occur :

The statistics collected by the Assistant Masters show that while in ten of the best schools the average salary is £242.77, the average in 190 others is only £105.19, the average of all being no more than £135.22. . . .

The Head-Masters are quite in agreement with the Assistants as regards the inadequacy of the salary-fund in many schools. Salaries as low as £60 or £70 were reported, and stress laid upon the still more dispiriting circumstance that men go on from year to year with salaries never rising above £100 or £120.

My attention having been recently drawn to the inadequate salaries paid both in boys' schools and girls' schools, I enquired of a well known firm of Educational Agents as to the present condition of the market, asking, among other things, whether there was any indication that men were being deterred from entering the profession by the poor prospects which it offers. Their reply was strongly in the affirmative ; they told me that neither the quantity nor the quality was the same as it was some years ago ; that head-masters who used to engage first-class men, now have to be content with third-class men ; that tutors at Oxford and Cambridge caution their pupils against allowing themselves to "drift into teaching."

Parents who are used to paying fees of from £80 to £200 per annum at preparatory boarding-schools, and whose expenses for sons at public schools sometimes run up to £300 a

year, will not be prepared to accept the statement that the teaching profession is underpaid, their personal experience inclining them to the opposite view ; but, nevertheless, the state of affairs revealed by the Royal Commission eight years ago, and confirmed by the Educational Agents to-day, is deplorable. The enquiries of the Royal Commission were confined to a restricted area ; they did not cover the whole list of 550 secondary schools in Whitaker's Almanack, nor the whole of the large body of private schools, preparatory and other. Had the Commission been able to enquire further, it would have discovered an even worse state of affairs ; it would have discovered that in only a few of the well-known public schools are the prospects such as to attract young men of good ability and proved competence who can get other work to do, and that the salary-fund of the whole of the rest of the body of secondary schools in the country is so low as to place the teaching profession at a disadvantage compared with other professions.

Before entering into an enquiry as to the causes which have brought about this undesirable state of affairs, it is perhaps necessary to clear away an objection to pursuing the enquiry at all. It might, for instance, be argued that the question is one of no public interest, that the public and the teaching profession strike a bargain for their mutual profit, the public giving as little as it can, and the profession taking as much as it can get ; that to interfere with the

liberty of bargain is unnecessary and injudicious. If this is so, why have we a Board of Education with an advisory committee? Why do we provide for the registration of teachers? Why do we inspect schools? Why, in a word, does the State interfere in any way between parents and children and teachers? Or again, it might be said that the teaching profession is not different from any other profession, that all professions are underpaid, that in all professions there is excessive competition, that if the school-masters are underpaid, so are most of the clergymen, and medical men, and solicitors; there is no occasion for interference, there is no ground for interference.

The State, however, has already interfered. Acting through the Charity Commissioners and Endowed Schools Commissioners, and now through the Board of Education, it has fixed and fixes the fees paid in a very large number of secondary schools throughout the country; the school-master is not allowed to bargain with the parent; he must accept what the State thinks fit. It is true that the State has not as yet interfered directly with the proprietary schools, though it does so indirectly by establishing a scale of fees for the schools wholly or partially under its control.

The status of the teaching profession is, however, different from that of any other profession. Every other professional man is paid for services rendered to the man who pays him, who is of an age to judge whether he has received value for his money; the teacher is always paid on behalf of another person, and that person is not of an age to estimate the value of the service rendered.

Moreover, the interests of the State and the interests of the parent in the matter of education are not

the same. The State wants more than the parent. In all ranks and classes there is the same divergence of interest, though not in the same degree, between the parent and the State, which has made compulsory education necessary, and Factory Acts forbidding the employment of children below a certain age. The State thinks of the competence of the next generation; the parent of how the next generation may earn a livelihood and cease to be a burden to himself. Hence comes the perpetual struggle between parents and teachers, as old as the days of Socrates, and felt to-day in the most expensive schools no less than in the free schools. The teacher takes the side of the State; his ambitions for his pupils are wider than those of the parent; not content with turning out a mere money-getting animal, he wants to train a competent citizen.

Thus to the State the character of the men who form the teaching profession is all-important, while to the individual parent it is of small importance; all that he wants could be found by unrestricted freedom of bargain with the profession.

Whether these views are right or wrong is, however, not a matter of much moment, seeing that the State has already interfered with the liberty of bargain. Only a small minority of the 550 schools in Whitaker's list are schools whose fees have not been fixed by the State.

When attention was drawn in the middle of the last century to the condition of endowed schools and schools connected with various Charities, and when soon afterwards the enterprise of re-construction and organisation was taken up, the question of the salary-fund, and of its ultimate influence upon the teaching profession, entirely escaped notice. Speaking generally, it may be said that the

aim of the men who guided our policy in those days was to bring a certain type of education within reach of as many persons as possible. Fees were therefore fixed by the two Commissions absolutely without reference to the necessary cost of providing that type of education; only one thing was considered, what could the parents in each locality concerned afford to pay; and as the locality was allowed to have a word in the matter, the figure eventually fixed was that which the parents felt inclined to pay. Had the conditions of education remained unchanged since those days, the state of the salary-fund would have looked somewhat different to-day; it would still have been inadequate, but not quite so inadequate.

I have before me an Eton school-list of 1828; from this the change which has taken place in the character of secondary education may be illustrated.

In 1828 there were 509 boys in the upper school at Eton, and 41 in the lower school; there were eleven masters, including the head-master, but not including the extra masters; of these 11 masters, two were assigned to the lower school. Thus in the upper school there was one master to every 56 boys, in the lower school one to every 20; at the present time, taking upper and lower school together, and including the extra masters, there is one master at Eton to every 16 boys. Supposing the masters, head-master included, to have been entirely paid from the salary-fund derived from fees, it is clear that there was available for each master from that source in 1828 more than three times as much as is available now. As Eton in those days, under the vigorous rule of Dr. Keate, was entering on its great period of expansion, evidently parents were satisfied with an organisation which

provided only one master to every 56 boys.

It is not easy to gather from the old school-list exactly how the 509 boys in the upper school were distributed between their nine masters. The divisions were as follows. SIXTH FORM, 23 boys: FIFTH FORM, *Upper Division* 77 boys, *Middle Division* 75 boys, *Lower Division* 95 boys: REMOVE, 115 boys: FOURTH FORM, 124 boys. If each of these forms or divisions was assigned to one master, we have only six divisions to nine masters; there are, however, in the middle and lower divisions of the fifth form, in the remove and fourth form, lines which seem to indicate sub-divisions; these would give us 11 divisions to the nine masters, two of whom must obviously have taken two of these sub-divisions together. However this may have been, it is quite certain that the sixth form numbered 23 boys, and the upper division of the fifth form 77; and we know from other sources that even as recently as the head-mastership of Dr. Hawtrey more than 100 boys were assigned to one master, while Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt tell us of even bigger numbers at Christ's Hospital. Eton, in fact, was better off in this respect than other schools, where very large classes were the rule. At the present time classes of 25 are the rule in the public schools; where the numbers are larger, various forms of private tuition sometimes counteract the evil. Now it is quite clear that it is more expensive to assign one master to every 25 boys than one to every 77 boys; and that if the payment of the individual master was to remain the same, the fees should have been increased in proportion. The facts are, however, that while the parent has succeeded in reducing the numbers assigned to each master, the fees have not been increased in propor-

tion ; in some schools they have not been increased at all.

Let us now take the case of the extra masters. There were six extra masters at Eton in 1828, who taught the following subjects : writing, Italian and Spanish, drawing, fencing, dancing, and French. What these masters taught was entirely extra. The subjects were taught out of school hours, the fees being paid by the parents to the masters themselves, and not passing through the general salary-fund. The writing-master alone taught arithmetic and mathematics ; the eleven regular masters were not required to teach anything but Latin and Greek. At the present day mathematics, French, German, chemistry, and physics, are included in the school lessons at Eton, and in some other schools the curriculum is even greater. More subjects necessarily mean more masters ; but again the fees have not been universally increased in proportion, and the supplementary income which might have been earned by teaching extra subjects on a large scale has been cut off.

Large charges have also been laid upon schools in the form of buildings. Not only have expensive laboratories and lecture-rooms for scientific work come to be considered an essential, if not the essential, part of the equipment of a school, but there has been a demand for improved class-rooms. Here again we may illustrate from Eton. A visitor can see the rooms in which the 550 boys were taught in 1828 : they are all contained in the old quadrangle ; in Christopher Wren's building on its west side, and the ground floor of the old building on the north side, and were inadequate even for 500 boys. Now there is a whole town of class-rooms, partly necessitated by the fact that the school has doubled in numbers since 1828, but partly also by the fact

that accommodation which was thought good enough then is not thought good enough now. Boys were still taught in the miserable dark dens under the Upper School long after the new class-rooms were built. What has been done at Eton, has been done all over the country ; the improvement in buildings was necessary, but it was not necessary to diminish the salary-fund to pay for erecting them.

But, we shall be told, the schools have endowments. In the first place, very few schools have any considerable endowment, and in the second place, only a very small proportion of any endowment is devoted to the salary-fund. Here again the pocket of the parent was the first thing thought of, and the endowments were, and are, frittered away in scholarships. If a considerable sum is given to the salary-fund from an endowment, it generally goes in a lump to the head-master ; this is not unreasonable if the salaries of the other masters are provided for adequately from the fees, but they are not.

Thus three extra charges have been laid upon the schools since the beginning of the last century, an increased number of masters in proportion to the boys, an increased number of subjects taught, an increased permanent charge on buildings.

There are reasons for which it is not advisable to mention schools by name in connection with the question of fees and salaries. I may, however, go so far as to say this, that having picked out at random 22 Schools from THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS YEAR-BOOK which I know are practically doing the same work, I find that the tuition-fees for boys over 13 vary from £6 per annum to £42. This last figure is passed by Eton where private tuition in addition to tuition in school is compulsory, the two united amount-

ing to £50. The two extreme cases show how little endowment has to do with the salary-fund; for Eton is a richly endowed school, but charges the highest tuition-fees of all, whereas the lowest school on the list is very poorly endowed indeed. Four of the schools in the list are without any endowment; their tuition-fee is in each case over £25, the figures being £29, £27 15s., £30, £25 4s., respectively. As these schools are entirely dependent upon fees, it may be assumed that £25 represents the lowest fee at which the form of education in question can be provided; from this it follows that schools which do the same work, and only charge £12, £16, £15, must either have a sufficient endowment to make up the difference between such a sum and at least £25, or must underpay their staff in proportion. The latter alternative represents the real state of the case, as is shown by the report of the Royal Commission. Even in the unendowed schools which charge from £25 to £30, the salary-fund is inadequate, and men go on from year to year, in the words of the report, earning not quite such low salaries as those mentioned in the report, but salaries which compare unfavourably, not only with other professions, but even with the wages of a highly skilled artisan. No wonder college tutors caution their pupils against drifting into teaching.

But, we shall be told, there are the boarding-fees. Granted that in some twenty schools in the country the boarding fees do by indirectly contributing to the salary-fund improve the prospects of young masters, and putting on one side the fact that this is an undesirable and precarious way of earning money in a profession, the fact remains that in only a few schools are there a sufficient number of boarding-houses to go round among the

men of ten years' service, and that precisely those schools in which the salary-fund is lowest are those in which the boarding element is weakest. Moreover the Endowed Schools and Charity Commissioners in their tender solicitude for the pockets of the parent have also limited the boarding-fees; such figures as £48 and £50 occur. A boy is at school about thirty-eight weeks in the course of the year, and it takes very good management to lodge him, feed him, provide him with fire, light, and service for £1 a week. The balance of £10 or £12 does not represent a very rich emolument even upon fifty boys, especially as boarding-houses are not always full; epidemics occur, and the extra responsibility of boarding involves extra charges, which are not lodging-house charges, but necessitated by the position which the boarding-house master has forced upon him: he is not only a lodging-house keeper, but a parent, and, in fact, a parent with anxieties which few parents ever feel.

Nor is the case of the private proprietary schools any better. They have a tendency, largely fostered by mutual competition, to run to bricks and mortar and playgrounds. The head-master alone makes any considerable income, and that income is rendered increasingly precarious by the fact that every year more men leave the underpaid public schools to speculate in private schools; while the assistant masters, unless they happen to be provided with capital, have no prospect of advancement. And worse than this, a man may work till he is past middle age in a preparatory school faithfully and well: his labour may have helped to build up the edifice; and on the death or retirement of his chief, he may, and often does, find himself deprived of his employment at an age when it is difficult to begin life afresh.

It is not that the head-masters of proprietary schools are a grasping or unkindly race; but they are compelled by the pressure of parents and mutual competition to spend very large sums upon buildings; they have only a short tenure relatively, and unless the money invested in the buildings is recovered before that tenure comes to an end, their heirs or successors are likely to find themselves in an awkward position.

Taking the whole profession from top to bottom, whether schools are public or private, it no longer offers sufficient inducements for a young man, who can get other work, who has sufficient ability to pass into the Civil Services, or to make him a good barrister or a good medical man. At the same time the increased supervision, the disguised nursemaid's work, which is demanded in boarding-schools, deters many men from becoming teachers.

Apart from pecuniary emoluments, young men are attracted to professions by the opportunity of continuing some favourite study or pursuit, or by certain amenities of life offered by the conditions of the profession. Formerly the teaching profession attracted students. A scholar saw an opportunity of continuing to be a scholar. The reputation of Eton and Winchester and some other schools was made by the fact that the masters were scholars, men of learning, not unfrequently men of wide learning, who travelled far beyond the limits of the dead languages to which their interests were supposed to be restricted. Now such men do not take school work; their ambition is to be lecturers or professors at the new universities, where they will be free from the restraints and irksome duties imposed by the necessities of boarding-schools. As the new universities encourage mathematics and science

rather than literature, it is in these branches of knowledge that the dearth of men who have taken brilliant degrees at the universities is being especially felt. There is, however, another class of pursuits which young men wish to continue; many of them drift into teaching from a wish to play cricket and football to the end of their existence. Here we find one of the many causes which contribute to the excessive athleticism of our private and public schools. A man who is teaching cricket or football even to small boys does not see that he is doing nursemaid's work; he thinks himself a pioneer in the great cause of the healthy body. If it were not for the athletics, even English parents would have been unable to force upon the schools that unwholesome system of perpetual supervision which is the bane of our private preparatory schools, and is in some degree extended to our public schools. There are many unpleasant and vulgar things in STALKY AND Co., but Mr. Kipling made a fair hit in his description of the athletic system.

If by a process of gradual elimination we allow the men of learning to drop out of the teaching profession, we need not concern ourselves to register teachers, or to insist that they shall pass examinations in pedagogics. Learning is, after all, the living force of education; even the Greeks, whose conceptions of education were purely athletic and moral to begin with, found that they could not do without learning.

The fact that there are a few schools in which the emoluments and other attractions will always be sufficient to induce first-class men to join their staffs, does not materially diminish the dangers of the paths on which we are running. The men of the middle of the nineteenth century, who wished to bring education within

the reach of large numbers, and therefore were concerned to keep the schools cheap, did not wish to popularise a sham or illiberal education; they wanted to diffuse through all classes that spirit which, in spite of many imperfections, made such schools as Eton a valuable asset to the nation. For a time they were successful, but as they omitted the question of ways and means, and as the pressure of the financial question is being increasingly felt, their creations are breaking down. The educational currency is being debased; the educational atmosphere has lost its brilliancy; the gerund-grinding spirit is even stronger than heretofore, for so many other things are now ground besides gerunds.

Is there a remedy? I question whether a complete remedy is to be found; certainly it is not to be found in appeals to the Government to do something, to find more money. There are what it is the fashion to call political reasons, which make it highly improbable that under our present political conditions anything should be done for learning. So far as the State is concerned, our dealings with education have hitherto shown a vulgarity of conception which is fatal to any real progress. We wish to be educated, in order that we may rise from the gutter to the Cabinet, that we may make more money, that we may beat the Germans in the application of scientific discoveries to industrial enterprise. We do not wish to be educated that we may become more efficient men and women in every way, with higher conceptions of our duties to one another and to all men.

There is, however, a possibility of palliation.

There are two classes of persons whose action has a direct influence

upon this question; governors and head-masters or proprietors of schools.

One of the many curses of education in England is the private character of the schools which we have elected to call public. Put before a head-master some scheme for the improvement of the profession in general, and as likely as not he will say to you with dignity and even severity: "*We* do not find that difficulty; such a course would be of no benefit to *us*; *our* parents do not demand such a thing." It is impossible to awaken his interest in any beyond what he conceives to be the needs of his own particular establishment. Similarly there is no sense of solidarity in the profession; the public schools group by themselves as far as possible, and do their best to establish a wholly unscientific frontier between themselves and the grammar-schools, while private schools are again a separate department.

It is this which gives an air of unreality to the proceedings of the Conference of Head-Masters and similar organisations. The assembled masters do not feel that they are members of one great profession, responsible for its welfare. Though they are the guardians of the profession, they refuse to accept the position; they prefer to think of themselves as head-masters of this, that, and the other school.

Governors of schools, again, who officially at any rate have more of the character of trustees of education even than head-masters, are equally blind to the interests of the profession; to them the erection of buildings and the cutting down of salaries are the very essence of sound educational finance. Head-masters and governors alike could do something to improve salaries.

Considerable alleviation could be given to the case of the assistant

masters in private preparatory schools, could a sufficient number of the leading schools be formed into a syndicate or company; so that the head-masters would become the salaried officers of a permanent institution, and it would no longer be necessary for an experienced assistant to have a large capital to enable him to succeed his chief. The effects of competition may force some such step upon the proprietors.

Questions of method and of subjects have in fact become of subordinate importance; so far as those questions are capable of being settled, they are settled; the battle over them has raged for more than two thousand years, and will continue to rage so long as there is any vitality in education.

Men and women are more important than bricks and mortar, and the spirit of learning than the perfection of methods of instruction. It is no idle fancy of mine that the emoluments and conditions of the teaching profession are no longer likely to attract the men who have it in them to be the best teachers; in addition to my own private researches, I have the authority of the Blue-Book issued by the Royal Commission, from which I have already quoted.

There is yet another class of

persons who can help,—the parents. School-fees should be and could be raised in the vast majority of schools in which the salary-fund is inadequate. Five pounds a year does not make much difference to the average parent; yet it makes a vast difference to the salary-fund of a school of three hundred boys. I am almost inclined to believe that if parents really knew the conditions under which instruction and even more than parental care are given to their children, mere shame would prevent them from accepting the doubtful blessing of low fees. But they do not know, and they cannot know.

What I have said applies to girls' schools, no less than to boys' schools: women in fact require protection from their own zeal even more than men; and in the long run the nation will suffer by its neglect of the underpayment of teachers of both sexes. We are all ready enough to admit that an underpaid and overworked teacher cannot be efficient, and equally ready to write by the next post to tell Dr. Briggs that, as we shall be sending little Billy to join little Tommy at his school after Christmas, we hope that, as there will now be two of them, he may see his way to make a reduction in the fees.

J. C. TARVER.

THE POETIC ASPECT OF LIFE.

STENDHAL, in the chapel of the Grande Chartreuse at prime, while tremendous peals of thunder every now and then broke the intense stillness of the meditation, wished that he knew nothing of electricity or of Franklin. He would fain have heard in that voice the voice of God,—and he could not. And to-day in like manner there are some who find themselves unable to enjoy what by almost universal consent is considered noble in poetry, painting, and sculpture. They can only admire anatomic truth in a figure, photographic accuracy in a landscape, scientific precision in a poem; that is to say, they can only sympathise with the mechanical side of art, and are devoid of perception for that *beyond* which may be considered, not unduly, of its essence. For many years past, science has been demonstrating the unity of all natural processes, the absence of all discoverable traces of anything resembling the human intelligence to govern the order of the universe as it is known to us, the complete insignificance of human existence itself, its frailty, its inevitable end. Indeed it is leading us to that theory of the universe which the Buddhists conceived under the impersonification of Maya,—

That incarnate Lie,
Who mocks at whoso walks and weeps
on earth,
A vision fertilised which she hath
dreamed,
Ere yet Time was, in forms innumerable—

that in fact all we hear and see and feel consists of “magic shadow-shapes that come and go” upon the screen

of conscious intellect. And this has operated in certain minds, as it did in Stendhal's, in leading them to reject as meaningless the poetic symbolism of the past without giving them any new symbolism in return.

Such men are materialists, not only in philosophy, but also in sentiment, and, while materialism as a theory is compatible with any attitude towards life,—although perhaps we must cross the Channel for a purely materialist poet, such as Baudelaire—materialism as a sentiment is an irreconcilable antagonist of poetic feeling. Those who not only think but feel themselves to be dust, have but scanty sympathy with that exaltation which seems an essential feature of poetic emotion. But these apart, it seems that the products of the poetic imagination,—and by this I do not mean necessarily verse, nor all works written in metrical form—appeal to a more appreciative, perhaps to a wider, audience than of old. Current ontological speculations form, surely, a more consciously unsatisfactory explanation of the universe than any which have preceded them, though at the same time they may be truer, in accordance with a more extensive human experience. And this conscious dissatisfaction, which so many feel in respect of what to our modern minds seems the only possible solution of the riddle, throws men all the more willingly into that asylum which poets have prepared for them. What though life be only a bye-product of cosmic change? All the more necessary, then, to fashion it as tolerably as may be. Absolute truth is far

beyond our reach ; but we can at least seek to understand those old formulas which once had enough vitality for men to live by and to die for.

Change is the nursery
Of music, life, joy, and eternity,

wrote Donne, and, following his counsel, we may make up for what we must lose in sincerity of emotion by 'variety and width of experience. And in this wise science has proved also, not the enemy, but the friend of poetry, and, in showing the infinite mutations of the forms of life, has shown too the mutations of the spirit, the slow awakening of Psyche, in such manner as to render possible the imaginative re-creation of psychical conditions which passed away centuries ago.

It is especially in such diletantism of sentiment, perhaps, that modern poetic taste tends to show itself, rather than in any new and great poetic creation. It may well be that the time is not yet ripe for the development of a new poetic symbolism to replace older forms, to express as entirely as may be the later developments of human thought. But in any case, it can hardly be said that modern interest in poetry, that modern need for poetic expression, is less than it was. Nay rather, the conditions which demand poetic expression are undoubtedly becoming wider-spread with the increase of a leisured class of men acutely self-conscious, infected with the malady of thought. And thus, to analyse the poetic stand-point is to indicate the attitude of many to the facts of life as presented to them.

But we must beware of confusing this poetic attitude towards life with that which is displayed in many verses. There are many poems which

are anything but poetical, and many men have won fame by verse,—I do not mean to depreciate their work, but I cannot call it poetry without considerable confusion of language—which is inspired by a spirit other than poetical. Which may be the better, the truer, I cannot attempt to decide ; all that I shall endeavour to accomplish is to indicate, to illustrate, their difference as variant modes of considering the phenomena of life.

Many of us at times feel an irresistible desire to escape from the almost oppressive atmosphere of ordinary existence, to wander, as it were, away from the houses and merry, thoughtless people, along the sea shore, until the noise of the crowd becomes no more than a faint, suggestive murmur, and then, as darkness slowly veils land and sea till each stretches out seemingly illimitable, we turn and look back upon the lights that stud the promenade, and listen, now to the distant voices that sounded so shrill and unmusical near at hand, now to the deeper murmur of the waves half-breaking on the beach. At such moments one seems to stand mid-way between the known, material world and another unexplored, mysterious world of dreams, that might contain so much of peace and joy, while the mere consciousness of its presence helps to reconcile one to the more violent reality. Sooner or later, we are all drawn back into the throng, sometimes with a renewed sense of protection as the lights grow brighter, sometimes with profound regret as our return displays the unloveliness of things afresh. And yet, different as each of these sensations is, each is true enough from its particular stand-point, whatever those may say who view the world from a single angle. In truth, their seeming falsities are due to a disregard of proper perspective. After all, sentient

life consists merely in a succession of sensations produced by the stimulations which we are constantly receiving from without. The reality of these sensations, of our emotions, is just the one fact over which even metaphysics are powerless to cast a doubt. Their causes may be hidden, undiscoverable, only to be vaguely guessed at from their effects; but that we feel is a point on which we cannot deceive even ourselves. So, whether life makes us glad or sorry, whether we feel it to be something noble or base, whether we delight to stand in the midst of it and watch it in its most trivial details, or to view it from a distance and try to catch its general significance, our sensations all remain equally true and equally trustworthy, so long as we do not attempt to apply the conclusions drawn from one aspect of life to the life which is perceived from another point of view.

In the treatment of life in literature, it is possible to distinguish two absolutely diverse tendencies of thought, which yet are often found in close union with one another,—the positive and the poetic views of life, we may call them for lack of any more definite terms. These positive and poetic elements are found in varying degrees in nearly every mind, and hence, no doubt, arise many of those inconsistencies in the conduct of life to which we are all liable. For “Here dwelleth Happiness (*hic habitat felicitas*)” is a motto inscribed over many doors, over the door of Selfishness as over that of Self-renunciation, over the dwellings of Society and Solitude, upon the lintels of Action and of Thought; and beforehand none may certainly tell which of all these invitations is especially addressed to him. Oftentimes he accepts one too late, another too early. So too in art, the writer’s

attitude towards life is often complicated, and its determination depends upon his ideals, upon his conception of the beautiful. But all these ideals may be classified according as they approach more or less nearly to those of two cardinal types of mind, the positive and the poetic.

The positive type of mind is that which tends to perceive complete beauty in the immediate facts of life as they are presented to it. It is, in a sense, optimistic, in so far as it holds that everything is for the best, in other words, that nothing really matters very much. It derives the keenest delight from the mere study of social existence, with the microscope, as it were. It transcribes what it sees, aiming at reproduction rather than judgment, and even endeavours to avoid, so far as may be, the isolation of the fragment it is engaged upon,—an isolation which inevitably differentiates our appreciations of the same phenomena in art and life — by linking many volumes into one great work, such as Balzac’s *COMÉDIE HUMAINE*, or Zola’s *LES ROUGON-MACQUART*. Such works impress us with the same indeterminateness, the same universality, as we perceive almost despairingly in the life which surrounds us. These writers, as I have said, aim at reproducing the facts of life, especially such of its physical details as have a particular psychological value. They are, as Balzac professed himself to be, naturalists of society,—*docteurs des sciences sociales*—whose main business lies in analysing certain widely spread social types. We are not without such novelists in England; but, for an example of this method carried out on a large scale to its logical conclusion, we must turn to Zola. In his works we find described with startling detail and fidelity the physical life of the great crowds met

together in Paris, the mysterious, the wonderful. We can follow the daily existence of the many who swarm in its streets, who all day throng the business-houses, and all the evening the boulevards, in the monotony, the greyness, the commonness of their existence. The doings of the human ant-hill are laid before us by one who has studied it curiously, carefully, profoundly, and who, when he was writing *NANA* or *LE VENTRE DE PARIS*, did not regard what he was describing with anything but the interest of the observer. This is essentially the attitude of positive spirits. They are neither depressed nor exalted by the phenomena of human life. It is something which the nature of things has produced, something of no particular significance, but still something of the highest interest to our ephemeral race, because we are a moment of its development.

Their interest is, then, immediate, one that resides in the direct reactions which the surrounding life produces in them. They are Epicureans, who would obtain their knowledge at first-hand, who reckon untrustworthy all knowledge of derived sensation; they would say with Stendhal that we do not know enough about the court of Richelieu to write a true account of it. And thus, for them life's interest lies in the present. The past and the future are of little moment to them,—the past because it is no longer, the future because it is not yet; neither being subject to that immediate, physical experience which is their dominant necessity, their decisive criterion. But what results when the whole range of physical experiences has been exhausted—*quand on a dépensé sa jeunesse en expériences?* Little but an utter weariness of this present, fulfilling the words of the author of *Ecclési-*

astes: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth. . . . but know that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." It was in his maturer years that Solomon wrote *vanitas vanitatis*, and the hearts of many corroborate his evidence. And thus it comes to pass that the positive spirit, when it has weighed the world and found it wanting, tends to be transmuted into the poetical spirit. In other words, the man who first looks on life from the positive point of view is very apt to change his position and look on it from the poetical. Weary of the present, he seeks to set himself at a distance from it, in the future or the past.

To some it may seem little less than a paradox that a man should grow more poetical with years. Youth is commonly considered as the especial season of the flower of poetry. Yet, if we consider it, this youthful poetry really concerns itself with the *here* and *now* which are so entirely absorbing to positive minds; and the transition from the positive to the poetical outlook upon life is really very natural, very analogous to other natural processes. The physiologist traces the growth of the race in the growth of a single individual of it from the earliest protoplasmic germ to the complexity of the mature animal. So too the psychologist may trace the development of the mind; the child and the savage furnish us with an example which has become trite, and, in like manner, the individual, in a society no longer primitive, shows, in his development from youth to manhood, the parallel change through which that society has passed.

The change lies, I think, in a tendency to substitute intellectual for physical emotion. Man passes from the realm of sense to the realm of imagination, and demands from the latter an effect analogous to that

which we experience in watching a crowd with its brilliant patches of colour, and in listening to its hoarse murmur from afar. He seeks the enchantment of distance, as well in the moral world as in the material; and it is only in this manner that a man of poetic imagination (whether it were developed naturally from the first, or whether it came as a refuge from an embittering experience of actual life) succeeds, and that not always, in reconciling himself with the evils of every social order. Birth into the world places us, whether we will or no, amidst the crowd; and this,—straightway for the poet, sooner or later for the Epicurean who cares to think—suffices to reveal the insufficiency of life. Even the poet's knowledge is often purchased at the cost of suffering, though that may be an anguish felt for others, for the feebleness and blindness with which they strive to mould their lives. Ulysses's case may well be his. Nothing but the scent of blood suffices to lure up the shades of past and future. He may only hold converse with them, the select,—

Lonely antagonists of destiny
Who went down scornful before many
spears—

when blood has been poured into the trench which severs the worlds of flesh and spirit. His oblation is the offering of present grief. Much published poetry would seem to have something, as if the poet had torn open the tomb of the past under the necessity of feeding his body and fame, before he could reveal to others how he has joyed or suffered, even in imagination, like Rosetti desecrating his wife's grave to take from between her mouldering fingers that only copy of his verses which he had thought to bury

everlastingly. This is what a certain French poet cries to his audience :

Promène qui voudra son cœur ensan-
glanté
Sur ton pavé eynique, ô plèbe carnas-
sière !
Pour mettre un feu stérile en ton oeil
hébété,
Pour mendier ton rire ou ta pitié gros-
sière,
Déchire qui voudra la robe de lumière
De la pudeur divine et de la volupté !

The freshness of the dream has been tarnished by its communication to the world, and the necessity of its communication must, to some minds, be full of a singular bitterness.

Perhaps M. Maeterlinck may be taken as representing the poetic attitude towards life very completely; I do not mean in the vagaries of his mysticism, which is largely a personal accident effected by the influence of heredity, of race, but in the broad generality of his verdict on existence. It charms him only when set apart in some dim antiquity, surrounded on the one side by the whisperings of immemorial forests, and on the other by the voices of the unchanging sea. His lovers, Pelleas and Mélissande, or Aglavaine and Selysette, separated from the world by misty distance, and yet akin to us by the common relationship of sorrow, live phantom-like amid such sounds, attuned to them in a harmony that almost robs pain of its bitterness, leaving it only sad and pitiful. Or when he would describe the whole life of man, here too his symbols have the same strange air of distance, like the visions of one who sees in a glass darkly. He chooses a company of aged men and women with an infant in their midst who alone of them all has the sense of sight, and who alone of them all has not the power of speech and thought. They live, it may be remembered, in a lonely island, whose

every part is penetrated by the angry breaking of the sea, even in the deepest recesses of its forest, and they have been led out of their hospice by the old priest who tends them for one last walk before the setting-in of winter. He has brought them far, into the very middle of the forest, and, while they have all sat down to rest before the long return, he has died. They speak to him, and, for a while, conjecture from his silence that he has fallen asleep, or wandered away among the trees. But at last, as the evening air grows chill with falling snow, they understand the truth, and, after complaints,—how pathetic in their uselessness!—the forest stillness is broken only by the sobbing of the child and the distant thundering of the surf against the cliffs. Can human thought discover a symbol to express more poignantly the dying agony of a civilisation that has grown up in the trust of a religion, to find in its old age that it can believe no longer, than this circle of the aged blind seated around the corpse of their priest and protector?

In such works, then, as I have referred to, we find two methods of regarding human life, each the anti-thesis of the other; the one looking close at life, examining even its most secret places without sorrow and without disapproval, finding a justification for all in the single fact of existence; the other, finding the aspect of human life near at hand jarring, unendurable, requiring its hard, crude outlines to be softened by the blue mist of distance, and filling in the hidden details more harmoniously with itself. And yet, essentially opposed as these two views of life may seem, it is impossible to say that either is the truer of that mysterious causal substance which lies behind the appearance of things.

They differ just as the re-actions of some chemical on different substances. We saw that the positive spirit tends to live in the present, the poetic in the past and future. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the one occupies that infinitely little point of time which is the present in observing the sensations which arise from what is without him, while the other fills it with memories and forecasts of these sensations; the one observes, the other imagines. And the question which must be answered in comparing their relative truth is this: is the imagination a further obscuring medium, or is it as a second lens correcting the distortions of the first? The only answer to the question lies in the accomplishment of the eternally fruitless quest of the absolute.

But leaving aside such vexed questions of metaphysics, the dreams of Zola and of M. Maeterlinck (for we must remember that each is but a dreamer, in company with all of us who look upon the world) at all events spring from the manner in which the world without affects them; they represent emotional truth to each of them, and therefore to each of us in proportion as our spirits resemble theirs, according as in our changing moods we are nearer to the one or to the other. For however completely the poet may appear to succeed in detaching himself from the physical sensations of the moment, the present itself can only be annihilated by death. The great difference between his and more positive minds is that the former complicates these physical sensations of the moment by the superinduction of the intellectual sensations of past and future, taking a more comprehensive view of human existence. He is very conscious of that mysterious *beyond*, that which has ceased to be and that

which still shall be, encircling the tiny span that life illuminates. Surely the Norseman conceived of life very truly as the Tree Ygdrasil, whose roots are buried deep within the earth, whose branches are lost amid low-hanging gloom, whose trunk runs with hidden, silent sap. This great and massive trunk, the present, is not the only certainty. Roots and branches are equally inevitable, although, by us, they may only be inferred; and are not these the more able to fill us with profound emotion, since we have no immediate experience of them? *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*.

And thus when Lamartine writes,

Temps jaloux, se peut-il que ces moments d'ivresse,
Où l'amour à longs flots nous verse le bonheur,
S'envolent loin de nous de la même vitesse
Que les jours de malheur?

or when Mrs. Browning writes

I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life. And, if
God choose,
I shall but love thee better after
death,—

they are striking the dominant note of the poetic, as opposed to the positive, melody. Or again, we have a complete example of the poetic emotion arising from this idea of the indissoluble unity of life in Robert Browning's EVELYN HOPE. The lover, standing beside the corpse of the girl whom he loved, does not dwell on the terrible physical fact thus presented to him. He recalls her young, exquisite, graceful beauty; the sweetness and peace of her short life; her latest acts, full of pathos in their triviality. And at last he shuts a leaf within her fingers; she will "wake, and remember, and under-

stand,"—a thought so deeply significant as to reveal the profoundest depth of human agony.

The positive and poetic aspects of life are, in reality, not so much contradictory as complementary. Without the positive experience, the poetic imagination has nothing to work upon; without the poetic imagination, the positive experience lacks an interpreter, lacks meaning. And thus it comes to pass that the positive is always tending to convert itself into the poetic. This is strikingly exemplified if we consider the difference between a poet's earlier and later work, the earlier being commonly little more than the reproduction of moments of intense emotion,—the difference, for example, between VENUS AND ADONIS and THE TEMPEST, between THE GIAOUR and DON JUAN, between HERNANI and LA LÉGENDE DES SIÈCLES. Zola himself is an interesting instance of the same tendency. I have already quoted his earlier works as typical examples of the positive attitude, yet in his last years, the author of the epic of mud,—*l'épopée fangeuse*,—began to dream of the regeneration of society, and wrote his Four Gospels, *Les Quatres Évangiles*. His pupil, M. Huysmans, has undergone a still more extraordinary transformation, in so far as his line of modification forms a much sharper curve.

In truth, either principle is rarely, if ever, found alone. If we consider any mental state, it will appear, in ultimate analysis, to consist of an inextricably tangled union of both, sometimes so evenly distributed as to form the warp and woof, as it were, of consciousness. When we stand, perhaps, in a cathedral such as that of Chester, which hardly produces as great a positive effect, with its somewhat severe lines of architecture, as a more elaborate building would, our

minds are by no means entirely full of the visible structure. Of course the feeling of size and height, are very present with us, as well as the bold outline of light and shadow. But beyond these, we look westward down the nave, and the air aloft is stained, made visible, one might say, by the clerestory lights,—it might be the incense-wreaths of eternal prayer hanging over us. We look towards the high altar, and strive to pierce the dim mysteriousness of the Lady Chapel, in which the Divine Conception might be thought to brood. We recall the splendour of the ancient services, and inevitably it affects our appreciation of the simpler offices men say there now. And yet another thought besieges us very importunately, — how that one day these massive arches will lie in broken ruin, like those of many another once majestic temple, perchance more impressive in their vanished grandeur than when the monks of St. Werburgh celebrated mass on the festivals of Holy Church.

So perhaps we shall not err in ascribing to the poetic view of life, which cannot altogether avoid something of positive observation, a breadth and completeness, which the positive seems to lack. Indeed this sense of the *beyond* possesses a wonderful faculty for modifying the sensations of the present. Dante wrote,

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria,—

And the sorrow's crown of sorrows

is remembering happier things, in Tennyson's paraphrase. Dante might have added with equal truth that the one solace for misery was to look forward towards its end. *Carpe diem* may be the motto alike of positive and poetic minds, but while positive epicureanism takes what the world lays ready to its hand, poetic thought,—thought the revealer, if not the creator of the universe, so far as we at least are concerned—fills the fleeting and yet eternal present with impassioned imagery of past and future; its breadth saves it from the characteristics of frivolity, of insignificance. And thus this poetic aspect of life, at which the practical are wont to sneer, seems in reality to offer a powerful sedative for the anguish of life, whose history only reveals man's unceasing effort to become other than he is,—an effort whose utmost success never seems to bring the hoped-for peace. And since the essential feature of this aspect is a comparative completeness, it tends to be that which commends itself to minds impelled by the necessity of their nature to take the broadest view of life, although perhaps—who can tell?—it may be the most erroneous. But at the same time, such minds approach most nearly to that conception which Sir Thomas Browne has thus expressed, "What to us is past or still to come, to His Eternity is present,"—minds in no metaphorical sense divine, for they are the terrestrial originals of this human ideal of the Infinite conceived as Thought.

H. HERBERT DODWELL.

THE PLACE OF THE GREAT DEAD

(A LEGEND OF ADAM'S PEAK.)

It was the coldest morning I ever remember to have known in Ceylon. During the night the wind had risen to a gale, which, roaring through the trees, blew cold and damp as a Channel-fog through and under my tent, chilling me to the bone. I rose stiff in every joint, and at half-past six started with my guide up the bed of the stream that flows west from the neck of Adam's Peak. Walking up the bed was hard work enough, but it was easier than pushing through the tangled bamboo which forms the main undergrowth in those parts. We reached the source of the stream at about nine o'clock, and the summit of the ridge an hour later. Here we struck into a well-beaten elephant-path, which saved us for a time from the effort of forcing our way through the jungle.

Podisingo, the guide, told me that there was a cave close below us where he had sometimes slept while out gathering wild honey; as he said there was water near, I decided to stop there for breakfast and a short rest.

The cave was formed by a huge overhanging mass of rock supported by two smaller blocks; between these was a dry hollow, the floor of which seemed to have been roughly levelled. To reach it we had to squeeze between two great boulders, fallen from the hill above; and a couple of young palm trees near the mouth of the cave testified to the fact that elephants could not reach the spot, for, as the Singalese know well, these

palms are an elephant's favourite food.

From the mouth of the cave we could see the wind-driven mist tower when it struck the Peak, and shoot upwards like steam from an engine. Far below, to the south-east, spread the forest-covered hills, looking like a crumpled dark green carpet. I scanned them keenly through my glasses, and finally fixed on a deep little valley as the place to explore. This valley, which must have been three or four miles away, looked as though it were enclosed on every side, but there must have been an outlet or the monsoon rains would have formed a lake. Somehow the place attracted me, and I determined to start at once to explore it. We soon found an elephant-path that seemed to lead in the right direction, and we came across some fresh tracks. This reminded me of the Singalese legend about the place where all the elephants come to die; it is said to be somewhere in the wilderness of the Peak, but nobody knows the exact spot. I asked my guide if he had heard the story, and, after a moment's pause, he said he would tell me all he knew. First cautioning me not to refer to elephants by name as we were doubtless near many of them, and himself speaking of them as the Great Ones, he began.

First of all, a man was shown the place by a god, on the express condition that he would never reveal the secret; but being a fool he told a friend, and the god found out and

killed the traitor. But the deed was done; the friend who knew escaped the angry god and became appointed chief purveyor of ivory to the King of Anuradhapura. For many years this man amassed wealth, but, except for his brothers and sons, none knew whence the ivory came. Thus the secret was kept in the family for several hundred years, being passed from father to son, until a dire plague of smallpox fell on the village where those who knew lived, and all of them save one died; he was left alive indeed, but blind.

Still, he said there were certain marks on the stones which had been cut by his grandfather, and that sooner than the secret should be wholly lost, he would impart it to his sister's four sons. They were to lead him to a certain spot where he could show them a sign in the rock that would tell them exactly in which direction to go. He started with the four men, and none of them were ever seen again. Some said the four had killed him and fled; but why should they fly? Others said that they were all killed by the Great Ones. But the truth was never known, and the secret was never re-discovered.

My guide now lowered his voice and went on to tell how, more than ten years ago, he had sat on a rock not far from where we now were, and picking idly at the moss had found an elephant carved on the stone beneath. The elephant was depicted in a life-like attitude, running, with his trunk stretched out in front of him; and he, Podisingo, thought it possible that this was one of the rock-cut signs that had served as a pointer to those in the secret. He had searched for days to find another sign, but without success. He had never told his secret before, but my asking him about the legend had so far revived the old excitement that he brought it all out

now, and offered to show me the carving. I cannot say I had any expectation of finding the Place of the Dead, but I was very anxious to see the sign and form my own conclusions on it.

It had become overgrown with moss, and we spent upwards of two hours in scraping all the likely-looking stones round about. At last Podisingo found it, and called to me. The figure was a remarkably well executed one of an elephant going at top speed. In Anuradhapura, on the moonstone of the ruin known as the Queen's Palace, there is a similar figure, but I think this one was even better finished. The carving was in sunk relief and measured nine inches and a half from the tip of the trunk to the tip of the tail. Suddenly an idea struck me, and I looked to see if the trunk pointed towards any striking landmark. Sure enough it pointed to a conical hill topped with a curiously shaped mass of gneiss, which looked like a ruined tower. I remembered having noticed this hill from the cave while examining the narrow valley; but now the valley was no more to be seen, some ridge or hill hiding it completely from sight.

I suppose that all human beings have the instinct of gambling in them. Certainly both Podisingo and I must have; for although we could see that it was going to rain, and that the night would be bitterly cold, although we had no food nor change, and could not even be sure of finding a cave to sleep in, above all having not the remotest idea whether the carving had any real significance, yet we were both as keen as possible to press on and see what there was on that conical hill. We started at once and reached the foot of the hill at about four o'clock in the afternoon; and as we reached it the rain began to fall heavily. The hill was covered

with dense bamboo undergrowth, but we had no difficulty in reaching the summit for the place was pierced with innumerable elephant-paths, all of which led upwards until they met on a large slab rock, immediately under the tower-like mass of gneiss we had seen from so far away.

Now we felt entirely at a loss, for paths led in every direction with never a sign to show which was the right one. High and low we searched and were on the point of giving it up when it struck Podisingo to climb the gneiss rock. This was no easy thing to do and he took some time over the job. While he was climbing, I looked down for my valley, but though I could have sworn that it was near this hill, I could not see it anywhere.

Then Podisingo shouted and danced for glee on the top of the rock. "The Great One's picture is here also," he cried. In a couple of minutes I was up beside him. Sure enough an exact replica of the first elephant was cut, not on the top, but on the sloping side of the rock; and its trunk pointed straight down into my valley, which lay directly below us, hidden from where I had stood by this very rock we were on.

Down the steep side we scrambled in the pouring rain, down into the valley. Once there we decided to search for some shelter for the night, for it was growing dusk early owing to the dense clouds gathering above us.

Curiously enough, our temporarily abandoning the search for the Place of The Dead proved the way of finding it,—for it was a cave. Up to its mouth a long slope of rock was polished smooth by the thousands of feet that had made their last journey along it, so smooth that it was hard for me in boots to keep my foot-hold. Black as pitch was the mouth of the

cave, black and forbidding as the entrance to a vault. Somehow neither of us seemed to have any doubt as to the identity of the place; and a feeling of awe, of smallness and insignificance crept into my soul, and I think into that of the Singalese too.

We passed the entrance and I struck a match; but its flickering light only showed a vast illimitable blackness beyond. We went in a little way, and crouching against the rocks waited for the dawn.

The rain ceased and the wind rose higher and higher, howling and sighing in the mouth of the cavern. As our eyes grew accustomed to the darkness a faint luminous glow could be seen within, which rose I knew from the slowly decaying bones. The vague glimmer crept into my soul and I felt fear, cold fear, grip my very heart. The wind increased to a gale, and the moon rose. Far away, between two hills, the Peak towered aloft like a sentinel of the dead. The humming of the streams, like a thousand swarms of bees, could be heard between the gusts of wind.

The gale grew fiercer, and occasionally the clash of bells on the summit of the Peak was borne on the wings of the wind. Tolling for a funeral, the streams weeping for a death,—and we two little men felt strangely lost.

There was a pause; and then with a sigh, a great dark form toiled up the rocky steep. It passed and lay wearily down just beyond us in the cave. Again it sighed,—so sad a sigh! I felt all the sorrow and pity in me go out to this huge dying beast. It seemed a sacrilege to be at such a funeral.

The wind burst forth again, shaking the rocks in its fury, and the valley seemed filled with dark moaning forms. The Singalese could bear the strain no longer, and taking a dose of opium

to steady his nerves, began to croon a low sad song. This seemed to attract the attention of the dying elephant to us, for he rose slowly to his feet, and we could see him watching us as he swayed slowly from side to side. Like some great tower he stood and then sank slowly down,—down until he lay just at the edge of the bones, which, by the light of the moon, we could now see piled in the cave behind, heap beyond heap, until all was lost in darkness. The wind dropped, and the stillness was awful. A dank chill smell was in the air, and the whole place reeked of death.

The Singalese and I could bear it no longer. The elephant lay quite still, and we rose and fled into the night. As we crossed the little valley we could see that the ground was pitted with elephant-tracks, made by the feet of the mourners who had brought their brother there to die.

When we reached camp next morning, we said that we had lost our way, and no one disbelieved us.

We both swore never to show to anybody the place we had discovered,—the Place of the Great Dead. I shall keep my promise, and I think the other man will keep his.

J. S.

THE WAR COMMISSION—AND AFTER?

II. MILITARY RESPONSIBILITY.

UPON receiving the news of the repulse at Colenso, the Government set itself forthwith to increase the force in South Africa to thrice the strength originally appointed; and simultaneously it selected Lord Roberts to supersede General Buller in the supreme command. The choice was of course a popular one; though to some people the fact that Lord Wolseley knew South Africa well, both as a general and an administrator, might have suggested him as the more suitable man for the place. It was at any rate unfortunate that Lord Roberts's military experience should have been practically confined exclusively to the East Indies, and that consequently he had never seen a British colony; for he was thus necessarily ignorant of the meaning of a new country.

Meanwhile the situation was steadily improving. French and Gatacre were more than holding their own on the Central and Eastern railways, and General Buller, on the very morning after the battle of Colenso, had suggested to Lord Methuen the means of manœuvring Cronje out of his position at Magersfontein by laying a few miles of railway to his own right flank. This suggestion he presently expanded into a new plan of campaign, namely an advance upon Bloemfontein by Jacobsdal, the army laying down a railway for the whole distance as it went. Colonel Girouard certified that the proposed line to Jacobsdal could be constructed at the probable rate of a mile a day without

interference with the traffic for the supply of the forces. Lord Roberts, however, did not favour the proposal; and the line to Bloemfontein was never made, neither by him nor later by Lord Kitchener. Yet the value of direct railway communication between Kimberley and Bloemfontein would have been very great, particularly in the later stages of the war, for it would have saved the long round by Naauport and De Aar, at least two hundred miles, in transferring troops and stores from the Central to the Western Railway. This and other advantages would surely have made it well worth the cost of construction.

Previous to his arrival at Cape Town Lord Roberts had given no inkling of his intentions except by one message, which implied his adherence to the original plan of campaign, and by an expression of his wish that the *status quo* should if possible be maintained. The troops as they arrived were therefore concentrated in Cape Colony, and the transport-animals stationed, as well as grazing and other considerations would permit, along the three lines of railway.

This distribution of the transport was unfortunate, since Lord Roberts complained of it as having delayed his own operations; but it is difficult to see how the Director of Transport can be blamed for it, seeing that he had been led to expect no deviation from the original plan of campaign. Possibly the Government had left the new Commander-in-Chief, like his

predecessor, to gather his information from the newspapers, so that he had no clear idea what the original plan of campaign might be. However that may be, Lord Roberts arrived with Lord Kitchener at Cape Town on January 10th, 1900, and on the following day gave orders for the re-organisation of the transport.

No organised transport corps existed when I arrived in South Africa [he wrote in his despatch of February 6th, 1900]. Some thousands of mules had been collected and a number of ox and mule-waggons had been purchased; but what is known as the regimental system had been adopted, which consists in providing each unit with sufficient transport for its baggage, ammunition, and two or three days' supplies. . . . This system is quite unsuitable for extensive operations in a district where no food and scarcely any forage can be procured. . . . It is moreover a very extravagant system, for during a campaign every corps is not required to be on the move: A certain number have to garrison important points and guard lines of communication, and for these transport is not needed. On the regimental system the transport attached to such corps would remain with them and would therefore not be available for general purposes, or in the event of its being taken from them no one would be responsible for its supervision.

Lord Roberts must have been strangely misinformed or uninformed; for there was an organised transport and supply corps when he arrived in South Africa, namely the Army Service Corps, which by his own admission did admirable work. Transport corps as distinct from supply corps have been tried repeatedly during past centuries and found wanting, as can be demonstrated conclusively by our past military history.

Next, though it is but a small matter, it is not the fact that a number of ox-waggons had been purchased. They had been hired, and hired on such terms as provided them *ipso facto*

with organisation. Next it would appear that Lord Roberts allowed himself to be misled by the words *regimental system*,—a term which seems to have been very loosely used, possibly because it was misunderstood, by the War Commission. The system should really have been called the War Office System, which, though it has been somewhat obscured by technical language, is in reality very simple. An army is simply a moving population, and is fed upon much the same principle as a stationary one. We all of us keep, roughly speaking, one to two days' supplies in our houses, or, as we may say, in our store-rooms. So too an army has what may be called rolling store-rooms to carry from one to two days' supplies. These are organised by regiments and, together with certain fighting equipment, constitute what is called regimental transport. We require daily replenishment of our supplies. So does an army; and accordingly it is provided with a replenishing transport, to carry one to two days' supplies. This replenishing transport is organised, broadly speaking, by brigades and is called the supply-column; its duties being analogous to those of the butcher's, baker's, and grocer's carts which daily run backward and forward between the shops and our own doors. But these carts must have depôts or warehouses from which to bring the supplies to our doors; so too must an army have rolling magazines. These are called the supply-park, and are organised to carry at least three days' supplies, though they may be increased to carry as many more supplies as are needed. This was the system upon which the transport had been organised in South Africa. Every detail of the transport had been carefully adjusted to the detail of fighting men for which it was required, so that if

detachments of men were separated from their units, they could be accompanied almost automatically by their proportion of waggons. Elaborate tables had been prepared for the guidance of all concerned; all waggons had been marked, all teams sorted, all drivers furnished with badges; but nevertheless it was specially laid down that no transport was inalienably attached to any unit, but that all was at the disposal of the general in command. The system was in full working order when Lord Roberts arrived in South Africa; every unit was fitted with its full proportion of transport, employing in all some 15,000 mules and 16,000 oxen, apart from a considerable number held in reserve; and all men, especially the troops at the front, were loud in its praise.

All this Lord Roberts, demonstrably without knowledge or enquiry, swept away within twenty-four hours of his arrival at Cape Town. I say, demonstrably, because although in March, 1901, he signed a report describing the system which he displaced, his evidence before the War Commission shows that even in December, 1902, his knowledge of it was as vague as it had been in February, 1900. He handed in this report of March 25th, 1901, as evidence before the Commission, and declared for the second time that he had found nothing prepared at Cape Town beyond regimental transport, which was quite unequal to the demands of war.

Chairman. In addition to the regimental transport proper is there not also under the old system a supply-column and a supply-park?—No, I do not think so.

Nothing at all?—I think all they had arranged for was two days' supply, and they had no idea of going beyond the line of railway, I think.

Was that the organisation of the British Army at the time?—I think so. I think

that is how I began my report . . . (here he read the opening sentences of his report of March 25th, 1901).

Yes, but if you look a few lines lower down, with regimental transport, "there are also supply-columns for each brigade . . . "carrying one day's supply of food and forage and a supply-park for each Army Corps"—Yes, one day's supplies.

"And a supply-park for each Army Corps calculated to carry three days' supplies of food and forage for the troops composing the Army Corps"—Yes, that would be four days' supply.

Yet surely on adding two days' supply in the regimental transport to two in the replenishing transport and three in the supply-park, the total should be seven; and, if to this figure be added one day's supply carried by the men, the result, according to the accepted rules of arithmetic, declares itself to be a total of eight days' supply. But it is far less surprising that Lord Roberts should have made a slip in mental calculation, than that both on taking command of the army in the field and after holding for twelve months the command-in-chief at home, he should have been ignorant of the system of transport and supply which had been appointed by regulation.

As to the new system, which he introduced, it must suffice to say that it distributed the whole of the transport into huge unwieldy companies, too large to fit some units, too small to fit others. The result was that they were no sooner formed than in most cases they were broken up. Responsibility and supervision, which were the objects that had been ostensibly aimed at in this reform, were of course impossible when half of a company was, say, at Kimberley and the other half at Bloemfontein, with but one officer answerable for the whole. There is not space here to enumerate the many other defects of the system;

but it must at least be added that it dislocated hopelessly all the existing arrangements as to the accounts and the pay of drivers, with the inevitable consequence of waste and extravagance. It is true that Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and one or two more declare that the march to Bloemfontein could not have been accomplished without these changes; but they fail to prove their case, for the balance of evidence and opinion is against them. Lord Kitchener bases his statement upon the assumption that, under the old system, the transport belonging to each unit was "locked up" with it; but as this assumption is demonstrably incorrect, his case falls to the ground. It would seem indeed that Lord Kitchener's knowledge of the subject was no more accurate than his chief's; and it is curious that, by Sir William Nicholson's own evidence, the transport under the new system got into confusion directly the march upon Bloemfontein began. It is also remarkable, though it is certain, that the Natal army found the old system of transport to answer admirably from the beginning to the end, as well during the march of sixty miles across country from Volksrust to Belfast, as during two months of campaigning in the Northern Transvaal at a distance of from forty to sixty miles from the railway. It is significant further that by the time the army reached Pretoria it had been found necessary, as Army Orders can prove, to revive the old system in very many respects, and that the work of restoring what had been so hastily destroyed was continued throughout the war. It is, finally, most singular that in the manœuvres of this year the whole business of transport and supply was conducted on the very system which Lord Roberts had condemned in 1900,

and yet in 1903 declared to have been satisfactory in every respect.

This subject has been dwelt upon at some length, because the consequences of Lord Roberts's changes in the transport were, as will presently be seen, far-reaching beyond estimation. On February 10th he arrived at Modder River to open his campaign. His position was certainly a favourable one. Natal was off his hands, and together with Natal a large force of the enemy. He had plenty of men, and in fact was entering upon the war under more auspicious conditions than would have been possible even if the Government had made due preparation and put its men into the field as early as it ought. Now, however, the threats from Kimberley which had already ruined one plan of campaign rose up to imperil another.¹ On February 11th, therefore, the Cavalry Division started on its march round Cronje's left flank, and pushed on rapidly, with frightful loss of horses, through a waterless country into Kimberley itself, which it entered on the 15th. This march wrought havoc with the Division; and after all Kimberley was in no danger. Cronje was bound to move as soon as his flank was turned, and to leave open the way to the city from the south; and it was not likely that the besieging army would remain before it for long after the covering army had been withdrawn. It is evident that General French had no orders to operate against Cronje, for he moved out on February 16th, though unsuccessfully, to pursue the besieging army. Meanwhile, upon the 15th, Cronje had slipped away eastward behind French, and, though the British infantry

¹ See Lord Roberts's evidence before the War Commission, i., 462, and General Kekewich's evidence, ii., 566-7.

engaged his rearguard, he rapidly gained upon them, and on the night of the 16th was well ahead of them on his way to Bloemfontein. He would no doubt have escaped altogether, had not General French, on receiving orders to follow him, contrived by a forced march of five and thirty miles and a happy divination of his plans to head him, and thus to seal the fate of his force. The fact, however, remains that but for the apparent necessity of occupying Kimberley the cavalry need have proceeded no further than Modder River; in which case there would have been no occasion for the long marches backward and forward which ruined the efficiency of the Division.

But worse days for the cavalry were now to come. Under the new system approved by Lord Roberts the supplies for his force were loaded in 500 ox-waggons, 200 of which, as a first instalment, followed the troops in a vast unwieldy column. Under the old system every commanding officer was held responsible for the safety of the transport belonging to his battalion, brigade, or division; but under the reforms initiated by Lord Roberts the escort furnished for these 200 waggons for some reason did not exceed 100 mounted men and 80 infantry. Naturally the Boers attacked the convoy, which, however, was most gallantly defended until ample reinforcements had come up to save it, when by Lord Roberts's order it was abandoned in the night. This occurred on February 15th; and the result was that the 6th Division was placed on half-rations on the 16th, while 200 more waggons of the heavy convoy were ordered to push on by forced marches to overtake the army. Most fortunately General French had managed to keep the old system of transport for the Cavalry Division; and, since his

replenishing column was at hand, Lord Kitchener was able on the 16th to load it up, and to order it to proceed at once to Paardeberg to deliver supplies to the whole army. Thus this relic of the old system practically saved the situation.

In time the second heavy convoy arrived at Paardeberg, where it did the double duty of replenishing transport and rolling magazines, necessarily with frightful over-driving of beaten oxen and incessant labour to the officers. Every day the difficulties increased as the exhausted animals died; and a few days after Cronje's surrender it was necessary to abandon and burn large quantities of oats, though horses were dying of starvation only twelve miles away. In the dearth of supplies it was also necessary to limit the men's allowance to a biscuit and a half a day, and, since the slaughter-cattle were taken for purposes of draught, the supply of meat also began to fail. A reward of £1 was then offered to the men for every beast that they could capture, and as a result a great many trek-oxen were brought in which had fallen out of the yoke, and for which we had bound ourselves to pay compensation to a contractor. It is easy to see how discipline and economy must have been promoted by this expedient. There are dark hints that a second convoy, in addition to that abandoned by Lord Roberts, was captured about this time, and it is certain that the Boers upon one occasion made a descent upon Paardeberg and carried off 100 oxen. Had they shown a little more boldness, the whole of the army would have shared the fate of some hundreds of the horses, and would have been not half but wholly starved.

Unfortunately Lord Roberts's reforms had been found wanting in other directions also, for he had

reduced the ambulances of the Bearer-Companies from ten to two. The result was that there was no adequate conveyance for the sick and wounded, and that the only course was to load them in empty ox-waggons. Lord Roberts, while dealing with this question, is careful to point out that on the veldt ox-waggons compare not unfavourably with ambulances for this purpose; and, if they be covered, no doubt he is correct. But these waggons were not covered. "It was a pitiful sight," says an eye-witness, "to see some hundreds of wounded men leaving in open ox-waggons for the base in pouring rain." It is not without significance that within six weeks the full number of ambulances was restored to the Bearer-Companies as under the old system.

Two more actions required to be fought before Bloemfontein could be reached, but the horses of the cavalry, owing to starvation, were too weak to turn either of them to real account; and when the army entered the town on March 13th it was to all intent demobilised,—demobilised after one month in the field, and a march of 120 miles in twenty-eight days. It is true that Lord Roberts sets down his loss of mules at seven per cent. and of oxen at six and a half per cent. only, stating that he had still 8,908 oxen available when he reached Bloemfontein; but he does not specify whether they were available for slaughter or for draught. It is to be noticed also that he has omitted to add to the total, upon which he bases his percentage of loss, certain additional transport brought down by the brigade of Guards, though it cannot be doubted that the animals with this brigade have been included among the available survivors. It seems therefore imprudent to accept these figures without further explanation. As they stand they are quite in-

sufficient to account for Lord Roberts's inactivity in following up an enemy which, for the moment, was demoralised.

On March 15th, 1900, Lord Roberts described himself as "halting for a few days at Bloemfontein in order to give the troops, horses, and transport a much needed rest," and to collect supplies and stores for a further advance. The "few days" were prolonged to nearly two months. "The army needed rest," he wrote on May 21st, 1900, "after the unusual exertion, which it had been called upon to make, and by which its mobility had been greatly impaired." We know what happened during those two months. Several thousand Boers were retiring in hot haste from Cape Colony and might have been intercepted; but no effort was made to intercept them. The columns sent out by Lord Roberts were weak and ill-supported, so that, far from pursuing, they were pursued. On March 29th one of these isolated columns was caught at Sanna's Post, within fifteen miles of head-quarters, and suffered very heavy loss in men, guns, and waggons. The blame for this disaster is laid upon Sir Henry Colville, though it is indisputable that he did not arrive upon the scene until the action was over. Whether he could then have retrieved the situation in some measure I cannot pretend to determine; but his evidence shows clearly enough the reason why he did not arrive in time. "The day I was ordered out to Sanna's Post, or rather Thabanchu, I had to go to head-quarters and see the Director of Transport and go through all sorts of channels to collect transport for next day, whereas, if one had had one's regimental transport, one could have had it there and marched at an hour's notice." So keen and so

insatiable was the nemesis which followed Lord Roberts's reform of his transport. This disaster was quickly followed by another at Reddersburg, where a detachment of infantry which was marching by Lord Roberts's own order from Dewetsdorp to the railway, was surrounded and captured; and this again was followed by the surrounding of another isolated force at Wepener. Even to a civilian this succession of mishaps to weak detached bodies suggests an incoherent and disjointed scheme of operations.

Meanwhile the waterworks at Bloemfontein, being left unguarded, were destroyed by the Boers, and the troops were compelled to resort to a tainted water-supply. The men, weakened by privation which, from circumstances which were not wholly unavoidable, had been excessive, fell down by hundreds with enteric fever. There is no need to repeat the dismal story, which we should all of us be glad to forget. Suffice it that, elated by the British losses and by their own success, the Boers regained confidence in themselves, and rallied to fresh combat both in the Free State and in Natal.

While Lord Roberts's force remained stationary at Bloemfontein, the army in Natal, by his order, remained stationary also. Sir Redvers Buller before he left England had declared that the true policy of the war was to subdue the Orange Free State completely before dealing with the Transvaal. Never doubting, therefore, that Lord Roberts would clear his flanks and communications before going further, he wished to force the passes of the Drakensberg, while the enemy before him was still shaken, and to send a division to reinforce Lord Roberts through one of them. Lord Roberts, however, did not favour the project, nor indeed any other that was suggested to him

from Natal, for he was already enamoured of the idea of a rapid march upon Pretoria. "I felt," he wrote on August 14th, 1900, "that the enormous advantage to be gained by striking at the enemy's capital before he had time to recover from the defeats he had already sustained would more than counterbalance the risk of having our lines of communication interfered with,—a risk which had to be taken into consideration." This was, as the event proved, a most unfortunate miscalculation, due chiefly to Lord Roberts's inexperience of new countries. It is true that, knowing himself to be engaged in what is called a People's War, he might have found in the American War of Independence, and in Napoleon's campaigns in Spain and Russia, terrible warnings against the fallacy of confounding the capture of a capital with the conquest of a people; but no amount of reading could have been so valuable as that actual experience which he did not possess. Could he have asked of himself and answered such a question as, "Would the capture of Christchurch conquer the South Island of New Zealand?" he would have saved many millions of money and many thousands of lives to his country.

Without any adequate attempt therefore to subdue the Free State, but on the assumption that its forces would follow him to the north, Lord Roberts began his great advance. The retreat of the Boer leaders, whom it was judged most important to capture, lay eastward towards the sea; and it was therefore expected the army would keep its right in advance, in order to sweep them and the whole of their forces round to westward. Everything, however, was sacrificed to the capture of Pretoria, and the British left was kept forward throughout. Little loss was inflicted

during the advance upon the enemy, who watched only for the appearance of the cavalry, which bore the brunt of the work, to fight the rear-guard actions in which they excel, and to retire at their ease. The operations were so conducted that many with the army judged that the generals must have received orders not to fight. On May 31st Johannesburg surrendered, and on June 5th Pretoria surrendered. Thus Lord Roberts's "enormous advantage" was gained; but it may be questioned whether anyone except the Boers was one penny the better.

Meanwhile Sir Redvers Buller, who on May 2nd had been freed from his enforced inaction, had turned the Biggarsberg, and was preparing to capture Laing's Nek. Lord Roberts had previously told him that he expected all the passes of the Drakensberg would be clear by the time he should reach Kroonstadt; but this, like other of his calculations, proved to be incorrect, for the Boers whom he had brushed aside planted themselves in front of the Natal army. On June 5th he added a telegram saying that, as he was in possession of Pretoria, it was hardly necessary to take Laing's Nek, but that Sir Redvers might see what kind of opposition he was likely to meet with. After operations lasting five days Sir Redvers drove the enemy from Laing's Nek on June 11th; but on the 12th he received another telegram from Lord Roberts that Laing's Nek was to be held in strength, and that Sir Redvers had better leave it in the enemy's possession and move towards Standerton, because his own communications were cut. It is hardly surprising that they should have been cut. The entire manhood of the Free State had been left at liberty to cut them, and they had learned enough of Lord

Roberts's methods to know that this was their game, and that they were free to play it.

The enquiry of the War Commission ends abruptly with the capture of Pretoria, though why that term was fixed by the Government it is difficult to explain, except upon the hypothesis that it might delude the public into the belief that the capture of Bloemfontein and Pretoria achieved the subjugation of the two South African Republics. It would be extremely interesting to know how it was that De Wet escaped at Olifant's Nek, and Botha in the Lydenburg country, and what became of the prisoners, exceeding those of Paardeberg in number, who were taken by Sir Archibald Hunter in the Brandwater basin. During all this period Lord Roberts was in command; and it is not easy to see why the enquiry should have ended before that period expired. We are indeed furnished with a very long account of the battle of Diamond Hill, fought on June 11th,—an action which one would gladly believe to have been a great and successful one. But it is difficult to discover that it was more injurious to the enemy or more decisive in its consequences than other engagements which took place during the advance from Bloemfontein. However, as we all know, the operations were continued, Mr. Kruger fled to Europe, the railways were occupied all over the country; and in November, 1900, Lord Roberts left South Africa for England, declaring at Cape Town before he sailed that the war was practically over.

Surely a more remarkable way of ending a war was never known. One is reminded of the scene in ALICE IN WONDERLAND, when the Dodo closed the Caucus-race. That sapient bird, it will be remembered, had set

a number of competitors running from no particular starting-point over no particular course towards no particular goal, until after an interval he cried out suddenly, "The race is over." "Yes," answered all the competitors eagerly, "*but who has won?*"—a question which reduced the Dodo to long silence and meditation. Surely Lord Roberts's methods bear a singular resemblance to the Dodo's. Evidently he assumed that the possession of Pretoria would suffice to compass all ends of the war, and so long as he reached it he appears to have regarded little else. "The exact shape doesn't matter," observed the Dodo, as he marked out the course for the race; and similarly Lord Roberts appears to have thought that, beyond a march to Pretoria, the exact plan of operations did not matter. Thus he extended his troops along a vulnerable line of anything from eight hundred to a thousand miles, where they could everywhere be stricken and could nowhere strike. He made no effort to protect those who had given him their submission, nor would he allow them the means to protect themselves. He left his enemy unhurt and unawed, free to work mischief along the whole length and breadth of the country; and his enemy did not fail to take advantage of the opportunity. Unhappily a People's War is not a Caucus-race. The war was not over. It had only been begun and begun at the wrong end.

Wisdom after the event, it will be said. In reply let me refer to a memorandum by an officer of distinction, which was handed to the Secretary of State for War on September 24th, 1899, a fortnight before

the war broke out. "To advance on Pretoria and leave a hostile Free State to take its own time and opportunity for cutting the communications and stopping the flow of supplies would, I think, be running an unnecessary and most dangerous risk An advance through the Free State would have every chance of disposing of that State first and settling with the Transvaal alone afterwards." This was precisely the risk which Lord Roberts courted, and the chance which he rejected. The whole of Lord Kitchener's difficulties were due to the neglect of these warnings. He was obliged to take over matters as he found them, and the confusion, it is said, was such that it needed six months of hard work to reunite detachments to their own regiments, officers to their own men, and men to their own officers. This may seem a small matter to those to whom a hundred men are a hundred men; but soldiers are not distributed into companies, squadrons, and regiments only that they may work the better with comrades and officers who are known to them, but also that they may be equipped and paid with regularity and economy. We shall never know what sums have been wasted by all this confusion; though with cruel injustice junior officers have in many cases been called upon to make them good. For all this waste as well as for the huge expense caused by the prolongation of the war it seems to me that Lord Roberts, and he alone, must be held responsible.

J. W. FORTESCUE.

¹ See Report of the War Commission, pp. 270-1.

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THE COURT OF SACHARISSA.

(A MIDSUMMER IDYLL.)

CHAPTER IV.

THEIR voices were audible as they came up the path towards the fountain. One voice, evidently the Man of Truth's, said loudly, "He's not fit to be trusted with a ticket." Another voice, the Ambassador's, answered in a decided tone: "No, you are quite right; he shall not be allowed to have it again." There was a plaintive murmur from the Exotic, but the words could not be distinguished.

Sacharissa came along the alley on the right of the fountain holding a croquet-mallet in her hand. She greeted them smiling. "Has he lost his ticket?" she asked with a glance at the Exotic, who appeared to be somewhat bored by the discussion.

"He always does," said the Man of Truth in a tone of deep disgust.

"I threw it out of the window," the Exotic explained, fixing an uneasy eye on the croquet-mallet.

"Why did you do that?" she questioned in real surprise.

"It annoyed me," he said, as though no more explanation were necessary.

Sacharissa laughed merrily and continued her cross-examination. "How did it annoy you?"

"It was faded," he replied wearily. Sacharissa did not seem to think this a sufficient reason so he added, "Well, the man punched it all crooked."

"Do you always throw your ticket away if it is not punched straight?" she asked.

"Of course I do," answered the Exotic.

"Does he really?" she appealed to the Ambassador.

"Not always," he returned with a smile; "he generally loses it before he has time."

Perhaps Sacharissa's face expressed a little surprise that the Ambassador should allow such things, for he explained apologetically: "I have always had a lingering hope that some day he would reform. However, he shall not have a ticket again."

"I wonder," she began thoughtfully, "what will happen to him when he no longer has you to look after him, when you marry or something."

"I can't imagine," said the Ambassador, much amused.

The Exotic displayed philosophy. "In that case," he said, "I shall hire a person to buy me nice bright-coloured tickets and to see that they are punched straight."

He stopped speaking and looked so intensely bored that the Ambassador, who was watching him, glanced round to discover the reason. It proved to be a tall stranger with a moustache who had come up behind Sacharissa in time to catch the

Exotic's last sentence, and who was now regarding him with the precision of military astonishment. The stranger too was holding a croquet-mallet, which he carried at the trail.

The heels of the Mime came together with a click as he stood to what the front rows of the pit mistake for *attention*. The Poet, who in the quest for inspiration had been biting the end of his pencil, recollected himself and put it nervously back into his pocket. The Scribe considered the stranger's moustache, while the Man of Truth frankly estimated his shoulders.

Sacharissa murmured something of which the only word audible was *Major*, and the Ambassador, divining intuitively that the introduction was complete, stepped forward and offered a cordial hand, an example which was followed by the Scribe. As the path was not very wide the others contented themselves with bowing.

"I hope we have not interrupted a game," said the Ambassador politely.

"Oh no," answered Sacharissa; "we had not begun yet."

"We were only knocking the balls about," said the Major.

"We thought you might like to play," said Sacharissa, "so we waited. We shall just be able to make up two sets if you all play."

The Exotic stifled a sigh and followed the others meekly along the path which led away from the fountain to the right. Sacharissa, who acted as guide, was attended by the Major and the Ambassador, one on either hand. Presently they passed under an arch of briar-roses and found themselves on a rectangular lawn on which hoops were set. It was surrounded by yew-hedges and looked delightfully smooth and cool.

"How shall we divide?" said Sacharissa. She surveyed her forces with a general's eye, but found that

chance had saved her the trouble of selection; the Scribe had followed close behind the Ambassador, while the others had lingered a little and were only just on the lawn. She turned to the Man of Truth and said: "Will you four play on this lawn, then? You will find the mallets and things in that box. We will go on to the other."

The Major looked satisfied with this arrangement and strode on by Sacharissa's side. In the left-hand corner was another trellised arch, containing a garden-seat set back from the path and so cunningly concealed that it could not be seen until one was within the archway. They passed through and came upon a second lawn parallel with the first and separated from it by a low hedge of yew.

"Shall we play as we are?" suggested the Ambassador as he picked up the mallet with one red stripe.

"I hope you are a good player then," said Sacharissa, innocently pointing out that she had the other red mallet. "I've only played the new game once before."

The Ambassador assured her that he would do his best.

"We are forestalled," said the Scribe pleasantly to the Major, who replied by looking disparagingly at his own mallet with its two blue rings. "I expect you play a strong game," continued the Scribe as he picked up the fourth mallet.

"Oh, so so," returned the Major striding over to fetch his ball. While the balls were being collected Sacharissa ran back to the archway to satisfy herself that the others lacked nothing. Here she encountered the Exotic who was regarding the hidden seat with an appreciative eye. "Have you got everything you want here?" she asked.

"More than sufficient, thank you," he answered with great politeness.

"I like the balls; they're nice and bright."

"They are a new set; I've only just got them," she said, after which she came back to her own party. "Do you hunt?" she heard the Major say to the Ambassador as she approached them.

"A certain amount," was the answer, "but I find it increasingly difficult to spare the time." The Major looked surprised; the idea that anyone should not be able to spare time seemed to be new to him.

Sacharissa reached them at this moment. "Will you throw a penny to see who is to begin?" she said to the Ambassador. He smiled and spun a coin in the air.

"Heads," cried the Major. "Tails," cried the Scribe in the same breath. "That ought to make certain of it somehow," he added with a laugh.

"Throw it again," suggested Sacharissa. The Ambassador did so, but this time neither of them called.

"Major, you call," she said perceiving that the Scribe was looking towards him. With great alacrity he obeyed and lost.

"We ought to have made sure of it," observed the Scribe smiling.

The voice of the Man of Truth reached them from the other lawn. "It's got two tails," it said indignantly.

The Scribe laughed. "That's the Exotic's oriental coin," he explained; "he says it's a lucky one and always tries to get people to toss up with it."

The game began. The Ambassador addressed himself to his ball, measuring his distances with a well-trained eye. He accomplished his two first hoops, put himself in position for the third and regained his partner's side without unnecessary delay. She welcomed him back with an approving smile, and called his attention to the Scribe who was testing the balance

of his mallet with a professional air. "I'm afraid he's going to be too good for all of us," she said, a little apprehensive at these serious preparations.

"I'm so sorry," he returned looking round, "I would have brought my own mallet, if I'd known. The moral effect is always worth at least three hoops," he explained as he began to play.

"He does not possess one to my knowledge," the Ambassador assured her. The Scribe made the second hoop with precision, and on his third stroke captured the Ambassador's ball with a long shot which elicited Sacharissa's unwilling applause. He bore his honours modestly and pursued the even tenor of his way. After the fourth hoop he looked round. The next player was Sacharissa and she was becoming impatient. It seemed a pity to keep her waiting; he conscientiously wired his unwilling ally, and placed himself for the fifth hoop. After this he rejoined the others.

"I thought you were never going to stop," observed Sacharissa as she turned to her ball.

"I am rebuked," said the Scribe cheerfully to the Ambassador, who, however, was following his partner.

Sacharissa's first turn displayed more of grace than of accuracy. She looked ruefully at her ball as it bounded back from the wire of the second hoop. "It always does that," she complained with a little pout to the Ambassador who stood by with advice.

His sympathetic reply was cut short by a warning shout from the Major,—*"Look out, I'm coming."* He came. A finely executed drive sent his ball through the first hoop, over the opposite boundary and into the hedge, where he spent some time in hunting for it. The Scribe shrugged his shoulders in some self-

pity and looked round for sympathy ; but the Ambassador's attention was already claimed, or given.

The voice of the Mime was wafted on the breeze. "It is my ball," it said impatiently.

"I expect you will be wanted soon," said the Scribe to the Ambassador. Sacharissa laughed. The matter was apparently cleared up, however, without need of intervention, for the Mime was next heard to remark in tones of surprise, "I could have sworn it was my ball," to which the Exotic replied placidly: "I don't mind ; in fact, I would prefer you to hit it."

The Major's second stroke placed him on the right side of his hoop and conveniently approximate to Sacharissa. The Scribe made no comment but, after the Ambassador had played, proceeded in leisurely fashion to the peg. Then he looked round ; the Major and Sacharissa were standing by their hoop, and the Ambassador was at hand with advice. He glanced at the easy mark, but murmured to himself, "It would be rather a pity," and hit at random across the lawn. "I have finished," he announced incisively.

"What shall I do?" asked Sacharissa after she had got through her hoop with the help of the Major's ball.

"You had better come to me," advised the Ambassador stooping down to remove an inconsiderable twig, "and leave him behind." Sacharissa accomplished the manœuvre successfully.

The Major applauded her play and walked back to his own ball. "Here I am," cried the Scribe intent on combination.

The Major swung his mallet, keeping one eye on the third hoop. "Better separate them, hadn't I?" he called back as he took aim at Sacharissa's ball.

"Oh, it's gone right through the hedge," she cried in consternation. The Major looked at the hedge as though wondering what it could be made of. "We must wait while you go round to fetch it," she added, and he departed on his errand.

"He kicked it," proclaimed an angry voice on the next lawn. Sacharissa's eyes sparkled. "I must peep at them," she said to the Ambassador and she ran across to a garden-seat against the dividing hedge. The Ambassador handed her up, and stepping up himself they watched the scene.

The Exotic was leaning on his mallet smiling sweetly. The others were gesticulating round a ball near the peg. "I saw him do it," said the Man of Truth.

"I am sure he didn't," protested the Mime.

"Didn't you kick it?" the Man of Truth appealed to the Exotic himself.

"Yes, I kicked it," he answered in a pleased tone.

"Why?" The Poet remonstrated. "It isn't allowed."

"Oh, isn't it?" said the Exotic interested. "I didn't know. I thought in this game one had to get through hoops."

Sacharissa's face was alight with merriment. "They are perfectly delightful," she whispered to the Ambassador who smiled with an air of proprietorship.

"I've found it," said the voice of the Major solemnly behind them.

"Oh then we can go on," said Sacharissa ; "whose turn is it?"

"Mine, I think," said the Ambassador offering his hand to assist her down from the seat. The Major's hand was also extended but he was some yards away.

The game proceeded more or less uneventfully. The Ambassador

played correct and unselfish croquet, never permitting himself to get separated from or ahead of his partner, except when it was necessary in her defence to remove the Major's ball. Sacharissa began to think that she was quite a good player.

The Scribe did not interfere much until his adversaries were approaching the first peg; he then addressed the Major who had followed his ball to the far corner of the lawn. "Get into position," he called.

"Position for what?" asked the Major. The Scribe indicated the second hoop, at which his partner looked askance.

"Come to me then," implored the Scribe. The Major looked vaguely round the lawn, but his glance was arrested by the figures of Sacharissa and the Ambassador. She was listening, possibly to instruction on future policy. This determined him, and his shot followed the direction of his eye.

It was too much for the Scribe, who on his next turn descended and scattered the group, a piece of violence which provoked a remonstrance from Sacharissa. "You've left me all by myself; what am I to do?" The Ambassador's reply was ready, and he pointed out with more success than the Scribe the advantages of combination.

"You are in position," said the Scribe as the Major was drawing a bead on Sacharissa's ball.

"What for?" asked the Major, looking up in surprise.

"That's your hoop; I put you there," said the Scribe wearily.

"Oh, is it?" said the Major. He unbent so far as to put his ball hard through the second hoop. But immediately afterwards a more ambitious stroke lost him in the hedge.

It was some time before he could find his ball, and Sacharissa took the opportunity to look at the game again

from the garden-seat. The Exotic was about to play under the tuition of the Mime whose ball was close to a hoop.

"Hit it very gently," exhorted the teacher. The Exotic made great preparations for his stroke. He plucked a blade of grass and removed it carefully; then with his mallet he patted every inch of the two feet of lawn that lay between the balls.

Then he played, pushing his ball along cautiously until it was within a foot of the other, after which he allowed it to roll unaided.

"That's not a fair stroke," said the Man of Truth appealing to the Poet for support, but the Poet was watching a butterfly.

"That's all right," said the Mime encouragingly. "Now put them both through the hoop." But the Exotic had other views. As an intelligent spectator of the Man of Truth's play he had made the discovery that the genius of croquet consists not only in getting through hoops but also in preventing others from so doing. Accordingly with unexpected energy he croquetted the Mime to the further corner and then came back to his own hoop satisfied.

The Man of Truth laughed, and the Mime relieved his feelings in blank verse.

"O monstrous treachery! Can this be
so,
 That in alliance, amity and oaths,
 There should be found such false
 dissembling guile?"

So saying he stalked tragically away. The voice of the Scribe recalled Sacharissa and the Ambassador from this interesting scene. "If you are ready, we are," it said pointedly.

The game continued. The others proceeded much in the same way but the Scribe made no further attempt to interfere with their progress, and

instead removed himself to a distant corner where he employed his turns in practising difficult strokes at a hoop. Meanwhile he watched the three with amusement. At last, however, perceiving that they were catching him up, he placed himself for his real hoop in the middle of the lawn. Fortune did not favour him; he was nearly in a direct line between the Major and Sacharissa.

"I took some trouble to get into that position," he said, as he watched his ball hurrying across the grass after the shock.

"Extremely sorry," said the Major, "I wasn't aiming at it at all." He tried conscientiously to repair the error with the croquet, but only succeeded in delivering the Scribe's ball into the hands of the enemy, remaining himself in the embrace of an opposing hoop.

"Very pretty, if it had been the other way round," said the Scribe with malice. The Major's stroke was followed by a hubbub on the next lawn. "This isn't Rugby football," said the Man of Truth's voice in high-pitched irony.

"Who said it was?" retorted the Mime.

"Well, he picked it up and carried it," said the Man of Truth descending to fact.

"I didn't notice it," returned the Mime.

"I did," put in the Poet.

For some minutes they all talked at once and then the Man of Truth asked sternly: "Didn't you pick it up and carry it?"

"Yes," answered the voice of the Exotic amiably; "isn't that allowed either?" The dispute died away and the Ambassador went on with his stroke, putting Sacharissa through the last of the side hoops and leaving his ball at her disposal. About ten minutes later the Major perceived,

as he meditated strategy in the far corner of the lawn, that the game had reached a critical point. The Ambassador, who was the next player, was in position for the last hoop, while Sacharissa, already a rover, waited for him close to the peg. The Scribe had pegged himself out as a kind of protest two turns before and the Major was alone in play, but no longer deserted by his partner, who ironically urged him to heroic effort.

While he was preparing for a last display the Man of Truth's voice echoed across the hedge: "It's his turn; where is he?"

The Major made sure of his distance and direction and took careful aim at the Ambassador's ball. Loud cries of *Exotic!* came from the other lawn.

"I thought it could be no other *he*," smiled Sacharissa to the Ambassador.

Encouraged by the Scribe, the Major balanced himself carefully on extended feet, opened his shoulders, raised his mallet and let drive. The ball flew across the ground, struck the Ambassador's hoop, glanced off it and leaped violently into the hedge near the trellised archway.

"Oh dear," cried Sacharissa, "it will go right through into the river."

As she spoke however there arose from the arch a loud cry of *Allah!* followed by great lamentations in an unknown tongue.

"It must have hit the Exotic," said the Ambassador laughing.

She laughed too, but grew serious the moment after. "I do hope he isn't much hurt," she said. "You really oughtn't to hit so hard," she added severely to the Major; "it's quite dangerous." The Major pulled his moustache with his left hand and said he was extremely sorry.

"Perhaps we had better go and see," suggested the Ambassador.

They found the Exotic sitting on the garden-seat in the archway nursing his ankle in one hand while in the other he held the Major's ball, which he addressed reproachfully in the unknown tongue. The Man of Truth and the Poet appeared at the other side of the arch at the same moment.

"Oh there he is," said the Man of Truth.

"He has an unerring instinct," the Poet murmured looking at the comfortable seat with admiration.

The Exotic complained that he had been very much hurt by somebody's croquet-ball.

"Serves you right," said the Man of Truth unsympathetically.

The Scribe anxious to preserve the balance of justice informed the Exotic that the ball belonged to the Major. "He was knocking it about," he explained in parenthesis.

"What were you doing here?" asked the Ambassador, feeling that it was a little hard on the Major. "We thought that you were on the other lawn."

"So I was," answered the mournful Exotic, "but I got tired and came away to rest. You see, I thought the Man of Truth was going on for ever. He did about thirty hoops one after the other and I didn't see much good in my staying. I had just made myself comfortable on this excellent seat when a small earthquake came and hit me on the ankle."

"I hope it is not very bad?" said Sacharissa anxiously.

"No, it's better now," said the Exotic without thought. He hastened to repair his error. "I don't think I could play any more croquet, though."

"You sha'n't," Sacharissa assured him kindly; "you shall come and have tea and be waited upon."

The Major took the opportunity of apologising to the Exotic as the party strolled towards the arbour. "Don't mention it," said the wounded one. "It is fate. It was doubtless the will of heaven that I should play no more croquet, and you were the instrument of its manifestation."

"Do you hunt?" asked the Major turning to more general topics. The Exotic apparently did not hear the question so it was repeated. The Exotic looked round for aid but the Ambassador was on in front. "Hunt what?" he said when he realised that he must face it. The Major's eyebrows went up, but he explained his meaning patiently.

"No," said the Exotic, "I do not hunt the fox. The fact is," he went on in a burst of confidence, "I prefer tigers."

As the Exotic had intended, the Major's brow cleared. A tiger affords quite as good sport as a fox. "Been in India much?" he asked in a tone of interest.

"Years and years," said the Exotic airily, hoping that the Major would not press the point.

But that gentleman was on a congenial subject. "I suppose you shoot from elephants mostly," he said.

The word *elephants* gave the Exotic a little courage. He knew at least what an elephant was, and he confessed that that was the case.

"It's not so risky as the other way," the Major opined.

The spirit of contradiction entered the Exotic. "It has its risks though," he said taking thought.

"I suppose you have found yourself in a tight place now and then?" suggested the Major.

"Yes," said the Exotic ransacking his memory. "I remember one occasion on which I only just saved myself by a small miracle."

The Major invited the story and

the Exotic, nothing loth, began to narrate. "I was sitting on my elephant lost in meditation, while my steed refreshed itself with the ripe leaves of a banyan tree,"—the Major looked at him quickly, but he went on with a rapt air—"when I was startled by a loud howl, and looking round I saw advancing towards me out of the jungle six enormous tigers."

"Six?" repeated the Major as though he had not heard plainly.

"Six or seven," said the Exotic; "I could not count them exactly, they jumped about so. Well, the biggest of them began to climb up my elephant, as they will. A curious thing about it was," the Exotic continued meditatively, "that the noble beast did not seem to mind. It went on eating the tree as though nothing was happening. I wondered at the time, I remember, why it did not kick. Well, I retreated to the other side and when the tiger's head came over the edge of the elephant I pulled the trigger, and then I found that I had forgotten to load my gun." The Exotic paused to take more thought; the narrative began to interest him. The Major coughed nervously. "It opened its mouth horribly," the story continued, "and I gave myself up for lost as its shoulders gradually appeared behind its head, and then, fortunate chance, I remembered that I had a box of wax matches with me. Quick as thought I set it on fire and threw it down the yawning chasm of the tiger's throat. That saved me. The ferocious monster climbed down again and rolled about screaming, and I set my spurs into the elephant and galloped away."

The Major coughed again, but made no comment on the story, which may have been due to the fact that by this time they had reached the harbour and the tea-table.

CHAPTER V.

"I DON'T believe you are a bit sorry for him," said Sacharissa to the Scribe, who seemed to be rather amused at her ministrations to the Exotic, and who had just enquired tenderly after his health.

"Surely he does not need pity,—now?" suggested the Ambassador in courtly fashion. She gave him a little glance, understanding and yet defiant, and continued to press good things upon the object of contention. The Exotic accepted another cup of tea with the air of one who knows that he is not long for this world but who has forgiven everybody and is at peace.

The Major who had been wrestling with silence for some time at last said, "I wish it had been me."

"It was," said the Man of Truth in what was meant for a tone of consolation.

"I mean," the Major became more lucid, "I wish it had been the other way about and his ball had hit me."

"Oh no," protested the Exotic with the faded smile of an early martyr; "if anyone had to be sacrificed I would not have had it otherwise."

The Major looked dissatisfied; it seemed that his point had been missed, but Sacharissa understood him. "Thank you for the compliment," she said sweetly and his brow cleared.

Presently when she perceived that the Exotic was sufficiently recovered to light a cigarette she said, "What language were you talking, when we found you, and what were you saying?"

"I was repeating a few words of Arabic to myself," he replied.

"What about?" she asked.

"The graves of the ancestors," he returned darkly. Sacharissa looked puzzled. "The croquet-bal's ances-

tors," he explained. She shook her head in bewilderment.

"I know," cried the Man of Truth; "he was swearing. That's the way they do it out there."

"I wasn't," the Exotic protested; "I was only making a few suggestions."

"It is swearing all the same," said the Man of Truth.

"I ought not to have asked," said Sacharissa discreetly.

"It was all right really," said the Exotic with some earnestness. "I was quoting the preliminary invocation to his Careful Camel used by the Considerate Kurd when—" The Exotic checked himself on meeting the Ambassador's eye and relapsed into dreamy silence.

The Ambassador led the conversation away to a less dangerous field. "Croquet," he said thoughtfully, "appears to me to be degenerating into a game."

The Major uncrossed his legs and looked perplexed.

"Not this afternoon, at any rate," murmured the Scribe to the Poet who regarded him without comprehension.

"It should be," continued the Ambassador slowly, "a sacrifice on the altar of the romantic poet."

"Perhaps it isn't much of a game," admitted the Major feeling that he was expected to say something.

"It is the minuet of games," observed the Ambassador. The Man of Truth opened his mouth, but on second thoughts pretended that he had only done so for the convenience of his cigarette. The Ambassador went on. "In croquet the spirit of knightly chivalry should still survive. One should feel that one has the privilege of making the fortune of a partner one's first care."

"Yes," assented the Scribe; "it is surprising how often one sees his

partner putting a man indignantly through his hoop."

"I hope I did not show my indignation too plainly," said Sacharissa slyly to the Ambassador. "I think I helped you through two hoops."

"You concealed it to perfection," he answered lightly.

"So did you," she said thinking of other hoops unmentioned.

"A man's indignation rather depends on the partner," commented the Scribe.

"Of course," said the Ambassador, looking at the lady. Sacharissa dropped her eyelashes.

The Major, who was dissatisfied with his share of the conversation, turned suddenly upon the Poet. "Do you hunt?" he demanded.

The question, however, flew innocuous over the Poet's distracted head and reached the Man of Truth, who answered "No, I don't like hunting." The unashamed frankness of this confession reduced the Major to wondering silence.

But Sacharissa came to the rescue of his topic. "You hunted once, didn't you?" she said wickedly to the Mime.

"I did," he replied in a sepulchral tone which dashed the Major's rising hopes. "I have only once been in greater danger," he went on, and it became obvious that he meant to relate the incident. Perceiving this the Ambassador motioned to the Poet and the Man of Truth to draw back their chairs, so that there might be a clear stage for the narrator.

"Yes," said the Mime defiantly, "it was the most awful moment of my life," he ran his hand through his hair and gathered himself together for swift action. Sacharissa looked appealingly at the Ambassador who understood. Rising he disposed the tea-tables so that they made a stout barrier for her protection, after which

he returned to his seat by her side, where he permitted himself a cigarette and was rewarded by a smile. The Major who was at her other side refused the box and obtained permission to light a cheroot, at which he puffed, contentedly regarding his hostess. The breeze was kinder to him than he deserved for it blew the fumes away from Sacharissa, and they merely inconvenienced the Poet.

Meanwhile the Exotic had raised a protest against the Mime's too liberal use of dramatic force. "Please remember," he pleaded, "it's really very warm, and if you move about so it will hurt my ankle."

The Mime called Heaven and Earth to witness with a sweep of his arm. "You deserve to have it hurt," he retorted; "why it was all your fault from first to last."

The Exotic's look of guileless surprise could not have been surpassed even by the prospective narrator, but he was betrayed by the Scribe who suggested, "I suppose you offered to come and help him out, didn't you?"

Sacharissa was amused; she remembered the various occasions on which the Exotic had given his friendly assistance to those in need.

"Well, I'll tell you how it was, and then you'll know why he deserves to be hurt," said the Mime. He paused a moment to get into his proper vein and then began with enthusiasm. "She was superb, a very empress of her sex, and I loved her to distraction. But I had a rival, a dangerous rival, her cousin. He was a Cambridge man." The Mime threw a whole act of scorn into the words. The Ambassador looked hurriedly at the Man of Truth, who laboured under the same disability as the cousin in the story and had not yet had time to forget it, but fortunately his attention was diverted. He was watching the Exotic who, with an air

of patient suffering, waited the time when it should please a wasp to fly off the edge of the tea-cup balanced on his knee.

The Mime went on. "It was Christmas and we were staying near her in the country; so was the cousin. I hate cousins,—that is other people's male cousins," he corrected himself. "Many times have I loved, devotedly, desperately," his voice grew tremulous; "but there was always a cousin."

"Who begins," put in the Scribe sardonically, "by behaving to her like a brother, and ends insidiously as a husband."

The Mime nodded. "The girl who has cousins is doomed. And I had a fatal presentiment. The cousin used to take her to theatres, to walk with her on the promenade and along the cliff, while for me the August sun had no warmth, no brightness." His voice grew hollow, and he paused dramatically.

The Major gazed at him in unfeigned amazement, and Sacharissa looked puzzled. The Man of Truth, however, stepped in briskly. "You said it was Christmas in the country," he objected.

"This," remarked the Scribe, "is not a common-place tale of the imagination; therefore you must not ask for an explanation of apparent inconsistencies." He looked to see if his shaft had struck the Exotic, but that blameless person was affectionately regarding his wasp, which after an elaborate toilet had just flown off to annoy the Poet.

"Oh that was something quite different, I mean it had happened long before," the Mime corrected himself rather lamely; "but the crisis was now at hand. I felt that I must defeat that cousin at all risks. So I took counsel. First I asked him," the Mime glared at the Ambassador, "and he suggested appealing to her

intelligence by lofty converse and trying to excel in physical exercises, or something like that." Sacharissa stole an amused glance at the giver of advice but his face displayed only polite and impersonal interest. "But the only thing to excel in was skating, and my skating is like—" the Mime hesitated for a comparison.

"Yes, you do cut rather original figures," put in the Ambassador, which showed that the Mime had not failed to touch him. The description was satisfactory, however, and the story continued. "The cousin, of course, could take her about in sleighs and things while I had to sit on the bank and watch from afar. Then I made a fatal mistake; I consulted the Exotic, who said he would help me out." The Mime shook his head sadly. "He recommended me to take up palmistry. He said it was an easy and pleasant form of science in which you sat in a retired corner holding a lady's hand and described to her the sort of man she would marry. He said the real art came in in giving a faithful description of yourself, but in a jerky way reading it out in little bits, as if you didn't know it was yourself at all, though of course she could see who it was all along. He said in all his experience he had never known it fail."

At this point the Exotic, who had lost interest in his wasp, looked up innocently, to find Sacharissa regarding him with suspicion. He smiled reassuringly; also he began to attend.

"Well, I was fool enough to try it,"—the Mime grew melancholy—"and the cousin overheard. He came up at once and began to ask me a lot of leading questions about mounts and lines, which I could not answer. The Exotic never even tried to help me; he only stroked a cat and looked sleepy. Then that

cousin, in her presence, took my hand and began to tell my character, *mine!* He said I was fickle and inconstant; he prophesied that my first wife would die within a year of a broken heart. What could I do? I denied it of course, and appealed to that," he pointed contemptuously to the Exotic, "who said that he himself knew nothing about these things, and would not venture on an opinion; which meant to say that you hadn't heard a word and were too lazy to come out of your chair."

"There was the cat to consider," murmured the accused one.

"I suppose the cousin really was something of a palmist?" the Scribe hazarded.

"He knew what he was talking about then, at all events," said the Man of Truth.

"Worse was to come," groaned the Mime, who in preparing for this dramatic utterance had not listened to the interruptions, "worse, the worst. I consulted the Exotic again."

"That was unwise, surely?" suggested the Ambassador.

"Well, this time," continued the Mime, "he made a suggestion which really seemed sensible. He thought I might get up some theatricals in which she and I could act together. He said he would help, he would sit in a chair and prompt,—he called that taking a part in a play," the Mime was scornful. "Well, I went over to suggest it and she was delighted. There was to be a charity entertainment and a temperance lecture, and it was agreed that some really good acting would be a draw. I was about to suggest a dialogue with her, when the cousin came in. Of course she told him all about the plan, and he didn't seem to understand that it was my idea, though he admitted that it was a good one. He said at once that he and she could do THE

LOVING COUPLE, one of those silly sentimental things in which two honey-mooners quarrel and make it up again; it seemed that they had done it before, — atrociously bad taste," growled the Mime.

"You wanted to do a dialogue yourself," remarked the Man of Truth.

"Well, we explained to him that this would not do, and then we discussed the matter. We talked over lots of pieces, — we were sure of getting others to join—but he was an impracticable person to deal with. He always seemed to think there need only be two principal parts. He had absolutely no idea about stage requirements.

"Amateur stage requirements," corrected the Scribe. Sacharissa, who was beginning to sympathise with the Mime,—his tone suggested infinite depths of injury — looked to the Ambassador to intervene. But the Ambassador knew the teller of the tale who proceeded happily self-absorbed.

"Then there was more trouble. The people who were managing the entertainment insisted on having two acts, one before and one after the temperance address, which made the choice of a play more difficult. The Vandals thought a play could be split into bits like a serial story." The Mime's voice trembled as he pursued this by-path of indignation. "So the Exotic said he would help us out. He offered to let us act a play of his own." The Exotic exhibited some slight symptoms of protest.

"You did," said the Mime savagely. "You wanted us to act the Considerate Kurd. I was to be the Kurd, she the Unscrupulous Circassian, and himself the Placid Pasha."

"It would have done beautifully," the Exotic shook his head in regretful self-defence and appealed to the company generally. "And they were

none of them grateful. She didn't like being the Unscrupulous Circassian at all, and as for the cousin I thought he was going to hit me."

"Why, what part did you give him?" asked the Scribe.

"I had arranged for him," answered the Exotic, "the part of the Careful Camel. It would have suited him to perfection, and it would have suited the temperance lecture too, because the Camel does wonderful feats of endurance on buckets of water which it drinks on the stage." This point had an unexpected effect on the Major, and the Exotic having vindicated himself looked at him with peaceful approval.

"It would have made us a laughing-stock," pursued the Mime wrathfully. "However at last we arranged it all and the cousin and I wrote the book. We called it *A DUEL TO THE DEATH*; in the first act two friends rescue a woman from robbers and both love her to distraction. In the second neither will give way, so they fight till one is killed and she marries the victor."

"Good simple play," commented the Scribe.

The Mime went on unnoticed. "The cousin wanted the scene laid in Roman times,—he was one of those muscular people who lift weights and feel their upper arms—but I would not have that, so we finally decided that it should be in the eighteenth century with rapiers and knee-breeches." The Mime regarded his calves complacently. "We got the first act arranged all right, but we had difficulty with the second. The cousin actually expected me to be killed in the duel. That was quite impossible and I appealed to her; but she said she would leave it to us to decide. We had got our costumes and everything, and I had been taking fencing lessons so that I could kill him to perfection,—thus." The Mime leaped

from his seat and lunged with an imaginary rapier at the Major, who having been under fire regarded him with unmoved astonishment.

"We have not, I think, yet come to the duel," suggested the Ambassador. The Mime sat down again and went on quickly. "So we discussed and discussed but to no purpose, though I had written the end as it should have been. It was very moving and tender"; he lingered over the thought of it. "But the cousin had the meanness to copy it out for himself, and one day when I called with the Exotic I found him rehearsing it with her. It was too much. Ah, if I had not weakly yielded then because the Exotic said he would help us out quite to our satisfaction!"

Sacharissa's eyes flashed; she was all anticipation,

"He," continued the Mime, "said we ought to fight the duel as we originally settled, until one of us received a mortal thrust. Then whichever of us was beaten was to fall down and die, and whichever of us was victor was to finish the play. So it was settled, and we both practised and both rehearsed with her. Never was so dramatic an idea. It would have made the fortune of any play, but,—that cousin!" The Mime mopped his brow. "The night came. We were not quite perfect in our words in the first act, and the Exotic of course fell asleep in the prompter's chair. But he explained afterwards that it did not matter because the temperance lecturer was not perfect in his words either, and after all it was the second act which would make the play. The address was over; the stage was cleared, and we were ready for the fight. She was to come on as soon as it was done. Ha!" The Mime was up in earnest now and the Ambassador had only just time to consolidate Sacharissa's rampart

when he stamped defiantly at the salute.

"Our swords clicked; we began. As they ran along each other an awful thing happened; the button of his weapon fell off. Horror! I had to fight with a foil against a rapier; love, life and the play itself were at stake! But I faltered not, for at the first pass I knew myself his master, so—so, we went, and I touched him lightly on the wrist. Had my point too been bare he would have fenced no more, but he went on. Then I made a pass, thus, and was in on his breast, a thrust that would have slain him. And then I learned my danger; he went on,—he smiled, and I knew that he too knew. If I ran, I was disgraced and the play was ruined. If I fought on, he would not yield though I slew him a dozen times, while his first home-thrust would be my end. No, I must save the play. I made as if I were hit and fell back on the boards. She came on. Even as I lay I could watch and listen; their acting was superb. His voice was choked with emotion; it was great. The curtain fell, and all was over. I rose to reproach him; but he was gone. I hunted for her; but she could not be found. Only the Exotic could I meet, and he was occupied in pressing wine upon the temperance lecturer, and when I told him of what had happened, he seemed to think it was a joke. And before I found them the cousin had been accepted." The Mime crept back to his chair like an old broken man. One thought, however, seemed to comfort him. He added: "And in the cold grey dawn I roused the Exotic and took him back to London by train without any breakfast." The Exotic shuddered; he remembered the incident.

Sacharissa laughed at this conclusion to the story and its evident effect

on the Exotic. "It served you quite right," she said to him. The Exotic's pained expression showed that he failed to see the justice of so excessive a punishment, but he said nothing.

"You ought to have stopped the play, when you saw the cousin was cheating," said the Man of Truth, pondering how he would have acted himself in similar circumstances.

"He wrote it himself," reproved the Scribe; "you expect too much."

"I don't think she can have loved you," the Poet said dreamily after consideration.

The Major had been thinking the matter out. "If you were really the better swordsman," he began, "you ought to have disarmed him."

"It wasn't provided for in the play," said the Mime gloomily; "and if I had he would probably have gone on with his fists; he meant to win. But it was a fine situation," he concluded with melancholy satisfaction.

The Major broke the silence which had followed on the Mime's tale by turning hopefully to the Scribe. "Do you hunt?" he asked. The Scribe shook his head, informing the Major that his branch of sport was fishing.

Sacharissa heard his answer. "Oh, you've never caught me those trout," she said.

"To tell you the truth, I had almost forgotten the trout," the Scribe answered with a smile.

"Oh well, now I remind you of them, you must bring your rod and catch them," ordained Sacharissa. "Please see that he does; he has such a bad memory," she turned to the Ambassador.

The Exotic murmured something to himself. "I was thinking how nice it would be to sit and watch him while we were having tea," he said on being pressed to repeat himself.

"I don't think you must be allowed

to do that," said Sacharissa, shaking her head. "I think you must bring a rod too, and catch trout as well."

"Perhaps we might be allowed to have tea while *he* catches trout?" suggested the Scribe. The Exotic's face became solemn.

Sacharissa laughed. "No, you sha'n't escape," she insisted. An idea struck her. "I think you ought all to fish. Oh yes you must," she cried, "it will be great fun. We will have a match and see who can bring back the most trout."

"With a prize to be given by the Queen of Beauty?" suggested the Ambassador smiling.

"I will give a prize," she laughed with a little blush. "You must go in for it too," she said to the Major who was regarding the Ambassador with disapproval. "What shall the prize be?" she looked round for suggestions.

"As is set down in the tale of the Considerate Kurd the Princess herself," began the Exotic all in a breath, but the Ambassador's eye was upon him and he stopped abruptly.

"Strawberries would be a good prize," said the Man of Truth taxing his imagination.

"Or cabbages," said the Scribe, without taxing his.

The Poet had not yet spoken, but now he extracted his notebook and felt for his pencil. "The prize," he murmured, "ought to be an emblem of its giver, a rose, white with a soft crimson blush."

Sacharissa blushed again, but did not seem displeased. "Thank you, sir, for your pretty figure," she curtisied to the Poet; "it shall be even as you wish."

CHAPTER VI.

"It seems rather long," said Sacharissa, looking at the rod which the

Major was brandishing for her approval; "and isn't it very heavy?"

"I shouldn't call it heavy," he replied; "I could use it all day."

"You must be very strong," she said with some admiration as she tested its weight. The Major pulled his moustache with a pleased right hand. He had been the first to arrive, and had usefully employed the time in describing to Sacharissa the capture of salmon. Finally, taking his rod out of its case, he had given practical illustrations of the proper way of using it. He was just finishing his account of the sport when the others came in sight.

"Have you many salmon in your stream?" asked the Scribe when the greetings were over, considering the Major's rod.

"I don't think there are any," said Sacharissa; "I never heard of one."

"You'll find eighteen feet rather much for a dry-fly rod," the Scribe gravely assured the Major.

"I haven't anything but salmon-rods," said the sportsman. "I only fish for salmon. But if I get hold of a trout it will land it," he added confidently.

"Oh, yes, it will *land* it," the Scribe agreed.

"I've forgotten to bring my rod," announced the Exotic in the tone of one who has just made a delightful discovery. During the past week the Scribe had been coaching him in the art of fishing, and nice distinctions between dry and wet flies had vexed him exceedingly; the climax had been reached when his teacher had insisted on lending him a rod and certain mysteries belonging to it, with injunctions to carry them carefully, to lose nothing and to break nothing. The Exotic, feeling that his freedom as an individual depended on a bold stroke, with much seeming solicitude asked the Scribe to arrange

the things in marching order, and in due course left them carefully behind.

"You shall have mine," said the Ambassador with swift unselfishness, noting at the same instant that Sacharissa held a parasol in her left hand. "No, really I shall play the part of spectator to perfection," he insisted, when she said she might be able to find a rod in the house.

The Exotic's air of satisfaction changed to one of pain as the Ambassador spoke, and became one of horror when the Major, who had found out beforehand that Sacharissa did not propose to take part in the slaughter, added eagerly, "Won't you have mine, too?"

"Wouldn't that give him an unfair advantage?" the Scribe suggested. "Beginner's luck, you know. If he had your big rod there is no limit to what he might catch."

"Oh no, he mustn't have more than one rod," said Sacharissa judicially. "If you really don't mind looking on," she turned to the Ambassador, "we can act as umpires together, and you shall explain things to me." The Ambassador expressed his delight at the prospect in suitable language.

The Exotic and the Major looked with distaste at their rods, but made no further remonstrance. Sacharissa noticed their dissatisfaction and comforted them with an infinitesimal suggestion of coquetry in her tone. "Remember you have to try and win my prize."

"Let me have your stick," said the Ambassador to the Exotic, who handed it to him silently.

"He didn't *forget* his rod, then," said the Man of Truth, and the Scribe smiled. He bore no malice, for he knew the Exotic.

"Why it's like a small tree," cried Sacharissa looking at the mass of oak. "What do you carry such an

enormous thing for?" she asked the Exotic.

He surveyed it with affection. "For fear I should lose it," he explained.

"What does he mean?" asked Sacharissa generally.

The Exotic answered for himself. "Well, I always know when I have got it because it is so heavy. If it wasn't, I shouldn't."

Sacharissa shook her head; the Exotic's explanations were hard to follow. "Shall we go down to the river?" she suggested.

The Scribe's glance included Sacharissa and the Ambassador. "One umpire ought to patrol each bank," he said, "so that an eye may be kept on all the competitors."

"I hardly think that will be necessary," said the Ambassador in a tone that closed the discussion.

The Poet now spoke as one who knows his subject. "I am going to get very secretly behind a tree and dabble for chevens with a grasshopper."

Sacharissa looked to the Ambassador, who for once was obliged to confess himself at fault.

The Scribe explained. "He means dabble for chub; he has been reading THE COMPLETE ANGLER. There aren't any chevens in this river," he said to the Poet, "only trout."

"Well I shall dabble for them," insisted the Poet.

The Man of Truth was now in a position to correct him. "It isn't dabble," he said with warmth; "it's dibble. I myself shall fish with a worm." He looked defiance at the Scribe.

"Do you allow poaching?" that gentleman asked Sacharissa.

"Oh yes," she replied in some amusement; "let them fish in any way they like."

The Mime who had been lost in

thought said suddenly in pursuance of his meditations, "Yes, it will make an effective situation."

"What will?" asked the Man of Truth.

"The scene in the new play," he returned, "in which I appear as Thor about to catch the sea-serpent. I shall study the part this afternoon."

"There aren't any sea-serpents in this river," said the Man of Truth in imitation of the Scribe.

"Canst thou draw out Leviathan with an hook?" quoted the Ambassador.

The Man of Truth pointed to the figure of a gardener in the distance. "May I ask him to dig me some worms?" he said.

"I should like some too," said the Exotic, "in a flower-pot." The Man of Truth hurried off to talk to the gardener while the rest strolled slowly down to the bridge. While they were waiting for his return the Scribe asked Sacharissa how far her water extended.

"About a mile altogether," she replied. "You can go up-stream as far as a little mill and down-stream as far as a ford where the lane runs through the river. You mustn't go beyond, because it belongs to the Squire and he gets very angry with trespassers."

Presently the Man of Truth reached the bridge carrying an enormous flower-pot. "I've got your pot," he said cheerfully to the Exotic, who clutched the rail of the bridge for support as he looked at it.

"I can't carry that," he protested; "and besides you haven't got one for yourself."

"Oh, here's mine," returned the Man of Truth producing a little pot which had lain concealed in the depths of the other. "You asked for a flower-pot and you've got it." He put the great burden into the Exotic's

unwilling hands. "You haven't got your stick, you know," he added.

"Would that the Careful Camel were here," sighed the Exotic.

"Well, I shall go up-stream towards the mill," said the Scribe.

"I shall go down stream," murmured the Exotic. It's easier going with the current."

"So will I," agreed the Poet; "there are more trees down there for me to dobble under."

"Dibble," said the Man of Truth indignantly, as he walked off after the Scribe.

The Major lingered with Sacharissa and the Ambassador after the rest had gone and showed no signs of wishing to move until she reminded him of the important interest at stake. "You musn't let the others get a start," she said.

He was recalled to his duty, and crossing the bridge departed gloomy but determined.

Sacharissa and the Ambassador remained on the bridge. Below the ripples flashed in the sunlight as they chased one another six inches above the golden gravel. A few yards lower down the stream seemed to repent of its haste for it suddenly became much deeper and swept round in a great eddy under the bank as though it would retrace its course. Here long green weeds twined and inter-twined, yielding to the water's embrace. On the garden side a smooth bank sloped down from the bank to the river, forming a pleasant contrast to the luxuriant growth that fringed the other side. At irregular intervals willows leaned across the stream, beaten into fantastic postures by winters of storm and wind. Under their shade the water seemed to flow more quietly, and to linger before it emerged into the sunlight once more. Leaning on the rail the two listened to the soft murmur of the

shallows, and the myriad insect sounds of a summer afternoon, and watched the figures of the fishermen gradually lessening as they pursued their way down stream. "I thought so," said Sacharissa presently, laughing as she pointed with her parasol after them. The Exotic, who had started with the air of an Atlas supporting the world, was now walking comfortably upright while the Poet carried the flower-pot.

"He has elements of greatness," admitted the Ambassador.

Sacharissa looked at him from under her shady hat. "I wonder," she said thoughtfully, "if you would be carrying it if you were with him."

"I wonder"; he gave the matter polite consideration. "I am, as you see, carrying his stick."

"From interested motives," she suggested slyly.

"Well, may I carry your parasol?" he said with promptitude.

"I should not like to burden you with it," she replied.

"Indeed it would be no burden," he assured her.

"Then it would hardly be a fair test, would it?" she returned with a little triumph.

"No, it would not be a fair test," he admitted. "May I carry it?" Sacharissa disappeared behind her hat, and the Ambassador was left to contemplate the figures of his friends, which however were soon lost to sight behind a clump of willows at a bend in the stream. He called her attention to their disappearance and she bethought her of her duty.

"As we are umpires," she said, "we ought not to stay here too long. Let us go and see how they are getting on."

They left the bridge and passed along the garden path by the river until they came to a little wicket-gate opening into a meadow beyond.

"There is a lane here," she said leading the way to a stile in the left hand corner of the field, "which will take us right down to the ford I spoke of. It is the nearest way and we had better not walk along the bank, or I shall frighten the trout. It's a nice shady lane too." The Ambassador approved of the suggested route and when they reached the stile offered his hand as she stepped daintily across.

In the meanwhile all unconscious of impending umpsires the Exotic lay at his ease on a grassy mound a few yards from the ford, under the shadow of an oak-tree in the hedge which divided the meadow from the lane, while before him stood three small rustics round-eyed and open-mouthed. He had apologised to the Poet for the unusual energy which had induced him to come thus far by saying that if he came as far as he could he would not be expected to go any farther. The Poet had then deposited the flower-pot and the Exotic's rod, which he was by this time carrying, under a willow, and had returned to the spot he had marked for himself. The Exotic had not been resting long when he became aware of suppressed merriment in the lane close by, and looking round had discovered three faces peeping at him over the gate behind. Swift in decision he had beckoned to the boys to approach and was addressing them as Sacharissa and the Ambassador came to the bottom of the lane. They too looked over the gate, and glanced at each other: it seemed an inappropriate moment for declaring their presence; a wild-rose bush in the hedge afforded tempting cover, and drawing back behind it they watched unsuspected.

"Children," he was saying, "I fear me that you are wholly unacquainted with the history of the Considerate

Kurd, which, if you are good, I will presently recount unto you. In the mean time know you aught concerning the nature of fishes?" No answer was forthcoming, so the Exotic patiently reconstructed his enquiry.

"What, children, is a trout?"

"Fish," suggested the boldest of the three with some hesitation.

"Allah is great," admitted the Exotic. "Have you any skill in its enticement?" The question passed harmlessly over their heads. "How do you catch it?" he repeated in the vernacular.

"Worm," said the spokesman with dawning comprehension.

"Mahomed is his prophet," conceded the Exotic with relief. "Do you also in the profundity of your intelligence conceal any knowledge touching the nature of sixpence?" The word *sixpence* seemed to be known to them; they exchanged grins.

"Bribery and corruption," murmured the Ambassador to Sacharissa, who laid her hand on his arm to keep him silent.

"Be it known then," continued the Exotic, "that for every several fish I will disburse sixpence. Under that tree lie an implement and a receptacle." The Exotic waved his cigarette in the direction of the flower-pot. The children looked round in alarm, edging nervously away from the dangerous locality.

The Exotic hastened to remove the false impression. "I mean a fishing-rod and a flower-pot with worms. Go you and catch fish, and I will give sixpences."

Sacharissa's hand shook on the Ambassador's arm. "We are umpsires," he reminded her in a whisper.

"Please don't interrupt," she entreated.

The boys became men of action at once; they hurried to the tree and

picked up the rod and flower-pot, while the Exotic sighed contentedly as though a weight had been taken from his mind. His gaze wandered up the stream. In the distance could be seen the Poet on his hands and knees making tentative grabs at something in the grass. Beyond him in the sunlight stood the Mime apostrophising a tree, his hands outstretched in eloquent appeal.

A thought appeared to strike the Exotic. "Stay," he said to the boys; "two of you come here. Do you see those gentlemen making their evening prayer?" he asked pointing to the figures. "Inasmuch as they are absorbed in their devotions, they have no present need for the two fishing-rods which you will find lying somewhere in their vicinity. Go and fetch them, without however unduly disturbing the gentlemen."

"As umpires," began the Ambassador in a low tone, but Sacharissa shook her head imperiously, putting one finger to her lips.

"That is well done," said the Exotic, when the boys had performed their mission successfully without attracting the notice of either the Poet or the Mime; "now go and catch fish with them." The boys presently sat down on the river bank in an obedient row.

Sacharissa pointed to the figures in the distance which were still in the same attitudes and whispered, "Come away now, I want to laugh."

When they were out of ear-shot she sat down on an old stump by the side of the lane. "I never saw anything like him," she said almost hysterically. "But I'm so sorry for the Poet," she went on. "What will he do when he finds his rod is gone? He'll be like the White Rabbit."

"He'll write a poem, I expect," the Ambassador replied, "if he ever gets as far as the discovery of his loss. At

present he still seems to be trying to catch grasshoppers." The Ambassador was standing looking over the hedge. "Can we get into the next field without being seen?" he asked. "We could watch him through the hedge if you liked, and get quite close to both of them."

"Oh yes," cried Sacharissa jumping up. "There is a gate and we can get along under the hedge."

"He is very unsuccessful, poor boy," said Sacharissa presently. The Poet, still on his hands and knees, was now not far from them. Every now and then he grabbed at some object in the grass, and after each effort he opened his hand very cautiously with a look of expectation which changed to blank surprise as he found it empty.

As she spoke however he made a last successful grab and rose in triumph. "Now I can begin to dabble," he murmured to himself, and he hurried off to the river bank. Sacharissa and the Ambassador walked quickly along under the hedge until they were almost at the river. As they got nearer they could hear the voice of the Mime declaiming.

"O watery monster, whose unending coils—" he spouted and the Poet broke in. "Have you seen my rod anywhere about?" he asked.

"No," answered the Mime shortly. "O watery monster—" he began again, but the interruption had put him out and he was compelled to stop and search his memory. "O watery monster—" he repeated several times, and then the Poet interrupted him anew. "I wonder if I brought it," he said. "Do you remember seeing if I had it with me when I came?"

"No, I don't," returned the Mime with impatience. "Go away and don't interrupt. O watery monster—"

Sacharissa looked appealingly at

the Ambassador. The hedge was thick at this point and just too high to see over. He understood. "Stand on that stump and lean on my shoulder," he suggested, putting an obtrusive spray of honeysuckle gently aside.

She was now able to see what was happening in the next meadow. The Mime was standing in an attitude of tragic meditation with his right hand to his brow and his left hand supporting his elbow, racking his brains. He had completely lost his context.

"You were quite right," she whispered to the Ambassador as she looked at the Poet. "He is sitting under a willow with his notebook on his knee and is trying to find his pencil." Her eye travelled to the other end of the field. "The Exotic is asleep, I think, and I can only see two of the boys."

"They won't catch many fish," she said as she stepped down. "I could stay and watch them for ever, but we really must go and look at the others."

"Yes our duty as umpires must not be neglected," he agreed.

"You are very conscientious," she answered with slight feminine scorn of male ideas of duty.

"I am your very obedient servant," he returned, "and you told me I was an umpire"; but his glance fell harmlessly on her hat. Perhaps it was for this reason that he added, "Otherwise I should not have known it."

"We mustn't be too strict," she said gently as they strolled along the bank of the stream.

"Do you think we have been?" he asked with a smile.

"No," she was compelled to admit; "but I think you are inclined to be."

"You would very soon spoil them," he said.

"I should like to try," she laughed. Her eyes flashed with merriment as she looked at him. "Will you give them to me? I would have a big nursery,—no, I mean a studio built for them, and let them do nothing but play."

"You would want someone to look after them," suggested the Ambassador giving the idea his consideration.

"The Major," she said suddenly as a voice on the other bank reached them from behind a clump of trees. It said *damn* twice very distinctly.

"He would not be able to manage them," objected the Ambassador keeping to the topic.

"Oh, I didn't mean that," she said very quickly with a little distressed blush; "I meant that was his voice. I expect he is in difficulties. Please stop him before he becomes too military."

The Ambassador coughed audibly.

"Oh, I say," shouted the voice, "you might unhook my fly will you? It's hung up on that beastly bush." The Ambassador stepped up to the bush and released the fly. "Thanks, awfully," said the Major. "Of all the infernal—" He checked himself as he caught sight of Sacharissa. "I find the river a bit too small," he said apologetically.

"It isn't very big," she agreed; "have you caught anything?"

"Only one fingerling," said the Major with some despondence.

She comforted him. "I don't think they've caught anything down below, so you needn't despair." The Major brightened a little at this and began to fish with renewed energy as they left him.

Before them lay a hedge with a gap in it and also a stile a little out of their course. The Ambassador led the way towards the stile. "Oh we needn't go all that way," said Sacharissa; "we can get through

this gap." The Ambassador made an admirable pretence of having noticed the gap for the first time. "So we can," he said, removing a bramble with his stick and holding back some twigs while she stepped through.

They now found themselves in the first meadow again, and crossing it they re-entered the garden by the wicket-gate. "We must go over the bridge and up the other bank," she said.

They had not to walk very far before they found the objects of their search. At a bend in the river, where the water after fifty yards of rippling shallow formed a deep pool under some bushes, the Man of Truth was sitting, with his rod resting on a bush and his line in the water, smoking a pipe. Behind him in the meadow stood the Scribe with his rod over his shoulder looking contemptuously down at some object in the grass. "Is that your idea of a fish?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the Man of Truth without turning his head. "It's a trout. It took a very large worm and swallowed it."

"Lucky the proceeding wasn't reversed," said the Scribe.

"Well, you haven't got a trout at all," retorted the Man of Truth.

"If that is a trout," said the Scribe, "I'm pleased to say I have not."

Sacharissa and the Ambassador had by this time reached the disputants. The Scribe pointed silently to the diminutive fish in the grass. "He's doing his best to win the prize," he remarked.

"Is that a fingerling?" asked Sacharissa. "The Major said he had caught one."

"Yes," said the Scribe, "that is a fingerling. In time it would possibly have become a trout."

"It is a trout," said the Man of Truth vehemently.

The Ambassador called the Scribe's attention to a fish rising under the other bank some distance higher up. "Yes, do catch it," urged Sacharissa.

"It's only a small one," said the Scribe, but he consented to make the attempt. Advancing cautiously a few yards up stream he dropped on one knee and began to lengthen his line.

"It's very pretty to watch," murmured Sacharissa to the Ambassador as the line and rod swept backwards and forwards in graceful curves through the air.

The Scribe by this time had a sufficient length of line, so he suffered the fly to fall on the water at the next cast. It dropped as lightly as a real insect about two feet above the spot where the trout had risen and floated down with the stream. Then there was a dimple on the surface of the water and the fly disappeared. A slight movement of the fore-arm showed that the Scribe was ready for this and at once a trout jumped out of the water firmly hooked.

"I knew it was only a little thing," he said winding in his line.

"Oh dear, you've thrown it in again," cried Sacharissa when the fish had been landed and inspected.

"It was too small to keep," he assured her.

"But it was much bigger than this," she persisted pointing to the Man of Truth's trout. "You won't get the prize," she added, a little piqued.

"I love honour more," quoted the Scribe smiling at her. Sacharissa looked at him curiously.

"He is quite right," said the Ambassador. "On a dry-fly stream one ought not to keep anything under three quarters of a pound."

"I suppose you know best," she said not in the least convinced.

(To be continued.)

IN PRAISE OF THE SPADE.

WHEN our hostess has presented me with charming vagueness as a digger in the Levant, and we are between fish and fowl, you are sure to ask, dear lady, for what do I dig, and with a glance at my hands, if it be not a tedious trade in that climate. And no sooner is it avowed that I dig vicariously, and (with some shame) that I could not do the spade-work myself for half a day, you pass to a question which embarrasses me not a little, why so do I spend my time? I might frame you platitudes on the absolute value of all knowledge, or that relative importance which a knowledge of antiquity has in the understanding of modern life; but I suspect, if ever you give a thought to ancient history at all, that it seems to you, as to an old sceptic of your sex whom I knew once, by-gones that had best be by-gone. Nor may I reply, with garbled irreverence, that I dig because I am ashamed to beg; for apart from this, that I am not in fact ashamed to beg (or little enough digging had I done), it must not be implied that I dig to live,—*suggestio falsi!* Neither lucre, alas, nor much meed of fame is to be earned by such a spade in a society which bears hardly with archæology as an academic pastime for mild men, mistrusting it the while not a little for an officious inquisitor of family traditions. Therefore I usually take refuge in a change of subject, to your manifest relief, and indeed to my own; for in that company, and beneath those lights, I might convince myself as little as you. And, indeed, it is not till I find myself in the solitude of the

desert, and under the stars which crowned the Egyptian Goddess of Night, that I feel equal to justifying the digging trade.

Have you ever felt the lust of loot, the fierce joy of treasure-trove, and reaping that you did not sow? It is akin to the joy of all sportsmen, of the waiter on chance, or even of a skilful gambler, who may play with Fortune while she plays with him. Loot has supplied on occasion the dominant passion to all sorts and conditions of men in all ages, from the tribal warfare in the dawn of time to that concerted triumph of civilisation which we lately witnessed in China. The desire of it has covered the seas with pirates, and the land with filibusters. There are certain periods of history during which it supplies the one sufficient key to recorded human action,—those recurring epochs of mercenary militarism, when all the best blood of the best nations in the world was poured out under alien banners; when men made a trade of fighting as naturally as they till or huckster now; when not honour or discipline, any more than patriotism, outweighed the instinct to preserve what had been gained by bow and spear. So it was in the Hellenistic age after the death of the great Alexander, when the manhood of Macedonia and Greece roamed the world year in and year out, cumbered with a growing booty, and depositing it under the shadow of every king in turn. So too it was in that medieval epoch of the Grand Companies, and of our early wars with France. Hope

of loot is stronger than even a certainty of hardship and death. It fed the Roman legions in the West with Gauls and Germans, long after Italy had ceased to man them; and in the Eastern Empire it supplied the vital element to a long series of mercenary corps from the Varangian Guard to the Mamelukes of our grandfathers' day and the Hamidieh Horse of our own. Place civilised men for however short a time without the scope of their own social code,—and how many will keep within the Decalogue? If few unchain the animal in them to rape or slaughter, yet fewer will hold their hands from a general loot.

I find not a little of this natural joy of thieving in the pleasurable excitement of a digger's life. Whatever his scientific purpose, and however certain it be that what he may find shall not be converted to his own pecuniary gain, I suspect his actual emotion, at the moment when a breach is made in a virgin and furnished sepulchre of old time, is not to be distinguished from that with which French and British soldiers once entered the Summer Palace of the Manchu Emperors. It is a joy without prevision of any sequel, a joy of instantly possessing oneself of a treasure ready made, the first joy of the finder of a nugget, the joy of loot.

Not too noble a joy, you will say, dear lady. I grant it you; but on an Egyptian mound I am not concerning myself with the nobility or even the morality of a digger's joys. At best they are all somewhat egotistic. But simply as joys, right or wrong, I would expatiate on them without prejudice. Some of them may not easily be conceived to pertain to archæology. Not that I suppose one of your sex to want understanding of the gambler's joy; nor again of the second joy (which

indeed includes the first) the joy of acquisition and possession. But you may wonder how these joys should ever come to one who grubs vicariously in damp mould for broken things that are often enough of no beauty or intrinsic value; and the more since the digger is seldom licensed to impound anything he finds, but must hand it over to some impersonal administration, in which he has no part or lot.

Know, however, that the digger, like every discoverer, does realise himself sufficiently in whatsoever things he finds, to have a great and keen joy of them. First in that they are his, being trophies of his own bow and spear, found by means fashioned by himself to that end, by men trained to a difficult labour under his eye, found perhaps as a result of his happy reasoning or surmise, or at any rate as the result of a chain of circumstances, in whose forging he has been chief smith. And this further—there is in a sense an actual proprietorship of the scientific substance, if not the material value, claimed by the discoverer and accredited to him by the courtesy of nations. As he has had first sight and knowledge of his finds, so it is always conceded that he shall be first to acquaint others with their nature, usually enjoying for a term of years the exclusive right to their study. And in the event of anything of novelty or great excellence among them being taken by science for a type, this will be associated more or less with his name, if not so indissolubly and grotesquely as might a new variety of herb or beast by the coupling of his genitive in barbaric Latin. In fine there is sufficient identification of a digger with any object that his labourers reveal, for the gambler's anticipation of possession and the complacency

of secure acquisition to arise within him and endure reflection. And perhaps after all he is seldom conscious of any very definite lust of possession, but only desires success, to escape miscarriage of his prophecies and plans, and to hold his head high among his rivals.

This joy of self-realisation some, that I have known, have had far more right than others to feel; but I have never observed the corresponding measure in any digger's joy, certainly not in my own, for I derive as keen a pleasure from my most facile fortune as the most laborious of trackers. And so do all who follow the molish trade. You might suppose a digger would plume himself in inverse ratio to the bulk of what he finds, and take most pride in the tiny and delicate things which a touch of the pick-head annihilates and no eye but the most vigilant and best instructed may spy in the dust or slime,—scraps of evanescent papyrus, for example, or friable clay-sealings, of less than a nail's breadth. And so diggers speak and write of themselves. But, believe me, at the moment of discovery the swelling and strutting is all for the huge immovable things, those landlord's fixtures of antiquity, which an elephant could not crush, nor a blind man fail to find,—the altars, the thrones, the colossal statues. And a world, which has little time or mind for small print, or small pictures, or any sort of minuteness, encourages us by basing what approval it can spare on these gross things. Clear out some great temple in Herculean fashion, shoot all the records of its history, that have fallen from the walls and become embedded in the slow rising silt, to the river or the rubbish mound,—all, at least, that your diggers, better instructed, have not privily rescued and sold to the first comer—and you will have

praise from more than the guide-books, and be held blameless, even if the new-bared pillars totter and fall, or the new-stripped walls be defiled and defaced. But turn over the silt, sifting it laboriously to note the position of the smallest jetsam of antiquity it contains, and probing it even to the secrets of the foundation stones, and thereafter leave it to protect and support what it has established for centuries,—and where will be your honour?

And now for the most subtle and exquisite of a digger's joys, one, however, which varies infinitely in quality with the circumstances under which discovery is made, and the sensitiveness of the discoverer. Few persons, diggers or not, appear altogether insensible to the mystery of antiquity. It seems to touch a chord in the nature of all women, but the chord vibrates most in the nature of some men. At its dullest the sensation is not greatly different from any idle curiosity of the brain; but in imaginative temperaments it can stimulate a yearning hunger of the soul, unlike any other. I could conceive that with a feeling of a like kind, seeing the spirit of a dead man, one would crave a word from the silent lips. For fragments of antiquity suggest the veil which is drawn over dead life, and awake an insatiate desire to lift its hem and see ages that were, and the life of men now dust,—life one with ours, but most unlike it, led by beings who were our fathers, but are strange to us as men from another star. Sometimes in the opening of a forgotten desk or a long closed room, one seems in everyday life to catch a momentary glimpse behind this veil; but the digger has the better chance. If he never break into a hidden chamber and see a crowned and sceptred king crumbling to dust

at the breath of the upper air,—so all good Alexandrians believe that Arab masons, working in the basement of the mosque of the Prophet Daniel, once saw the great Macedonian—he will let the first light into many a tomb and be first to take up the lamp that the last mourner laid at the feet of the dead. In a sealed sepulchre of hard rock one may even find the bearers' footprints in the dust of the floor.

Once, and once only, have I felt this sensation to the full; and not for a minute only, to be presently dispelled by the light and the movement of day, but for days together. It was in the lower hall of the cave on Mount Dicte, in fretted stalactite aisles whose dim niches still held undisturbed the votive offerings placed in them by reverent Cretan supplicants, dead and gone three thousand years. But you have heard that tale, and I need but add now that it was the one experience in real life which has given me as keen a thrill as any fantasy in romance,—any fantasy of a surviving society or a sealed sanctuary of a bygone age, discovered beyond mountain, forest, desert, or sea, by some strayed tracker. The demand for such tales is nearly as old as man. Legends of ancient kings, not dead but entranced in secret chambers, seen suddenly by an intruder to his own undoing; legends of mountains in medieval Christendom, that opened and closed on pagan orgies, and the yet living gods of the heathen Greeks; legends of lost Atlantis, of the Wandering Jew, of Rip Van Winkle,—all these owe their evergreen fascination to the sense of the mystery of antiquity. This gives awe and emotional efficacy to saintly relics; it keeps folk-lore stocked with buried fanes, paved in silver and roofed in gold, where priests still offer the burnt sacrifice

or the mass, and with drowned abbey bells chime through the waves on vigils and festivals. And, though you know it not, it inspires you, dear lady, when I show a relic of antiquity, to ask me at once how old it may be, and to pitch your interest high or low according as I allow it a millennium more or less.

Perhaps it is not over good for weaker brains, this mystery of antiquity, this glimpse into the world of Anamnesis. It seems to fill all such with some vague assurance that the veil that hangs beyond the grave, as well as that which hangs before the tomb, may be lifted altogether. You must have met,—for who has not?—one of those readers of futurity by the half comprehended lore of the past, fatuous gropers in prophecy, Anglo-Israelites, Pyramid-Maniacs, men crazed by symbols and numbers. One such I recall now, who is gone where he may learn the secrets that he never wrung from the pyramids. He once made a journey of near a hundred miles in Egypt, good part of it on foot, unattended, with too much tumult in his poor brain to let him catch a word of the vernacular or even the value of the current coinage, of which his donkey-boys and native entertainers robbed him at every turn. And all to ask me and others how many steps we counted on a certain pyramid. He had tramped the last six miles out into the desert at high semi-tropic noon, most fearfully clad in silk hat, voluminous woollen scarf and frock coat, to whose tail-buttons was slung a telescope; but he would neither eat nor drink till he had asked that momentous question about the steps. And when we owned that we had never counted them at all, and indeed were not over sure which was the pyramid in question, we had all the ado in the world to

induce him to break bread in our company. And the only atonement we could make was covertly to send packing the rascal boy who had guided and fleeced him, and to put the poor old gentleman, whether he wished it or no, in charge of a trusty Bedouin of our own, who saw him safe again to the rail-head.

Into the joy of mystery I have little doubt, dear lady, you can enter to the full. But even should you belong to the practical and matter-of-fact minority of your sex, you may still sympathise with it as a joy of discovering relics of your own racial childhood. You cannot but have some sense of collective egotism, the same in kind as that passion which impels some men to spend their lifetime in elucidating their proper genealogy, and all to enquire curiously about the initial phase of their own lives for which their memory is blank. Who has not cross-examined his mother on her memories of his babyhood and childhood? Who has not lingered over the yellow letters he first penned and first received? Collective egotism is only less universal and cogent than individual, because the self is more diffused. An interest less intimate will be felt in the records of one's family than of oneself, in those of the city than of the family, in those of the nation than of the city, in those of the world than of the nation. But some collective egotism we all have, you, I, and the rest.

Such are what I may call proper Joys of the Spade. But, for all their intensity they are not those which go for most in the choice of a digger's life, for they depend on his success and the measure of it in a lottery whence far more blanks than winning tickets are to be drawn. But there is yet another pleasure, less essential to the trade, but a far surer outcome of it.

The digger on classic soil is in a position of peculiar advantage, not easily to be shared by those who follow other callings. In the search for ground, whereon to ply his spade, he must go up and down the land and to its inmost recesses, wherein since husbandmen, shepherds, and woodcutters are his only guides to success, he will come into contact with the most simple and primitive folk, and be forced to learn enough of their speech and habit of thought to maintain direct communication with them. Moreover he is an employer of labour, not working for his pecuniary gain, but hiring the peasants to the lightest and the most interesting work known in their lives; and albeit he may have command of official funds and usually of official help, he is not himself of the Government, or one before whom the mask must be always worn. Lastly his general education and his special training make him sensitive and observant, beyond perhaps other men who come to equally close quarters with the poorer folk.

His, then, will be the animal joy of reversion to racial childhood, being nothing less than the satisfaction of that instinct of treachery to civilisation which possesses all healthy children and takes their fathers to a tent on Thames bank, or to a yawl on the East Anglian Broads, or to an Alpine shelter, and yourself, dear lady, to whom no better amateur savagery is permitted, to the precarious pleasures of a picnic. For which unreasonable desire, strongest in the Anglo-Saxon kindred, let me say in passing that I have often tried to find reason. If it be more than some obscure instinct of heredity, perhaps it is a purely egotistic passion, a phase of the universal lust for realising the self. That combination and division of labour,

which are found in civilisation, are more satisfactory to the community than to the individual, who in the ruder life alone finds exercise for certain of his natural powers. To kill his food and himself prepare it ; to rise and lie down with the sun ; to be self-sufficient, dispensing with the service of another's hands ; to have neither roof, nor couch, nor abundant clothing,—to find that he can live thus and live well, subtly elates the natural man, giving him pride of himself and assurance that he will stand foursquare to every wind of chance. The less our clothing of civilisation the higher our spirits, and we should probably stand happiest before heaven as Adam stood ere he ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. And the natural man rejoices too, to be relieved from the pressure of a complex social code and the infinite trifles of observance which go for so much in the duty to one's neighbour in that higher life of yours. No sooner, therefore, has he left his own soil, than he always sloughs as much of its convention as

he dare, and indulges in many a petty barbarism among hospitable foreign folk.

But there is still a greater joy ; for a digger is so placed that he watches at his ease strange human societies, unveiled and unashamed, in the setting of mountain and stream which has made them what they are, and among the visible records of their predecessors and their parents in the land. I do not mean that the digger usually does, or indeed can, live with these societies as they live. His trade is too remote from their intelligence, the energy he must use too foreign to their nature. But he can live beside them and breathe their simple natural atmosphere, and therein find full compensation for a life which otherwise might not come quite kindly to a young Briton, sound in wind and limb. For, be his training and theory what they may, the racial instinct for physical emulation will out in the Anglo-Saxon, who in his heart probably seldom sets most store by the fame of a scholar.

D. G. HOGARTH.

FANNY BURNEY.¹

LUCIAN says somewhere that if Greece were stripped of her mythology all her showmen would die of starvation, since foreign enthusiasts are not interested in the bare truth. But what of domestic enthusiasts? Do not they care about the bare truth, if only they can have enough of it and get the right showmen? Let a modern letter-writer answer for us: "Meetings (with friends) in the wilds are very well; but to be where men have been before us, great men, good men, to subtend our *excursus* by an enlightened consciousness (provided by the showman) of *res et persone*—Oh how glorious!"

It is many years since those who value the *res et persone* of the eighteenth century began to regard Mr. Austin Dobson as the showman in whom they could repose the most absolute confidence, as one who would miss no detail of historic interest, however slight, and yet not ignore unsympathetically the mythology of the period. For an accurate chronicler of letters has much mythology to get rid of, and it is important for him not merely to carry conviction by the fulness of his destructive knowledge but to show that he,

Like the Egyptian thief at point of
death
Kills what he loves.

There is a good example of this in Mr. Dobson's latest piece of biography. No. 1, St. Martin Street, where Fanny

Burney began her "scribbling," was at one time the residence of Newton, and it was a tradition much prized by the Burneys. The *scriptorium* was indeed believed to be his observatory, and the house to have been built by him. The last belief had no sort of authority, and the first not much plausibility; but both are recorded, and it is not only conceded that two editions of the *PRINCIPIA* were produced while Newton lived in St. Martin Street, but Mr. Dobson even speaks (doubtless with a reminiscence of her own vocabulary) of the "*respectable traditions*" belonging to "Fanny's chosen retreat."

Fanny had other *scriptoria*. In her stepmother's house at Lynn there was a long side garden with a lookout at the end which was called the cabin, and there she wrote till driven in by the profane language of the sea-faring population, for the Ouse ran close by. Captain Mirvan in *EVELINA* had so many other repelling things about him that Fanny thought it unnecessary to reproduce his dialect literally, but it was not, it seems, from unfamiliarity with such emphasis as it provided.

The third place of scribbling was "the ever dear Chessington," the home of the family friend "Daddy" Crisp. The whole Burney family filled Chessington Hall from time to time "with the stir and bustle of their fresh and healthy vitality"; but it was "Fannikin" who was the great pet. How much he did for her with his wise counsel and full sympathy, how much he did for all of them

¹ FANNY BURNEY. By Austin Dobson. English Men of Letters. London: 1903.

is sufficiently proved by the grateful affection with which one and all regarded him; but, as Mr. Dobson happily puts it, "their company must have been invaluable to a host contracted, but by no means wedded, to melancholy."

It is worth while,—at least for those who care for EVELINA and CECILIA—to dwell a moment on the services rendered to Fanny by one whom she had every reason to regard as a second father. The literary failure which had caused his retirement and given him a sort of melancholy, — Gray's phrase *white melancholy* would be a better name for it, when there were any Burneys at Chessington—had not made him lose his interest in letters. Like not a few of his betters he was an admirable critic of work which he himself had tried without success. He could not indeed "win the mistress," but, happily for Fanny, he had not "wooded the maid" in vain. One need only glance at his advice about letter-writing,—it sounds like an unpublished letter of Cowper's on Cowper's own subject—to see how priceless to a young student of literature such a mentor must have been. "Stiffness and study" are the two epistolary vices. Fanny is "never to think about being correct or running in smooth periods or nicely grammatical,"—it is a pity, by the way, that she took this advice too literally for the grammar of CAMILLA is far from nice—"Dash away whatever comes uppermost"; Cowper would have added, "everything is subject enough to those we love."

Had the counsel about "smooth periods" been followed, the daws of criticism would have had fewer things to peck at in CECILIA, and CAMILLA would not have been choked with verbiage, but found readable by others besides "the fanatics of the

out-of-date." It is not too much to say that CAMILLA, as we know it, would not have seen the light, had Daddy Crisp lived. He did not conceal his opinion that Fanny's comedy was a failure, and he pointed out beforehand with admirable lucidity where her strength lay, and, while admitting the possibility of a success in comedy, how little scope there was on the stage for that leisurely variety which made so much of her charm in EVELINA. When one thinks of such a godfather in authorship as Daddy Crisp (at one time both man of the world and man of fashion, travelled man and man of letters), when one recalls all the varied company received at her father's house (the sister with a Parisian education, the brother who had sailed with Captain Cook), when one knows that her diary began early, and that six or twelve quarto pages of incident and sentiment, feeling and observation were posted to this godfather at regular intervals, we feel, as Mr. Dobson makes us feel, that the "preparations of the dawn," the dawn of a new novelist, are fairly complete, nor are we surprised that the recipient of the quarto pages is aware of a special gift, or to hear the tribute, "Fanny, you paint well." Fanny, moreover, had studied contemporary fiction, both French and English; not only the truly contemporary and inferior fiction, but Richardson and Sterne, THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, and RASSELAS dear to her youth as to George Eliot's. But she had had more than reading,—she had had at least one professed lover, and like the Platonic physician had qualified for her diploma by experience.

No 1, St. Martin Street, was an ideal place for a showman, and ours is at his best there. What better introduction to the human comedy

could there be than to have jostled in one's recollections the gentle (Otaheitan) savage with that "most entertaining of mortals Mr. Garrick," Hernes Harris with Abyssinian Bruce, Sir Joshua with Prince Orloff, the great soprano with the unmusical lexicographer, Nollekens with Mrs. Thrale? One wonders if Nollekens was told of Orloff's helping to strangle the Emperor Peter, and if here, too, he used his famous phrase, "That's his brag!" It is no wonder that Fanny's stores of social experience at twenty-five seemed to Horace Walpole something wonderful.

The story of how *EVELINA* came to be written is familiar, and when that phoenix rose from the ashes of earlier creations, the novelty of it was the situation of a young lady embarrassed with two sets of relations one vulgar and one aristocratic. But the chief part of the novelty lay in the clever handling of frank vulgarity, and that made the success of the book, for the recognised types of the fashionable world were then somewhat outworn. Nevertheless Mr. Dobson will have the sympathy of most readers when he contends that the third volume is most easily and least tediously written, is in fact the pleasantest part of the story. One is tempted to say that the praise awarded to Sir Clement Willoughby is hardly strong enough, if it were not the height of audacity to question Mr. Dobson's estimate of the plausibilities of the eighteenth century; certainly those critics who compare Sir Clement with Sir Hargrave Pollexfen or Mr. Greville are "a foul way out." He is more interesting and agreeable in a sense in which they could never claim the epithet; also he has no painful Richardsonian moral written large across him.

There are three delicious testimonies to the success of *EVELINA*

which one must bid readers look out for; Cumberland's devouring jealousy, Johnson's felicitous reference to Madame Duval, and Mrs. Thrale's letter from Bath where the lively lady tells how "the puppy men" admired Fanny's drooping air and timid intelligence,—or a timid air I think it was and a drooping intelligence. Feline indeed this, as Fanny's biographer says.

An interval of four years separated *EVELINA* from *CECILIA*, and there is no manner of doubt, whatever may be said as to the superior freshness of the first, that the second novel is a maturer piece of work, that there is far more variety of interest in it, and even an abundance of cleverness. Miss Burney was primarily a character-monger as Johnson said, and the weakness of her characters, as Mr. Dobson points out, is that they are too easily "labelled with defining adjectives," too easily run into types to the detriment of their individuality. Burke objected that her stage was too crowded, and her characters too numerous, but he wrapped this criticism in a compliment, perhaps the most splendid she ever received: "I fear it is quite in vain to preach economy to those who are come young to excessive opulence." With all its defects, this compliment is deserved; it is opulence that is suggested by the many bright scenes and the succession of characters. It is also much to Miss Burney's credit that she studied vulgarity in the concrete with as much care as she did the fashionable world, though sometimes with a grotesque effect she did not intend. Mr. Dobson quotes a superb criticism of Hobson, the builder, on the declamatory philanthropist Mr. Albany: "Might the gentlemen be speaking something by heart?" Is it too much to hope that this is a piece of self-criticism,

and that Fanny, wearied by her man of virtue, permitted herself a gleam of irony?

There is only space to glance at *CAMILLA*, the last of the novels which, in Macaulay's opinion, Fanny's admirers should read; but "fanatics of the out-of-date" must be allowed a word after "conscientiously struggling through it." The pomposity of its sententiousness is so intolerable that after hearing in the opening pages that the "blest and blessing pair [Camilla's parents] educated a lovely race with that expansive propriety which unites improvement for the future with present enjoyment," one is tempted to send the book flying. This would be a mistake, for not only is Sir Hugh Tyrold as benevolently amusing as George Eliot's Mr. Brooke in a more ignorant sort of way, and occasionally really pathetic, but Mrs. Arlbery to whom, alas, Mr. Dobson does not vouchsafe a word is as entertaining a figure as any modern novel could provide. Any one who like the Vicar of Wakefield is "tired of being always wise," anyone who recovers an intermitted friendship because one of her own good things is quoted to her, makes a welcome diversion in Miss Burney's pages, where the inevitable epithet and the characters who are always on duty earning it are such a trial. Yet when all is said, the book is worth a struggle.

Mr. Dobson thinks the *Diary* worth all the novels. It must no doubt as a literary performance rank above them, but all who choose to hold a brief for *EVELINA* and *CECILIA* will find themselves in most illustrious company, the best that the eighteenth century could provide.

But if Fanny's experiences at twenty-five were out of the common, they were destined to further enlargement by her exaltation to a

dizzy height of dulness. The story of the Queen's Dresser is indeed a melancholy chronicle, though an interesting one; but neither the friendship of Mrs. Delany, nor the permission to see the trial of Warren Hastings, nor even "the memorable present gown—the lilac tabby," presented by the Queen and admired by the King could offer any lasting solace for the monotonous lengths of days during which "Cerbera" alternated between the "meanest petty tyrannies and amiability as profuse as it was unpalatable." The one thing of permanent value was the cordial appreciation of the King and Queen, and that was never lost. Fanny's friend Mr. Twining, the accomplished scholar and musician who translated Aristotle's *POETICS*, wrote her a most delightful letter of congratulation on her appointment, a letter individual enough for any of the great letter-writers. He is much pleased with "the manner of it,—it is so handsome," and he "thinks he sees a heap of pleasant circumstances"; but he does not fail to forecast the fashion of evils not at all uncertain. He will never see her again at St. Martin's Street, she will be so taken up with her royal mistress. His best chance will be for Fanny to get him made a bishop, and then he can come to dine with her. He also reminds her that Plutarch says some pursue fame like rowers in a boat with their back to it, and wonders if she does. Here, however, Fanny and Mr. Dobson are at one, both agreeing that her vein was worked out, and that we owe the court no grudge on this score. Certainly the most lenient critics of *CAMILLA* will not contend that it heightened her reputation. It did, however, fill her purse in a surprising manner. No such subscription-list had been seen, says Mr. Dobson, since Prior's day. That prefixed to

Mrs. Carter's *EPICETUS* would come to about two-thirds of it; Mrs. Carter, to be sure, could not count on the King's friends, but her literary friends make a fine show. *CAMILLA*'s successor is chiefly interesting as one of the veritable curiosities of literature. For the unreadable and unread *WANDERER* "some one received £7,000 in the same year that Constable could not risk more than £700 for the copyright of *WAVERLEY*." It was the year moreover of *MANSFIELD PARK* and *PATRONAGE*.

The last half of Fanny Burney's life includes her bad novels, her worse play, and her happy marriage. Of the first enough perhaps has been said; of the second it is enough to say that not even Mrs. Siddons could save *EDWY AND ELGIVA* from failure, so "incurable was the poverty of its stilted language." It is plausibly suggested that much dealing in indifferent blank verse accounts for the style of the later novels. As to the third, General D'Arbly is pronounced by his wife's biographer to be one of the most delightful figures in her Diary. He is a real Cincinnatus among his cabbages in their days of poverty, always cheerful, patient, and dignified. Fanny playfully called him *Abdolonyme*, after the royal gardener of whom Cowley sings, to whom Alexander vainly offered a crown (a comedy by de Fontenelles, it seems, supplied the name); but her regard did not exhaust itself in pet names, and the tender affection of her married life, for the husband and son, both of whom

she outlived, is as genuine as her feeling for Daddy Crisp, nor is there any suspicion of those appropriate emotions which disfigure the novels.

It is in its facility that the Diary rises superior to the novels, but Mr. Dobson admits a little effort in the narrative of Warren Hastings's trial; and in the last volume, in a most thrilling description of her escape from drowning at Ilfracombe, the infection of the novels is seen just where a terrible reality might be supposed to have made such a taint impossible. There is the trail of the novelist certainly in such phrases as "a confinement the term of which is unknown," "where volition is set aside," and so forth.

Macaulay perhaps did not praise Fanny Burney's Diary adequately, but is it fair to say that he is responsible for the largest part of her reputation as a novelist? She naturally filled a larger space in her day in the world of novelists (a poor world), but she did a new and definite thing and a good thing,—and the thing is still good. As has been already said, in the worst of the three novels by which she is to be judged she produced a character bright enough to set up half-a-dozen geniuses of our own day. But no lover of Mr. Dobson's favourite century can leave him with a carping word. If it is permissible to quote *CAMILLA* again, we may truly say of his literary teaching that it unites (as we fondly hope) "improvement for the future with [unquestionable] present enjoyment."

SIDNEY T. IRWIN.

THE WILD WHITE HERD.

OH wild white cattle, feeding past
 With noses to the nor'land blast
 And quick eyes keeping guard,
 What story bring ye from the years,
 What challenges, what wild-eyed fears
 To thrill a modern bard ?

White cattle ! From their forests green
 What wonders have your grandsires seen
 When all the herd ran free,
 And fed the marshes breast to breast,
 And ruled the woodlands east and west
 From sea to open sea ?

How often in dim days of yore,
 When woods their virgin glory wore,
 Your sires on some green plain
 Have heard the sacrificial moan
 Of Druids round their altar-stone
 That wooed their gods in vain—

How often, wandering in the glade
 Unturned of plough, untouched of spade,
 Have heard with twitching ears
 Soft Saxon music played and sung,
 The reed-pipe and the minstrel tongue
 Of those first Island years !

From some tall headland scarred and gray
 The wild bulls looked upon the bay
 And watched the galleys ground,
 And saw the eagles toss and tower,
 Proud emblems of the Purple Power
 That held the wide world bound.

With fiery snort, with restless stamp,
 They watched the lordly legions tramp
 Inland on conquering stride ;
 Then, trembling, turned in wrath and dread,
 And so, with lowering frontlets sped
 Back to their woodlands wide.

There was no brute but owned their sway,
No forest band but gave them way,
 And none their strength withstood ;
No man e'er bound them to the yoke,
But free they ran 'neath English oak
 As fitted English blood.

And as they roamed o'er hill and dell
They fought, and aye the weakest fell,
 The strongest loved and led ;
And in the groves of flowering thorn
The snow-white heifer calves were born,
 The Island bulls were bred.

No horseman now shall match his pride
Against your gallop, stride for stride,
 Each striving for the lead,
But through the fern from year to year
The pheasant and the fallow-deer
 Shall follow as ye feed.

No hunter now with yew-bow strung
And keen blade at his girdle hung
 Shall track ye for renown,
But here and there some artist wait,
Or poet at your woodland gate
 To mark your wild ways down.

White cattle! By tower'd Chillinghame
Still throbs the blood no time can tame ;
 The fence that round you rings
May keep you from your empire wide,
But cannot bar you from your pride
 And heritage of kings.

THE ALIEN IMMIGRANT.

A VERY well-marked characteristic of human history is that which has been called the rhythmical motion of opinion. The pendulum of thought and emotion swings first in one direction, reaches its zenith, declines, and begins to swing the other way. Of this fact the present trend of English public opinion seems to afford an illustration. During the greater part of the nineteenth century all the forces that make for liberty, the centrifugal forces, so to speak, were allowed their full sway; now, those that make for concentration, the centripetal forces, are beginning to predominate. There is, for instance, the widely expressed desire for an exclusive and self-sufficing empire; a desire, which, whatever else may be thought of it, is incompatible with Free Trade in the full sense of the term. Not less significant is the out-spoken demand for restrictions upon alien immigration. It is as though sated with freedom the British were determined, for the present at least, to limit its expansion. In a word, the fall of the pendulum is already perceptible.

Anyone conversant with English history will not be slow to perceive that the alien immigrant has been an element of great importance in our national development. At an early period in our annals he began from various motives to be attracted to our shores. To the allurements of gain and self-interest was added the spur of religious persecution, till already in the sixteenth century the flow of immigration had reached comparatively large proportions, and

and England had begun to be, as Defoe called her, "the eternal refuge of the vagabond." Three distinct lines of movement can be traced. First, in the sixteenth century came the Flemish and Walloons. Next, in the following century the stream was greatly swollen by the expulsion of the Huguenots from France, and by the Dutch who came in the train of William the Third. Lastly, towards the end of the eighteenth century came the Royalist *émigrés* driven on by the French revolutionary forces; so that for three hundred years or more the question of the alien has been constantly an insistent one in England. Even in Bacon's time it seems to have occupied the serious attention of thinking men; for he observes in one of his essays that "all states that are liberal of naturalisation are fit for empire," a remark that an Imperialist race would do well to consider. It may be of some interest to inquire what were the special difficulties and problems created by the immigration, the influences thereby exerted upon politics and society, and whether the record of the past has any application to the present.

It is in the first place to be observed that from the beginning the presence of foreigners was regarded with considerable aversion. Even in 1517 there was an outbreak of the London apprentices against the foreign population on the first of May, a date which in consequence became known as Evil May Day. The dislike arose partly from sentiment and partly from the stress of competition.

Even in the reign of Queen Elizabeth it is remarkable that there were complaints of over-crowding, and by order of the Privy Council aliens were compelled to disperse and reside in different country towns. As to rivalry in trade and manufactures, whether it was severely felt or not, it was a constant matter of complaint. In the reign of James the First the London weavers protested that "Aliens injure trade—employ men younger than allowed by Statute—live more cheaply—and therefore sell more cheaply and engross the trade of foreigners." It was alleged that they neglected the law restricting the number of foreigners whom they might take into their service, and that by reason of their numbers they raised the price of food and house-rents. These were charges which, in one form or another, have been made times without number from that day to the present. It was, however, in regard to naturalisation that the suspicion of foreigners was most conspicuously shown. In the reign of James the First, for instance, not only was a duty on aliens imposed, but a sacramental test was made a preliminary condition of naturalisation, the effect being to exclude Jews and Roman Catholics from the privilege; and though somewhat later exceptions were made in favour of persons engaged in working hemp and flax or who had been resident for seven years in the American plantations, the test in the case of the Roman Catholics was rigorously maintained. Special legislation provided for the naturalisation of the Huguenots, but it was not until 1709 that a general Act for naturalising foreign Protestants was passed, only to be repealed in 1712. The experiment does not appear to have been repeated until 1844, when the existing Naturalisation Act was passed. The arguments which were made use

of in the discussions over the Naturalisation Bills are exceedingly instructive as illustrations of the prevailing sentiments of the time. It was urged that the presence of the alien would be dangerous in time of war, and would be made an excuse for a standing army; that professed enemies of the Church would destroy it and endanger the national religion; that aliens would vote at elections, enter Parliament and govern the country; that by intermarriage they would blot out the English race; that they would become serious rivals with the natives in trade; that, if successful, they would return and take their money with them; that, if not, they would as paupers become a burden on the country; that by means of their connections abroad they would monopolise foreign trade, and promote the import of foreign manufactures; and lastly that they would defeat the purposes of the Navigation Act. It was in a Parliamentary debate on the subject in 1709 that Sir John Knight, a red-hot Tory and member for Bristol, made an extraordinary speech. The Naturalisation Bill would, he said, bring "as great afflictions on this nation as ever fell upon the Egyptians, and one of their plagues we have at this time very severe upon us. I mean that of their land bringing forth frogs in abundance, even in the chambers of their kings, for there is no entering the Courts of St. James's and Whitehall, the palaces of our hereditary kings, for the great noise and croaking of the frog-landers." He concluded by moving "that the Sergeant be commanded to open the doors, and let us kick the Bill out of the House, and the foreigners out of the Kingdom." The speech was printed and dispersed throughout the country in order to inflame popular opinion against the Bill, and its author became a kind

of hero. In the House of Commons, however, it was very differently regarded, and he was called on to recant it. Fearing expulsion he complied, and the speech was ordered by the House to be burned by the common hangman.

Of the unpopularity of foreigners upon mere grounds of sentiment and prejudice there is no lack of curious testimony. It was long believed, for instance, that the great fire of London was their handiwork. In the reign of William the Third the jealousy of the Dutch became so great that demands were made in Parliament for the substitution of English for Dutch generals, for the dismissal of William's Dutch guards, for a standing army consisting of native-born English subjects only, it being averred that "strangers are the nest-eggs of foreign invasion." William's grants of lands, pensions, and titles to his foreign favourites aroused the bitterest opposition. The general feeling was expressed by a speaker in the House of Commons who declared that foreigners "had not the bowels of Englishmen, but would be contented to see his country destroyed, when they are not to get their wills of it." The King was requested not to admit foreigners to his Privy Council, and a provision to this effect was afterwards inserted in the Act of Settlement. It was to soften this animosity that Defoe wrote *THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN*, a satire in which he ridiculed those who boasted of their English purity of blood.

A True-born Englishman's a contradiction!

In speech, an irony! in fact, a fiction!

A banter made to be a test of fools!

Which those who use it justly ridicules.

A metaphor invented to express

A man akin to all the universe!

of the clause in Magna Charta which secured them as traders from violence and pecuniary exactions, were subjected to petty annoyances and even persecution. The Roman Catholics were the greatest sufferers, as might have been expected. In the seventeenth century, for instance, a number of tapestry-makers and gilders, who had been encouraged to come over on the faith of receiving protection from the State, were either imprisoned for refusing to take the oath of supremacy, or ordered to leave the country. Sometimes the Trade Guilds or Unions (then, as now, tyrannical bodies) retaliated on foreigners by subjecting them to fines upon the ground that they had not fully complied with the rules and regulations; and when Bills were introduced into Parliament to enable foreigners to reside and carry on their work in certain specified localities, they were vigorously opposed. In the year 1668 a curious case occurred; several Frenchmen were committed to the Tower for having attempted to "debauch" some English workmen, or, in other words, to persuade them to divulge the mystery, or craft, of weaving silk stockings.

The extent to which alien immigrants have influenced the course of English history has perhaps never yet been fully realised. In almost every great crisis they played a part. In the first place it may be said that they helped to promote the Reformation, which in England was substantially a protest against foreign interference, and an expression of the desire to worship, as a French critic has well said, "an English God." The provision enacted in the sixteenth century that foreign colonists should build and maintain a Protestant church in the places where they were allowed to settle, helped to root the Protestant faith firmly in the land. Next, they

The foreigners moreover, in spite

threw almost the whole weight of their influence and power into the parliamentary scale during the great Civil War; and it is a remarkable fact that whereas the west and north-west of England was chiefly Cavalier, the east and south-east, where the foreign refugees were mainly centred, were the stronghold of the Roundheads. At the next great national crisis in 1688 the resident aliens almost to a man welcomed the Prince of Orange and the Dutch. In party politics the foreign element was usually a considerable factor. Speaking generally, it may be said that the alien immigrants became naturally Whigs: first, because flying from religious persecution, they above all things desired religious freedom; and secondly, because, being severed from the land, they helped to swell the trading classes, which in England stood opposed to the Tory landed interest. During the reign of the Stuarts, when the sympathy of the Court for France was generally suspected, the Whig cause was aided by the anti-French feeling of the people; though after the Revolution of 1688, when William the Third disgusted the nation by loading his Dutch favourites with rewards, the dislike of foreigners became, for a time, advantageous to the Tories. At Parliamentary elections, especially in London, Westminster, and Southwark, the influence of the aliens, and their votes, when they had them, were usually cast in favour of the Whigs; which is no doubt the reason why the Tory Harley, Earl of Oxford, opposed naturalisation on the ground, as he said, that he did not wish to see the country overrun with "schismatics and beggars." It was the Whigs who, greatly to their honour, passed the first Naturalisation Act, in the face of much popular opposition. The great immigration of

refugees from the Palatinate in 1709 was another incident that gave rise to a display of party feeling. Invited over by the Government, with the sympathy of the Court, they formed a camp at Blackheath, and large subscriptions, about £15,000 in all, were raised chiefly by the City merchants for their relief. Much indignation was aroused. A vote was passed in the House of Commons that the bringing over the Palatinates was an oppression of the people and a waste of public money, and that those who advised it were enemies of the nation. Even Swift in *THE EXAMINER* asserted that the refugees bred contagion and caused undue competition. As a matter of fact, they were speedily sent away, some to Ireland, and some to the American plantations; but not before charity itself had been made an instrument of faction. For, as Bishop Burnet relates, "all the Tories declared against the good reception that was given them, as much as the Whigs approved it."

The history of the Jewish alien immigrant is of special interest in relation to the present exodus from Eastern Europe; for it is from this source that the foreign indraught into England mainly flows. That the Jews were totally banished in the reign of Edward the First is a well-established fact; and though doubtless some of them crept back from time to time, they received no encouragement to settle until the time of Cromwell who exerted himself for their protection. It is an extraordinary fact that so widely did the report of this protection spread that some Asiatic Jews, so it was alleged, believed him to be the Messiah, and caused an inquiry to be made in Huntingdonshire. In the reign of James the Second the Jewish immigrant was relieved from the pay-

ment of alien duty, which, however, was re-imposed after the Revolution on the petition of the London merchants. In the reign of William the Third it was proposed in Parliament to raise a special tax of £100,000 upon the Jews, against which they not unnaturally petitioned. And though there was in the eighteenth century some legislation in their favour, it is evident that as a class they were decidedly unpopular. For instance, in 1753 an address was presented by the Reading Corporation to their parliamentary representatives in which there was urged a more drastic treatment of this unhappy race. "To enumerate," so the address ran, "all the massacres and persecutions of the Jews upon the score of religion, the many extortions and cruelties arising from their usury, and the treasons and conspiracies from their covetousness, would be an endless task, and in great measure a repetition of what has been already published." It is recorded that the parliamentary representatives, no doubt anxious for their seats, gave a favourable answer.

That the alien immigrant, therefore, has been an important factor in English history is clear; and that he has also been in some ways a valuable element in the population there is just as little doubt. To the weaving industry, and its indebtedness to the Flemish and Walloons, it is hardly necessary to refer. It is noteworthy, however, that Lord Clarendon states in his History that from this source "the benefit to the kingdom by such an access of trade and improvement of manufactures was very considerable;" and, though a strong Churchman, he lamented the treatment of the refugees at the hands of some of the bishops, especially Dr. Wren of Norwich. In consequence many of this industrious population were driven to leave the country, thus lessening the

manufacture of cloths, and taking away with them the mystery of their craft. The connection of the Huguenots with the silk-spinning industry is equally well-known. Workers in tapestry, gilding, and sail-cloth (the latter a manufacture of prime importance for a maritime nation) were specially invited over from abroad. Sometimes they did not await an invitation; at least it is recorded that in 1673 a Dutch master-weaver arrived with thirty workmen and offered to introduce the manufacture of the finest cloth in Europe, though it does not appear whether the offer was accepted. A striking instance of foreign immigrants bringing prosperity to a place is that of Rye. It is said that its trade was materially increased by the foreign mariners who brought their ships with them and made the town their home. That many of the aliens were good sailors is evident from the fact that it was more than once proposed to modify the Navigation Act, so as to enable them to be employed on British ships.

It remains to be considered whether the historical facts which have been very briefly noticed have any bearing on the question of alien immigration in its present form and extent, which of late years has roused so much attention. That the past is not without its lessons seems apparent.

It is evident in the first place that the allegations of over-crowding, contagion, and competition should be received with a good deal of caution, because a native population is naturally very prone to make them. Much more will this caution be increased when it is remembered that the same complaints have been made many times before upon very slight foundation. Statements of this kind one is apt to disregard as being neither new nor true. And in fact it has been proved before the Royal Com-

mission appointed to report on the subject that the percentage of aliens in Great Britain is comparatively small.

When, moreover, it is considered how valuable the foreign elements have been in increasing the national wealth by their industry and by their introduction of new trades, it seems impossible to doubt that it would be an impolitic act to put any very stringent restrictions upon immigration in the future. In one particular, indeed, aliens have not now the same value as they were once generally thought to possess; namely, as mercenary soldiers. For it is a curious fact,—and there is hardly any more striking illustration of the change that has occurred in patriotic sentiment—that foreigners were formerly considered to be the most desirable recruits for military service. It was believed that the native-born population were better employed in civic life and reproductive industry. Sir William Petty, for example, ascribed the prosperity of the Dutch very largely to the fact that they hired their soldiers in England, Scotland, and Germany, “to venture their lives for sixpence a day,” to use his own contemptuous expression, and that the population of the country was increased by the children of the mercenaries, a result which other nations could not succeed in attaining even by means of naturalisation laws. If it be true that subjects are the glory of a king, and its people the riches of a nation, who can doubt that in the long run the exclusion of foreigners would produce economic loss?

But it will perhaps be said that considerations such as these, though they may be generally true, have little application to the existing state of things, when a horde of Jewish refugees from Eastern Europe is

invading the country, and in London is driving out the native population. But if the fact be admitted, there are some qualifying circumstances to be remembered. There is, in the first place, some probability that refugees from persecution will be persons possessing qualities useful to society; for, as a rule, those who fly from oppression have more force of character than those who are content to submit. And certainly it cannot be denied that the Jews, as a general rule, make excellent citizens. Lord Beaconsfield (a somewhat partial witness perhaps) said that they were “a living and the most striking evidence of the falsity of that pernicious doctrine of modern times, the natural equality of man,” that all their tendencies were conservative, and lay in the direction of religion, property, and natural aristocracy. Whether this be exactly true or not, there is no reason for regarding a large Jewish element with alarm. Secondly there is ground for thinking that the alien immigrants, though doubtless they have in certain trades entered into vigorous competition with the natives, have, on the other hand, been of some advantage. “The development,” to quote from the Report of the Royal Commission, “of the three main industries,—tailoring, cabinet-making, and shoe-making—in which the aliens engage, has undoubtedly been beneficial in various ways; it has increased the demand for, and the manufacture of, not only goods made in this country (which were formerly imported from abroad), but the materials used in them, thus indirectly giving employment to native workers.” If this statement be correct, it is clear that there is much to set off by way of compensation against the evils whose existence can be proved to arise from immigration.

It cannot be too strongly borne in

mind that hatred of foreigners is a mark of primitive society, and that to give the rein to that sentiment is in reality an act of retrogression. In one of the great speeches which Thucydides has put in the mouth of Pericles, he reminds his hearers that it was one of the glories of which they might be proud that they had opened the gates of hospitality to the foreigner, and were in this way superior to the Spartans. The Romans also were liberal of naturalisation, and, therefore, as Bacon would say, fit for empire. National growth and consolidation are doubtless inevitable steps in the gradual evolution of humanity; and patriotism that grows with national growth is surely one of the purest and brightest of the virtues. But here it is not all unmixed good. Nations are, to use Mr. Balfour's phrase, not fluid but viscous; they are maintained only by the accumu-

lative effect of causes which in their sum total make up economic friction; they are, so to speak, clots formed in the circulation of mankind. The most striking instance of the operative force of patriotic feeling is the desire for the formation of exclusive and self-sufficing States, for putting barriers in the way of foreign imports, for building tariff walls, and imposing retaliatory duties. Of this desire the widely growing tendency to place restrictions on alien immigration is but another symptom. So far indeed as it can be proved that foreign residents abuse the privileges of their position,—as in some cases they unquestionably do—by committing acts of crime, or that they are harmful to the health or morals of the people, provision may be justly made for their repatriation or exclusion. But beyond this limit legislation should not travel.

C. B. ROYLANCE KENT.

MANSE AND MINISTER.

AFTER travelling for several dull hours through a somewhat featureless country a northward bound express continues its journey with flying visits to the sea and lightning retreats, until, close on the border line, where Tweed runs to the ocean, the whole glittering expanse of blue bursts suddenly upon the eye. By that time a traveller is in the mood to recall a classic of his school-days and appreciate Xenophon's narrative of the Greek retreat out of the endless dominions of the Great King, when after months of toilsome wandering the far flash of the Ægean signalled home and the end of an historic march. He, too, like the sturdy Greeks, finds himself murmuring under his breath "The Sea, the Sea!" and already its sting is in his blood and its spray salt upon his lips. For the rest of the journey it is for ever dancing in his eyes, until the heat of a summer day dies into the cool of a summer night. Far behind him now, lie the yellow fields of the South country, behind him also the grey waters of the Forth and the swift eddies of the Tay, and as dusk turns to dark the great wall of the Grampians piles itself upon his view and throws its mighty shadow upon the fertile valley of Strathmore. From the far west of the mountain line where the peaks are lost in mist and distance, the eye travels eastward to where the hills fall gently towards the coast; and in this happy region where the scarred and silent hill-sides grow less harsh in aspect and suffer the work of man's hand to appear upon them, and where the everlasting

mountains do obeisance to the sea, the traveller has reached his journey's end.

Such a traveller with this place for the end of my journeyings I have been more often than I can make the reckoning. It was my custom to go there when each winter session in the old University town of St. Andrews had come to an end, while the last winds of March still boomed through the vacant corridors of the old college and the white winter seas still fretted among the rocks. Later, when I had become all but a stranger in the grey streets splashed here and there with the scarlet gown, and exchanged the links and lusty sea-winds of the northern town for the sleepy and listless Isis, I used to return in the early days of the vacation to seek refreshment and pleasure in those quiet places of the earth to which the wisdom and the business of this world are unknown. And now in the burdens and heats to which every man who works is called, when on review even the most serious of his college days are like the reading of a light play, his mind in its leisure will go wandering for rest among places where his steps once loved to be. For this reason I find myself jotting down a few impressions which long intercourse with a place has fixed on my memory.

Those who are acquainted with a minister's manse in any parish in Scotland will not see in the few rough outlines of this particular one a sketch which comes freshly to the eye. Those again to whom a manse is only a name, who perhaps have

passed its gates but have never crossed its threshold and been counted among its household, may wonder what its special influence has been on a people whose ministers have in their time sat down in the seats of kings and priests. 'Tis a proud enquiry, if one had the knowledge and a heart stout enough to conduct it to a close. But the manse of which I write, as it stands to-day on the slopes of those peaceful hills which have forsaken the dark and gloomy mountains behind them and made an everlasting covenant with the low country, tempts me to no such enquiry. It has no historic associations. It has no archives in which are buried the secret history of the Covenant. It stands close to the kirk, but the quiet dead that sleep in the kirkyard never disturbed the world in their life and never aroused its curiosity after their death. It has no great antiquity like the houses of the neighbouring lairds. A square building, with walls white-washed if they were not covered with creepers and roses, standing far up the sloch of the burn, it is the first object to arrest the eye when a sharp turn of the road brings you into the last village that stands between the lowlands and the hills. It might well be called the house of peace, for no sounds ever reach it but the rumbling of the burn and the hum of the mill and the ringing of the Sabbath bells. But in my own mind I have always thought of the minister's house on the hill as the habitation of hope. Its situation and surroundings are of a kind to turn even a lazy and unimaginative mind to allegory. And when one enters its little green gate twice or thrice a year to stay for a while and depart again, like a ship that takes to the seas once more after port, the allegory of hope fixes itself fast upon all its memories. Even the occasional

traveller who has no personal acquaintance with the minister's house, and who seldom permits himself the luxury of idle moralising, who merely marks it above him from the dusty road and rests his eye on its white walls and green shades with an infinite sense of refreshment,—even he will fall into a reverie as he passes it by and observes how happily, and yet withal how unconsciously, the hand of man has planted it like a watch-tower on the marches of two kingdoms. For it stands on the confines of two separate worlds. It looks back upon the frowning brows of the great hills, upon the desolation of a wilderness and a region where the sun never visits the eternal shadows. It looks forward on a country that is as fair and fertile as God's own garden, upon the great southern strath shining with yellow fields, and with here the glitter of stream and there the gleam of a church spire. It may happen that the morning breaks dull and wet, and a drenching mist spreads its depression over the face of the whole land, till the long dreary hours of the day are past and night begins to settle down. Often I have watched the closing scene, as with a witch's wand, transform one's jaded and listless spirits into an enthusiasm that sends the blood marching through the veins with wild pulsations of indefinable joy and hope. Suddenly the rain ceases. The manse windows redden in the benedictory rays of the setting sun, which looks out once ere its departure. Away in the back world it is still cheerless and cold. The grey mists still roll low down on the hill-sides, and over their brows is spread an angry red flush. Cold and terrible in their displeasure,—one turns from them with a shudder and looks for comfort in the south. And like the land of promise it lies

under the eye, field and farmhouse, wood and pool, distant village and township,—the sweet and peaceful lowlands, glimmering in the soft light of departing day and glistening, like a jewel, after rain. In the manse garden the rose-bushes are heavy with moisture, the trees still drip, and through the open windows steals the delicious fragrance that is breathed from the wet woods when the rain is over and night at hand. In the dusk the lights in the valley below flicker into existence one by one, the tinkle of rustic music from the farmstead comes faintly to the ear; and the house on the hill looking across the twinkling landscape in the hush of evening stands there like a watchman in the night, a quiet and impressive monument of the hope that after the storm there shall be a great calm.

The manse has no rival in the respect of the villagers. The village itself has not much to boast of in solid masonry of any kind, except perhaps an ugly and garish building of red brick which has been dignified with the title of town-hall, and two public-houses that stick out a braggart sign over their doors and proclaim themselves hotels. The post office does not even suggest that the fine arts have any existence, and it is difficult to realise that it has any official connection with the proud concerns of Government. It faces the street upon which its two windows look. One of them is filled with the stock of a general drapery; the other is reserved for the post-office and general groceries, and the haughty placards and notices of Government are condemned to an evil association with sweetmeat jars, rolls of black tobacco, and sides of pungent-smelling salt fish. These are all the public buildings, and of private houses in the village none can

compare with the manse,—not even the school-house with its tempting orchard and garden of gooseberry bushes. Some little way off there is another manse, the property of another denomination; and about a mile distant is the rectory of an Episcopal clergyman who is maintained for the spiritual needs of an Episcopal laird. But the other manse is never honoured with the exclusive prefix which separates *the* manse from the common herd. As for the rectory it is known by no other title in the village street than the *red hoose*, this brief description being accompanied with a jerk of the thumb in the direction of the castle of which the Episcopal residence is supposed to be as necessary an appurtenance as the laird's stables. The laird's houses are great indeed like the lairds themselves. But the laird of the land stands no longer in the old relation to his tenants, many of whom have never looked upon his face. During the winter the great house is empty of its lord, and the only representatives left behind him are his keepers and servants. Not till the heather is dry and burning on the hillsides under the scorching heats of August does he make a belated visit to the moors. Himself and his great house are not counted among the possessions of the country-side. They have ceased long since to be part and parcel of it. Their manners have suffered the deeply printed characters of the old Scotch gentry to be all but effaced, and what remains is as barely legible as the crumbling arms above their gateways. The house whose boast it was to have sheltered Scotland's heir is as empty almost as the body from which the spirit is sped. It has lost its grasp upon the land and has journeyed from the world of reality to an apotheosis in romance. But the manse is the sure

possession of the country-side. Like the sacred fire that burned for ever upon the hearth of the Roman temple, and went not out day nor night, if the fabric of a mighty State was to withstand the shocks of time and fate, the continuity of the history and traditions of Scotland is kept alive on the hearth of the Scotch manse. It is this stubborn fancy that takes hold of me whenever I look upon the minister's house on the hill, or pass through its green gate and enter its open door.

The master of the house on the hill is the minister of the parish. I describe him as if he were still master there, though his accounts, with the labours of twenty-seven years registered therein, are finally closed, and another fills his office. For the life of one man is a brief episode in the history of the manse which in a measure partakes of the qualities of the great hills behind it, those steadfast and silent sentinels over leagues of sheltered land. Their impassive and inscrutable faces look down on the revolutions of time in the valley beneath, motionless spectators of the race in which the torch of life is passed from hand to hand. And the manse on the hill, though in reckoning years its days are as grass compared with theirs, has yet watched long enough to judge if Lucretius had a true understanding of human mortality :

Inque brevi spatio mutantur sæcla
animantum,
Et quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt.

The minister of the parish ended his days in the house on the hill. I use the obituary tense but this once, because manse and minister, as I knew them, are linked in an inseparable association. I remember him saying that he sometimes wished he could

escape from the silence of his country retreat into the cheerful clatter of the busy world, but that when he came into his garden before the dew was dry and saw the sun shining on every blade that grew he had not the heart to leave it ; and I have grace enough to leave him still among his books and flowers.

He is not the kind of man whose lineaments have been stamped upon the pages of fiction. Pretences to godliness are studied neither in his features nor his dress ; nor is he a man whom you would judge to have sat patiently at Calvin's feet or to have been cast in the iron mould of an inflexible theology. For a minister of the Kirk he is too much given up, some will tell you, to pagan idols. He swears as readily by Plato as by Paul, and of the ten divisions of the immortal Republic he would not, if put to it, sacrifice a single unit for a whole library of patristic literature. It is strange that his honest parishioners, who have never tasted of those banquets of old-world wisdom except the crumbs that come from their minister's table, mark no disloyalty to Christ's Kirk in his scholarly pedantries. Instead they make a marvel of him, and are mightily proud to have in their midst a man so deeply informed in the philosophies of the world.

A gentleman who happened to come into these parts once inquired of a farm servant if his minister was a good preacher. "Weel, sir," quoth the discerning rustic, "I wudna say that he is great at the preachin', but, dodman, he's a gran' scholar at ony rate." Thus it happens that it is not in the spirit of mere tolerance but of admiring wonderment that his little congregation watch him mount into the pulpit on a Sabbath morning and turn over the pages of the great bible. The doors of the little church stand

wide open, and through them pass inside a ripple of cool outer air and the murmur of the burn, while out of doors and far down the dusty road is carried the echo of an old psalm tune that in sterner times used to hearten men to sharpen their swords in the quarrels of the Kirk.

At last the droning of the old tune dies away and the minister makes ready to preach. So far the service has been flavoured with the strong wine of the days of the Covenant, and a stranger in the pews sits down in expectation of a long discourse divided into an interminable array of heads and sub-heads. If so, he is disappointed pleasantly, or grievously, according to his own measure of a sermon. The minister chooses his text and gravely submits it to the ears of his congregation. Then without a note or paper of any kind he begins to speak, wandering the while from side to side of the pulpit. He is a master of the art of allusion, which carries his thoughts from field to field, now into the old beaten paths of recorded wisdom and now upon fresh tracks over which his hearers have never set foot. Long before he has finished, the Hebrew maxim with which he set out is sparkling with the choicest aphorisms of ancient learning and embroidered with the jewellery of the poets. No doubt he falls into occasional extravagances, as when his enthusiasm is heated with a chase after the unfathomable understanding of the old Greek philosopher. But in a long-suffering experience of pulpit discourse, the wisdom of the elder Academy comes with surprising sweetness to one's ear as a variation from the usual bushel of proverbs gathered from Solomon.

Out of the pulpit the minister is no pedant. If there his inclination leads him to be always feeling the pulse of the few great and solitary minds that

have shed their light across centuries of time, the last trace of it is gone when he comes down from the seat of authority. The biographers of Charles the Fifth have recorded that he owed a great measure of his popularity to the extraordinary versatility of his accomplishments. He could be as stately as a Spanish Don, as coarse as a Flemish bumpkin, or as polished as an Italian wit, according to the quarter of his dominions from which the wind blew. To compare the minister of a country parish with the Emperor is at the least (to quote Herodotus's apology) to liken things that are small to things that are great, or to compare the peat-coloured burn that purls within earshot of the manse to the great white river which floats the ships from the seas into the heart of the land. But the minister's accomplishments, though more modest, are every whit as various. He can quote psalms with the shepherd when he has returned to his hut in the twilight and stuck the lamp in his window after a day's tramp among the hills; or he can hold his own with the doctor in an armchair debate upon the merits of Natural Selection. It is even said he can lift his glass with a neighbouring laird. Indeed, he is regarded with some disfavour by his brethren in the Presbytery, who stickle for the ancient discipline of the Kirk and are inclined to rate the trifling elegancies of scholarship and the qualities of good fellowship as among the veriest vanities of life. For this reason they look upon him as something of an Ishmaelite, or at best as in much the same case as was Augustine before his conversion, while he still paid sedulous court to the liberal arts. But the Roman scholar and saint is out of their reading and the opportunity for the rebuke has gone by. Once only they achieved a complete

triumph over him on one of the many occasions on which he used to confess in an outspoken fashion to a very indifferent regard for the Jews. "The Jews," he let fall in one unhappy expostulation, "the Jews are no more God's people than I am"; and the Presbytery shook their heads in solemn conclave and looked as if they took him at his word. But for the most part they have neither the skill nor the weapons to fence with him in open debate, and so they leave him unmolested in his lonely habitation on the edge of the wilderness.

The minister's personal appearance is in keeping with the robust structure of his mind. He is no parody of manhood, more spectral than human, like him who

Read but one book, and ever reading
grew
So grated down and filed away with
thought,
So lean his eyes were monstrous, while
the skin
Clung but to crate and basket, ribs, and
spine.

Every detail of such a portrait his straight figure belies. In his green days he was suckled as much on the sea-winds that swept the gray streets of St. Andrews as on the logic of Aristotle, and he imbibed the ozone as greedily as the Analytics. The memory of his exploits is a tradition in the University to this day. He won most of the prizes in Classics and afterwards in Divinity. But he has more heroic claims to fame among succeeding generations of students. He was the only man in his time who could dive from the Great Rock in any sea or season. He was also the author of some of the songs with which the benches still ring on the opening and closing days of the winter session. To look at him now in all his great strength and stature,

to mark him in his gay or sober moods as they change and rechange upon him, to hear him recount the student tales of thirty years ago, one would judge of him that out of the environment of those thirty years he has never had the heart to step. Counting by years he is far past the mid-time of life, but his spirit has lost none of the lightness of youth. It is a matter of special pleasure to him to be asked for a verdict on anything which calls for the exercise of a discreet and judicious taste,—a book, a vase, a picture, or any of the articles of furniture which belong to the *repertoire* of a man of letters. And on these occasions he will rally a youthful admirer of Tennyson's MAUD, and declare that such stuff as MAUD and THE SONG OF SOLOMON are fit food only for people who are distempered with the sickness of love. Perhaps in this, as in all else, he professes to follow his master Plato, who would have sternly denied a man all access to the mistress of his soul, until such time as he had made good the right by arms, and would have discountenanced every shade of sentiment that placed this harsh condition in jeopardy. But in this matter of sentiment the chances are the minister is not above a piece of hypocrisy. The evidence is an arbour in the manse garden which is inaccessible by the ordinary and most obvious routes. It is smothered in a thicket which has never been reclaimed by the gardener. It has but one open side (and even that partially overgrown with a network of creepers) which looks across the great strath below. The minister has christened this bewitching angle of his garden Courting Corner, a place lovely at all times to a susceptible temperament, and one which on a favourable night, when the valley beneath is filled here with the moving

shadows of the hills, and there with pools of moonlight, would turn the cloistered reveries of a monk into romantic musings. The minister himself has been wedded for many a year and is well on in grey hairs, and the original uses of this retreat have fallen into decay. Instead it has become a hermitage in which he prepares his sermons and writes his letters, or it may be, if the mood comes on him, translates a Scotch song into Greek verses. There are not many events in the life of an upland parish that call for the comment of an industrious pen. Still there are a few which the minister amuses his leisure with celebrating in verse. The place is famed for a yearly meeting of clansmen, and for a long summer day the village wears a holiday face. For once the mill-wheel is silent and idle, and the street rings with the mirth of rustic dances and echoes with the shrill scream of the pipes. Or if the village calendar will not furnish him a theme, he will find it beyond his own doors. It was across that same barrier of hills by the moss and drove roads of the uplands that Montrose led his army in a last desperate venture for King Charles, and although the Great Marquis was the sworn enemy of the Kirk, it is all one in the minister's appreciation now that for many a day the curtain has fallen on that historic drama and at least one actor played out his part to a heroic close.

Thus to detach an incident from the happenings of his own experience and commemorate it, or to take an old portrait out of its setting in history and refashion it according to his own will, these are the uncriticised and unpublished essays with which he fills up an idle hour.

The last of the minister's random adventures with the pen lies on my table now, a speechless memorial, if that were needful, that the hand from which it flowed is vanished. It is a Greek version of *THE LAND OF THE LEAL*; and as he translated the first lines of the old song perhaps he felt already that he had got his summons and was bidden to travel thither, going out upon such a journey as should make him for ever a stranger to the white house on the hill. He parted slowly with the scenes he loved as if disputing every turn in the valley of shadows. At length he preached what he knew to be his last sermon, and for the last time came down from his pulpit: "An evil disease cleaveth fast unto him, and now that he lieth he shall rise up no more." Such was the hushed whisper of the village street during the brief struggle in which a man's last fight is fought and lost. My mind still goes wandering towards that quiet upland parish. The water splashes as merrily as ever upon the mill-wheel, and the burn rambles without concern below the manse windows. The mists lift and settle upon the brows of the great mountains as before, and the house on the hill still keeps its vigil over the peaceful valley of the fair South Country. Except for one vacant place, little else is changed. Yet even in a great multitude each one has his appointed task which no other may do. And it is proof sufficient that the plan of a man's days are beyond calculation, if but one spark of life gone out will take the rose from the morning skies and lengthen the shadows of the night.

DANIEL JOHNSTON.

THE IMPIETY OF YUEN YAN.

“Do not despair ; even Yuen Yan once cast a missile at the Tablets,” is a proverb of encouragement well worn throughout the Empire ; but although it is daily on the lips of some it is doubtful if a single person could give an intelligent account of the Yuen Yan in question beyond repeating the outside facts that he was of a humane and consistent disposition and during the greater part of his life possessed every desirable attribute of wealth, family, and virtuous esteem. If more closely questioned with reference to the specific incident alluded to these persons would not hesitate to assert that the proverb was not to be understood in so superficial a sense, protesting, with much indignation, that Yuen Yan was of too courteous and lofty a nature to be guilty of so unseemly an action, and contemptuously enquiring what possible reason one who enjoyed every advantage in this world and every prospect of an unruffled felicity in the Beyond could have for behaving in so outrageous a manner. This explanation by no means satisfied this writer, and after much research he has brought to light the forgotten story of Yuen Yan's early life which may be thus related.

At the period with which this part of the narrative is concerned Yuen Yan dwelt with his mother in one of the least attractive of the arches beneath the city wall. As a youth it had been his intention to take an exceptionally high place in the public examinations, and, rising at once to a position of responsible authority, to mark himself out for continual pro-

motion by the exercise of unflinching discretion and indomitable zeal. Having saved his country in a moment of acute national danger he contemplated accepting a title of unique distinction and retiring to his native province, where he would build an adequate palace which he had already planned out down to the most trivial detail. There he purposed spending the remainder of his life, receiving frequent tokens of regard from the hand of the gratified Emperor, marrying an accomplished and refined wife who would doubtless be one of the princesses of the Imperial House, and conscientiously regarding the Virtues throughout. The transition from this sumptuously-contrived residence to a damp arch in the city wall, and from the high destiny indicated to the occupation of leading from place to place a company of sightless mendicants, had been neither instantaneous nor painless, but Yuen Yan had never for a moment wavered from the enlightened maxims which he had adopted as his guiding principles, nor did he suffer unending trials to lessen his reverence for the Virtues. “Having set out with the full intention of becoming a wealthy mandarin, it would have been a small achievement to have reached that position with unshattered ideals,” he frequently remarked ; “but having thus set out, it is a matter for more than ordinary congratulation to have fallen to the position of leading a string of blind beggars about the city and still to retain unimpaired the ingenuous beliefs and aspirations of youth.”

“Doubtless,” replied his aged

mother, whenever she chanced to overhear this honourable reflection, "doubtless the foolish calf who innocently puts his foot into the jelly finds a like consolation. This person, however, would gladly exchange the most illimitable moral satisfaction engendered by acute poverty for a few of the material comforts of a sordid competence, nor would she hesitate to throw into the balance all the aspirations and improving sayings to be found within the Classics."

"Esteemed mother," protested Yan, "more than three thousand years ago the royal philosopher Nin-hyo made the observation, 'Better an earth-lined cave from which the stars are visible than a golden pagoda roofed over with iniquity,' and the saying has stood the test of time."

"The remark would have carried a weightier conviction if the broad-minded sovereign had himself first stood the test of lying for a few years with enlarged joints and afflicted bones in the abode he so prudently recommended for others," replied his mother; and without giving Yuen Yan any opportunity of bringing forward further proof of their highly-favoured destiny she betook herself to her own straw at the furthest end of the arch.

Up to this period of his life Yuen Yan's innate reverence and courtesy of manner had enabled him to maintain an impassive attitude in the face of every discouragement, but now he was exposed to a fresh series of trials in addition to the unsympathetic attitude which his mother never failed to unroll before him. It has already been expressed that Yuen Yan's occupation and the manner by which he gained his livelihood consisted in leading a number of blind mendicants about the streets of the city and into the shops and dwelling-places of those who might reasonably be willing to

pay in order to be relieved of their presence. In this profession Yan's venerating and custom-regarding nature compelled him to act as leaders of blind beggars had acted throughout all historical times and far back into the dim recesses of legendary epochs, and this, in an era when the leisurely habits of the past were falling into disuse and when rivals and competitors were springing up on all sides, tended almost daily to decrease the proceeds of his labour and to sow an insidious doubt even in his unquestioning mind.

In particular, among those whom Yan regarded most objectionably was one named Ho. Although only recently arrived in the city from a country beyond the Bitter Water, Ho was already known in every quarter both to the merchants and stall-keepers, who trembled at his approaching shadow, and to the competing mendicants who now counted their cash with two fingers where they had before needed both hands. This distressingly active person made no secret of his methods and intention; for, upon his arrival, he plainly announced that his object was to make the foundations of benevolence vibrate like the strings of a many-toned lute, and he compared his general progress through the haunts of the charitably-disposed to the passage of a highly-charged firework through an assembly of meditative turtles. He was usually known, he added, as "the rapidly-moving person," or "the one devoid of outline," and it soon became apparent that he was also quite destitute of all dignified restraint. Selecting the place of commerce of some wealthy merchant, Ho entered without hesitation and thrusting aside the waiting customers he continued to strike the boards impatiently until he gained the attention of the chief merchant himself.

"Honourable salutations," he would say, "but do not entreat this illiterate person to enter the inner room, for he cannot tarry to discuss the movements of the planets or the sublime Emperor's health. Behold, for half a tael of silver you may purchase immunity from his discreditable persistence for seven days; here is the acknowledgement duly made out and attested. Let the payment be made in pieces of metal and not in paper obligations." Unless immediate compliance followed Ho at once began noisily to cast down the articles of commerce, to roll bodily upon the more fragile objects, to become demoniacally possessed on the floor, and to resort to a variety of expedients until all the customers were driven forth in panic.

In the case of an excessively stubborn merchant he had not hesitated to draw a formidable knife and to gash himself in a superficial but very imposing manner; then he had rushed out uttering cries of terror, and sinking down by the door had remained there for the greater part of the day, warning those who would have entered to be upon their guard against being enticed in and murdered, at the same time groaning aloud and displaying his own wounds. Even this seeming disregard of time was well-considered, for when the tidings spread about the city other merchants did not wait for Ho to enter and greet them, but standing at their doors money in hand they pressed it upon him the moment he appeared and besought him to remove his distinguished presence from their plague-infected street. To the ordinary mendicants of the city this stress of competition was disastrous, but to Yuen Yan it was overwhelming. Thoroughly imbued with the deferential systems of antiquity, he led his band from place to place with

a fitting regard for the requirements of ceremonial etiquette and a due observance of leisurely unconcern. Those to whom he addressed himself he approached with obsequious tact, and in the face of a refusal to contribute to his store his most violent expedient did not go beyond marshalling his company of supplicants in an orderly group upon the shop floor, where they sang in unison a composed chant extolling the fruits of munificence and setting forth the evil plight which would certainly attend the flinty-stomached in the Upper Air. In this way Yuen Yan had been content to devote several hours to a single shop in the hope of receiving finally a few pieces of brass money; but now his persecutions were so mild that the merchants and venders rather welcomed him by comparison with the intolerable Ho, and would on no account pay to be relieved of the infliction of his presence. "Have we not disbursed in one day to the piratical Ho thrice the sum which we had set by to serve its purpose for a hand-count of moons, and do we possess the Great Secret?" they cried. "Nevertheless, dispose your engaging band of mendicants about the place freely until it suits your refined convenience to proceed elsewhere, oh meritorious Yuen Yan, for your unassuming qualities have won our consistent regard; but an insatiable sponge has already been laid upon the well-spring of our benevolence and the tenacity of our closed hand is inflexible." Even the passive mendicants began to murmur against his leadership, urging him that he should adopt at least some of the simpler methods of the gifted Ho and thereby save them all from an otherwise inevitable starvation. The Emperor Kia-tsing, said the one who led their voices (referring in his malignant bitterness to a sovereign of the

previous dynasty) was dead, although the fact had doubtless escaped Yuen Yan's deliberate perception. The methods of four thousand years ago were becoming obsolete in the face of a strenuous competition, and unless Yuen Yan was disposed to assume a more highly-oiled appearance they must certainly address themselves to another leader.

It was on this occasion that the incident took place which has passed down in the form of an inspiring proverb. Yuen Yan had conscientiously delivered at the door of his abode the last of his company and was turning his footsteps towards his own arch, when he encountered the contumelious Ho who was likewise returning at the close of a day's mendicancy,—but with this distinction; that, whereas Ho was followed by two stalwart attendants carrying between them a sack full of money, Yan's share of his band's enterprise consisted solely of one base coin of a kind which the charitable set aside for bestowing upon the blind, and quite useless for all ordinary purposes of exchange. A few paces further on Yan reached the Temple of the Unseen Forces and paused for a moment, as his custom was, to cast his eyes up to the tablets engraved with the Virtues, before which some devout person nightly hung a lantern. Goaded by a sudden impulse Yan looked each way about the deserted street, and perceiving that he was alone he deliberately extended his out-thrust tongue towards the inspired precepts. Then taking from an inner sleeve the base coin he flung it at the inscribed characters and observed with satisfaction that it struck the verse beginning, "The Rewards of a Quiescent and Mentally-inspective Life are Unbounded—"

When Yan entered his arch some hours later his mother could not fail

to observe that a subtle change had come over his manner of behaving. Much of the leisurely dignity had melted out of his footsteps, and he wore his hat and outer garments at an angle which plainly testified that he was a person who might be supposed to have a marked objection to returning home before the early hours of the morning. Furthermore, as he entered he was chanting certain melodious words by which he endeavoured to convey the misleading impression that his chief amusement consisted in defying the official watchers of the town, and he continually reiterated a claim to be regarded as "one of the beardless goats." Thus expressing himself Yan sank down in his appointed corner, and would doubtlessly soon have been floating peacefully in the Middle Distance had not the door been again thrown open and a stranger named Chou-hu entered.

"Prosperity!" said Chou-hu courteously, addressing himself to Yan's mother. "Have you eaten your rice? Behold, I come to lay before you a very attractive proposal regarding your son."

"The flower attracts the bee, but when he departs it is to his lips that the honey clings," replied the woman cautiously; for, after Yan's boastful words on entering, she had a fear lest haply this person might be one on behalf of some guardians of the night whom her son had flung across the street (as he had specifically declared his habitual treatment of them to be) come to take him by stratagem.

"Does the pacific lamb become a wolf by night?" said Chou-hu, displaying himself reassuringly. "Wrap your ears well round my words, for they may prove very remunerative. It cannot be a matter outside your knowledge that the profession of con-

ducting an assembly of blind mendicants from place to place no longer yields the wage of even a frugal existence in this city. In the future, for all the sympathy that he will arouse, Yan might as well go begging with a silver bowl. In consequence of his speechless condition he will be unable to support either you or himself by any other form of labour, and your line will thereupon become extinct and your standing in the Upper Air be rendered intolerable."

"It is a remote contingency, but, as the proverb says, 'The wise hen is never too old to dread the Spring,'" replied Yan's mother with commendable prudence. "By what means, then, may this calamity be averted?"

"The person before you," continued Chou-hu, "is a barber and embellisher of pig-tails from the street leading to the Three-horned Pagoda of Eggs. He has long observed the restraint and moderation of Yan's demeanour and now being in need of one to assist him his earliest thought turns to him. The affliction which would be an insuperable barrier in all ordinary cases may here be used to advantage, for being unable to converse with those seated before him or to hear their salutations Yan will be absolved from the necessity of engaging in diffuse and refined conversation, and in consequence he will submit at least twice the number of persons to his dexterous energies. In this way he will secure a higher reward than this person could otherwise afford, and many additional comforts will doubtless fall into the sleeve of his engaging mother."

At this point the woman began to understand that the sense in which Chou-hu had referred to Yan's speechless condition was not that which she had at the time deemed it to be. It may here be made clear that it was Yuen Yan's custom to wear suspended

about his neck an inscribed board bearing the words "Speechless, and devoid of the faculty of hearing," but this originated out of his courteous and deferential nature (for to his self-obliterative mind it did not seem respectful that he should appear to be better endowed than those whom he led), nor could it be asserted that he wilfully deceived even the passing stranger, for he would freely enter into conversation with anyone whom he encountered. Nevertheless, an impression had thus been formed in Chou-hu's mind and the woman forbore to correct it, thinking that it would be scarcely polite to assert herself better informed on any subject than he was, especially as he had spoken of Yan thereby receiving a higher wage. Yan himself would doubtless have revealed something had he not been otherwise employed. Hearing the conversation turn towards his afflictions he at once began to search very industriously among the straw upon which he lay for the inscribed board in question; for to his somewhat confused imagination it seemed at the time that only by displaying it openly could he prove to Chou-hu that he was in no way deficient. As the board was found on the following morning nailed to the great outer door of the Hall of Public Justice (where it remained for many days owing to the official impression that so bold and undeniable a pronouncement must have received the direct authority of the sublime Emperor) Yan was not unnaturally engaged for a considerable time, and in the meanwhile his mother contrived to impress upon him by an unmistakable sign that he should reveal nothing but leave the matter in her hands.

Then said Yan's mother: "Truly the proposal is not altogether wanting in alluring colours, but in what man-

ner will Yan interpret the commands of those who place themselves before him, when he has attained sufficient proficiency to be entrusted with the knife and the shearing irons?"

"The objection is a superficial one," replied Chou-hu. "When a person seats himself upon the operating stool he either throws back his head, fixing his eyes upon the upper room with a set and resolute air, or inclines it slightly forward as in a reverent tranquillity. In the former case he requires his uneven surfaces to be made smooth; in the latter he is desirous that his pig-tail should be drawn out and trimmed. Do not doubt Yan's capability to conduct himself in a discreet and becoming manner, but communicate to him, by the usual means which you adopt, the offer thus laid out; and unless he should be incredibly obtuse or unfilial to a criminal degree he will present himself at the Sign of the Gilt Thunderbolt at an early hour to-morrow."

There is a prudent caution expressed in the proverb: "The hand that feeds the ox grasps the knife when it is fattened; crawl backwards from the presence of a munificent official." Chou-hu, in spite of his plausible pretext, would have experienced no difficulty in obtaining the services of one better equipped to assist him than was Yuen Yan, so that in order to discover his real object it becomes necessary to look underneath his words. He was indeed, as he had stated, a barber and an embellisher of pig-tails, and for many years he had grown rich and round-bodied on the reputation of being one of the most skilful within his quarter of the city. In an evil moment, however, he had abandoned the moderation of his past life, surrounded himself with an atmosphere of opium smoke, and existed

continually in the mind-dimming effects of rice-spirit. From this cause his custom began to languish: his hand no longer swept in the graceful and unhesitating curves which had once been the admiration of all beholders, but displayed on the contrary a very disconcerting irregularity of movement; and on the day of his visit he had shorn away the venerable moustaches of the baker Heng-cho under a mistaken impression as to the reality of things and a wavering vision of their exact position. Now the baker had been inordinately proud of his long white moustaches and valued them above all his possessions, so that, invoking the spirits of his ancestors to behold his degradation and to support him in his resolve, and calling in all the passers-by to bear witness to his oath, he had solemnly bound himself either to cut down Chou-hu fatally, or, should that prove too difficult an accomplishment, to commit suicide within his shop. This two-fold danger thoroughly stupefied Chou-hu and made him incapable of taking any action beyond consuming further and more unstinted potions of rice-spirit and rending article after article of his apparel, until his wife Ai-ang prudently dismissed such persons as loitered and barred the outer door.

"Open your eyes upon the facts by which you are surrounded, oh contemptible Chou-hu," she said, returning to his side and standing over him. "Already your degraded instincts have brought us within measurable distance of poverty, and if you neglect your business to avoid Heng-cho, actual want will soon beset us. If you remain openly within his sight you will certainly be removed forcibly to the Upper Air, leaving this inoffensive person destitute and abandoned, and, if by the exercise of unflinching vigilance you escape both

these dangers, you will be reserved to an even worse plight, for Heng-cho in desperation will inevitably carry out the latter part of his threat, dedicating his spirit to the duty of continually haunting you and frustrating your ambitions here on earth and calling to his assistance myriads of ancestors and relations to torment you in the Upper Air."

"How attractively, and in what brilliantly-coloured outlines do you present the various facts of existence!" exclaimed Chou-hu with inelegant resentment. "Do not neglect to add that, to-morrow being the occasion of the Moon Festival, the inexorable person who owns this residence will present himself to collect his dues, that, in consequence of the rebellion in the south, the sagacious Emperor has doubled the price of opium, that some irredeemable out-cast has carried away this person's blue silk umbrella, and then doubtless the alluring picture of internal felicity around the Ancestral Altar of the Gilt Thunderbolt will be complete."

"Light words are easily spoken behind barred doors," said his wife scornfully. "Let my lord, then, recline indolently upon the floor of his inner chamber while this person sumptuously lulls him into oblivion with the music of her voice, regardless of the morrow and of the fate in which his apathy involves us both."

"By no means," exclaimed Chou hu, rising hastily and tearing away much of his elaborately-arranged pig-tail in his uncontrollable rage; "there is yet a more pleasurable alternative than that and one which will ensure to this person a period of otherwise unattainable domestic calm and at the same time involve a detestable enemy in confusion. Anticipating the dull-witted Heng-cho *this* one will now proceed across the street and, committing suicide within *his* door, will

henceforth enjoy the honourable satisfaction of haunting *his* footsteps and rendering his bakehouse and ovens untenable." With this assurance Chou-hu seized one of his most formidable business weapons and caused it to revolve around his head with great rapidity, but at the same time with extreme carefulness.

"There is a ready saying, 'The new-born lamb does not fear a tiger, but before he becomes a sheep he will flee from a wolf,'" said Ai-ang, without in any way deeming it necessary to arrest Chou-hu's hand. "Full confidently will you set out, oh Chou-hu, but to reach the shop of Heng-cho it is necessary to pass the stall of the dealer in abandoned articles, and next to it are enticingly spread out the wares of Kong, the merchant in distilled spirits. Put aside your reliable scraping iron while you still have it, and this not ill-disposed person will lay before you a plan by which you may even yet avoid all inconveniences and at the same time regain your failing commerce."

"It is also said, 'The advice of a wise woman will ruin a walled city,'" replied Chou-hu, somewhat annoyed at his wife so opportunely comparing him to a sheep, but still more concerned to hear by what possible expedient she could successfully avert all the contending dangers of his position. "Nevertheless, proceed."

"In one of the least reputable quarters of the city there dwells a person called Yuen Yan," said the woman. "He is the leader of a band of sightless mendicants, and in this position he has frequently passed your open door, though,—doubtless being warned by the benevolent—he has never yet entered. Now this Yuen Yan, save for one or two unimportant details, is the reflected personification of your own exalted image, nor would those most intimate with your form

and outline be able to pronounce definitely unless you stood side by side before them. Furthermore he is by nature unable to hear any remark addressed to him, and is incapable of expressing himself in spoken words. Doubtless by these indications my lord's locust-like intelligence will already have leapt to an inspired understanding of the full project?"

"Assuredly," replied Chou-hu, caressing himself approvingly. "The essential details of the scheme are built about the ease with which this person could present himself at the abode of Yuen Yan in his absence and, gathering together that one's store of wealth unquestioned, retire with it to a distant and unknown spot and thereby elude the implacable Heng-cho's vengeance."

"Leaving your menial one in the walled city referred to, to share its fate, and, in particular, to undertake the distressing obligation of gathering up the atrocious Heng-cho after he has carried his final threat into effect? Truly must the crystal stream of your usually undimmed intelligence have become vapourised. Listen well. Disguising your external features slightly so that the resemblance may pass without remark, present yourself openly at the residence of the Yuen Yan in question—"

"First learning where it is situated?" interposed Chou-hu, with a desire to grasp the details competently.

"Unless a person of your retrospective taste would prefer to leave so trivial a point until afterwards," replied his wife in a tone of concentrated insincerity. "In either case, however, having arrived there, bargain with the one who has authority over Yuen Yan's movements, praising his demeanour and offering to receive him into the honours and profits of your craft. Doubtless the words of acquiescence will spring to meet your

own, for the various branches of mendicancy are languishing, and Yuen Yan can have no secret store of wealth. Do not hesitate to offer a higher wage than you would as an affair of ordinary commerce, for your safety depends upon it. Having secured Yan, teach him quickly the unpolished outlines of your business, and then clothing him in robes similar to your own let him take his stand within the shop and withdraw yourself to the inner chamber. None will suspect the artifice, and Yuen Yan is manifestly incapable of betraying it. Heng-cho, seeing him display himself openly, will not deem it necessary to commit suicide yet, and, should he cut down Yan fatally, the officials of the street will seize him and your own safety will be assured. Finally, if nothing particular happens at least your prosperity will be increased, for Yuen Yan will prove industrious, frugal, not addicted to excesses, and in every way reliable, and towards the shop of so exceptional a barber customers will turn in an unending stream."

"Alas," exclaimed Chou-hu, "when you boasted of an inspired scheme this person for a moment foolishly allowed his mind to contemplate the possibility of your having accidentally stumbled upon such an expedient, but your suggestion is only comparable with a company of ducks attempting to cross an ice-bound stream,—an excessive outlay of action but no beneficial progress. Should Yuen Yan freely present himself here on the morrow, pleading destitution and craving to be employed, this person will consider the petition with an open head, but it is beneath his dignity to wait upon so low-class an object." Affecting to recollect an arranged meeting of some importance Chou-hu then clad himself in other robes, altered the appearance of his

face, and set out to act in the manner already described, confident that the exact happening would never reach his lesser one's ears.

On the following day Yuen Yan presented himself at the door of the Gilt Thunderbolt, and quickly perfecting himself in the simpler methods of smoothing surfaces and adorning pig-tails, he took his stand within the shop and operated upon all who came to submit themselves to his embellishment. To those who addressed him with salutations he replied by a gesture tactfully bestowing an agreeable welcome yet at the same time conveying the impression that he was desirous of remaining undisturbed in the philosophical reflection upon which he was engaged. In spite of this it was impossible to lead his mind astray from any weighty detail, and those who, presuming upon his absorbed attitude, endeavoured to evade a just payment on any pretext whatever invariably found themselves firmly but courteously pressed to the wall by the neck, while a highly-polished smoothing blade was flashed to and fro before their eyes with an action of unmistakable significance. The number of customers increased almost daily, for Yan quickly proved himself to be expert above all comparison, while others came from every quarter of the city to test with their own eyes and ears the report that had reached them, to the effect that in the street leading to the Three-horned Pagoda of Eggs there dwelt a barber who made no pretence of elegant and refined conversation, and who did not even press upon those lying helpless in his power miraculous ointments and infallible charm-waters. Thus Chou-hu prospered greatly, but Yan still obeyed his mother's warning and raised a mask before his face, so that Chou-hu and his wife never doubted the reality of his infirmities.

From this cause they did not refrain from conversing together freely before him on subjects of the most poignant detail, whereby Yan learned much of their past lives and conduct while maintaining an attitude of impassive unconcern.

Upon a certain evening in the month when the grass-blades are transformed into silkworms, Yan was alone in the shop, improving the edge and reflecting brilliance of some of his implements, when he heard the woman exclaim from the inner room: "Truly the air from the desert is as hot and devoid of relief as the breath of the Great Dragon; let us repose for the time in the outer chamber." Whereupon they entered the shop and seating themselves upon a couch resumed their occupations, the barber fanning himself while he smoked, his wife gumming her hair and coiling it into the semblance of a bird with outstretched wings.

"The necessity for the elaborate caution of the past no longer exists," remarked Chou-hu presently. "The baker Heng-cho is desirous of becoming one of those who select the paving stones and regulate the number of hanging lanterns for the district lying around the Three-horned Pagoda. In this ambition he is opposed by Kong, the distilled spirit vender, who claims to be a more competent judge of paving stones and hanging lanterns, and one who will exercise a lynx-eyed vigilance upon the public outlay and especially devote himself to curbing the avarice of those bread-makers who habitually mix powdered white earth with their flour. Heng-cho is therefore very concerned that many should bear honourable testimony of his engaging qualities when the day of trial arrives, and thus positioned he has inscribed and sent to this person a written message offering a dignified

reconciliation and adding that he is convinced of the necessity of an enactment compelling all persons to wear a smooth face and a neatly-braided pig-tail."

"It is a creditable solution of the matter," said Ai-ang, speaking between the ivory pins which she held in her mouth. "Henceforth, then, you will take up your accustomed stand as in the past?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Chou-hu. "Yuen Yan is painstaking, and has perhaps done as well as could be expected of one of his shallow intellect, but the absence of suave and high-minded conversation cannot fail to be alienating the custom of the more polished. Plainly it is a short-sighted policy for a person to try to evade his destiny. Yan seems to have been born for the express purpose of leading blind beggars about the streets of the city, and to that profession he must return."

"Oh distressingly-superficial Chou-hu!" exclaimed his wife; "do men turn willingly from wine to partake of vinegar, or having been clothed in silk do they accept sackcloth without a struggle? Indeed, your eyes, which are large to regard your own deeds and comforts, grow small when they are turned towards the attainments of another. In no case will Yan return to his mendicants, for his band is by this time scattered and dispersed. His sleeve being now well lined and his hand proficient in every detail of his craft he will erect a stall, perchance even directly opposite or next to ourselves, and by subtlety, low charges, and diligence he will draw away the greater part of your custom."

"Alas," cried Chou-hu, turning an exceedingly inferior yellow, "there is a deeper wisdom in the proverb 'Do not seek to escape from a flood by clinging to a tiger's tail' than appears

at a casual glance. Now that this person is contemplating gathering again into his own hands the execution of his business, he cannot reasonably afford to employ another, yet it is an intolerable thought that Yan should make use of his experience to set up a sign opposed to the Gilt Thunderbolt. Obviously the only really safe course out of an unpleasant dilemma will be to slay Yan with as little delay as possible. After receiving continuous marks of our approval for so long it is certainly very inconsiderate of him to put us to so unpardonable an inconvenience."

"It is not an alluring alternative," confessed Ai-ang, crossing the room to where Yan was seated in order to survey her hair to greater advantage in a hanging mirror of three sides composed of burnished copper; "but there seems nothing else to be done in the difficult circumstances."

"The street is opportunely empty and there is little likelihood of anyone approaching at this hour," suggested Chou-hu. "What better scheme could be devised than that I should indicate to Yan by signs that I would honour him, and at the same time instruct him further in the correct pose of some of the recognised attitudes, by making smooth the surface of his face? Then during the operation I might perchance slip upon an over-ripe loquat lying unperceived upon the floor; my hand—"

"Ah-ah!" cried Ai-ang aloud, pressing her symmetrical fingers against her gracefully-proportioned ears; "do not, thou dragon-headed one, lead the conversation to such an extremity of detail, still less carry the resolution into effect before the very eyes of this delicately-susceptible person. Now to-morrow, after the mid-day meal, she will be journeying as far as the street of the venders of

woven fabrics in order to procure a piece of silk similar to the pearl-grey robe which she is wearing. The opportunity will be a favourable one, for to-morrow is the weekly occasion on which you raise the shutters and deny customers at an earlier hour; and it is really more modest that one of my impressionable refinement should be away from the house altogether and not merely in the inner chamber when that which is now here passes out."

"The suggestion is well-timed," replied Chou-hu. "No interruption will then be possible."

"Furthermore," continued his wife, sprinkling upon her hair a perfumed powder of gold which made it sparkle as it engaged the light at every point with a most entrancing lustre, "would it not be desirable to use a weapon less identified with your own hand? In the corner nearest to Yan there stands a massive and heavily-knotted club which could afterwards be burned. It would be an easy matter to call the simple Yan's attention to some object upon the floor and then as he bent down suffer him to pass Beyond."

"Assuredly," agreed Chou-hu, at once perceiving the wisdom of the change; "also, in that case, there would be less—"

"Ah—!" again cried the woman, shaking her upraised finger reprovingly at Chou-hu, for so daintily-endowed was her mind that she shrank from any of the grosser realities of the act unless they were clothed in very gilded flowers of speech. "Desist, oh crimson-miuded barbarian! Let us now walk side by side along the river bank and drink in the soul-stirring melody of the musicians who at this hour will be making the spot doubly attractive with the concord of stringed woods and instruments of brass struck with harmonious unison."

The scheme for freeing Chou-hu from the embarrassment of Yan's position was really not badly arranged, nor would it have failed in most cases, but the barber was not sufficiently broad-witted to see that many of the inspired sayings which he used as arguments could be taken in another light and conveyed a decisive warning to himself. A pleasantly-devised proverb has been aptly compared to a precious jewel, and as the one has a hundred light-reflecting surfaces so has the other a diversity of applications until it is not infrequently beyond the comprehension of an ordinary person to know upon which side wisdom and prudence lie. On the following afternoon Yan was seated in his accustomed corner when Chou-hu entered the shop with uneven feet. The barriers against the street had been raised and the outer door was barred so that none might intrude, while Chou-hu had already carefully examined the walls to ensure that no crevices remained unsealed. As he entered he was seeking, somewhat incoherently, to justify himself by assuring the deities that he had almost changed his mind until he remembered many impious acts on Yan's part in the past, to avenge which he felt himself to be their duly appointed instrument. Furthermore, to convince them of the sacredness of his motive (and also to protect himself against the influence of evil spirits) he advanced repeating the words of an invocation which in his youth he had been accustomed to say daily in the temple, and thereupon Yan knew that the moment was at hand.

"Behold, master," he exclaimed suddenly, in clearly expressed words, "a tael lies at your feet."

Chou-hu looked down to the floor, and lying before him was a piece of

silver. To his dull and confused faculties it sounded an inaccurate detail of the pre-arranged plan that Yan should have addressed him and the remark itself seemed dimly to remind him of something that he had forgotten, but he was too involved with himself to be able to attach any logical significance to the facts and he at once stooped greedily to possess the coin. Then Yan, who had an unflinching grasp upon the necessities of each passing second, sprang agilely forward, swung the staff, and brought it so proficiently down upon Chou-hu's lowered head that the barber dropped lifeless to the ground and the weapon itself was shattered by the blow. Without a pause Yan clothed himself with his master's robes and ornaments, wrapped his own garment about Chou-hu instead, and opening a stone door let into the ground rolled the body through so that it dropped down into the cave beneath. He next altered the binding of his hair a little, cut his lips deeply for a set purpose, and then, reposing upon the couch of the inner chamber, took up one of Chou-hu's pipes and awaited Ai-ang's return.

"It is unsupportable that they of the silk market should be so ill-equipped," remarked Ai-ang discontentedly as she entered. "This pitiable one has worn away the heels of her sandals in a vain endeavour to procure a suitable embroidery, and has turned over the contents of every stall to no material end. How have the events of the day progressed with you, my lord?"

"To the fulfilling of the written destiny. Yet in a measure darkly, for a light has gone out," replied Yuen Yan.

"There was no unanticipated divergence?" enquired the woman with interest and a marked approval of

this delicate way of expressing the operation of an unpleasant necessity.

"From detail to detail it was as this person desired and contrived," said Yan.

"And, of a surety, this one also," claimed Ai-ang, with an internal feeling that something was insidiously changed in which she had no adequate part.

"The language may be fully expressed in six styles of writing; but who shall read the mind of a woman?" replied Yan evasively. "Nevertheless, in explicit words, the overhanging shadow has departed and the future is assured."

"It is well," said Ai-ang. "Yet how altered is your voice, and for what reason do you hold a cloth before your mouth?"

"The staff broke and a splinter flying upwards pierced my lips," replied Yan lowering the cloth. "You speak truly, for the pain attending each word is by no means slight, and scarcely can this person recognise his own voice."

"Oh incomparable Chou-hu, how valiantly do you bear your sufferings!" exclaimed Ai-ang remorsefully. "And while this heedless one has been passing the time pleasantly in handling rich brocades you have been lying here in anguish. Behold now, without delay she will prepare food to divert your mind, and to mark the occasion she had already purchased a little jar of gold-fish gills, two eggs branded with the assurance that they have been earth-buried for eleven years, and a small serpent preserved in oil."

When they had eaten for some time in silence Yuen Yan again spoke. "Attend closely to my words," he said, "and if you perceive any disconcerting oversight in the scheme which I am about to lay before you do not hesitate to declare it. The

threat which Heng-cho the baker swore, he swore openly, and many reputable witnesses could be gathered together who would confirm his words, while the written message of reconciliation which he sent will be known to none. Let us therefore take that which lies in the cave beneath and, clothing it in my robes, bear it unperceived as soon as the night has descended and leave it in the courtyard of Heng-cho's house. Now Heng-cho has a fig plantation outside the city so that when he rises early, as his custom is, and finds the body he will carry it away to bury it secretly there, remembering his impetuous words and well knowing the net of entangling circumstances which must otherwise close around him. At that moment you will appear before him, searching for your husband, and suspecting his burden raise an outcry that may draw the neighbours to your side if necessary. On this point, however, be discreetly observant, for if the tumult calls down the official watch it will go evilly with Heng-cho, but we shall profit little. The greater likelihood is that as soon as you lift up your voice the baker will implore you to accompany him back to his house so that he may make a full and honourable compensation. This you will do, and hastening the negotiation as much as is consistent with a seemly regard for your intolerable grief, you will accept not less than five hundred taels and an undertaking that a suitable funeral will be provided."

"Oh thrice-versatile Chou-hu," exclaimed Ai-ang, whose eyes had reflected an ever-increasing sparkle of admiration as Yan unfolded the details of his scheme, "how insignificant are the minds of others compared with yours! Assuredly you have been drinking at some magic well in this one's absence, for never before was your intellect so keen and lustreful.

Let us at once carry your noble stratagem into effect, for this person's heart throbs to take her part in a project of such remunerative ingenuity."

Accordingly they descended into the cave beneath and taking up Chou-hu they again dressed him in his own robes. In his inner sleeve Yan placed some parchments of slight importance; he returned the jade bracelet to his wrist and by other signs he made his identity unmistakable; then lifting him between them, when the night was well advanced, they carried him through unfrequented ways and left him unperceived within Heng-cho's gate.

"There is yet another precaution which will ensure to you the sympathetic voices of all, if it should become necessary to appeal openly," said Yuen Yan when they had returned. "I will make out a deed of final intention conferring all I possess upon Yuen Yan as a mark of esteem for his conscientious services, and this you can produce if necessary in order to crush the niggard baker in the winepress of your necessitous destitution." Thereupon Yan drew up such a document as he had described, signing it with Chou-hu's name and sealing it with his ring, while Ai-ang also added her sign and attestation. He then sent her to lurk upon the roof, strictly commanding her to keep an undeviating watch upon Heng-cho's movements.

It was about the hour before dawn when Heng-cho appeared, bearing across his back a well-filled sack and carrying in his right hand a spade. His steps were turned towards the fig orchard of which Yan had spoken, so that he must pass Chou-hu's house, but before he reached it Ai-ang had passed out and with loosened hair and trailing robes she sped along the street. Presently there came to

Yuen Yan's waiting ear a long-drawn cry and the sounds of many shutters being flung open and the tread of hurrying feet. The moments hung about him like the wings of a dragon-dream, but a prudent restraint chained him to the inner chamber.

It was fully light when Ai-ang returned, accompanied by one whom she dismissed before she entered. "Felicity," she exclaimed, placing before Yan a heavy bag of silver. "Your word has been accomplished."

"It is sufficient," replied Yan in a tone from which every tender modulation was absent, as he laid the silver by the side of the parchment which he had drawn up. "For what reason is the outer door now barred and they who drink tea with us prevented from entering to wish Yuen Yan prosperity?"

"Strange are my lord's words, and the touch of his breath is cold to his menial one," said the woman in doubting reproach.

"It will scarcely warm even the roots of Heng-cho's fig-trees," replied Yuen Yan with unveiled contempt. "Stretch across your hand."

In trembling wonder Ai-ang laid her hand upon the ebony table which stood between them, and slowly advanced it until Yan seized it and held it firmly in his own. For a moment he held it, compelling the woman to gaze with a soul-crushing dread into his face; then his features relaxed somewhat from the effort by which he had controlled them, and at the sight Ai-ang tore away her hand, and with a scream which caused those who stood outside to forget the memory of every other cry they had ever heard, she cast herself from the house and was seen in the city no more.

These are the pages of the forgotten incident in the life of Yuen Yan which this writer has sought out and discovered. Elsewhere, in the lesser Classics, it may be read that the person in question afterwards lived to a venerable age, and finally passed above surrounded by every luxury, after leading an existence consistently benevolent and marked by an even exceptional adherence to the principles and requirements of the Virtues.

ERNEST BRAMAH.

STEEP STAIRS AND BITTER BREAD.

Yea, thou shalt learn how salt his food who fares
 Upon another's bread, how steep his path
 Who treadeth up and down another's stairs.

DIVINA COMMEDIA, *Paradiso*, Canto xvii.

SIGNS and tears are a language common to all, but the jests of a wounded heart are couched in a tongue that is rarely understood. To feel the full anguish of Dante's humiliation, it is necessary to go, not to that fair Florence which cast him forth, closing her doors irrevocably against his return, not to Ravenna, where, lulled by the moan of pinewoods and of sea, he sleeps his exiled sleep, but to Verona, where with a look of scornful calm his statue stands within a stone's throw of the Prefettura, which was once the palace of that Can Grande della Scala, whose stairs were so steep to the poet's feet.

The fame of the great cities of Italy — Rome, Florence, Venice — is in every mouth; but there are many of her smaller towns which though less important are scarcely less full of interest, and which are beautiful in the memories of those who have visited them. Of such towns there are few more striking examples than Verona, known to how many but as the dwelling-place of Shakespeare's two Gentlemen, or as the scene of the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. To walk on the banks of the Adige when the sun is setting is to be transported into a scene of almost more than earthly loveliness. The winding river reflects the glow of the sky and rolls its waves of crimson and gold under the grey walls of the town; on the opposite height rises

the Castello San Pietro, the ancient fortress of the German Theoderic, which, after passing through many changes and chances of fortune, was destroyed by Napoleon in 1801, and restored by the Austrians in 1849. The history of Italy, with its occupation by successive foreign powers, might well be symbolised in such a scene. Etruscans, Gauls, Romans, Germans, Lombards and Venetians,— all in turn have held sway over this spot of earth, and all as they passed have exhibited in miniature the whole story of Italy, her prosperity and her decay, her enthrallment and her emancipation.

Indeed, few cities on earth are more lovely than Verona, and yet, with all its loveliness, it has been the scene of so much sorrow. Here, on these very stones, lingered the feet of Dante; on this very prospect his sad eyes rested; this self-same river murmured its melancholy in his ears, as he brooded over his bitter experiences in della Scala's palace of which he speaks in the lines already quoted.

A notable race were these Scaligeri, a race deserving well of the honour paid to them by the city over which they ruled. For in that fierce struggle between Guelphs and Ghibellines, when towns and provinces changed hands as quickly as counters in a game, where populations were decimated and whole country-sides laid

waste, the Scaligeri, in a lesser degree, did for Verona what the Medici did for Florence; they protected it by their powerful sway and raised it to an eminence which it had not known before. Martino della Scala was elected Podestà in the year 1260; two years later he was made Capitano del Popolo, and from this time until 1389, when Visconti of Milan attacked and conquered Verona, the city was governed by his descendants. Of these descendants the best known is Can Grande, or Cane the Great, the patron of Dante, who governed Verona from 1308 to 1329. His eldest brother, Bartolommeo, who died in 1303, is the Prince Escalus of ROMEO AND JULIET, the quarrel, with its tragic results, taking place in the city during his term of government. The second brother, Alboine, succeeded him, and after his death, Francesco, or as he is generally called, Can Grande, who had shared his rule for several years, succeeded to the sole sovereignty.

This young prince is one of the typical figures of Italian history; his powers, his opportunities, and his achievements were all on a smaller scale than those of Lorenzo the Magnificent, yet the spirit which animated the great Medici was undeniably present in the Scaliger. Surrounded by admirers and placed upon a pinnacle of worldly glory, he yet had a touch of that saving grace which can prevent the favourites of fortune from being dazzled by their own success. Amid the enjoyment of his personal triumphs he was able to appreciate the triumphs of other men in far different fields; nor was he altogether devoid of that genius for friendship without which a ruler must be forever condemned to the society of slaves and sycophants.

Dante's acquaintance with the

Scaligers had begun during the reign of Bartolommeo, to whom he had been sent during the first days of his banishment from Florence to entreat him to send an army to the help of the exiles. Can Grande was then a child at his brother's court and when the poet sought refuge in Verona a second time, the young prince had still barely completed his twenty-fifth year. The contrast between the two men could hardly have been greater. Dante was now about forty years old, and already he had passed through a varied and troubled experience. His boyhood and youth had centred round a pure and hopeless love; Beatrice, the guiding star of his existence, had been taken from him, first by marriage and then, still more irrevocably, by death. His joy and his despair had found expression in the *VITA NUOVA*, a book which is as veritably the embodiment of his early life, as the *DIVINA COMMEDIA* is the embodiment of his maturity. Its aloofness from the ideas and feelings of ordinary humanity give it an originality which, though altogether different, is not less marked than the originality of the later work. It is the expression of a delicate and exquisite nature, steeped both in rapture and anguish, yet so unstained by earthly follies, so untouched by worldly conflicts, that its joy and sorrow are transfigured and etheralised, purged alike of human passion and of human pain.

This first period of Dante's life was followed by a sudden and complete transition. From that state of mental detachment in which, like Ariel, he had hovered singing in the middle air, he now plunged down into the thick of earthly struggle and occupation. His marriage, the birth of his seven children, his employment by the State, the turmoils and

troubles of his native city, followed one another in quick succession. He, who had so lately absorbed himself in imaginative woes, as delicious almost as they were cruel, was now torn with party strife, and stained with the dust and soil of jealousy and recrimination, of envied power and anathematised disgrace. Laying aside his dreams, he toiled terribly for his fellow-citizens, and in return his fellow-citizens cast him out, the doors of his home were for evermore closed to him, and the Florence that he loved spurned him from her gates. Bitterness of spirit, scorn, indignation, and despair were the inevitable results of such a fate; and it is not to be wondered at that for the first year or two of his exile, Dante should have spent his time in plots and counterplots, in fervid conferences with his fellow-conspirators, and in passionate attempts to persuade some friendly despot to come to the aid of himself and his fellow-exiles.

But this period of wrathful effort was but the swell that follows the storm. Pre-destined to failure, failure at length ceased to trouble him, or rather his failure taught him how unworthily his time was spent in the company of plotters and avengers.

That shall gall thee most,
Will be the worthless and vile company
With whom thou must be thrown into
these straits.
For all ungrateful, impious all, and
mad,
Shall turn 'gainst thee: but in a little
while
Theirs, and not thine, shall be the
crimson'd brow,
Their course shall so evince their
brutishness,
To have ta'en thy stand apart shall
well become thee.

This was to him the turning-point. The vision of Beatrice, obscured for the moment, came back to him with

even greater clearness and beauty, and like a true artist, turning to gain the losses that he had suffered, he set himself to follow it with all the added strength of a nature that had passed through the furnace and been welded fast by the hammer of fate. Such had been the threefold experience of Dante, an experience which in some degree recalls the threefold experience of another singer of Heaven and Hell, who, leaving the quiet seclusion of his studious dreams, plunged into the labours of the State, to return at a later day to the vision of that lost Paradise which had engaged his youthful fancy.

With this experience behind him, a man of middle life, saddened, disappointed and world-wearied, Dante came to Verona, seeking refuge at the court of Can Grande. At first sight it might have seemed impossible that any friendship could exist between two human beings set so far apart by fortune and by fate. Young, handsome, powerful and rich, Can Grande was at the zenith of his fame; his exuberant vitality, his splendid spirits, had all the profusion of a midsummer morning; while Dante's life was but a twilight piece, breathing autumn, and chilly with impenetrable gloom. And yet the very contrast between them appeared to draw them closer together; the Prince's feeling may indeed have been only the shallow affection of a nature selfishly kind and carelessly generous, but Dante's frozen heart warmed and melted in sudden joy. It is easy for us at the present day to blame him for thus allowing himself to expand in the warmth of a fictitious sunshine; let us rather put ourselves in his place and see if his conduct was not altogether natural.

Dante, it must be remembered, was an exile; his love for Florence was of that clinging and enduring kind

which floods cannot quench nor flames devour; but like all such love it was capable of biting with a serpent's tooth the breast in which it was borne. How bitterly he felt his banishment may be seen in his *IL CONVITO*, where he pours out his woes in no measured terms.

Alas, had it pleased the Dispenser of the Universe that neither others had committed wrong against me, nor I suffered unjustly! Suffered, I say, the punishment of exile and poverty since it was the pleasure of the citizens of that fairest and most renowned daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me forth out of her sweet bosom, in which I had my birth and nourishment even to the ripeness of my age; and in which, with her good will, I desire with all my heart to rest this wearied spirit of mine and to terminate the time allotted to me on earth. Wandering over almost every part to which this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant, showing against my will the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is often imputed to his ill-deserving on whom it is inflicted. I have indeed been without a sail and without steerage, carried about to divers ports and roads and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty, and have appeared before the eyes of many, who perhaps from some report that had reached them had imagined me of a different form; in whose sight not only my person was disparaged, but every action of mine became of less value, as well already performed, as those which yet remained for me to attempt.

The pangs which Dante suffered could not be healed by any alien kindness, but they could be soothed and alleviated. Florence banished him, Verona received him; the rulers for whom he had laboured spurned and rejected him; the Prince upon whom he had no claim threw open his palace doors and took him in.

Of his love for wife and children we cannot speak so surely; yet it is not possible that all family bonds and all ties of friendship should have

been suddenly severed, without the infliction of severe suffering. Dante was lonely, as none but great spirits are ever lonely, and in Can Grande's kindness he found a solace for his aching heart

Of his love for his work no doubt can exist. The poem which he had left behind him in Florence, which his wife had carefully preserved and his nephew had restored to him, had now been recast, expanded, and continued, laboured on by day and pored over by night, until it had become an integral part of his being. He realised now that this was the thing that he had been sent into the world to do, this was in deed and in truth himself, the very soul of his existence. Parents have many a time been blinded by the deceptive praise of their offspring; is it wonderful that Dante should have been fascinated by an appreciation of the child of his brain which was in all probability perfectly genuine? The gallant young Prince who made a business of pleasure and a sport of war, had, like so many other princes of his age and race, an intense admiration for genius; an artist, a poet, or a sculptor, was considered to add lustre to the court of his protector, and though Can Grande may not have realised that he was harbouring an immortal, he was yet interested enough to charm the writer whose words seemed to so many but as idle tales. Boccaccio has recorded that Dante, when he had finished seven or eight cantos of his poem, would send them, before anyone else had seen them, to Can Grande, "whom he held in respect above every other," a convincing proof that he felt secure of sympathy and comprehension in this most tender point of his whole nature.

From all these mingled sources, then, sprang the feeling which made the first part of Dante's sojourn at

la Scala's court pass so lightly, and which prompted the dedication to the PARADISO,—“To the Magnificent and Victorious Signore, the Signore Cane Grande della Scala.” In this dedication he speaks of the report of the young prince's glory and greatness which had drawn him irresistibly to Verona :

Not to remain in long uncertainty, like that eastern queen who came to Jerusalem, and as Palladius came to Helicon, so came I to Verona to judge faithfully with my own eyes. Then I saw your magnificence, which I had already heard of from every quarter. I saw and proved your kindness. And as at first I feared that what was said exceeded the facts, so now I know that the facts go beyond the report. From which it came that as by simple hearing I had been moved towards you in a softening of the spirit, so at first I became your devoted friend. Nor do I think that by assuming the name of friend that I am presumptuous as many may suppose, for the sacred chain of friendship links together those who are unequal in rank as well as those who are each other's peers and between the former may be seen delightful and useful friendships.

The last sentence no doubt breathes a hint of future trouble, and both Boccaccio and Petrarch have left us records which show how the pre-science grew into a certainty.

Dante Alighieri [writes Petrarch] was in his habits and speech, by perversity, more independent than was agreeable to delicate and nice ears, and to the eyes of the princes of our age. He, being an exile from his country and dwelling with Can Grande, then the universal refuge and consolation of the afflicted, was at first held by him in great honour, but little by little fell back and from day to day became less agreeable to the Prince.

This gradual loss of favour is scarcely to be wondered at. A moody and grief-stricken man, of daring genius and commanding intellect, is likely enough to prove

a death's-head at the feasts of light-hearted revellers. Rude jests abounded at the court, coarse levity, and deeds which would not well bear the light. Dante, the seer of Heaven and Hell, could not let these pass unrebuked, and a powerful patron could hardly be expected to bear patiently the chiding of one of his humble retainers.

Cane being in a disagreeable mood, which Dante endured badly [writes Boccaccio again], the Prince called a jester before him and praised him greatly to the poet. “I wonder,” he said, “that a foolish man like this should know how to please everybody and to make himself beloved by everybody, which you cannot do who are called a wise man.” To which Dante replied: “You would not wonder at this if you knew that the real foundation of friendship is in the resemblance of habits and the equality of minds.”

A still more unrefined jest was followed by a still bitterer retort. A boy, hidden under the banquet-table according to the fashion of the times to gather up the bones let fall by the guests, laid them in a heap beneath the chair occupied by Dante. The company arising from table, the bones were discovered, whereupon the Prince put on an air of much wonder and exclaimed laughingly, “Our Dante is a great eater of meat.” On which the poet, flashing out upon his host a glance of indignant scorn, replied with a fierce play upon Can Grande's name: “Sire, you would not see many bones if I were a dog (*Mes-sere, voi non vedreste tant' ossa, se CANE io fossi*).”

But foolish jests, however hard to bear, might yet have been forgiven, if the poet had been able to concentrate his mind upon that work which was now nearing completion, and which was to him at once a mighty mission and an abiding consolation. But Can Grande, who had at first professed the

deepest interest in the progress of the poem and to whom the successive cantos of the *PARADISO* had been submitted, came to think that his guest might be more usefully employed, and that instead of devoting himself to such far-away subjects as Heaven and Hell, he might occupy himself with the affairs of this world. A small office about the Court was therefore found for him, and the poet was bidden to leave his meditations that he might levy fines and settle the petty disputes of the townspeople ; a useful work, no doubt, and one most necessary to be performed, but no more suited to Dante than the taxing of casks of beer was to Robert Burns. Superiority is in some cases the most irritating of reproaches. Can Grande had expected abject deference in return for his protection, but the man whom he patronised was greater than himself, and chafing at the unwelcome thought, he sought to redress the balance by inflicting humiliation on the loftier spirit.

Expostulation would only have produced more biting taunts. Dante endured until he could endure no more ; friendship might have held him for ever in its sacred chain, but when his host made it clear to him that his presence had become a burden, it was time for him to leave his refuge and strike out once more upon the open sea. Verona, with all her loveliness, was now but a prison to him ; he longed to escape from her wooded slopes and her terraced streets, her river winding its way through olives and vineyards, and above all from those palaces where gay ladies and mirthful cavaliers made merry over the taciturn poet, with face darkened, as Boccaccio says, by the fires through which he had passed.

So the day came, after a space,
When Dante felt assured that there

The sunshine must lie sicklier
Even than in any other place,
Save only Florence. When that day
Had come, he rose and went his way.

Rossetti, in his poem *DANTE IN VERONA*, thus describes the feeling that drove Dante forth again into the world. The last thirteen cantos of his poem were written after his departure, and these thirteen cantos were not shown to la Scala. Never again would Dante submit his work to that once sympathetic critic, but perhaps he may have regretted the oblivion into which his name would surely fall in Can Grande's mind, when he wrote the lines in the seventeenth canto of the *PARADISO*. The kindness of Bartolommeo della Scala had never galled its recipient, if we may judge from the words which he puts into the mouth of his ancestor Cacciaguida. This spirit, who meets Dante and Beatrice in Mars, or the fifth heaven, is supposed to predict to the poet the exile which had already come to pass, and tells him that his first refuge shall be

In the great Lombard's courtesy, who
bears
Upon the ladder perched the sacred
bird.
He shall behold thee with such kind
regard
That 'twixt ye two, the contrary to
that
Which falls 'twixt other men, the
granting shall
Forerun the asking.

The lines which follow have been variously interpreted by the commentators ; but it is surely clear that they must apply to Can Grande from the allusion to his age, for at the time that Dante visited his brother's court, the boy was nine years old.

— With him thou shalt see
That mortal who was at his birth
imprest

So strongly from this star, that of
his deeds
The nations shall take note. His
unripe age
Yet holds him from observance; for
these wheels
Only nine years have compassed him
about.

But if it is of Can Grande that
Dante is writing at the very moment
that he was smarting from his slights,
it is surely unreasonable that he
should have gone out of his way to
record how in his childhood he showed
such sparks of virtue that it might
safely be predicted—

His bounty shall be spread abroad so
widely
As not to let the tongues, e'en of his
foes,
Be idle in its praise. Look thou to
him
And his beneficence, for he shall cause
Reversal of their lot to many people,
Rich men and beggars interchanging
fortunes.
And thou shalt bear this written in
thy soul
Of him, but tell it not.

The last lines may convey some
hint of disparagement, for they im-
ply that Dante will see Can Grande
turning rich men into beggars as
well as beggars into rich men; but
the passage on the whole is lauda-
tory, and it seems strange that it
should have been inserted here.

Strange, and yet not strange! If a
meaner soul than Dante had written
the *PARADISO*, he would have pilloried
his ungracious patron for the scorn
of the world; but it is not by
petty spite that the great ones of the
earth vindicate their cause. Dante
had eaten of Can Grande's bread,
and bitter though that bread had
been he would not revile the bounty
that had bestowed it; steep as were

the stairs on which his feet had
climbed, he would not bring dis-
honour on the roof that had sheltered
him. Many things were written of
the Prince in Dante's soul which he
would never tell to the world, but
such praise as he could utter he
would not keep back. Whether Can
Grande's eye ever fell upon that sad,
reproachful praise, we do not know;
but even though he made no amends
to the poet, Dante's wrongs have
been amply avenged. Time's re-
venges are the most powerful of all.
Dante lived and died in banishment,
but though doomed to perpetual exile,
he has found an imperishable home
in the memory of his fellow-men,
while Can Grande lives only by his
passing connection with the poet.
Every traveller who goes to Verona
visits the tombs of the Scaligeri,
those wonderful sculptured monu-
ments surrounded by the graceful
railing of ironwork on which appears
so often the crest of the eagle and the
ladder. Can Grande's tomb is to be
seen over the door of the little church
of Santa Maria Antica; mounted on
his horse of stone, his carved lips
breathe defiance, as though once
again he would shout his battle-cry
of *Viva Cane* to a field of flying
foes. Yet who, of all the many
hundreds who have gone to look
upon his tomb, know aught of him
except that he belonged to the
princely family in whose last resting-
place he lies?

Eat and wash hands, Can Grande,
scarce
We know their deeds now; hands
which fed
Our Dante with that bitter bread;
And thou the watch-dog of those stairs
Which, of all paths his feet knew well,
Were steeper found than Heaven or
Hell!

A NATIONAL BALANCE-SHEET.

GREAT Britain has often struck me as a gigantic land and manufacturing corporation endeavouring to manage its business without any definite system of accounts, and with its shareholders constantly grumbling because they are shown no returns for their money,—merely an abstract of their expenditure. How or why a nation, which prides itself above all things on its business capacity, should be content with such a state of affairs is a problem to which it is difficult to find an answer, more especially since the materials for the framing of a proper statement of affairs are neither more difficult to collect or to understand than those which are dealt with to the satisfaction of their shareholders by many similar undertakings.

Our land business is the development of our colonial and home possessions: our manufacturing business is the training of sailors, soldiers, and citizens capable both of guarding and maintaining them; and it should be no more difficult to form a trustworthy estimate of the value of either than to assess the value of any other estate, or of any other description of manufactured article whose value may vary from a king's ransom down to a dead loss, simply as a consequence of its position in time and space at a given moment.

A tin of ration beef may be worth its weight in gold at a crisis in a man's life. Most of us who have served in the army have seen it lying about in tons where it was not worth the cost of removal; yet custom and mutual agreement have given it a

fixed quotation good enough for, let us say, Mr. Armour's book-keeping, and the same causes will equally serve to fix the value of a British soldier or sailor under normal conditions.

This in brief is my position; let me now come down to details.

I propose the preparation of a National Capital Account in which the cost to the country in money should be shown on the one side, the estimated value of our conquests on the other.

The first item is not difficult. Nuthall's Statistical Dictionary gives, as the total cost of our wars since 1700 to the close of the Crimean campaign, 1,265 millions, which, with the addition of the operations in Egypt and the Boer War, would bring the total in round numbers to 1,500 millions. Sir Robert Giffen in his address before the British Association in September, 1903, estimates the total wealth of the United Kingdom at 15,000 millions, of Canada at 1,250 millions, of Australia at 1,100 millions, of South Africa at 600 millions, of India 3,000 millions, and our other possessions at 1,200 millions, making a total of 22,150 millions, or nearly 15 times the amount it has cost to win and keep it together, which may be considered financially as a very fair unearned increment on the original purchase-price.

The reply of the extreme school of Free-traders will probably be that, under one flag or another, the world's population would have grown equally, or more rapidly without war, and humanity at large would therefore enjoy equal or greater material

comfort without the assistance of our fleets and armies; and this was undoubtedly the idea in the minds of the political economists of the eighteenth century, whose school of thought was evolved in the days when armies, fleets, and policies were essentially dynastic and not national. To them it appeared that monarchs and soldiers were everywhere and always an evil, parasitic growths upon a nation's industry, and that a reasonable man could settle down and adjust himself to his surroundings equally well in any Christian country.

The French Revolution, which had as its immediate consequence the evocation of the national sentiment in all countries, shattered these dreams for ever, and the philosophers in Germany and Italy, the spread of whose doctrines had done so much to facilitate the success of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic armies, soon found out that to the population at large the question of *under which flag* was by no means a matter of indifference. The net result of the years of suffering under French occupation was the birth of the great continental nations as we now see them, concrete existences struggling each with one another and against ourselves for their share of the food necessary for their subsistence, which is the world's trade.

In England we escaped the French scourge, and it is not therefore to be wondered at if our perception of cause and effect in these matters is less acute than in the case of our neighbours. Yet there can be no doubt that their sufferings were our opportunity, and that this opportunity would never have arisen but for the combined powers of our fleet and armies. Trafalgar alone did not break down the Berlin decrees; it needed ten years of land warfare cul-

minating in the victory of Waterloo to open the Continent to our trade, and whether we could have borne another five years of exclusion may be gathered from the internal state of the country in the years immediately succeeding the Great Peace,—a point the advocates of the extreme Sea-Power school would do well to ponder.

When the French Revolution broke out, our monarchical system had fully proved its stability, and our fleets soon shewed themselves equal to their purpose. Even before all fear of invasion had been dispelled by the victory of Trafalgar, capitalists of all nations had begun to realise where the best security for their money lay, and though we poured out money in subsidies like water, the supply proved adequate for our purposes, and Consols acted like an hydraulic accumulator storing up energy to meet the forthcoming demand.

Free from the dread of invasion our inventors had time and opportunity to develop their ideas, and, when once the war was over, credit was soon available to finance the new manufactories for whose products all the world was then waiting. Thence came the phenomenal expansion of the early years of Queen Victoria's reign; but when the triumphs of her armies again gave promise of security to Germany, and her system of universal military training had supplied her with an almost limitless number of men, specially adapted to the new conditions of organised labour which the progress of invention had meanwhile evolved, capital found a new outlet, and we have since had to deal with a very serious rival.

I have known the Rhine valley since I was a boy, and have seen great cities grow up where thirty years ago there were mere medieval townships. I have discussed the whole question

with leading statisticians in Berlin, and heard the opinions of acknowledged authorities from the United States, and I submit as my conclusion that the expansion of Germany in wealth and population, the direct consequence of the excellence of her military system since 1870, is equal to anything which has been seen in the Eastern States of America and greater than our own since the same date. Surely these examples must suffice to prove that the old saying, *Trade follows the Flag*, is based on sounder foundations than our Cobdenites would have us suppose.

Now turn the tables the other way, and imagine what would have happened had Napoleon entered London and his calculations proved correct,—a general upheaval of society, ten years at least of national humiliation and misery, probably even more bitterly felt than in other countries because of the greater freedom to which we had been accustomed, and then a national revival such as that which swept over Northern Germany in 1813, from the financial consequences of which some of the best families have even yet not recovered. And even then the prospects of success would have been doubtful, for Napoleon would certainly have found means to bind our fleet far more securely than he bound the Prussian army; our dockyards would have been far more easy to supervise than their drill-grounds, and even in those days you could not improvise warships in a couple of months.

Probably our fate would have been that of Ireland,—a long drawn-out agony of famine, followed by wholesale emigration, and after a lapse of years a shrinkage of population down to the bare limits of subsistence which unskilled farming can wring from the ground.

Where would our Free-traders have

been then? Can they suppose that the victorious nation would have welcomed the competition of our better workmen, as they undoubtedly were in those days? Do East Londoners welcome the alien even now? And the alien we get is not quite the same competitor that ours would have been.

It is possible that the reasonable tradesman of the old school who favoured the doctrines of the eighteenth century might have been content to adjust himself to new surroundings and even to tolerate French police and French law-courts. The trouble really would have been that the new surroundings would have refused to adjust themselves to him. The French, after the Revolution, were a very different race to live among compared with what they were in Adam Smith's time.

We might,—probably the majority would—have found a home in America, but the only result, so far as the Free-traders are concerned, would have been to diminish their adherents still further. We all become Protectionists when once we cross the water,—a fact which perhaps admits of scientific, though not of logical, explanation, for the two are not yet synonymous.

Summarising the above facts and arguments I submit that the increment in value of our possessions over their purchase-price is as directly attributable to our fighting-power as the increased value of the property of a railway, let us say, is due to the existence of the line for whose construction it was originally acquired, and may as fairly be shewn on the credit side of our ledger as in the case of the supposed railway, or any other commercial undertaking which borrows money on debenture securities; and this conclusion is sufficient for my general argument.

But the principle admits of greater

expansion and of a more practical nature,—one which would at least facilitate the defence of our Army and Navy Estimates in Committee.

For the past few centuries both the War Office and the Admiralty have been acquiring property all over the country, and developing it in value by the attractive power the assemblage of troops always exercises on the civil population who flock to supply their wants. Why should not the capital value of these be duly credited in the Estimates, so that the country might know the actual value of its purchases?

Some fifty years ago the War Department acquired many thousands of acres about Aldershot at an average price of £7 an acre. Since the establishment of the camp the land has risen in value till it is worth from £50 to £300 according to position. Now it happens that for its special purpose, the tactical training of troops, the War Department could hardly have hit on a worse piece of ground, for according to geological surveys there does not appear to be anywhere else in the world, except a small area in Holstein, a portion of land having similar characteristics. The methods of handling troops are, however, very largely determined by the special features of their training-ground; hence for years the British Army has been developing tactical features of its own entirely inapplicable to any possible theatre of war in which it may find itself, and the consequences may be judged from our recent experience in South Africa. The site also is strategically bad. It is too far to the westward for troops to interpose between London and an enemy advancing from the south coast by ordinary road-marches, while the attempt to use the existing railways would block them to the Salisbury corps still further west. There

exists, however, an admirable training ground in Sussex, strategically most excellently situated for defensive purposes; and if the principle of crediting the War Department with the present value of its purchase was admitted, a large portion of the Aldershot district might be sold and a new ground acquired without having to ask the Treasury for a penny.

Similarly round all our great dockyards, considerable areas of ground exist now quite useless for their original purpose. In the vicinity of Portsmouth and Gosport there must be at least 10 square miles, the value of which is rising daily, that might be realised gradually and exchanged for more suitable tactical stations; and the same process might be applied to many of the older barracks built in our north-country towns originally for police-purposes. Thus, at Leeds there is a cavalry quarter and drill-field of perhaps 15 acres, worse than useless for that purpose but worth something like 5s. a square yard for building, giving a total sum which would suffice for the acquisition of ground and manœuvring powers over country 10 to 20 miles out of the town which would prove of real tactical value.

Our dockyards and fleets are more difficult to assess. If the millenium arrived, the ships at any rate would be of no value, but it is far more likely that the progress of invention may send all existing locomotives to the scrap-heap; yet their value passes unquestioned by all auditors. Most of the docks and their accessories, since they occupy positions of commercial as well as strategic importance, would retain their value in any circumstance. They are in better case, or at least in no worse, than the big railway hotels and stations, all of which might conceivably be

come useless if the forecasts of Mr. Wells, for instance, should be fulfilled. There can therefore be no legitimate reason for excluding them from our balance-sheet, and when circumstances arise which have to be met by the acquisition of new sites,—as at St. Margaret's Bay—the principle of a deal is theoretically admissible.

My chief point is that, with these figures supplied in tabular form in the annual Estimates, we should at least know where we really stand; and if, as I believe they would, they shewed a good case for the Departments concerned, the ground would be cut away from under the feet of those who waste the public time by constant diatribes against departmental efficiency. Then, instead of squandering their forces in desultory attacks leading to nothing, concentrated efforts could be made against the real seats of our naval and military shortcomings, which are already sufficiently numerous to occupy all our attention for some time to come.

Turning now to the question of profit and loss account. We have first to estimate what is the increment in value as a labour agent bestowed on the sailor or soldier by his military training.

A War Office return, dated 1st August, 1896, gives us some data to go on, which, however, would have been more valuable had the short service system been in existence longer. From this document it appears that out of our 81,000 Reservists, only one in 256 was in receipt of relief; and the average age of these men would be about 30 only. Over and above these there were 560,000 ex-Reservists and pensioners of all ages from 30 to 90, of whom only one in 176 were inmates of workhouses, whereas the average for the whole adult population was one in 45 and of the work-

ing classes one in 37. These figures in themselves are sufficiently striking; but when the classes from which our recruits are derived are considered, and the initial difficulties of the Reservist in making a fresh start in life are taken into account, the improvement in his efficiency is little short of marvellous when we allow for the prejudice, due mainly to the wooden nature of his training, which undoubtedly once attached to the old soldier.

At the date in question, the real change in training had scarcely begun to affect the Reservist, for the first 20 years of the short service system, commencing in 1871, had been occupied in the search for new and intelligent methods of developing the individuality of the soldier. It will be difficult to estimate the value of the Reservist fully trained under the new system until the market of his labour has settled down after the disturbance caused by the recent war. But German experience affords us a guide, and there no doubt whatever is entertained that the trained soldier is a better workman and worth higher wages than the civilian; and from what I have heard in the West Riding of Yorkshire I believe the same conclusion was already being arrived at when the war upset the continuity, for I have often been told on good authority that employers were offering better terms to the Reserve man than to his civilian comrade.

Nor is it found in Germany that the ex-soldier is merely a better workman. Statisticians are beginning to realise that as a consequence of the superior hygienic conditions under which three years of his life (it is now only two) have been spent, his period of usefulness is considerably longer. I was unable to get the exact figures, but all with whom I

discussed the question agreed that five years' extension of a man's working life was well within the truth. The net result of all my calculations was that, if the German army withheld, roughly, 500,000 men from the plough and factory at the beginning of their lives, there were, on the other hand, as a consequence of that army, 1,000,000 grown men still at work, who would have succumbed to the struggle for existence but for the health and strength they had derived from their military training. Taking the whole wealth-producing power of these men at 5s. a day (say £150 a year), and the average cost of the soldier's maintenance at £50 a year, while the drain on the country was 25 millions, a year, the increment amounted to 150 millions, or a clear balance in favour of the nation of 125 millions,—not a bad return on an investment, even if we pass over the undoubted alleviation in the petty miseries of life which come from the increased habits of self-control and general decency it is the special object of all military discipline to foster.

In our case it is not so easy to arrive at a conclusion. The constant drain of life due to unhealthy climates, and, worse still, the numbers discharged as invalids, would materially reduce the prolongation of useful working-life, though the War Office return cited above shews that the consequences are not so serious as one would anticipate; moreover we have hitherto taken seven years of a man's life instead of two only. Yet I think that half-a-dozen shrewd employers of labour, with the aid of such life-insurance statistics as we possess, would be able to form a very fair opinion of the relative wealth-producing capacities of 1,000 average recruits as they present them-

selves and of the 500 or so trained soldiers who represent the survivors of the 1,000 as they leave the ranks; and I should be surprised if the 500 did not obtain a large preference.

One would have to deduct from this 1,000 the number normally destined to die if retained among their old conditions, the failures from lack of that self-control it is the business of the Army to teach,—for courage and discipline are really nothing more than intelligently developed self-control, — the lower output of muscular force, due to deficient food and undeveloped muscle; and when all these deductions had been made, the handicap against the 500 would not be a heavy one.

With the sailors the comparison would be still more favourable; for not only is their death-rate much lower than that of the Army, but owing to the fact that their training involves facing actual danger to a far higher degree than in the Army (in peace be it understood) they are as a body more resolute and self-reliant.

I have hitherto only considered the wealth-producing power of the men as individuals. There is, however, a factor in the evolution of modern industry which gives to the trained soldier or sailor a much higher value as one of a body than considered as a mere unit.

To realise the contrast most sharply, consider the work of a trained body of sappers at some such task, for instance, as a restoration of a railway-bridge, compared with the efforts of an equal body of artificers hastily collected for the same purpose. In time, if the work be a long one, no doubt the civilians will approximate to the military standard; but even to the last the strain on the directing intelligence will be far

greater, and that strain sometimes means untold waste of energy, and consequently of capital.

The soldier-superintendent need scarcely give a thought to securing obedience, the machinery of military law being at his hand to enforce it. He is not troubled by questions of subsistence; other departments are there to see to all that. But the civil engineer has only himself to rely on; his men can refuse obedience, can throw down their tools and walk away as individuals, or come out in a body on strike. In India we have to work under both conditions, and I have never missed an opportunity at home of studying the civil engineer working against time; if my experience has taught me to admire my civilian comrade above all men, it has also disclosed to me the appalling waste of energy involved in the conditions under which he is often compelled to work.

Practically, wherever the work is permanent, the civilian evolves for himself the military system; but to the last he is hampered by the want of the power of enforcing obedience, and it is here where the value of the disciplined man comes in. If he is a strong man, single-handed he can leaven a whole mass, but in proportion as a disciplined element is larger the anxiety of the superintendent is diminished.

There is yet another point where modern evolution in business clashes with the old political economy. Fundamentally all individualists asserted self-interest to be the main-spring of human action; and in the days of slavery and the lash when work was entirely mechanical no doubt the principle was sound in fact, however brutal in expression. "Carry so many sacks from here to there"—"make so and so many bricks in an hour"—"dig so many cubic

feet of earth"—were all tasks whose exact execution could be measured or enforced, and it was entirely indifferent to the overseer whether the men liked their work or not; but it is a very different matter now when the brain has to aid the hands and it is impossible to say whether or to what degree the brain has done its share of labour, until, after weeks of constantly increasing friction and difficulty, the commission of some initially trivial error is traced home to its original cause; even then it is often impossible to say whether it was due to stupidity or malevolence. Trade Union principles and the methods of capitalists have killed the appeal to self-interest for higher pay for better and more conscientious work, and practically the only guarantee the employer possesses lies in the existence of an innate sense of duty inherited from our forefathers, which modern slave-drivers are doing their best to crush. It is here that the employer would find in the Reservist his best support, for in him this innate sense has been developed by seven years of constant training, till in many it has become an instinctive habit which manifests itself in doing thoroughly and with one's best will whatever duty has to be done. However humble his work may be,—perhaps but the burnishing of a bit or the polish of a pair of boots—the soldier has been accustomed to do it well, and he carries the same principle with him into civil life. If at times it makes him slow, it also makes him trustworthy, and it is that which tells in the long run. The difference between individuals may be small, almost infinitesimal to the casual observer; but when one is dealing with aggregates of a million and upwards, infinitesimal variations produce great results.

I confess that it is principally in Germany that I have found the superiority of the trained soldier over the civilian so distinctly marked, but this may be accounted for by two factors: first, the soldier was a picked man, physically at least, before he joined the army; and secondly the German method of training is the result of continuous experiments carried on over a period of very nearly a century, and this long experimental period has led to a sounder apprehension of the psychological problem involved in military training than we have as yet had time to arrive at. Until the recent disastrous campaign we were moving along the right road and rapidly overtaking our rivals. Now, thanks to the interference of the Press and Parliament in details which neither of them have ever been trained to understand, there are signs of a marked reaction; and it is at least possible that before long we shall be losing a larger wealth-producing power, owing to faulty methods on our drill-grounds, than would have sufficed to pay the whole interest on the increase of the national debt.

The reaction, however, is probably only temporary, for, as Clausewitz long ago pointed out, "the sensuous impressions which come before us in action are more vivid than those previously obtained by mature reflection," and as mature reflection asserts itself again, we shall realise that battles are not won by the untrammelled exercise of the right of private judgment by many thousands of individuals, but by that discipline which alone insures the execution of the design of a single commander; and this discipline can only result from the practice of those exercises which the experience of centuries has shown to develop best the habit of instinctive obedience to command,

confidence in one's comrades and one's leaders, and the highest sense of duty towards a lofty ideal,—of, in short, precisely those qualities which modern industry has most need of.

We do not yet appreciate the importance of the part duty plays in modern civil life, how without it indeed our social existence would become impossible. An illustration from railway life may make the point clearer. When a man risks, as railway men constantly do, both life and limb to avert a catastrophe, it is certain that some far nobler instinct than self-interest priced at 5s. a day is called into being; but apart from these occasional revelations of the higher self, duty obtrudes itself into the day's work of almost every man, and to realise the fact it is only necessary to compare the working of our railways north and south of the Thames during the course of a Bank-holiday's traffic. A railway is always a small army in presence of an enemy, or enemies, which in its case are time, space, climate, and the public; and the punctual working of the traffic depends on the exact execution at the right time and place of hundreds of acts by hundreds of individuals all over the system, each and all of whom require to have the most complete confidence in one another if the trains are to be forwarded at all; and one finds, as a heavy day's work progresses, that the traffic continues most punctual precisely on those railways which approximate most closely to the military standards of smartness, duty, and discipline. It is the cumulative effect of each little dereliction from punctuality that tells; and once started, as the day goes on, the men get more and more weary and distrustful of one another, chaos sets in and the drivers see red lights on every signal-post, while the signalmen hardly know

whether their signals are on or off. Sometimes an accident winds up the day, and then there is an enquiry; but the enquiry rarely, if ever, gets to the root of the matter, for strictly the initial cause may lie in a sulky porter who delayed an early train it may be 100 miles down the line, but whose action nevertheless set the whole avalanche of cause and effect in motion.

As it is in the field, so it is in these cases; it is discipline which tells, for discipline makes duty almost an automatic habit. The actions of the body or mind, or of both, are performed with less mental effort; the man withstands friction and fatigue more easily, and consequently his faculties remain unshaken for a longer period.

There is yet another point in which military (and, still more, naval) service tells, which certainly ought not to be overlooked by those who find in education a panacea for all our commercial ills. When the short service system has had time to evolve its full results (that is to say roughly, in about another 10 years), there will be more than a million ex-soldiers and sailors, more than one in 10 of the labouring classes, distributed throughout the country, each of whom will have learnt from personal experience of foreign service what our Empire really is, and something at least of the conditions on which its maintenance depends, each of whom forms a focus for the dissemination of first-hand knowledge of these conditions to his surroundings. These men have their limitations no doubt, but so have the school-teachers; in the aggregate their knowledge is sound, and certainly goes home far more directly to the minds of their hearers than the lessons of the schoolroom, which, even when learnt, are very soon forgotten. What was the com-

mercial value to us of this widely disseminated knowledge during the recent war? Would information derived from geographical text-books have proved a sufficient incentive to cause men at home and in the colonies to come forward in such thousands to maintain our Imperial unity?

Of the Volunteers and Militia it will be sufficient to point out, that, slight though their training is, every one agrees that they are physically and mentally improved by it; but as yet they are as nothing to what both may become when once their importance as a National University, the home of a true secondary education in its best sense, is more generally appreciated. Even considered as an educative influence their value to the stability of the country is enormous, for their work brings them in contact with the actual facts on which the maintenance of the Empire depends, and secures for all schemes of national defence at any rate the rudiments of an intelligent hearing.

They may, indeed they do, hold fantastic notions on many very essential points of tactical training, but on the broad facts of the necessity for discipline and subordination they are thoroughly sound. Their great service has been to bridge the gulf between the Regular Army and the nation. Little more than half a century ago, national apathy towards the Army was so supreme that the individual soldiers (the heroes of Meanee, Aliwal, and Chillianwallah be it noted) were social outcasts, and the Army itself so hopelessly deficient in trains, stores, and all necessary paraphernalia for the making of war, that in the Crimea it starved within seven miles of its base, and in peace it was so neglected that the death-rate at home averaged 22 per 1,000 against about three per 1,000 now.

A return to this state of things is

inconceivable, and though short service must count for much in bringing about the present improved condition of affairs so strikingly shown in the recent war, it must not be forgotten that, but for the Volunteer movement, short service itself would have had no chance of success.

Nor must the influence of the Volunteers on the growth of the Navy be overlooked. The directing organs of that service knew well enough the vital importance of powerful fleets to national existence; but it was not till many thousand civilians had passed through the Volunteer ranks and learnt, from their experiences at Easter Monday reviews and elsewhere, how exceedingly awkward for them it would prove if the sham fights on those occasions were to turn to real ones, that it became possible for the Navy to obtain a public hearing.

What the monetary value of this hearing has been to the country it is impossible to estimate in actual figures; but the acknowledged fact that it was the power of our fleets alone which preserved us during the Boer War from foreign interference, and thus enabled us to carry our land operations to a successful issue, enables us at least to approximate to a conclusion. Nor is this the only occasion during the past 20 years that the combined fighting power of our sea and land forces has preserved us from European complications. Egypt, Madagascar, Penjdeh, Siam, Fashoda all occasioned political tension of an extreme character, which could hardly have passed off peacefully but for the possibilities our readiness for war, such as it was, revealed to our enemies. To learn how much of this readiness may be fairly attributed to the educative influence of our Volunteers, which by degrees had prepared the ground for the reception of our

soldiers' warnings, contrast the hearing accorded to such veterans as the Duke of Wellington and Sir John Burgoyne in 1848, before the Volunteer movement was initiated, with the interest now shown in our national defences by the Press, and by the existence of such institutions as the Navy League, the National Service League, and kindred societies.

Briefly it is tolerably certain that from 1861 to 1901 not less than a million and a half of able-bodied men passed through the ranks of the Volunteers, of whom at any one time after 1870 about one million were alive and in possession of votes, reasonably certain to be cast intelligently in favour of both naval and military efficiency. As there are only six million and a half of voters in the United Kingdom it seems probable that their influence has been a large one; and since £800,000 a year has been the average cost of this National University for the training of men in the duties of citizenship and the bearing of arms, this has been a small sum to pay for our escape from our many dangers, and contrasts well economically with the 25 millions a year expended on our educational system, in which no place for the conception of duty to King and Country has as yet been found.

I am far from suggesting that the Volunteer vote has ever been cast solid, or ever will be, for naval or military reform; but general elections are won or lost by the transfer of a very small margin of votes, and who can doubt that many and many a vote in such struggles has been influenced by the lessons learnt in our only National School of Arms?

To sum up the whole argument, I submit that our national impatience of taxation arises very largely from the general ignorance prevailing as to the functions of armies and navies

both in peace and war, and the work they have accomplished in the past.

Their results in war can be easily assessed by comparing the actual cost in men and money of the conflicts in which we have been engaged, and the present value of the colonies and the trade we have thereby acquired. Their work in peace is more difficult to assess, but may be arrived at by much the same methods so often invoked to justify our ordinary educational expenditure, the diminution, that is to say, in the cost of crime and the increased earning capacities due to a more cultivated intelligence.

Following out the same line of reasoning, a far stronger case can be made for the modern short service soldier or sailor. They do not appreciably trouble the prisons, and but few of them reach the workhouse. They are, as a body, healthier men, with far more character and a higher sense of discipline and duty than their civilian contemporaries, and, as a consequence, are far more valuable as wealth-producing members of the community; for modern industries depend much more on these factors of character, duty and dis-

cipline, than on the book-learning of board-schools or the technical education of Urban Councils. Finally they make better husbands and healthier fathers than the bulk of the classes from whom they are drawn, and for that reason alone are worth all they cost us and more; for we shall need all the healthy minds in healthy bodies we can raise in the struggle for national existence which now lies before us.

Lastly, if our statisticians prove incapable of arriving at data to determine the monetary value of the many factors I have indicated, I submit that the preparation of a departmental balance-sheet presents no difficulties at all; and were such a document officially put forward, one half the labour of our Secretaries of State in defending their Estimates in Parliament would be eliminated, and the administration of the Services be shewn to have been on the whole neither wasteful nor extravagant, when compared with business organisations of approximately equal magnitude and intricacy.

F. N. MAUDE,

Lt.-Col., late Royal Engineers.

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THE COURT OF SACHARISSA.

(A MIDSUMMER IDYLL.)

CHAPTER VII.

SACHARISSA looked at her watch. "We have another hour before tea," she said. "Shall we go down the lane again? I do want to see whether they have found their fishing-rods."

"I expect there have been developments," said the Ambassador as they recrossed the bridge; "round the Exotic things seldom stand still."

"How does he manage it?" she asked. "He never seems to move himself."

"Never, if he can help it," he admitted, "and that, I think, is the secret. His whole attitude of life is a constant reminder to others that their own energy is comparatively untiring, and they are so impressed that they hasten to put it at his disposal." The Ambassador paused to light a cigarette before he went on. "If, as you suggested a little time ago, you were to keep the three of them in a large nursery without anyone to help you, you would find yourself a very hard-worked person."

The Ambassador seemed to speak with feeling. Sacharissa laughed. "I corrected myself and said *studio*," she said; "it makes a good deal of difference. They would do things in a studio," she added vaguely. The Ambassador appeared not quite to

understand. "I mean," she went on, "the Poet could write poems, and the Mime could rehearse, and the Exotic—" she paused; it was not quite clear what the Exotic could do. "The Exotic could paint perhaps?" She looked at him doubtfully to see what he thought of the suggestion.

The Ambassador was much amused. "I am afraid not," he returned. "The utmost that he would do would be to make himself comfortable with plenty of cushions. Art and cushions are practically synonymous with him. When he was quite comfortable he would ask you to fetch things."

They had paused, as if by mutual consent, to discuss this important problem, and were standing at the bottom of the yew-alley. A light breeze wafted towards them the subtle fragrance of Sacharissa's roses, and their eyes obeyed the call; they looked along between the dark green walls to the fountain with its marble figures half hid in a mist of spray and to the rose-bushes beyond it, a bank of many-coloured blossoms that closed the vista.

"Ought not the umpires to inspect the prize?" suggested the Ambassador.

"It isn't picked yet," Sacharissa admitted.

"That is a duty that should not be neglected," he said.

"There are scissors and a basket in the summer-house," she replied, and he hurried off to fetch them.

When he returned he found her contemplating a magnificent damask rose. "That ought to be the prize," she said doubtfully.

"An emblem of its giver," murmured the Ambassador with a look as of one who searches his memory.

Sacharissa cut the rose with a touch of defiance. "The basket, please," she said.

The Ambassador held it out. "An oriental beauty," he observed regarding the dusky petals. Sacharissa moved on to another bush in disdain. Her next choice was a corpulent cabbage-rose which she offered to him in playful rebuke. "Too Germanic," he remarked as he consigned it to the basket. "Japanese," he commented, still unfavourably, as she snipped the stalk of a tea-rose.

A pure white bud next attracted her attention. "Still in the convent," was his criticism. As he spoke his eye lighted on a half-opened flower beyond. "The prize itself," he exclaimed stretching forth his hand. "White with a faint crimson blush," he added addressing the spray which he bent down for her scissors.

"Since you are satisfied," said Sacharissa with supreme unconcern, "we wont cut any more. Besides we have wasted a lot of time. Will you put these things back in the summer-house, please?"

This was done, and returning to the riverside, they again set off in the direction of the ford. When they were in the lane the Ambassador noticed something. "Surely they cannot have caught enough fish already to be perceptible at this distance?" he said.

Sacharissa relieved his anxiety. "It is only the fish-cart," she explained, as a small hawker's cart came

in view. "It comes round twice a week with mackerel and herrings and things."

The Ambassador's brow cleared. "I was afraid," he said, "that the Exotic might somehow have obtained a net and some men to use it for him. Shall we go in here first and see how the Major is getting on?" They had now reached the gate leading into the second field. They entered and walked across the grass towards the river.

"I can see the Major's rod," she said; "he seems to be still in about the same place."

"Yes, there he is," said the Ambassador, "and there is someone sitting on the bank opposite to him." When they got nearer they found that the seated figure was the Mime who was talking to the Major across the stream. That gentleman was trying to bend a tough and ancient willow to the ground without much success.

"Why not cut it down?" they could hear the Mime say as they got within earshot: "I'll lend you a knife."

The Major's reply caused Sacharissa to look at the Ambassador in comic dismay. "He's become military again," she whispered. Fortunately the Major saw them and reserved his further remarks; he also became apologetic. "There are too many trees by this river," he said. "I've been spending most of my time catching them."

Sacharissa expressed her sympathy and asked if he had caught anything beside.

"One more fingerling," he answered giving the willow another tug.

"Take hold of the line," suggested the Ambassador, "and jerk it a little,—not too hard." The Major made trial of this new method, and the fly came away easily, to his evident surprise.

"It will generally come if it is

not in the wood," the Ambassador explained.

The Mime had sprung to his feet when he heard Sacharissa's voice. He now said in a tragic tone, "A horrible thing has overtaken me." Sacharissa was full of sympathy and asked what it was. "I have lost my memory," he answered in great depression. She looked surprised and he explained. "I was in the middle of my great scene with the sea-serpent, and had just got to the point where I address the monster's head as it emerges from the waves, when the Poet came up to me with some silly question and threw me out completely. I haven't been able to remember a word since."

Sacharissa kept a grave face with an effort. "Why didn't you go on fishing?" she asked. "The words might have come back to you if you had not worried about them."

"Fishing?" repeated the Mime without intelligence as though he did not understand the word. Presently, however, he remembered. "Oh yes, of course," he said; "I meant to fish, but I couldn't find my rod, so I came along here."

Sacharissa felt that at last she might smile lawfully. "Did you look for it?" she questioned.

"Yes," he answered, "I looked for it, and I asked the Poet if he had seen it."

The Mime needed a good deal of prompting now that he had lost his memory. "Had he?" enquired the Ambassador.

"No," replied the Mime in an injured tone, "he was rude. He was writing a poem or something, and he told me not to bother him, and said he knew nothing about my rod and cared less. So I came along and asked the Major,—didn't I?" he appealed across the stream for confirmation.

"Yes, you did," returned the Major with an emphasis that spoke volumes.

"Well, I daresay you'll find it eventually," said the Ambassador.

"I don't think I shall fish any more," answered the Mime oblivious of the fact that he had not fished at all. "I believe—" he added slowly, "I feel almost as if my memory were coming back to me. *You* have brought it," he cried with sudden conviction to Sacharissa.

"I am so glad," she said retreating a little and glancing at the Ambassador, as she suggested that they ought to be going on.

Before they were quite out of ear-shot they heard the Mime break forth into his interrupted speech.

"O watery monster, whose unending
coils
Embrace the circuit of this mortal
globe,
Attend my words and——"

At this point the Ambassador looked round. The Mime was gesticulating in the direction of the spot where the Major had been standing, while the Major himself was making the best of his way up stream with long hurried strides.

Sacharissa stepped up to her stump again. "The Poet is asleep under a willow," she said looking over the hedge; "I hope he is having a pleasant dream. The Exotic has found some friends, little girls I think, but I can't see very plainly. I believe he's telling them a story, they are all standing round him in a group. I should like to hear the story too," she declared as she jumped down.

They walked quickly along the lane till they were close to the gate. Here they stopped as before, and watched the Exotic and his party.

"These are excellent strawberries," he was saying genially to the tallest of the little girls who seemed to be

about ten years old. "And so, to finish the story, I have only to add that they all lived happily ever afterwards." He ate the last strawberry and smiled benignly on his wondering audience. "And that, children, is the moving history of the Considerate Kurd, or at least such portions of it as an all-wise providence has decreed I should relate unto you. Now, little girl, you may take away the cabbage-leaf in which you will find an adequate recompense."

"Am I *never* to hear that story?" whispered Sacharissa to the Ambassador a little petulantly. The Ambassador took refuge in an apologetic silence.

"It is a common complaint with your sex," continued the Exotic, "that you do not receive the same educational advantages as your brothers." Sacharissa glanced at the Ambassador. "I think I have this day shown my willingness to remove the disability."

The Exotic's eloquence moved the smallest girl to a flood of tears, which her elder sister vainly tried to stem. The Exotic was pained. "I regret," he went on, "that any words of mine should seem a fit subject for lamentation." He paused a moment, but the weeping continued and he resumed his discourse more sternly. "You almost make me regret my well-intentioned effort to remove the disability. The fact that this is the fourth time you have interrupted me with unseemly grief compels me to exclaim with the Placid Pasha in one of those portions of the tale which were too lofty for your comprehension, *I offered the drawer of water a rose, and she besought me for an onion.*"

The weeping now became so vehement that the Exotic ventured on a reproof. "Your brothers," he said, "betrayed no such emotion when I bestowed on them this pearl of narratives."

"Please, sir, they ran away," said the elder sister, as if in explanation.

The Exotic waived the immediate point. "Well, children, let it be a lesson to you; always run away when you perceive the imminence of a tribulation that is beyond your powers of endurance. Even now it is not too late." The hint was not so plain to the children as might have been expected, so the Exotic waved his left hand. "You have my permission to retire," he said in the manner of a potentate. The gesture rather than the words had the desired effect, and the little girls moved away into the meadow, a timorous, backward-glancing band. The Exotic composed himself again to meditation.

"Poor little things," said Sacharissa to the Ambassador.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT this moment a loud voice in the field on the other side of the lane caused her to start. "What the devil do you mean by it?" it said among other things less fit to repeat.

"Another military man," observed the Ambassador.

"It is the Squire," whispered Sacharissa in a little flutter of alarm.

"A gentleman sent you, did he?" continued the voice. "Where is he? I shall be glad of a few moment's conversation with that gentleman."

"One of those boys trespassing," murmured Sacharissa. "Oh dear, he will be in the lane in a minute." She looked round for a hiding-place. "I can't meet him," she said nervously; "he becomes so frightfully rude when he is angry."

The Ambassador pointed out a sort of embrasure in the hedge a few yards away, where a projecting bush offered a sufficient concealment. They had hardly taken cover when the voice reached them again, evidently

from the lane itself now. The Ambassador stole a cautious glance round the bush. A tall elderly gentleman in gaiters was striding across the lane dragging by the collar a small boy, who in his turn was dragging a fishing-rod which the Ambassador recognised with some dismay as his own.

"Yes, you take me to him, that's all," said the Squire indignantly as he clambered over the gate still clutching the collar of his captive.

"He'll beat the Exotic," whispered Sacharissa apprehensively out of her knowledge of the Squire.

"I don't think so," returned the Ambassador out of his knowledge of the Exotic. "But if he does, I will go and rescue him. You must not appear in this." Sacharissa looked relieved and grateful.

"May I ask, sir, what is the meaning of this?" they heard the Squire say as an opening.

"You may," replied the Exotic giving the required permission amiably enough. The Ambassador standing on tip-toe could see that he had not altered his position. This answer was apparently not quite what the Squire had expected. It stopped him for a moment, but he presently continued. "What, then, is the meaning of it?" he asked angrily.

The Exotic looked as if he were giving the matter impartial consideration. "Really, you should be a better judge than I," he answered with diffidence; "but if you indeed require my opinion, when I see a large man in apparent disagreement with a small boy, my first impression always is that someone is, or has been, in error."

The Squire was speechless with wrath and amazement. He shook his captive to convince himself that he was awake, and having settled this point he swore a little. Thus

refreshed he stuttered, "This is sheer impertinence."

"It is," the Exotic agreed wearily. "Nothing is so unpardonable socially as to swear at a total stranger."

The Squire swore again, and regarded the Exotic with something like horror. Then it occurred to him that he would gain little by general argument, so he went straight to the point. "Did you send this boy to trespass on my land and poach my trout? Answer me *yes* or *no*, sir."

"I never answer *yes* or *no*," returned the Exotic in a tone of mild firmness; "it is foreign to all my principles, and I was not aware that this was your land."

Sacharissa despite her fears could not prevent a smile. The Squire became confused. "Don't prevaricate, sir," he said stamping his foot. "This is not my land—"

The Exotic made a leisurely interruption. "Then what are you doing on it?" His face became virtuously pained. "Can it be that you are after the trout?"

The Squire became too furious for connected speech, and the Exotic continued his new theory with growing interest. "I see you have brought a boy and a fishing-rod." He addressed the boy. "Is the gentleman trying to persuade you to become a poacher? Do not yield; be firm; you have my moral support."

The Squire released the boy and gasped. "Be calm," said the Exotic who perceived that matters were becoming rather critical. This piece of advice only had the effect of heightening the Squire's complexion and causing him to clench his fists. "In order," continued the Exotic, "to illustrate the ill effects of unconsidered anger I will relate to you a brief excerpt from the history of the Considerate—I shall kick if you do," he concluded abruptly, for the

Squire had taken two steps towards him.

But it is impossible to hit a person effectively when he is lying down on the ground, and the Squire took no more steps. "I shall go up to the Court," he said with determination, "and find out if it is known that a madman is loose on the estate." So saying he turned on his heel.

Sacharissa looked at the Ambassador with round frightened eyes. "He will," she whispered, "if you can't stop him."

The Ambassador nodded quickly and ran to the gate, vaulting it just as the Squire approached. The Exotic saw him not without relief, and extended again the right foot which he had drawn up for the purpose of repelling attacks.

"What is all this about?" asked the Ambassador of the Exotic.

"This gentleman is annoyed about something," he replied; "perhaps you could find out what it is."

The Ambassador turned to the Squire "If I can be of any assistance," he began with a courteous inclination.

The Squire could hardly command his tongue. He muttered something about "Madman—young rascal—poaching."

"I fear I do not quite understand," said the Ambassador.

The Squire was a trifle mollified by his polite tone and explained somewhat curtly. "I don't know what business it is of yours, but this person here," he pointed to the Exotic who smiled sweetly, "has been sending a boy to fish in my water and poach my trout. I came to get an explanation, but he is evidently mad."

The Ambassador's eye compelled speech from the Exotic. "I told the boy to fish," he conceded; "I didn't tell him to go out of this field though."

"Did you know he had gone out of it?" asked the Ambassador.

"No," said the Exotic unwillingly.

"You ought to have seen that he did not," said the Ambassador. Then he turned to the Squire. "I think, sir, that it is obviously an accident. I am certain that my friend," he threw a slight emphasis on the two words, "would not willingly have caused the boy to trespass; indeed, as you have heard, he was not aware that he had done so. Probably too the boy was not aware either," he waved his hand towards the other side of the lane; "I perceive you have no notice-board up. But of course we offer our unreserved apologies. I would not have had such a thing happen for worlds. I disapprove of poaching as strongly as any man."

"So do I," said the Exotic in his most virtuous manner.

The Squire still looked at him suspiciously, but to the Ambassador he was cordial. "Say no more, sir," he said; "that is quite sufficient explanation. I may have been a little hasty, but a man's fishing you know—"

"Quite so," said the Ambassador, "It was very natural. Had I been in your place I should have done just the same. I can assure you that it shall not occur again."

The Squire got over the gate and the Ambassador followed him. "I hope," he said, "you will not take my friend's manner too seriously. He seems a little eccentric to a stranger. It comes from a prolonged residence abroad. And if I might venture to suggest—a notice-board," he concluded with an expressive gesture.

"You are perfectly right," returned the Squire; "I will see to it tomorrow. Good-day to you, glad to have met you," he ended as he opened the gate leading into his own field. The Ambassador raised his hat and returned to Sacharissa.

"You did it splendidly," she said with much approval. "I was afraid it would be impossible, but you found out the way to manage him. You can manage every one," she added involuntarily.

"I wish I could," he returned smiling down at her.

"I think you did," she said smiling too as she followed the suggested point, "that first day, you know."

"That was not management," said the Ambassador; "it was a dispensation of providence."

"You must be very much in providence's confidence then," she declared; "but we ought to be thinking of tea now. Shall we go back? Do you think the others realise that it is tea-time?"

"They are seldom deceived on that point," he said. The appearance of the Poet in front of them seemed to justify the remark. He saw them and waited for them to come up.

"Well, have you caught many trout?" asked Sacharissa.

"No," he answered with regret. "A most extraordinary thing happened to me. I could not do better because when I had caught a grasshopper I could not find my rod, but just now as I was coming away there it was, sticking up in the grass by my side."

"What were you doing all the time then?" she enquired.

The Poet considered. "I don't know," he said slowly. "I sat down under a tree and I wrote some verses, but what happened after that I can't remember."

"Did you go to sleep?" she suggested.

The Poet looked bewildered. "I wonder if I did," he said. "I have a sort of feeling somehow as if I had been at the sea-side. But I cannot have been surely?" he looked at the Ambassador as if he could enlighten him on the point.

"Hardly," was the amused reply, and the Poet withdrew into himself that he might wrestle with his problem in silence.

At the wicket gate they met the Mime. He greeted them with satisfaction. "I got through the whole scene," he announced.

"Did you find your rod?" asked the Ambassador.

"Rod?" repeated the Mime in a questioning tone. "Oh," he went on almost at once, "I lost it, didn't I? No, I forgot all about it. I wonder if I ought to go back and look for it; do you think I ought?" he appealed hopefully to Sacharissa.

"I shouldn't worry about it now," she said. "Come and have some tea first; you can go and find it afterwards if it hasn't turned up."

At the door of the arbour they found tea ready, and as they were taking their seats the Major crossed the lawn followed at a few yards by the Man of Truth.

"What luck?" asked the Ambassador as they came near.

"I've got one more," answered the Major.

"So have I," said the Man of Truth. "The Scribe has caught a lot and thrown them all in again. I think he's a fool," and with this strong statement he sat down decisively.

The Scribe himself arrived soon afterwards and apologised for being late. He explained that it was not really his fault, but the fault of a trout which had been rising persistently for half an hour and had beguiled him into trying to catch it.

"Well, how many did you get after all?" asked the Ambassador.

"Only three or four little things," he answered settling himself into his chair and taking off his hat.

"Didn't you keep any?" Sacharissa enquired, and the Scribe smiled as he shook his head.

Sacharissa was slightly indignant. "You don't deserve any tea," she said as she passed him a cup. "I don't believe you tried to win the prize at all."

"You can have no idea how hard I tried," he protested politely, but she shook her head incredulously.

"He must have found your rod," said the Ambassador to the Mime gravely, exchanging glances with Sacharissa. The Exotic was crossing the lawn carrying two fishing-rods and a paper parcel.

"I am very sorry," said the new comer to Sacharissa, "but I had an accident with the flower-pot and it rolled into the river." Sacharissa assured him it did not matter. "I've found a fishing-rod," he announced generally to the company.

"It's mine," said the Mime; "where did you find it?"

"Oh, on the bank," he answered vaguely, "lying about."

"What have you got in that parcel?" said the Man of Truth with suspicion.

"Trout," answered the Exotic, "very large fish."

He laid the parcel and the rods on the grass and disposed himself comfortably in his chair. "There is nothing so good as tea after an afternoon's hard work," he declared putting his cup back in the saucer.

"You must appreciate it," said the Ambassador slyly.

"I do," he replied with great content, and a look of mild surprise at Sacharissa whose eyes were dancing with mirth.

CHAPTER IX.

"I THINK" said Sacharissa when the Exotic had finally refused a fourth cup of tea, "we ought to inspect the catches now, and see who has won."

The Man of Truth jumped up with

alacrity and fetched his basket, and his example was followed by the Major. They emptied the fish out on to the lawn.

"Mine are bigger," said the Man of Truth.

They looked to the Scribe for an opinion. He gazed thoughtfully at the five little trout. "In quality," he pronounced, "there is nothing to choose between the two baskets. Both defy criticism."

"But in quantity," observed the Ambassador, "the Major excels." The Major pulled his moustache in a satisfied manner.

"Now show yours," said Sacharissa to the Exotic, who rose with reasonable haste and picked up his brown paper parcel.

"They must be a good size," said the Scribe noting the length of the parcel, while the Exotic struggled with a piece of string that was tied tightly round it.

"Where did you get the paper and string?" asked the Man of Truth.

"They were given to me," replied the Exotic, at last overcoming the knot. A fresh layer of paper was revealed beneath the outer covering, and out of this he shook four fish which fell on the grass.

"Those aren't trout," cried the Man of Truth raising his voice amidst the general laughter.

"Yes they are," said the Exotic eyeing them with obvious surprise. "They are rainbow trout."

"Sea-trout perhaps," suggested the Scribe.

The Exotic looked at them doubtfully. "Yes," he said, "I meant sea-trout."

"No, they're not sea-trout," said the Major in a decided tone.

"I think," the Exotic paused for inspiration. "I think they must be chevens." He looked round to see if his suggestion found favour but

encountered only incredulous merriment. "They were very difficult to catch," he added to strengthen his position.

"They're mackerel," shouted the Man of Truth, who had been searching his memory to find out where he had seen such fish before.

A look of intense injury came over the Exotic's face. "He said he had caught them with a worm," he complained, "and I paid sixpence each for them." He sighed deeply at the revelation of human baseness.

"Don't you know a mackerel when you see it?" asked the Ambassador.

"Yes," said the Exotic, "but I didn't see these, they were in the paper when he brought them. I could feel they were fish and that there were four of them, so I didn't worry."

"Who brought them?" asked the Man of Truth.

"The boy," answered the Exotic, and he forthwith became silent paying no attention to the Man of Truth's enquiry as to the boy's identity.

Sacharissa felt it was due to the company that the matter should be cleared up, so she requested the Ambassador to explain it. He accordingly gave some account of the Exotic's more barefaced proceedings, and drew a vivid picture of the three small boys fishing in a row under the direction of the recumbent figure on the mound. He also mentioned the fish-cart, which caused the Exotic to nod his head in sad comprehension.

"So that's how he came to find my rod," said the Mime when the story was done. He turned a wrathful gaze upon the Exotic who attempted to justify himself.

"You know you didn't want it," he pleaded, "and besides I sent it back afterwards, but the boy could not find you. He returned the Poet's all right. And now will you give me my prize, please?" He addressed

himself persuasively to Sacharissa who shook her head laughing.

"You are incorrigible," she said. "I've a good mind to make you go and catch four real trout all by yourself and stay there till you do." The Exotic's face displayed genuine alarm.

"The term of his natural life, or during the Queen's pleasure," commented the Scribe. He asked the Ambassador a question. "What meaning precisely does the word *umpire* convey to you?"

The Ambassador smiled at him. "An umpire," said he, "is one who adjudicates the prize."

"A pleasant and not too laborious office," commented the Scribe smiling in his turn.

The Ambassador admitted it gracefully. "It seems then," he deferred to Sacharissa, "that the Major wins. Pray accept my congratulations," he said pleasantly to the victor who pulled his moustache with both hands, and looked with expectation towards Sacharissa. She smilingly held out the coveted rose-bud for his acceptance.

"Go, lovely rose," murmured the Scribe. Sacharissa looked at him quickly but his face was impassive.

The Exotic, who was looking at the little basket of flowers from which she had selected the rose-bud, murmured something about "consolation prize."

"Not to you at any rate," said the Man of Truth; "you tried to cheat."

Sacharissa did not appear to contemplate offering a prize to the Man of Truth, but she looked down at the flowers thoughtfully.

The Ambassador divined her thoughts. "The only people who could reasonably put in a claim," he said, "would be the Exotic's victims, who were unable to fish because he took away their rods."

Sacharissa made a little gesture of assent and the Ambassador continued

in his best judicial manner. "Even they should give some sign that they have not passed their afternoon unprofitably."

The Mime was ready at once. "I can recite my address to the sea-serpent," he said, "I know it by heart now. Oh, watery monster, whose—" the Ambassador stopped him with his hand.

"That, I fear, could hardly count," he said, "and besides we have already heard it before, most of us." The Mime retired into himself with a look of indignant surprise.

"The poem," suggested Sacharissa.

"I was thinking of it," said the Ambassador looking at the Poet who had seemed abstracted ever since tea began. "Read it to us, will you?" he asked him.

The Poet roused himself from his reverie and felt for his notebook. While he was searching he said, "You know, I said I felt as if I had been at the sea-side." Sacharissa signified her remembrance of his words. "Well, it has all come back to me now," he went on; "I will tell you if you like."

"Read the poem first, and tell the story afterwards," the Ambassador suggested.

"What did he say about being at the sea-side?" asked the Man of Truth. "He hasn't been there for years, I know."

"The extent of your knowledge," said the Scribe with crushing effect, "can only be measured by your generosity in imparting it." The Man of Truth became silent in order to think it wrathfully out, while the Poet read his poem.

"TO A DEAD GRASSHOPPER.

To woo the frolic fancy of his maid
The lover weaves his lure; though full
revealed
His simple guile, she strives not to
evade

Knowing her captor captive if she yield.
Thou wert once living, jewel of the
mead,
And I did court thee; ill my chase has
sped,
For thou didst 'scape and mock me in
my need,
And, being taken, art for ever fled.
It was at Sacharissa's bidding that I
strove
To win her prize, the emblem of herself;
And for my toil here lies my treasure
trove,
Thy tiny broken body, insect elf.
All cold, an emblem thou of fleeting
pleasure,
Whose captor only sorrow's depth shall
measure."

Sacharissa was frankly bewildered as to the Poet's meaning. She looked round to see if she had any companions in perplexity, and was relieved to find that she formed one of a substantial majority.

"Please tell us the answer," said the Exotic, who, not so conscious as some of the others of the profanity of probing the unintelligible, thought it was a riddle. The Poet saw no necessity for an answer either to the poem or to the Exotic.

"Do you mean," demanded the Man of Truth, "that the grasshopper was the prize, or the emblem, or Sacharissa, or what?" The Major's face expressed indignant horror at the last suggestion, and he looked at the unfortunate Poet with the air of a loaded cannon. The Ambassador proved with a wave of his hand the absolute impossibility of such a suggestion.

The Poet turned a face of penitence towards Sacharissa; it was evident that somehow he had wrapped up his point too closely. She felt a little compunction, but would not yield her right to be perplexed. "You have mixed us up a little, haven't you?" she suggested.

"He can't have a prize then either," said the Man of Truth with gloomy

satisfaction. The Scribe's shaft still rankled.

The Poet would not be comforted. He tore the offending paper out of his note-book and made as if to destroy it.

"No," said Sacharissa quickly, "don't do that, give it to me." He hesitated, but she held out her hand with an imperious little gesture and he obeyed. "I didn't mean it really," she said when she had gained her point. "I shall keep it; it is too pretty to destroy." She elaborately did not notice the Scribe who was looking at her with interested amusement. "And now," she went on, "tell us about the sea-side. Was it a dream?"

"I suppose it was," said the Poet, "but I am not sure; it is still so vivid." He shuddered a little. "I can see it all exactly as if it had really happened." He paused a moment to collect his thoughts. Then in a low tone he began to speak dreamily as though he had forgotten his audience. "I stood on the deserted beach below the village. It was nearly midnight, and the sky was clouded. The waves crept up sullenly, and as I watched it seemed as though some presence was beside me, some malevolent presence that boded ill. I turned away and passed up through the narrow streets where no one knew me or marked my passing. Perhaps they saw me not, as I saw not the thing that followed me; and my dread grew. Up and up I went, till I had scaled the cliff that looked out over the troubled sea, and still it came with me.

"Presently, far out, there came a rift in the dark canopy of threatening cloud, and the moonlight shone through making a patch of silver splendour in the midst of the gloom. Then the presence passed beyond me, and as it passed I seemed to see some-

thing arise from the abyss from the very spot where the moon kissed the waters. It took shape, the shape of a vast skeleton hand, that clutched in its grip of death a brown-sailed ship. Then they sank together below the waves.

"The rift closed and the light vanished. I looked down into the bay below and, behold, the fishing-fleet was setting forth, and among the rest was a brown-sailed ship. Then I cried in my fear, and awoke. And I know that some day I shall see that village and that ship; but—" the Poet sighed.

For a moment there was a silence about him, till the Man of Truth broke it. "That's not much of a dream," he said; "why, it wasn't even about yourself. I don't see much point in having nightmares about other people. I never do."

The Scribe smiled; but Sacharissa was still impressed. "How terrible," she said with a little superstitious thrill. "Oh, if you are ever there you must warn them."

"I shall never know till too late," murmured the Poet darkly.

"But you must remember," she insisted.

"Would a warning prevent them from going out," said the Ambassador, "even if it could be given? Even if fate warns, we cannot avoid fate."

Woman-like Sacharissa was rebellious against fate at once. But the Major, obedient to her seriousness, sided with the Ambassador. "It wouldn't do any good," he said. "I've known fellows dream they were going to be killed before they went into action, but they had to go of course all the same. Duty is duty," he added, with a soldier's apology for speaking of grave matters. "But," his voice became more hopeful, "they weren't always killed, you know."

"Still he should warn them," suddenly exclaimed the Mime. "He should stand upon the pier and—" he flung out his hand in a magnificent gesture of command.

The Man of Truth laughed. "You'd better go and help him," he suggested. "Make a tour of it."

The picture called up by the Mime moved Sacharissa to a smile; but the Poet was still melancholy. She remembered the conditions and glanced at the Ambassador, who looked suggestively at the red rose. "Yes, I think he deserves it," she said, and was about to present it to the abstracted Poet.

The Exotic saw the movement, and waved his hand in a deprecating manner. "I too have dreamed," he began impressively. The Scribe smiled again. The Exotic was not going to lose the prize without one more struggle. At this moment he wore an anxious expression. Sacharissa looked at him interrogatively.

"Yes, I too have dreams," he admitted, "and the story brought back to my memory one I had a few nights ago." He gave a good imitation of the Poet's shudder. "I hope I sha'n't have it again," he said earnestly.

"What was it?" asked Sacharissa.

"It was close to the hour of midnight," began the Exotic impressively, "and I stood alone and yet not alone among the serried throng. Opposite to me flared the unearthly lights of the Criterion. Past me hurried carriages and cabs taking the world of fashion and beauty back from its theatre, forth to its dance. It was strange to feel that I had no part in these things, that I was but some astral body through whom the unthinking mob might pass at pleasure, a shade, a thing of nought." The

Exotic's voice became slightly tremulous with self-pity. "But I stood and watched. Then on a sudden fear seized me, fear of something I knew not. I turned and sped away up Regent Street, past the Café Royal, past Liberty's, past all the spots I knew in life, recking not of aught save that behind me was some terror from which I must fly. Breathless I reached Oxford Circus and plunged madly across hoping that in Langham Place I should rid me of my unseen but implacable foe. But no, fear came upon me worse than ever, and I stumbled on until I could go no further. I saw that I had reached the Queen's Hall, and completely exhausted I sank down in one of its dark entrances. Hardly had I done so when opposite to me I saw the thing that pursued me, a pale figure with features set in stony vengeance. In its hand it held something with which, I could see, it sought my life. I tried to cry out but my tongue was tied, and then—" the Exotic paused.

"And then?" asked the Poet who had been listening with interest.

"And then I woke up," said the Exotic with relief.

"So you don't know what happened after all?" asked Sacharissa disappointed.

"No, but I can guess," said the Exotic darkly, "I recognised the figure and the thing in its hand." The Ambassador and the Scribe exchanged a glance, but the others were hanging on the Exotic's lips.

"It was," said the Exotic slowly and distinctly, "the wraith of the Conscientious Curate, and in its hand was the wraith of the Superfluous Umbrella."

Nevertheless it was the Poet who received the red rose.

(To be continued.)

THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

THE Order in Council, promulgated in March, 1902, which provided for the establishment of a register for teachers, achieved more than its ostensible object. Among ulterior effects the most signal was its success in lifting the question of the training of secondary teachers out of the region of pious opinions and fortuitous experiments into the arena of practical life. This was shewn by the rapidity and zeal with which old educational institutions, judging with unusual perception how things were going, enlarged their borders to meet the fresh demand, and by the spirit of hopefulness in which new educational establishments were erected. Yet just as the body is not the man in his entirety, just as the visible building is not everything contained in the meaning of the word theatre, so secondary training departments and colleges are not the very last of education's needs. The problem of training still awaits solution. Nothing (and for this we may be thankful) is stereotyped past the hope of reconsideration; those who have to do the work, stumbling no doubt grievously by the way, differ not less concerning ends than means. As for the Man in the Street, he has hardly turned his light and vagrant attention to the matter at all, an odd fact, when one comes to consider it, if he be really as interested, as stirred to the foundations of his being by the educational problem as some of his ostensible representatives say he is. Nor is he the only person who acts, as one might say, unexpectedly. Those more vitally, or at any rate

more materially, concerned, the intending members of the teaching profession show a lack of interest, a deficient understanding, and sometimes, where these are absent, a spirit of almost defiant amusement.

Yet one point at least the Register has settled definitely,—the equality, for purposes of recognition, of knowledge and of skill in handling knowledge. In the old days, when training was the hobby of the few, when those who had learned from Pestalozzi, from Herbart, and from many another, were but isolated voices crying in the wilderness, the students, fewer still, who listened and profited, were confronted with a question which arose mainly out of financial considerations. Having decided that the voices cried truly, these students consulted the length of their own purses; and some of them discovered the very obvious truth that necessity for expenditure does not inevitably increase the amount which can be spent. Hence, they weighed the advantages of an academic degree against that of a teaching diploma; in other words they balanced the value of knowledge against the value of skill in handling knowledge. It was nobody's fault, perhaps, if some of them, if many indeed, decided in favour of skill, and spent at a training college that third year which should have been devoted to the acquisition of further knowledge and of an academic degree.

The Register has pronounced the verdict, and there is no longer a choice. The two necessary ingredients in adequate fitness are no

longer to strive for the mastery. A degree, or success in some specified examination of recognised value, and the training diploma are henceforth two out of the qualifications required from all teachers whose names will be entered on the Register.

Exactly how the purses aforesaid are to be lengthened in order to meet the new requirements is so far an unsettled question. It is conceivable that County Councils and other public bodies will raise funds for scholarships. Yet, unless education is to be made universally free, there seems no cogent argument in favour of a general endowment of the topmost storey in the educational building. Scholarships will only, as in other departments of education, concern the few. Like other governmental changes, this one will lead probably to a general re-arrangement of views. In the majority of instances fore-warning will be fore-arming. It is the sudden payment which wrecks most hopes, not that which has been foreseen through many years. However it comes, it is bound to come, if the population keeps on growing. The attitude of defiance is not likely to last. The Register may remain in its present non-compulsory state, which is not a very probable contingency; but even if it did, some teachers are enrolled, more will be, and with no definite intention, but none the less surely, there will grow up gradually in the mind of what is called the general public a belief that those who are on it are in some way of more distinction than those who are not. Thus we may conclude without much fear of contradiction that training is with us henceforth in perpetuity.

The general arguments in favour of training are perhaps not widely realised; where they are, they are sometimes shelved and finally forgotten. The age professes to have discarded

dogma, yet lives by it in all directions, if forgetting the arguments and clinging to conclusions be a dogmatic state. In a matter like the professional training of teachers, where even the conclusions have been disregarded, it would be wonderful indeed were the underlying reasons clear in the general mind. Without attempting in any way to settle the old dispute concerning the meaning of the terms science and art, we may claim that teaching is both. Every one will admit that teaching is an active pursuit; the teacher is doing something, in fact he is making something. When anyone wishes to make a thing he requires knowledge of two sorts; he needs to understand the nature of the substance to be handled, and the best means of handling it. Suppose the substance to be that which the teacher is called upon to handle, the human mind. He ought to know the nature of that mind, what we might call the germ of mind in the average human child; he ought to know the laws of growth governing the development of the raw into the mature mind; he ought to know the laws which govern the normal mind when it is mature; he ought to know the nature and operation of the emotions and passions which sway and alter the mind; and, once more, he ought to know something of the effect of environment upon the mind.

All that is the business of science, mainly of psychology. He then turns to the second part of his task, the right handling of his material. Basing everything now on the science which he has acquired, which rests on experience (his own which he has gathered, and that of others so far as it can be communicated to him), he builds up an art.

If this be true, here at once is the best of all arguments for training. Neither art nor science comes to us

by nature. We cannot argue that the art of teaching is peculiar. It is not, except in the treatment which it has hitherto received. Any artificer who uses raw materials must serve an apprenticeship. The navigator of a ship, the driver of an engine has learned his trade in a period of training; the surgeon requires not only the kind of knowledge which can be gathered from diagrams and the pages of a book, but the skill which is born gradually of supervised practice.

There is a second reason, which may be called economic, the reason of waste. We have discovered, in another region, that raw materials and human bodies are too valuable to be squandered; much more therefore we cannot afford to waste minds. Waste begets itself. It is an old platitude that every individual's influence is wide-reaching. Nowhere is personal influence more important than when it is a teacher's, a fact disregarded by some parents in most surprising fashion. All of us admit that every person with crude notions and ill-adapted methods is injuring himself; he is cheating himself of his own opportunities. But if he be a teacher of children, he is doing far worse than that, he is damaging others as well; and, worst of all, he is teaching them to go on in the same path. In such a case, error seems to enjoy a kind of geometrical progression.

The third reason in favour of training may be called the reason of progress. When any branch of human activity is recognised as a trade or profession, then directly there grows up among the members of it an *esprit de corps*, till gradually a sort of tradition gathers about it. Finally, there comes to be a body of practice, based partly on theory, partly on experience, which can be

increased and corrected. There is a chance that mere continuance in one groove may be thenceforward avoided in that profession.

In the earlier days, when nothing particular was thought or said by ordinary people about education, and what was written by extraordinary people was for the most part neglected, only the extremely enthusiastic or the unusually illuminated took any vast amount of trouble to inquire why they did what they did. But now that something will really be expected of the teacher, the whole body will surely be inspired to discover what has been already thought or discovered, and if possible to add to it. As Dr. Creighton has said, "The surest sign of social progress is increasing interest in the generation that is to come."

At first sight it may seem unnecessary to argue in favour of training; it must seem strange and anomalous that any opponents to it can be found. Nevertheless, many are forthcoming, nor are these always the least enthusiastic, the least well-informed supporters of education. Yet, when their objections are examined and sifted, they will be found to be directed, almost invariably, against special theories of training, or against special institutions for it already existing. When the genuine teacher is found to decry training it will most probably appear that he, or she, is remembering some more than usually futile colleague, full to the brim of the shibboleths of the training college, but hopelessly incapable when faced with the actual duties and routine of school life. This trained incapable is so singularly irritating that it is not remarkable if the successful teacher forgets for the moment the successive steps of his own observation, effort, and failure which have made him what he is, and

which were, if not nominally yet in effect, training, and that of a costly kind.

Stripped of all adventitious considerations of particular institutions and individuals, the question of training the teacher cannot surely admit of any answer but the affirmative. In no other walks of life is the novice, unless he be a veritable genius, welcomed as a practitioner.

It is a curious feature of our past history that statesmen and teachers have been untrained. At the foundation of every nation's welfare are its children. Its policy and government are, or should be, the finest fruit, the crown of its life; and yet, at these two ends, so to speak, of our national edifice, we have consigned our interests into the hands of people who for the most part have been at once learned and untrained.

The circumstances of to-morrow in the international outlook are not those of yesterday; our past practice, canonised in the happy phrase of "muddling through," no longer inspires general confidence. We want something, or we think we do, which hitherto we have not had. In education the prophets of the moment say it is training. Then, if we are to have training, can we mitigate some part if not of the past, yet of the future prejudice against it, by securing some idea of what the training of teachers can effect, and what it cannot?

First of all, to use an expressive, if inelegant, proverb, it cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; it cannot make base material fine, though it can achieve something not inconsiderable in the matter of refining, nor can it make a person with no gift for teaching a teacher.

There are people who maintain that a teacher, as truly as a poet, is born and not made. Without endorsing

this proposition,—which driven to its logical extremity would condemn at least ninety-nine out of every hundred children to go without a teacher—we may admit that there is a great, if hardly goodly, company of people offering to teach their neighbours who by the constitution of their characters, dispositions, and intellects are totally incapable of performing such work satisfactorily. Now in these cases training can at the very best only put on a sort of outside gloss, which delays the moment of detection a little longer than unassisted nature might have done. Whether this is, or is not, a benefit is a problem which may be left to experts,—in one hardly knows what.

But this fact remains; those whom nature has decreed shall not be, training cannot make teachers. So far as the general public can be said to have known, or not to have known, anything about training, this elementary fact may be said to have escaped its recognition. If the Man in the Street thinks anything at all about the training of teachers, he puts it in that mental pigeon-hole where he keeps such matters as the training of cooks. And this leads us to consider another result which training cannot effect; it cannot give infallible recipes for all possible contingencies which may arise. Some people seem to fancy that a Master or Mistress of Method can dictate to an eager band of students a list of universally applicable prescriptions much as a cook could reel off to his assistants a number of directions for the making of dishes, or at any rate as a physician could suggest to listening chemists definite combinations of drugs for the treatment of certain cases of disease. But as a matter of fact, he or she can do no such thing at all. Their function is rather to unfold the principles of mental development, to indi-

cate the consequences of that infinite variety of temperament and disposition which a school of children exhibit. Training, in its most important function, deals rather with the general than with the particular. The need is not that young teachers should be led to one method of universal application, but to divers methods of handling one and the same subject, among which they must choose as they are guided by the requirements of particular instances, and to a variety of plans, skilfully individualised at necessity's bidding, sometimes beforehand in the quiet of leisure, sometimes on the spur of the all-devouring moment. It is desirable also that training should bring them to see, what the inexperienced learn slowly and with pain, that the problem to be dealt with is highly individualised units combined into a whole, not an expanse of homogeneous constituents.

Then, again, it is sometimes supposed that discipline can be taught. The word *discipline* is used as inaccurately as any word that can be found. In the narrow, and wholly inadequate, sense of the word, outward order and quietness, we will consider it first. This state is, of course, absolutely essential before any one can begin to teach. The teacher's main business, his ultimate purpose, is so to present to the minds of his pupils some new perception that it may call up in their minds old perceptions (related to it) which, at some former time they have assimilated, and which now are among their accumulated stock of ideas; it is his business to help them to see the relation between the new and the old, and finally to assign to the new its place among the old. This, in pedagogic language, is known as *apperception*. Writing about this process, Dr. Lange has observed most

truly, "A certain bodily and mental tranquillity is then necessary to re-establish the equilibrium between the various psychical elements if an unbiassed apprehension of the new is to follow," a somewhat round-about way, those unacquainted with pedagogy may think, of telling us that we cannot learn in a tumult. There can be neither bodily nor mental tranquillity in a class-room where disorder is triumphant. The least experienced can realise that no child is likely to apprehend, for instance, the equality of the three interior angles of a triangle to two right angles, or the reason for Henry the Second's institution of a system of itinerant justices, if the teacher's observations, perhaps otherwise luminous, are perpetually interrupted by injunctions to his class to keep quiet. Elementary as even this power is, so elementary that some deny to it the title of discipline at all, the reality of it, as apart from the idea, is exceedingly difficult to impart to any one who has not the instinct for it. A few obvious suggestions can be made, as for instance that it is unwise to allow notorious comrades in evil to sit side by side; but anybody who needs to have so palpable a truth indicated is in no danger of learning to keep even external order. A minimum of ordinary sense and perception must be required even from candidates for the teaching profession.

Probably no one has ever discovered the reason why the mere appearance of one person is the signal for instant quiet, that of another the joyful herald (to the children at least) of stir, increasing gradually to a positive racket. Yet these things are matters of fact. Discipline, in this higher sense,—the order which is not a bodily attitude but an inward state—this seems

to be the result of an unanalysed, probably unanalysable gift. It cannot be taught; it is an incommunicable secret. The establishment of a training college by every County, Urban, and Borough Council would not add one to the number of those able to wield it.

To sum up then: training cannot make a good teacher out of those whom nature has made totally unfit; it cannot foresee every possible contingency near and remote, and plan a course of action suitable to it; it cannot even confer the power of outward order, though in fruitful soil it may, even in this difficult part of the work, sow some good seeds by means of suggestion; it cannot give the high serene power of discipline, nor suggest likely means of obtaining it to those to whom nature has denied it. But though all that may be admitted, there is still considerable scope for the trainer of teachers. Many of his duties are, no doubt, pedestrian enough; his career may know little encouragement and show no brilliancy, but his work is worth doing if only he can keep himself from believing that everything has been discovered already, and that experiment is useless.

First of all then, training can stimulate the young teacher. When a neophyte becomes acquainted with the theories of those who have preceded him; when he realises the extraordinary success, for instance, of Vittorino da Feltre at the Court of Mantua in the fourteenth century; when he perceives the solid wisdom underlying Locke's guarded enthusiasm concerning a gentleman's upbringing; when he encounters the unquenchable philanthropy of Pestalozzi,—“I myself lived like a beggar that I might teach beggars to live like men”; when he feels the verity that

underlies the pedagogic terminology of Herbart,—then surely he will perceive that this business into which he has drifted, or to which he has been called, is after all not a poor thing, but a matter of moment. As he counts the steps up which his predecessors have climbed, and realises the distance which lies between the highest step on which, thanks to them, he stands and the top of ultimate achievement, it is possible the spark from heaven may fall.

No doubt it may be argued that the experienced teacher appreciates all this old-time work more than the neophyte can. But that does not prove that the neophyte gains nothing, nor is he debarred from going again over the ground, when he himself has gathered experience. Then, again, training ought to sweep away the sort of method which approaches to the cookery recipe type, the frequent use of which in the past does in a measure justify the public expectation now. There is no such thing as a universal method, as there is a universal recipe for the cooking of well-brought-up potatoes. No person can tell another what to do in all imaginable circumstances; but that does not involve the abandonment of all method. By mere negation training can do much in correcting common faults, the commission of which helps to make so many ineffective teachers. For example, as the untrained actor turns his back obstructively to the audience, so does many an inexperienced teacher turn his back on his class when he writes on the blackboard. By effectually preventing the children from seeing the board, he positively encourages them to the disorder which his position will further prevent him from noticing.

In a more positive fashion,—in the matter, for instance, of arranging the

lessons—training may do much. It can suggest the meaning of light and shade in a lesson; it can suggest that related matters should be treated synchronously, that it is a pity if a class study the reign of Edward the First in its history lesson, and Burke's speech on Conciliation with America in the time set apart for literature; it can suggest that a lesson should neither overwhelm the growing mind by its abundance nor starve a growing intelligence by its meagreness. These may seem matters of common sense; but for all that, in drawing attention to these and a multitude of similar points, training performs a most useful function, for the plain and obvious reason that sense has never been common except nominally, and that the opposites of these wise ways are in general use.

Training can go further than the inculcation of precept in hypothetical cases. It can criticise performance, it can take the circumstances of palpable failure, and demonstrate then and there why failure ensued and not success. No one can deny the usefulness of that; it is as salutary as it is unpleasant. And, again, training can bring psychology from the academic heights to the precincts of the natural child's life. A gardener would not cultivate a vegetable profitably if he were ignorant of its natural habits; and the teacher is not more blessed in this than the gardener, but needs every whit as much to know the laws of his plant's being.

Possibly, to the general public, all this does not sound very attractive, may sound indeed not unlike the result of a distinguished personage's pig-shearing. Reduced to print, it hardly does itself justice. The very gifted may not need such lowly assistance, but they are few in every

profession; the absolutely ungifted cannot profit, but they are, by hypothesis, to be weeded out. There remains the great mass, the average men and women who will not initiate wise ways nor salutary reforms, but who can assimilate sensible notions, high ideas, sound methods, when they are suggested to them, and not till then. An average man or woman of necessary education can be taught to teach, not brilliantly, not originally perhaps, but a great deal more effectively than many teachers are doing to-day, just as much as an average man of necessary education can be trained to be not a great physician but a useful general practitioner, not a lord chancellor, but a good every-day lawyer, not a brilliant inventor, but a sound engineer. The point is that there are not enough of the exceptionally gifted in any walk of life to fill every place; we must fall back on the average mass. In the matter of education, at least, we do not improve that mass by leaving it in ignorance of the work of its predecessors, innocent of all knowledge of the structure and development of the human mind, unpractised in every-day method.

Besides making training compulsory, or practically so, the Register may have another result. At present, it is hardly too much to say that the teaching is the Lazarus of the professions; the Register will, it is to be hoped, improve matters in this respect. It is as well to clear up what is meant by this. It will be rather a change in public opinion than in the *personnel* of the profession, at any rate, so far as women are concerned, and in the higher walks. Abler women than the ablest already there cannot be attracted; there are none abler outside than the best of those within; yet even so, more of the

ablest might be drawn in from the pursuit of other activities, were the rewards more justly apportioned to deserts. With regard to men it would be absurd to maintain that the majority of those in the profession are the ablest of their sex. There are other professions which offer prizes so much more dazzling that it would be a modern miracle of the most surprising sort if a large proportion of the most gifted men were pedagogues. To increase the number of these by offering them an improved status would be a feather in the Register's cap indeed.

But neither man nor woman can live by status alone. If the Register could raise salaries, it would have achieved the hitherto unachievable. An extraordinary amount of cant is talked by those, whose purpose is presumably served, on the merit of not being mercenary. It is a delicate subject, but the time has come for a little outspoken explanation. Teaching is hard work, straining, exhausting work if it be performed in any spirit better than the journeyman's. The teacher cannot do his work if his be the life "which was not lived for living's sake but under the goad of fear." The subject is, I repeat, a delicate one; yet the main truth of it has been put excellently by a recent writer. There is no essential difference in the results of poverty as felt by the man of letters or the teacher, so let the following words by Henry Rycroft describe the case.

You tell me that money cannot buy the things most precious. Your commonplace proves that you have never known the lack of it. When I think of all the sorrow and the barrenness that have been wrought in my life by want of a few more pounds per annum than I was able to earn, I stand aghast at money's significance. What kindly joys have I lost,

those simple forms of happiness to which every heart has claim, because of poverty. Meetings with those I loved made impossible year after year: sadness, misunderstanding, nay, cruel alienation arising from inability to do the things wished, and which I might have done had a little money helped me; endless instances of homely pleasures and contentment curtailed and forbidden by narrow means. I have lost friends merely through the constraints of my position; friends I might have made have remained strangers to me; solitude of the bitter kind, the solitude which is enforced at times when mind or heart longs for companionship, often cursed my life solely because I was poor. I say it would not be an exaggeration to say that there is no moral good which has not to be paid for in coin of the realm.¹

The pleasure of those who read these lines and laugh at their falseness, will not, in the balance, outweigh the pain of those others who recognise their substantial truth.

In conclusion the hope may be expressed that any rise which occurs may accrue to the assistants rather than to the chiefs, and to the more highly placed among the assistants. The absurd disproportion at present between the salaries paid to the chiefs and to the senior assistants forces many of the latter to apply for headships when they would do better work where they are. Different gifts are required in the two positions, and the question of relative value is hard to settle. It is a stupid sort of settlement that induces men of one set of gifts to undertake work requiring another. This plea for the readjustment of remuneration has been urged often before. Most people admit there is a case; and yet who acts, who proposes to act?

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¹THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HENRY RYECROFT; by George Gissing.

TEN YEARS IN A PROHIBITION TOWN.

I HAVE lived ten years in a prohibition town, and in all that time I never heard of any one finding any real difficulty in being supplied with drink when he wanted it. On one occasion, after an irregular and unexpected information had been laid against most of the rum-sellers, I made the experiment of asking for a drink at a drug-store; I was refused a drink, but offered a bottle! That was the only occasion within my knowledge when the sale of drink was not as free and open as the sale of cigars. Nevertheless, Fredericton, New Brunswick, is the "banner" prohibition town in Canada. That, at least, is what prohibitionists in Ontario and Manitoba call it; in New Brunswick you hear less of banner towns. When the Scott Act (a local option Act) came into operation, Fredericton was one of the first places to adopt it; and at each subsequent election, prohibition has been carried by increased majorities. So certain is the result that no election has been held for fifteen years, and the Act remains in force. If there were an election this year, there is no doubt that prohibition would be carried by an overwhelming majority. The temperance people would vote for it, and the rum-sellers say they would support it. Yet whiskey is sold as openly as tea. On a certain Monday in spring, a stout man, who had taken his family out for a walk on the Sunday afternoon, the first warm day of the year, said to me, without any consciousness of the humour of the situation: "It's a nice thing that you can't buy anything in this town on Sunday but

whiskey." He had tried to get ice-cream sodas for his children, but the druggists were welcoming a new Sunday Act which promised them a good excuse for closing their shops on Sunday, on the ground that keeping them open on that day without the sale of soda-water and cigars was not profitable.

I have the authority of the police magistrate, who has been in office from the days before the Scott Act, that there has been an enormous improvement in the town. Open drunkenness, as it appeared in the police court, has greatly diminished. The police are neither more nor less strict than they were; for it is he who issues instructions to them, and he has made no change in his instructions. On the other hand, the industrial character of the town has changed. Formerly, each lumber operator used to send his logs down the St. John River to the city where they were rafted and shipped. The men from the woods were paid off in the city, and generally celebrated their return to town in a huge debauch. Now, the logs are brought by the owner no further than the main stream, the St. John, where they are taken in hand by the servants of the Boom Company, who are not paid off on their arrival in the city. The result is that there is no riotous drinking during several weeks in the spring and early summer; and that the former provision of low rum-shops is no longer required for what we may call the purely domestic drinking of the place.

There is, however, regular, and

apparently adequate, provision for this domestic drinking. There are fifteen or sixteen places where drink is usually sold and can be obtained without any formalities. In the year 1901 there were twenty-one persons convicted and fined for selling liquor, some of them four or five times ; but the regular dealers, who are well known, are fifteen or sixteen in number. They include all the druggists, most of the hotels and billiard saloons, and some places that make hardly any pretence of doing any other business. It is all conducted in a perfectly straightforward way. There are no bars concealed behind stables, and none of those ingenious devices for evading the law, and fooling its officers, that are described as existing in prohibition towns in Maine, and make such interesting reading in Rowntree and Sherwell's book on the temperance question. These devices were much in use, I have been told, in the early days of prohibition in Fredericton ; and they had their influence on the domestic habits of the citizens who, when they invited you to dinner, did not supply you with wine at table, but offered you whiskey in the pantry afterwards. But these devices have long since disappeared and, with them, the mild hypocrisies of domestic life. The reason probably was the tacit agreement to treat all cases as first offences. During the last twelve-month there has been a revival of activity on the part of the temperance people, and some cases are being pushed to the issue as third offences, which involve imprisonment without the option of a fine. It will be interesting to note whether there is a renewal of the devices for baffling the law by making it difficult to secure evidence.

After the somewhat stormy days at the commencement of the prohibi-

tion period, a system of mutual tolerance was evolved. The temperance people were content to treat each case as a first offence, and to leave the enforcing of the law to the police. The rum-sellers professed to be well content, and declared that they would vote for prohibition if the question was raised again. One druggist, a man of some standing and a clerk of the House of Assembly, assured me that such would be his action ; and to my enquiry if it would not be better to have the law on his side, he replied emphatically : " No, it would not be respectable. I can sell now, but I could never take out a licence and keep a saloon. None of us would, except perhaps —— " naming the least respected of the druggists in the town. It seemed rather an anomalous condition of affairs, that a man should think it more respectable to sell liquor and break the law, than to sell liquor without breaking any law. But so it is, and one can understand how it is. A man can go into a drug-store and no one knows his errand, but a man goes into a saloon for one purpose only. There are many men who would not care to be seen entering a saloon, who yet will go to a drug-store. Such men would, with a licence system, go to the hotels. Some of the druggists, indeed, are not quite so well content to be rum-sellers and law-breakers at the same time. They say that they sell liquor only to keep their legitimate customers from drifting away from them, and one can well believe it. Moreover, the authorities are not guiltless of promoting the sale of drink. Some druggists have confined themselves to the sale of liquor by the bottle, refusing to supply a casual glass. They are summoned and fined just as frequently as their rivals, who had no compunction about how they supplied their cus-

tomers' wants; and in self-defence, they say they have to commit the major offence since they are punished like those who do.

The system, as it has been developed, is very simple. It is high licence, or rather low licence, at the discretion of the police. The offenders are summoned four times a year for a hotel, twice a year for a drug-store. Every case is a first offence, and punishable only with a fine of fifty dollars. No case is defended when information is laid by the police; and when an irregular information has been laid, the case is defended only for the sake of revealing the identity of the private informer. There is no obloquy attached to such appearances before the police magistrate. No names are published and the offence is regarded as almost purely technical. The local reporters have their own humorous way of describing the case: "The Police Magistrate has issued invitations to a Scott Act reception next Monday. Several prominent citizens have received invitations. The cards of invitation come high, however, for they cost fifty dollars apiece."

Public opinion, while in favour of prohibition, is not in favour of proceeding to extremities against offenders. That lesson was taught in the early days of the movement. At first, the temperance party called attention to previous convictions, and the two leading hotel-keepers were summoned for a third offence. One stood his trial, but the other skipped out, to return only when he heard how like a holiday three months in the county jail might be made. The two offenders were sentenced each to three months, and they closed their hotels. Very soon the inconvenience was felt; for there was no other place in which business men and lawyers would stay, and the courts

were then sitting. One of the peculiarities of our jail is that you can board with the jailer, occupy his best parlour, and receive visitors all day long. Years later, I had occasion to visit a prisoner (an editor sentenced for libelling a judge) and the parlour which he used, as the hotel-keeper had used it before him, looked fairly comfortable. There they sit in state, receiving visitors, and one of them told me that the Anglican bishop was among his callers. Every evening a brass band played before the jail, and the prisoners were allowed the liberty of the porch and verandah. They had a telephone put into the parlour and transacted their business comfortably for three months, while the commercial travellers and the lawyers were forced to put up with such accommodation as they could get. Since then, there have been none but first offences.

The general effect of such an anomalous system is not very marked. There is little drunkenness, but a good deal of drinking, but whether more than there is in any other small town, where the possibilities of more innocent recreation are as small, is not clear. If it were not that class distinctions are not rigidly drawn, one might say that this system leads to the separation of classes, as the existence of clubs does elsewhere. The druggists seem more or less particular about the kind of people they serve; and it is not always possible to obtain the entry to the dispensing-room behind, where, seated on a case of somebody's remedy, you may drink with your friend who rests uneasily on a case of somebody's liniment. The worst effect is that the system has given rise to a large amount of drinking among young boys of sixteen and eighteen. No one can question what a boy is doing in a druggist's at the

soda-water fountain. A lad of that age would not dare to enter a saloon except by stealth; but he can boldly drink in the most public way at the soda fountain. There is only one liquor offence known to the law, and that is the act of selling. The offence is not greater if the liquor is sold to a minor, or to a man in a state of intoxication, on a Sunday, or after hours, or in an adulterated condition. These are offences which are not recognised under prohibition, and of course need not be if the law is strictly enforced. But with us the law is not enforced; and the minor offences are quite as iniquitous as the major offence, which is indeed regarded as purely technical. Liquor is supplied indiscriminately at the hotel-bars, but in the drug-stores the company is select if not selected.

Such a free and easy system, where the law is systematically disregarded, ought, according to all theories, to create a spirit of lawlessness among the citizens. This statement has been made by men in favour of prohibition, and by men opposed to it, but in favour of sincerity and straightforwardness in civic life. How far it is justified in this instance is doubtful. The liquor influence in municipal politics was not got rid of by closing the saloons. It still exists and plays a considerable part at election times. One hotel-keeper is credited with controlling something like two hundred votes, sufficient to make a municipal candidate's election fairly sure. This influence can be obtained, — at a price, I suppose. Generally speaking, the liquor ticket wins; though on one occasion, an astute politician secured the liquor vote for the temperance ticket. But the liquor interest aims at nothing more than preventing an aggressive movement on the part of the temperance people. They are content to

add an additional guarantee to their immunity from frequent prosecution. Indeed, the question of prohibition or licence is decided, not by the Board of Aldermen, but by direct plebiscite, the administration even being only partly within the control of the Council.

There are no symptoms of any general disregard for law. In America generally, in Canada as well as in the United States, there is a disposition to treat lightly any law or regulation which fails to commend itself as reasonable. But such a disposition does not constitute a disregard for law, or a sympathy with law-breaking. In Fredericton the general disposition will no doubt manifest itself, but I doubt whether, owing to the contempt for the Scott Act, there has been created any lawlessness or sympathy with lawlessness. The community is to the full as law-abiding as any other. The question of licence or no licence seems to have no effect in this way. In the early days the evasion of the law led to a certain amount of mild hypocrisy in private life regarding liquor; but with the practically unregarded violation of the law, social life has become straightforward again. There is, it is true, a strong indisposition to proceed to extremities against even flagrant offenders. Our favourite form of law-breaking is embezzlement, on a large or small scale; but that crime is due to an over-development of the credit-system common in small Canadian towns rather than to the violation of the Scott Act. In any case, as many of such offenders support prohibition as have assisted at its violation. Indeed, I should say, after ten years' observation, that my original opinion, that law-breaking in this form must lead to lawlessness in other forms, is not borne out by experience.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

LA RATA ENCORONADA.

OVER a hundred years ago there hung in the House of Lords an old piece of tapestry representing the fight between the Spanish Armada and the English fleet, on July 25th, 1588, off the Isle of Wight. This picture was perpetuated by Pine in his ILLUSTRATIONS and has been reproduced in the illustrated edition of Green's SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE and in many text books dealing with the history of the period. At first sight one might conclude that such a picture was purely conventional, but when we look at it, with the Duke of Medina Sidonia's account of the battle and with the British records before us, we at once realise that what is delineated there is a faithful representation of an actual incident in the battle of that eventful day.

The morning was calm, and the fighting of the previous three days had been, on the part of the Spaniards, a rearguard action. The Admiral's ship, the SANTA ANA, which commanded the rear, had been so badly pounded by the British guns that Admiral Martinez de Recalde moved his flag to the SAN JUAN and, by orders of the Duke, Don Alonzo de Leyva, in his ship LA RATA ENCORONADA, was sent to lead the rearguard where the heaviest fighting was to be expected. Meanwhile the crippled SANTA ANA dropped astern and Sir John Hawkins, thinking she would be an easily captured prize, lowered his boats and got them to tow his ships into action with her. At this juncture the RATA and three of the four galleasses (which were looked

upon as the most formidable of the Spanish ships in a calm, as they could be propelled by oars worked by nine hundred slaves), turned their heads to windward to protect the SANTA ANA. The RATA and the galleasses, SAN LORENZO, GIRONA, and NEAPOLITANA, with the ARK ROYAL and GOLDEN LION, being towed by boats to attack them, are in the foreground of the picture, while in the background Hawkins is seen retiring from the Spanish fire. The RATA and her comrades, however, did their work; the SANTA ANA did not fall into the hands of the enemy, although during the following night she drifted away to the southward and was wrecked on the bar at Havre. This RATA ENCORONADA is an altogether interesting ship. The artist justly gave her a prominent place in his picture, and I propose now to follow her fortunes and those of the men who formed her company.

When Philip the Second decided in haste, after long consideration at leisure, that the invasion of England should be undertaken, he had many notable sailors and commanders to choose from. Some of them foretold misfortune and, consequently, were unpopular, but in Don Alonzo de Leyva, a knight of Santiago, who had been captain-general of the Sicilian galleys and now was commander of the cavalry of Milan, there was a man ready for any enterprise, a man who over and over again against the Turks, and in the Low Countries, had proved his capacity. The only thing that could be said against Don Alonzo, and that was said by his contemporary

critics, was that he was too rash. However, when the cautious old Marquis of Santa Cruz tried to stay Philip from sending a totally inadequate expedition to destruction, de Leyva took an opposite view, a view more convenient to the King and it is therefore not surprising to read that "insults and challenges passed between de Leyva and Santa Cruz" while the Armada was preparing.¹ The enthusiastic daring of de Leyva outweighed his judgment, but as he had succeeded before he might have succeeded again, had he been given a free hand. Santa Cruz died while the fleet was preparing. Many nobles were going as officers, which made it necessary to place a high grandee in command. The Duke of Medina Sidonia thus came to be leader, but de Leyva carried a secret commission from Philip empowering him to assume command in the event of the Duke's death; and in any case he was to take charge of the army should a landing in England be effected.

LA RATA SANTA MARIA ENCORONADA, as she is called in the Spanish documents, was a galleon of eight hundred and twenty tons, armed with thirty-five guns, and was the private property of de Leyva; and as she belonged to the Levant squadron was probably built in Italy or Sicily. The flagship of this squadron, the REGAZONA of twelve hundred tons, was the largest ship of the whole Armada, and carried about forty-five guns. The TRINIDAD VALENCERA, also of the Levant squadron, formed with the REGAZONA and one other ship the Venetian contingent to the Armada, and, because the court of Venice was thus interested in the enterprise, accurate information of all that was going on in Spain was sent to the

Doge by Hieronimo Lippomano, the ambassador of Venice at the court of Madrid. These papers are extant and throw many a side-light on what happened. As I shall not again refer to these other ships of the Levant squadron, I may say here that the REGAZONA was one of those fortunate ships that returned home in safety, while the VALENCERA, under command of Don Alonzo de Luzon, was lost in Glenagivney Bay near the most easterly point of Donegal.

Between soldiers, sailors, and grandees with their suites of servants, the RATA carried over six hundred men. Don Alonzo de Leyva himself had a retinue of thirty-six so-called servants. In a few cases the commanders of the Spanish ships were expert sailors; such for example was Don Martinez de Recalde who commanded the SANTA ANA and was admiral of the whole fleet, but in most cases the commanders were soldiers. They were of course soldiers who had had much naval experience in the wars of the great sea empire at this time held by Spain, but not navigators; it must be borne in mind that de Leyva was a soldier first and a sailor after; the navigating master of the RATA was an Italian named Giovanni Avannceye. So far as it is possible to find out, the guns of the ships must have been worked by soldiers, for the small number of sailors allotted to each ship would be barely sufficient to do the steering and the trimming of the sails, which in sea fighting called for endless attention.

While speaking of the Spanish sailors let me refer to the very popular idea that the Spanish sailors were far inferior to the British. Even Professor Laughton upholds this view:

¹ VENETIAN STATE PAPERS, 1581 to 91, No. 601.

They were to a great extent fair-weather sailors. Some there doubtless

were who had been through the Straits of Magellan or had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, but by far the greater number had little experience beyond the Mediterranean, or the equable run down the trades to the West Indies. To the English, on the other hand, accustomed from boyhood to the voyages to the Irish or Iceland fisheries; in manhood to the voyages to the N. West with Frobisher or Davis, or round the world with Drake, and semi-piratical cruises in the Bay of Biscay, or in the track of the homeward bound treasure ships, the summer gales of the Channel were, by comparison, passing trifles.¹

Professor Laughton has demolished so many fallacies concerning the Armada that he cannot object to one more going the same road. The Mediterranean is not always bathed in summer smiles, and in the Italian sailors it had then trained men who had pushed their vessels into all seas. Italy but a short while previously had ranked next to England in the carrying trade of the world. The run down the Trades to the West Indies is all very well, but the return through the stormy North Atlantic I know from personal experience to be a very different matter. With regard to the west of Ireland fisheries no men prosecuted them with greater assiduity than the Spaniards. For many generations, before the days of the Armada, Spanish fishing vessels flocked to the stormy seas off the Durseys, and in Baltimore, or Valentiamore as they called it, they had a fishing station on Spanish Island; Berehaven, Garinish, Killmackiloge, Valentia, were also permanent stations.² O'Sullivan Bere and the O'Driscolls of Cork levied dues on

them. Dingle was the centre from which the Spaniards fished the sea off the Blaskets. They sometimes paid a fee to the British Treasury for these rights, and at other times complained to the British Government that the native Irish cut their cables in hopes of gain from the wrecks. The Spanish fishing at one time attained to such dimensions that Sir Humphrey Gilbert was able to report to the Queen that in one year as many as six hundred Spanish fishing vessels were on the coast, and he suggested the policy of sending a ship to destroy them all. From the Spanish records we learn that these boats were of about one hundred tons each, and, if we allow ten men to each boat and assume that all available men went to serve in the Armada, there must have been about six thousand men, out of the seven thousand seamen who formed the crews of the Armada ships, who at some time of their lives and for longer or shorter periods had been familiar with the Irish coasts. When Recalde anchored at Scatterry Roads, then called Inishkeith after the island in the Shannon, when the SANTA ANA anchored in Ponlell, when again Recalde's ships anchored in the Blasket Sound and rode there for thirteen days, it is evident that men were on board who knew well the details of the Irish coast for, as there were no charts, nothing but personal knowledge could have enabled them to do such things. Again, every passage from Spain to Ireland necessitated sailing across the Bay of Biscay, and so well known was this Spanish traffic, that in the old maps of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the sea to the south of Ireland is designated "the Spanish Sea." The Spanish sailors who, vanquished, heart-broken, and starving, refused, when wrecked, to save their lives by sur-

¹ DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, introduction, p. xliii.

² At Garinish, near Dursey Sound, when we were building a boat-slip, some foundations were discovered which the local fishermen said at once were those of the old Spanish pier.

render, were surely men of no mean spirit; and we lose nothing by giving them credit for what they were.

Don Alonzo de Leyva is described, by one who was a sailor with him, as "tall and slight with a whitley face, flaxen hair and wearing an Abram beard. He was much respected by all who sailed in his ship." He was the leader under whom the young noblemen volunteers longed to serve, and scions of many ancient Italian or Spanish houses, many of them only in their teens, clad in velvet, cloth of gold and jewels, waved their plumed caps from the high poop of the RATA to the gay senoritas on the quays of Lisbon, as, on a bright May morning the Felicissima Armada sailed down the Tagus. We will not dwell on the disasters that so soon overtook them; they have all been described before. The food was rotten, the water putrid; a tremendous storm came on, and with shattered spars and torn sails the RATA with the flagship of Oquendo's squadron had to "put into the port of Baris" for new spars, fresh food, fresh water, and to land the sick. The ports of Galicia were full of shattered ships and the Armada did not finally start for England till July 11th.

When the English coast was sighted a momentous council of war was called on board the SAN MARTIN. The Duke presided, and among those present were de Leyva, Oquendo, and the staunch old sailor Recalde. Their advice was not to sail up the Channel until they had fought and crushed the English fleet. Every one now knows that they were right, but the King's orders to proceed to Calais were clear, and the majority of the council decided against the proposed line of action. The die was cast, and de Leyva in the RATA was ordered to lead the van. On

Sunday morning, July 21st, the fighting began. Lord Howard, in the ARK ROYAL, Sir Martin Frobisher, and Sir Francis Drake sailed out from Plymouth and delivered a combined attack. The first shock fell upon the RATA. The Duke says "the enemy's fleet passed, firing on our van under the charge of Don Alonzo de Leyva which drove into the rear under the charge of Admiral Juan Martinez de Recalde, who stood fast and abode the assault." Under this determined rush of the British fleet the Armada was thrown into confusion, and Recalde's ship received very rough handling: "Her fore-stay was cut and her foremast had two great shots therein." The Armada in reforming lost one ship by collision and another by an accidental explosion. These ships fell into the hands of the British and the Spaniards went on up Channel. As the next attack was expected in the rear, the galleasses were joined with de Leyva's ship, and he now took charge of the rearguard.

On the 23rd the fighting took place under new conditions, as, the wind having shifted to the north-east, the Spaniards held the weather guage. The RATA is once more mentioned in despatches as being with the REGAZONA in the thickest of the fight. On the 24th the English records say there was little done, but the Duke of Medina Sidonia reports that their rearguard was again attacked, "the galleasses discharged their stern pieces as also did Juan Martinez and Don Alonzo de Leyva." On the 25th was the great fight off the Isle of Wight to which I have already referred, and after this nothing of interest occurred until the night of the 28th. The English account says, "Now forasmuch as our powder and shot was well wasted the Lord Admiral thought it was not good in

policy to assail them any more until their coming near to Dover," when he should join the fleet under Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Winter. On the 28th the Armada was anchored off Calais and the British fleet about a mile to windward. "At midnight," the Spanish report says, "two fires were seen kindled in the English fleet, which increased to eight, and suddenly eight ships with sails set, a fair wind and tide came straight towards our Capitana and the rest of the fleet, all burning fiercely." To escape these fire ships some of the Spaniards weighed anchor, most of them slipped their cables, hoping to pick them up next day, and a few drifted out of sight to leeward.

With dawn on the 29th the last great fight began. The Spaniards numbered one hundred and twenty ships, all told, and the English, now that Lord Seymour's squadron had joined, one hundred and forty. On both sides many vessels were mere despatch boats, and, of the Spaniards, many were victuallers or transports. The Armada had straggled out to such an extent that the actual fighting fell on no more than forty ships, of which about fifteen came in for a terrible hammering. Soon after nine o'clock the roar of the guns was awful; such a cannonade had never been heard on earth before. The smoke was so dense that even from the mast heads of the SAN MARTIN, the Duke stated, nothing could be seen, and the rapidity of the British fire "was like the rattle of small shot in a land battle." Under that great sulphurous cloud, to the sound of a roar like the outburst of a volcano, the future history of England and of the world was being settled.

From the centre of this Inferno the smoke drifted away towards the Flemish coast, towards which many

of the shattered ships were also drifting. But in the midst, the fight raged hottest about Sidonia's flagship and the hulk SAN SALVADOR. The English fleet had them almost at their mercy,—the blood of slaughtered men was flowing from their scuppers—when out of the smoke loomed up two great galleons, two ships that had been comrades in trouble off the coast of Portugal; one was Oquendo's flagship and the other de Leyva's RATA ENCORONADA. They took the broadsides intended for the SAN MARTIN, and the slaughter on the RATA's decks was terrible. Many a young grandee was slain. Among those who then fell special mention is made of Don Pedro de Mendoza, son of the Commander of Castel Nuova at Naples. By this diversion the Duke was able to escape to leeward, but the day was lost and no chivalry could save it. The wind, now strong from the north-west, was forcing them on to the Flemish coast and threatened utter destruction to the whole Armada, but presently it backed round to the south and they were able to sail away into the North Sea.

It is not my intention here to follow their fortunes as they drove northwards. When they thought themselves safe out of Hawkins's reach, the shattered ships were mustered by signal guns fired from the CAPITANA GENERAL and the course to be steered was given to each ship in writing. It was a perilous course. The Flannan Isles and the St. Kilda group lay on or near to the track, which also came dangerously close to the west of Ireland, only forty miles off Erris Head. With a good look out and the long daylight of summer all might of course go well; and at first it did go well with the SAN MARTIN and some others. They sailed about one thousand miles, and sighted Ireland on the eleventh day after the battle of

Gravelines. This was not a bad run for ships of such cumbrous build. But now the trouble began; for fifteen days they drove northwards before southerly gales until they were in a latitude sixty-three degrees north. Then starving and dying of thirst and disease they had to make their way, in cyclonic weather, to the southward, and here amidst the big Atlantic seas we must leave them for the present.

In the west of the county of Mayo, on September the 7th, 1588, some wild-looking men with hair matted over their eyes, herded cattle on the flat-topped head of Doohoma, which projects from the eastward into Blacksod Bay. A stormy autumn had set in and as they looked seaward through the mist fierce squalls descended from the high mountains of Achill on the left, and tore up the surface of the sea into sheets of spindrift. Now and then the peak of Slieve More would stand out, ghost-like through the clouds, and now and then the low sandy shores of the Mullet near Tirawn would become visible over across the bay. A dull roar of the breakers on the outer reefs filled the air while an occasional big roller, finding its way in, flung itself into foam on the low shores of Ballycroy, where the ruined castle of Doona stood close to the beach. The men were well accustomed to such a scene and the only living interest added to it lay in the herds of cattle and the sea birds. Passing vessels were only too careful to give this dangerous coast a wide berth. But look; their attention is suddenly awakened. Out of the mists a great ship has loomed into sight; in she comes from the stormy sea, her top-sails lowered on account of the squalls, and her fore-course emblazoned with a marvellous device in bright colours. She looks sadly storm-beaten, her ropes and torn canvas streaming out

in the wind; nearer and nearer she comes. The wild kerne on shore yell with excitement, calling to their fellows; wild women and children hasten from the huts; they rush to the edge of the surf so as to be sure of the prize, but the great ship with her hundreds of men now distinctly visible, rounds to, and as her way stops, her one and only anchor plunges into the sea, the cable is veered and, after being driven to and fro in the Atlantic for nearly a month, with her young nobles and the crew perishing of thirst, LA RATA ENCORONADA has reached for a time a place of safety. While the people on shore kept watch, another great ship came sailing in; she also anchored off Bealingly (?), but who or what she was can never be known, as having no cockboat she was unable to communicate with the shore.

The news that ships were in the bay spread far and wide, and Richard Burke, otherwise known as the Devil's Hook, who ruled those parts, assembled a flotilla of skiffs and curraghs to proceed to the scene. Black skin-covered curraghs brought their crews from Achill Sound, and others came from Port-na-franka where Burke had a castle. Those who were in the interest of the Government sent off swift runners with the tidings that some strange thing had happened as "the Devil's Hook was assembling skiffs" in Blacksod Bay.

When Sir Richard Bingham, the Governor of Connaught, received these tidings he started north from Athlone, but had not travelled beyond Dunmore when he got similar news from Connemara; he therefore stayed his journey at Castle McGarret and turned back to Dunamon. It seems wonderful to us, now, to think how well, in the absence of telegraphic communication, he kept himself informed of all that was happening at places over a hundred and fifty miles apart.

Two days after the RATA anchored in Blacksod Bay, the great galleon DUQUESA SANTA ANA of the squadron of Andalusia came in, and passing further up the bay, anchored in Poulelly, off Tiraun, which is still the best anchorage in the whole roadstead of Blacksod. The black curraghs hovered round, like vultures, but dared not come too near to the great guns unless with friendly intent. At this time Mr. Gerald Comerford, with a guard of thirty men, was despatched by Bingham to Poulelly to watch and report on events. On September 10th he saw all three ships at anchor, but on that evening, the wind having come on to blow from the north-west, the RATA was dragging her anchor, and early on the 11th she went ashore at Ballycroy. The Italian master, purporting to go ashore with thirteen men for information, took the only boat and deserted. They left the boat on the beach, and proceeded inland. He and his party had not gone far before they were pounced on by the Devil's Hook who stripped them of their clothes and left them to shiver their lives away, naked, on the black swamps of Ballycroy.

Don Alonzo de Leyva now caused a raft of barrels to be constructed so that men might land and fetch off the boat. With this boat he and his four hundred men landed, and brought on shore their treasure and armour. They entrenched themselves in the old castle of Doona close by, and prepared to defend themselves. The black curraghs now crowded round the deserted ship and pillage went on until de Leyva managed to set her on fire and she burned to the water's edge. He then abandoned Ballycroy and crossing the bay with his company joined the SANTA ANA. Mr. Comerford from near Poulelly saw the volumes of smoke driving inland

from the burning RATA. An important functionary now arrived on the scene, the sheriff, Mr. James Blake and his men, with orders to save the ordnance for the Government. When the Spaniards evacuated Doona they left a goodly store of suits of velvet and cloth of gold which were seized by the sheriff and his myrmidons. The wreck still held many valuable stores.

The ship that is aground [writes Comerford] is well stored of great pieces and other munitions, wine and oil and many other things under water. Here are no boats able to come by them neither is it possible to take anything of any great value out of the same as yet. James Blake and others have taken a boat full of treasure out of the ship.¹

He asks Bingham to have Mr. Blake arrested so that he may charge him with disloyalty. This sheriff, however, took such good care of what he saved that Bingham sent this final report to the Lord Deputy.

The great Ship at Ballycroy and the rest cast away about those Islands are now all broken in pieces, and the Ordnance and everything else utterly lost I fear me. Treasure and great wealth hath been taken no doubt, but that by such unworthy persons as it hardly be ever, any thereof come by at all. They be, such as hath it, as before now have always been upon their keepings.

Comerford and his thirty men at Poulelly were now in an awkward position, and as an intelligence officer he deserves the greatest credit. Should the people encouraged by the presence of fourteen hundred Spaniards, who had by this time landed, rise in their favour, there would be but a short shrift for him. On the 14th he reported that the strangers had set to work to entrench

¹ State Papers Ireland, 1588-92, p. 94.

themselves in the old ruined castle of Tiraun. At their wits' end as to what to do, we can only imagine the discussions which resulted in their once more deciding to trust themselves to the sea. They had at all events got fresh water, and thus when the wind shifted to the north their hopes arose and on the 15th they put off again in the SANTA ANA for Spain. Comerford's feelings then found vent in a dispatch to Sir Richard Bingham.

I have stayed within view of the ship [the Santa Ana] that was here at Poulelly by Torane before till I saw both the company of the said ship and of the ship that is here [the Rata] joined together and entered into one ship and this present morning took the sea, bag and baggage, towards the South West.

But he much feared that he might see the Spaniards again, as the wind had once more backed for another cyclone to the southward. They did turn back on the 17th but went to sea again immediately, heading this time, not for Spain, but for Scotland.

While these events were happening in Blacksod Bay, tragedies of a darker hue took place not far away. In the south of Blacksod Bay the large mountainous island of Achill raises its peaks to more than two thousand feet above the sea, and beyond it Clare Island, fifteen hundred feet high, guards the entrance of Clew Bay. Clare Island was the centre of the district claimed by the O'Malley's. Dowdarra O'Malley lived there in the old castle still standing by the landing-place, and the same storm that forced the RATA to seek the shelter of Blacksod Bay drove a great ship, EL GRAN GRIN commanded by Don Pedro de Mendoza, on to the rocky shore of Clare Island. Don Pedro and seventy men out of the whole ship's company made their way to land alive, and, hearing that the

other ships were safe at anchor off Poulelly, they tried to get boats from the islanders to take them there. The distance was only about twenty-five miles and most of the journey was in the sheltered waters of Achill Sound. It seems strange to us now to think how quickly the news travelled from Blacksod Bay to Clare Island. These O'Malley's and their retainers were, however, sailors, and did much traffic no doubt by boats. O'Malley was "Lord of the Isles" and his sister Grace O'Malley the most renowned heroine and pirate of those days. She is described in the State Papers as "the Mother of all rebellions." These O'Malleys and the Bourkes held absolute power in west Mayo, but O'Malley at this time had made his peace with the English and he was determined to stop the flight of his prisoners. He did not know that in Don Pedro he held at his mercy a noble who, next to the Duke of Medina Sidonia and Don Alonzo de Leyva, the English were most anxious to hold captive. O'Malley would not give them boats, and called on them to surrender. Don Pedro with the pride of a Castilian refused. They were slain to a man, and thus the story of the GRAN GRIN and her company came to a close.

To the north of Blacksod Bay, Broadhaven enters the land from the north, and the heads of these harbours are so close that they have been of late years connected by a canal navigable for fishing craft.

Another of the Armada ships made for Broadhaven but was lost at the entrance, close to the Castle of Inver, then the strongest castle held by the English in those parts. The treasure of this ship was saved, but nothing has been told us of her name or of her crew.

Some writers have suggested that men from these wrecks made their way

to O'Rourke's country in the Leitrim mountains. The RATA's people certainly did not, and, considering the very great difficulty of getting through this country three hundred years ago, and even long after, I do not think any can have succeeded. The DUQUESA SANTA ANA with her crowded decks, on finally leaving Blacksod ran northwards past Eagle Island in safety. Then she passed the high cliffs of Glen Head on the coast of Donegal, but the autumn gale was taking its usual course and had gone from south to west and then to north-west. The ship was jambed on to a lee-shore, and barely weathering this rock-bound coast was forced into Loughrosmore Bay. The big seas began to tumble home before the nor'wester. The SANTA ANA's anchors could not be trusted; a cable was run to a rocky islet to save her, and de Leyva, in this struggle for life, was badly hurt by the capstan. The great ship, however, had fought her last fight, and in a few hours she too was a stranded wreck on the Irish coast. De Leyva with great difficulty, on account of his hurt, was got ashore, and "as he could neither go nor ride," his comrades started inland carrying him on a chair. They seemed to have saved little or nothing, and it is difficult to make out whether it was here or at Tiraun that they "landed one field-piece." However, they heard from "an Irishman who could speak Latin" that a ship of the Armada was in the harbour of Killybegs and thither, past Ardara and away up the valley of the Owentocker, they made their way for nineteen miles till they came in sight of Killybegs.

As they descended from the hills they saw before them no less a sight than the great galleas, the GIRONA. This was the ship of fifty guns and three hundred rowers which had

fought side by side with the RATA in the rearguard, and which was depicted on the tapestry in the House of Lords. But the GIRONA was no longer the pride of the ocean; "she was sore bruised by the seas," and her rudder was gone. De Leyva and his men with the company of the GIRONA, mustering now about two thousand all told, were a formidable force and their feeding was a heavy strain on the resources of the country. O'Rourke of Sligo, whose mountain fastness was visible across the Bay of Donegal to the southward, aided the McSwine, who was in danger of being eaten out of house and home, by sending contributions of cattle for the succour of the Spaniards. Up to this time the Spaniards had plenty of money saved from the wrecks, and they paid for what they ate.

De Leyva, wounded as he was, had now to undertake the task of repairing the GIRONA, and with the fragments of another ship lost at the entrance of Killybegs for materials, the shipwrights wrought hard to get her ready for sea, but it was slow work. Many of the slaves were set free, and glad to be loosed from the fetters that, through all this terrible time, had linked them to the rowing benches, they wandered, starving, inland and vanished. Many a young grandee did the same; most of them were slain, as they had not strength left to defend themselves, and many of those thus struck down "appeared to be men of high quality"; when they lay down they had not strength to rise again, and but a few wandered back to the shore. Thus September went by and in the first week of October the GIRONA was ready to attempt the run to Scotland, which now was the best thing that her company could hope for. On October 12th she sailed with thirteen hundred souls on board, and

with a southerly wind the Spaniards once more ran past Glen Head and could look again into the fateful Loughrosmore Bay, as they went northwards. They rounded Ireland's most northern point, Malin Head, in safety. On a clear day Scotland could now be seen, but the wind was playing its old game. While they had been running north the wind had gone to the north-west, and the pilots advised them to keep away for the Irish Sea, for with that wind they should be in Spain in five days. It was a great chance! The thought of home grew bright in the hearts of the brave men who had kept up hope in all these terrible scenes. Home in five days! The young nobles thought of the bright sunshine and the welcome awaiting them. But the tides run strong on the Antrim coast; with the flood tide all might be safe, but what if they met the ebb? Whatever the issue de Leyva consented, and indeed the northerly wind left them no choice; the sun set and the GIRONA was ploughing her way through an angry sea. The dark land near the Giant's Causeway was looming to leeward when suddenly her patched-up rudder gave way. The great oars, if run out, could not help her in the rough sea; nothing could save her. To lower away the after-canvas and drive her ashore, where in the starlight the land looked low, was the only chance. But here were no sandy beaches like those of Ballycroy and Loughrosmore; instead there were sharp basalt rocks, forming outlying reefs, over which the white surf gleamed with phosphorescent light. The great, though frail, GIRONA had now to measure her strength with these. On to the reef of "Bunbois," or Bushfoot, she crashed. For a moment her timbers and spars may have floated some of her thrice-wrecked, gallant company, but with

the exception of nine sailors, who struggled gasping to land, all were lost.

From these nine men only could be gathered any particulars of those last days of Alonzo de Leyva. These men were well cared for by the McDonalds of Dunluce Castle close by, and they met there several Spanish soldiers and sailors, eleven of whom had been saved from another wreck which occurred a few miles further to the eastward, together with some fugitives from the VALENCERA. One of these soldiers afterwards reported that he had visited the beach strewn with the dead bodies washed on shore from the wreck of the GIRONA, that he had recognised many of them, and that from one he took a canvas belt containing three hundred ducats.

While these tragedies were being enacted in the north of Ireland, King Philip was daily looking out for news of de Leyva. At last, about Christmas, a Spanish State Paper records: "It is reported from Scotland to be true that Don Alonzo de Leyva had landed two thousand men in the province of Mc Wm [that is Mac William's Country, West Mayo] where the people were helping him." This was to Philip the first glimpse of the truth; almost the same day the Pilot General of the Armada, then in Havre, was able to write: "Yesterday there arrived here some Scottish ships with thirty-two Spanish soldiers and some sailors from our Armada lost on the coast of Ireland." They belonged to the Venetian ship VALENCERA, and they told the story as I have given it. The full details did not come in till the middle of January, and it is said that the King "grieved more for the loss of de Leyva than for the whole Armada."

My work in regard to sea fisheries, during the last dozen years, has made

it necessary for me to navigate all the bays and creeks of the west of Ireland at various seasons of the year. Many a time I have sought the shelter of Blacksod Bay, and many a gale I have ridden out in Poulelly, or Elly Bay as it is now called on the charts. Our anchors have frequently been dropped where the *DUQUESA SANTA ANA* came to. On the opposite side of the bay I landed some years since and talked to the peasantry about those old times. The State Papers gave so many details that there could be but little doubt as to the spot where the *RATA* went ashore, and I found that the people knew of the old wreck that lay under the sands; the wood was "so black," they said, "she must be there for five hundred years." At one time, when the level of the sand was much lowered, the old frame-timbers of the *RATA* came into view and much was removed. I split a small piece off as a relic, but since then I have secured another large piece of a rib of Italian live oak which I found supporting a hay-stack, with the trenail holes in it and the top showing unmistakable signs of fire. Nothing now remains of the old ship but the keel and floor timbers, and they lie deep in the sand. Possibly some of her iron guns and shot may have settled down there too,¹ but everything of value

¹The actual spot where the *SANTA ANA* went ashore must have been the strand of Loughrosbeg, for there a rock, with deep water on all sides, is suitable to make a warp fast, and it is the only rock at any of the possible sites that would meet the requirements of the case.

was long ago removed. The people living near the shore volunteered the remark that, "the old people said that another ship came there too, but they believed she got away." I asked them if they had any idea where she came, and they pointed towards the Bull's Mouth. It seems possible then that this was the mysterious ship that Comerford said was anchored off "Bealingley," and though certainty is impossible, the etymology of this name, (the island which forms this *mouth* being Inish Biggle) suggests that this "Beal" is the only spot that would fit in with the old report. Anyone reading the State Papers will be familiar with the very casual system of spelling names of places that was adopted in those days.

Close by Loughrosmore Bay, in Donegal, a gentleman has two old iron guns said to have come out of an Armada ship, and though they bear no mark to indicate their origin I see no reason to doubt the legend connected with them, and probably they formed part of the armament of the *SANTA ANA*. Of the *GIRONA* I know of no relic extant, for the old treasure chest in Glenarm Castle, if it came from an Armada ship at all, appears to have been saved from another wreck. The brass guns of the *GIRONA*, with the treasure that she may have carried belonging to the *RATA* and *SANTA ANA*, now lie among the rock ledges off Port Ballintrae and in all probability will never be found.

W. SPOTSWOOD GREEN.

THE FOOTBALL FEVER.

ONLY a quarter of a century ago if anyone had dared to hint that a hearty, wholesome national pastime might be an indirect source of national danger, he would have been ridiculed. It is true that the ardour with which the cult of athletics in general was being embraced by the youth of the educated classes was causing much misgiving in the minds of those parents who were old-fashioned enough to believe that athletics should occupy a subordinate share of time and attention on the part of boys and young men who had to make their own way in the world; but it should be borne in mind that at that time the two most salient characteristics of what I have called the football fever were unknown,—the infection of the working classes with it, and the part played in it by money.

The change in the wrong, and possibly dangerous, direction, has been made rapidly, and although the irresponsible philanthropist may declaim against the injustice of denying to our toilers what those in a better social condition are applauded for indulging in, when it is pointed out that it is the abuse, not the use, which prompts such a denial, his objection will hardly hold good.

Half a century ago there was but little care bestowed upon the physical welfare of our working classes, not only in great cities but in country districts. The old order was dead, and the new had not yet begun. The old English sports had been abandoned by the people, and the classes had not long emerged from the effeminate con-

dition into which they had sunk under the last George. Cricket was essentially a game for the leisured classes. Football, outside the schools, was unknown. Prize-fighting, ratting, and cocking still remained the popular sports. The Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and finally the panic of 1859 which produced the Volunteer force, invigorated us, and sent a wave of serious reflection over the country. Many of the old blackguard sports became illegal; much that not long before had been deemed essential to the making of a fine fellow was now considered unbecoming a gentleman; our æsthetic tastes did not improve, but the heart of the nation became sounder and wholesomer.

Then came the athletic craze among the classes; for more than twenty years they kept the epidemic to themselves, and just as among late Georgian and early Victorian gentlemen it had been deemed degrading to indulge in pastimes which had hitherto been the peculiar property of the masses, so it now seemed to be the main object of many young lives to excel in them.

If there was much that was ridiculous, and perhaps a little that was disquieting, about the new fashion, at any rate it was sound and wholesome in principle and observance. The sports were absolutely pure, far purer than they had been in the days when cricket-matches were played for high stakes under the captaincy of noblemen and gentlemen, far purer than they ever have been since. The association between pastime and money-making was absolutely confined to professional cricketers, what is vulgarly known as

pot-hunting was unknown, and such prizes as were offered were much of the same character as the modest olive wreaths of the Olympian games.

The masses of Britain had neither time nor inclination for the games and physical contests which were remaking our gentry. Cricket, of course, was a popular game in the literal sense of the adjective, but even cricket was caviare to multitudes of the very class which now makes almost any sacrifice to see a fine exhibition of it. Football,—the immediate object of our attention—was peculiarly the game of gentlemen, and such scanty on-lookers from the masses as there were at such centres as Blackheath, Clapham, and Wimbledon, went from curiosity, and remained to jeer at the folly of presumably refined and well-born young men and boys in risking their limbs over a leather ball.

How the revolution was developed which made the honest, wholesome pastime of the classes the all-absorbing subject of interest to millions of people whose fathers hardly knew if it was played on land or water, is not material to our purpose. At any rate, the people became football-mad, but, be it particularly noted, *not as players*.

To a certain extent it would have been a wholesome sign of the times if the toilers of our nation had taken to football in the same active spirit as the classes had taken to all kinds of sports. It would have been delightful to be able to record how the men of this village or of that county town, of this factory or of that mill, had formed themselves into football and other clubs, instead of boozing and gambling and quarrelling at low boxing-matches, rattings, and cock-fightings, as they had been so long accustomed to do.

But it was not so. At first, no doubt, the masses did play football

themselves, but very rapidly the best performers separated themselves from the common herd; payment was expected and given for time and pains devoted to the attainment of excellence in a game which was becoming a science; shrewd men saw that there was money to be made by developing into a business a pastime which appealed particularly to the British temperament; the professional football player came forward as an article of commerce, and the mischief was done.

Let us briefly examine the evils resulting therefrom, dividing them into three heads, the Moral, the Physical, and the Commercial.

(1) In the South, unless we happen to live at Woolwich or Millwall, at Tottenham or Southampton, we have not the faintest idea of the power and influence of the Football Juggernaut. We may know from acquaintance with university men and school-boys what an enthusiast for games means, but we are as yet strangers to a world in which almost every man and boy on at least one day of the week has no care but for the result of a particular football-match in which the raggedest man or woman knows every technicality of the game and is far better acquainted with the kings of the football world than with the kings of England, in which the most important business affairs are hurried through or postponed for the sake of a great game, and in which it is no uncommon occurrence for the men of a large business concern to strike work and go off to the field of play.

We in the South have our little passing attacks of athletic craze. A mild temporary derangement of stability may afflict us on such occasions as Derby Day, the Universities' boat-race, a cricket-match between England and Australia, or an International football-match, but we do not know what eight months of football fever

means. In fact the craze virtually extends throughout the year. Summer brings no relief, for cricket is not favoured by the infected classes; moreover it is during these four months of respite that preparations have to be made for the coming season; the campaign of marketing for players is in full swing, and your real football devotee gives his time to picking up all the information he can, discussing the past and the coming seasons, and wishing the intrusive close period was over.

The influence of this conversion of a fine, vigorous, hearty pastime into a business cannot be wholesome, and the experience of an afternoon at a great game endorses this. Look at the faces around us. Are they the faces of men and youths come to enjoy a good fair tussle of the true English sort, and to hope that the best men may win? Not a bit of it! When the game is quiet the vulpine and sodden faces are eager, but not happy; when an exciting phase occurs the general expression is one of malignant anxiety, here broken by an outburst of frantic disappointment, there by one of savage joy. There is enthusiasm, plenty of it, but it is an ungenerous, one-sided enthusiasm, without a spark of chivalry or appreciation of alien worth in it. Once at a famous North Country ground I saw and heard half a crowd of 20,000 people turn upon a poor referee who had done something distasteful, while the other half applauded his action. The spiteful yells which arose, the torrents of foul abuse which were poured forth, the fierce brandishings of sticks and fists, the almost carnivorous expression on the passion-deformed faces, made up a terrible picture of an English crowd taking its pleasure on a Saturday afternoon which I shall never forget.

And what was the cause of it all?

Intense local patriotism? Not a shred of it! There is not one Northern or Midland club of any standing made up of native players. Worse than this, there is not an English professional club team made up of Englishmen, and in more than one famous eleven the Englishmen are in the minority. Even our few South Country professional teams are chiefly composed of Scotsmen and aliens, and as an example of the spread of the evil, I know a modest little club in a home county which decided to be in the fashion, with the result that it spent so much money in buying professional players that it only lasted one season.

No, indeed; local patriotism has very little to do, it is to be feared, with the local enthusiasm at a big match. Of a sort there is probably far more local patriotism in the North and Midlands than there is in the South; that is to say, a North Countryman is prouder of being a North Countryman, than is a South Countryman of his lot, and we have no equivalent to his clannishness, and to the kindness of nature which warms his heart to a fellow countryman abroad or in need. But the modern football fever is not favourable to sentiment, and does not bring the bright side of a man's nature out as do some diseases. As a rule the partisans of a team belong to the place which gives the name to the team, but this is only on the same principle that the holder of a certain stock is generally a "bull" of that stock, and there is not much doubt that the enthusiasm of the crowd is usually the enthusiasm of interested people, as distinguished from enthusiasm for nationality or locality. For the same reasons the enjoyment of the game by one of these vast crowds is not the enjoyment which implies happiness, admiration, and pride.

There is no chivalry in it as in the crowd which goes to see a match for its own sake and uninfluenced by party considerations, and the man who should applaud a fine piece of play by an opponent would be regarded by his fellows as something like a traitor.

If the football fever were confined to the fields of action it would be comparatively well. We should still have to regret the absence of real local patriotism, of sporting instincts, and of any love of the game for its own sake, and we should lament the fierceness fanned into flame by the base interests at stake. But we should console ourselves with the reflection that, after all, the evil was of a temporary character, and that the multitude would become its old steady, hard-working self again after the interval of Sunday. Unfortunately, as a genuine recreation is not the object of attraction, this is not the case. The match of one Saturday is the subject of grave debate until the next one comes off. In every place, at all hours, and in all company, the men in whose keeping is Britain's industrial position among the nations discuss the incidents of the last match and the probabilities of the next, the transfer of this player, the purchase of that, the conduct of this referee, the ruling of that committee, and a hundred other matters associated with the game and the interests linked to it with much more earnestness than they would discuss any political question which did not concern them personally. Urchins play the game in the gutters: Board school teachers exchange views on it during the holiday hours; and even women know more about the merits of Geordie This and Jock That than they do about economy in cooking and the science of making their homes comfortable. Add to this the extra

drinking, the quarrelling, and the opportunities for gambling encouraged by the universal concern in the game, and we can only shudder at the immorality immediately associated with it.

(2) I would lay special stress on fact that the enthusiasm in certain districts of our country for football is in one sense purely passive, inasmuch as for every young man who consistently plays the game there are at least twenty who, although thoroughly conversant with it theoretically, have no practical acquaintance with it. In other words, every Saturday and on many a Wednesday during eight months of the year there are many thousands of strong young men who devote the entire afternoon to playing the part of spectators of the pluck, strength, activity, and skill of twenty-two kicking athletes. Making allowance for the fact that a certain proportion of these men and youths are engaged during five days of the week in severe physical labour in pits, foundries, and ship-yards, and naturally are inclined to take their weekly recreation quietly, we must remember that the much larger proportion are engaged in sedentary and even unwholesome occupations.

Now what a lamentable decay of good material this represents. The question of the physical degeneration of the masses in our country is one which sooner or later will have to be dealt with by as serious legislation as that which is dealing with the question of education. It is already being as seriously considered as we Britons are accustomed to consider any change or reform until it is actually forced upon us, but only with reference to the many who are physically degenerate through no fault of their own, but from the nature of their surroundings at the

most critical period of their lives. But here we have to deal,—or rather we shall have to deal, for the evil results have not yet had time to manifest themselves—with a physical degeneration for which the young men themselves are directly responsible. In case I should be accused of exaggerating this evil, let us for a moment reflect that every Saturday during eight months of the year at least 200,000 men, for the most part young and strong, are idling round a football ground in a state of perpetual excitement and passion not to be soothed by incessant smoking, and winding up the day with proportionate drinking; and if we halve this number, ask ourselves if these 100,000 young men might not be otherwise employed with more benefit to themselves, and, what is just as important, to their posterity?

So, when statisticians and patriots push the paradoxical fact before us that in the one European country where the cult of athletics is a national fetish the physique of the masses is getting to be as low as it is in countries where the man who unnecessarily exerts himself is regarded as a fool, it will be an additional bitter pill to swallow to have it demonstrated that a magnificent national game has largely contributed to such a result.

There never was a period of our history when there was so much necessity for solving this problem of the improvement of the physique of the class upon which we shall have to rely so largely in the hour of need. If we are to stave off the introduction of conscription, of a system repellent to our national ideas, we can only do so by having in readiness some weapon as a substitute. That weapon must be a reserve of human material ready to be knocked quickly into shape, a material rendered sturdy

and supple by popular forms of exercise, and sufficiently trained to be easily moulded into fighting shape by the riding-master and the drill-sergeant. Yet so long as the football fever continues to grow as it has grown during the past few years,—and there is no present sign of a check in its growth—a startlingly large mass of the very sort of material required will not merely get useless and unworkable itself, but will be sowing the seeds of such a crop of weeds as the most elaborate treatment in the future will be unable to eradicate. I can think of only two parallels in the history of the world to the football fever of Great Britain; the one is the universal passion of the people of Rome during the decadence of the Empire for the bloody games of the Circus, and the other is the bull-fights of Spain.

(3) The commercial aspect of the subject, in so essentially an industrial country as ours, is hardly less important than the moral and the physical.

It is an amazing but indisputable fact that in those districts of our country where the football fever is most rabid, and which happens to be the very heart of our industrial world, business is actually subordinate to sport in general and to football in particular. We have no parallel to this in the busiest parts of the South, but if we can imagine the whole of the great industrial region on the banks of the Thames closed upon Derby Day as the whole of Tyneside and the coal-pits for many miles around Newcastle are closed upon Northumberland Plate Day, we can form an idea of the ordinary condition of affairs in the North. Large employers of labour in Yorkshire, in Lancashire, in Durham, and in Northumberland, as well as in the Midlands, have been obliged to yield to the rush of the tide, and are

powerless to command the interests of business against those of football. Momentous events such as the launching of a ship or the completion of an important order within contract time have frequently been delayed by the coincidence of a Cup Tie. Large establishments are occasionally closed in mid-week because the whole body of workmen take it into their heads that their pets on the football ground require encouragement. If these men were ordinary hewers of wood and drawers of water a remedy might be found, but they are chiefly skilled labourers, earners of good wages, who need never be out of work, and who, if turned off, would be eagerly snapped up by a rival. Persuasion is useless, for money is no object to men who can make their three, four, and five pounds for a week of five days; resistance is worse than useless, so the tyrannised employers have in their own interests actually to encourage with purse and patronage what in their hearts they detest. Thus, as I have been told, a large ship-building firm in one of our North Eastern ports has been forced to find good berths for a couple of first-rate football-players during the summer months, merely to retain their services for the local club and to prevent them from being tempted away by a rival. If a man, or half a dozen men are absent from their posts on a Wednesday or a Saturday, nobody asks where they are or if they are ill or dead, it being taken for granted that football somewhere has attracted them away. To ask leave of absence is, of course, an archaic superfluity. Jamie or Geordie wants to be at a certain game: he goes, and there is no more to be said about it; and if some particular feature about the match or its sequel should prevent him from presenting himself at his work on

Monday morning, the same indifference is observed. Revelations concerning the inferiority of certain of our business methods to those of other people have strongly brought before us the effects upon a nation's commerce wrought by a popular craze for diversion, inasmuch as it has been shown that the inefficient equipment of the young Englishman for commercial life, as compared with the same class of man in other countries, is largely due to the excessive prominence given to athletic culture in our schools. It is not with this class that we are now dealing, but it suggests that the state of affairs in our football districts may to no small extent be owing to the example set by those of higher social standing, and that if the young gentlemen of Britain had not become so severely bitten with the athletic mania, it is at least likely that our industrial centres would never have been infected with the football fever.

If asked why the disease should have been peculiarly associated with football and not with any other form of sport, I should answer that football appeals more closely than any other game to the character, inclinations, and instincts of a section of our community which is rough and ready in manner and speech, which has a good deal of the fighting animal in its composition, and which, above all, has never appreciated bodily exertion for its own sake. The youth of the class from which the huge football crowds are drawn throws off with boyhood his fondness for sport, and especially competitive sport, for barren honour; but, give him the chance of making a few shillings by it, his latent enthusiasm is aroused, and if, as is most frequently the case, he is unable or disinclined to perform himself, he will gladly invest his money in the performances of others.

And herein, I take it, lies the core of the disease, that what is undoubtedly a fine game, calling for the exercise of some of the best qualities in man if properly played, and as it generally is played when no pecuniary considerations are at stake, should have become, not a channel through which health and pluck are instilled into the bodies and minds of hundreds of thousands of our rising generation, but a direct incentive to idling, gambling, drinking, and quarrelling, and lastly that the fascination of it should keep so many of our fellow countrymen away from recreations of real value.

To this last it may be replied that, bearing in mind the peculiar dispositions of the class from which the crowds that gather at a football-match are drawn, if there were no football fever other pastimes of possibly an even more objectionable and unwholesome character would occupy its place. This might be so, but I confess to holding this particular class in higher estimation than to believe that it would be. After all, notwithstanding its roughness, its ignorance and the animalism associated with ignorance, its intense suspicion of anything savouring of interference from outside, this class, which practically

means the industrial class generally, is wonderfully amenable to reason, and almost childishly infected by example. Clergymen, doctors, and others whose duties compel them to mix constantly with it, saddened and shocked as they may be by much that they see and hear, are unanimous in their declaration that beneath the dark, sullen dross there is a vast amount of bright metal capable of being brought to the surface with tact, skill, and forbearance, and that if but a tithe of the exertions and money employed in missions among foreign heathen could be invested nearer home the reward in time would be great indeed.

At present any attempt to grapple philanthropically with the football fever seems only quixotic. Being, however, a veritable craze there is just a chance that it may go the way of all crazes, and pass away. Then will be the grand opportunity for the patriotic missionary class to direct every effort towards preventing the substitution of a craze with worse features, and to gently lead to the surface the good which has been so long hidden, and so mould it as to be a source of real strength to the country.

H. F. ABELL.

THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

I.

MEXICO is a Federal Republic, a league of twenty-seven States, each of which proudly calls itself Free and Sovereign. Each State has its own parliament, which meets in the State capital, and each elects its own governor. The whole Republic sends representatives to the Federal, or National, Congress, which meets in the city of Mexico. The President of the Republic is elected for four years.

The Constitution, modelled on THE RIGHTS OF MAN and the Constitution of the United States, declares that sovereignty resides essentially and originally in the people. Mexico, however, is, and has been for a long time past, ruled by one man, General Porfirio Diaz. Nominally a constitutional President, he is really a Dictator. He has managed to make himself, and to remain for a quarter of a century, absolutely master of the country, which is nearly twice as large as France, and of the people, a dozen millions of the most turbulent in the world.

If we ask how he has managed to do this, there are two answers. By force of his genius and his patriotism, say his friends, his newspapers, his historians, and the travellers whom he gravely patronises, and who diligently advertise him in return. By murder, exile, and bribery, say his enemies,—from the safe side of the Rio Grande. No one can deny, however, that he is one of the ablest rulers living, and one of the bravest men. He is now in his 74th year,

and has been President six times, the last five times consecutively. His present term of office expires on the 30th of next November, and he will then have governed Mexico for 24 years.

Porfirio Diaz was born in Oaxaca, the capital of the State of that name, on September 15th, 1830, some eight years after Mexico's independence. One of the youngest of a large family, he grew up very strong and hardy, needing, like the Indians, little sleep, never ill and almost never tired. His father, who is said to have kept a small inn, died when he was three years old.

Since Don Porfirio became a great man, an agreeable origin has been found for him. Flattering biographers profess to have discovered that his Spanish ancestor came from the province of Asturias in the train of the conquerors. The name of this ancestor is not given, nor that of any of the President's forefathers beyond the last generation. A little rill of migration from the country of Maritornes trickles into southern Mexico, and may have done so for many generations. It brings tough sturdy frugal fellows, who marry (ecclesiastically, seldom legally, and in Mexico Church and State do not recognise each other's marriages) Indian women or *mestizas*. If they prosper they sometimes send to Spain for nephews and cousins, and even themselves return to spend their old age there. From one of these Diaz may be descended. What is certain is that he is a *mestizo*, that is, of mixed European and native Indian race,

the European probably Spanish, the Indian probably Zapotec, and very likely his greatest qualities come from the latter stock.

The Zapotec of the present day is a *serrano*, a mountaineer, hardy, intelligent, obstinate, frugal, and he is naturally well-bred. Both men and women have soft voices and quiet manners. They are less noisy than the Indians of the plains, of darker complexion and sturdier frame, and they have immense endurance and tenacity, while family affection is as strong among them as among the Jews. The history of the Zapotec nation is lost in antiquity, its language and a few strange ruins alone having survived. It inhabited the country which is now southern Mexico ages before the Aztec invasion, and was never completely conquered either by the Aztec or the Spaniard. The city of Oaxaca lies within the old Zapotec territory. Benito Juarez, the honest President, the greatest of all the Mexicans, was a pure Zapotec Indian, born 24 years before Diaz in a village of the Sierra a dozen leagues from the city.

Under Spain all teaching was in the hands of the Church, but the young Republic at once opened schools, and in Diaz's boyhood there was a fair education to be had in Oaxaca. Full of energy and enterprise as a lad, he soon entered on both civil and military employment, and in each rose to the highest rank. He was law-student, lawyer, professor in the law-school of his native city, *jefe politico* (chief of police and district executive officer) in the most important districts of his State, representative of his State in the Federal Congress, governor of the city, and finally governor of the State. He was a volunteer in the militia at 17, became a captain in the national

guard, a lieutenant-colonel at 29, a brigadier at 31, and general commanding the Army of the South at 37. In the intervals of other occupations he was a sugar planter. But above all he was a born fighter, alert, cool, ingenious, lucky, and incredibly swift.

With the dawn of freedom in Mexico there came into existence a party calling itself Liberal, which opposed clerical and military privilege, and the Clerigos and Liberales were the chief antagonistic parties till the final triumph of the latter. As a young man Diaz joined the Liberal Party, whose most distinguished leader then was Juarez.

When Juarez became constitutional President the Clerigos did not accept their defeat. With the aid of France, Austria, and Rome they tried to establish a Mexican Empire with the Austrian Archduke Maximilian as Emperor. For a time the allies were successful. Juarez with his cabinet was driven to the northern frontier; Diaz, in the south, was besieged in his native city by the French General Bazaine, defeated, and taken prisoner. He refused to give his parole and was confined in Puebla, but made a romantic escape and was soon again at the head of the national forces of the south.

Maximilian's reign in Mexico could not survive the withdrawal of the French army. Juarez returned towards the capital from the north, received everywhere as the legitimately elected President, and organising the government as he went. Diaz advanced with his army from the south, also restoring some kind of order in the country as he passed through it. He beat the Imperialists at Puebla and took that city, and Juarez ordered him to occupy the capital. Maximilian had fled from it to Querétaro. A reign of terror

existed in the city. The Imperialist garrison robbed and murdered at will. Diaz sent word that if the gates were opened to him he would safeguard the lives and property of the citizens, as he had done at Puebla; but the Imperialist commander refused to yield.

Diaz, with his victorious army fresh from their success at Puebla, could have taken it, but would not expose the citizens to the horrors of an assault. He saw that by a short delay he would win it without loss of blood, and he waited. He was called a coward and a traitor, was accused of having been bribed by the enemy, and was denounced to the President. He remained unmoved, and Juarez was too wise to mistrust him. His expectation was justified, and he took peaceable possession of the city. He proclaimed that the penalty for theft or disorder would be death, and as he was known to be likely to keep his word, there was, as in Puebla, no riot, no pillage, not a single act of violence. His army entered with waggon-loads of bread for the starving citizens, and he stopped the introduction of *pulque* into the city for three days, so that no one should get drunk. Such measures were new in Mexican fighting.

Maximilian was captured at Querétaro, refused to escape, was tried, condemned, and shot, along with two of the Mexican imperialist leaders, Miramon and Mejia. The others were banished or pardoned, and Republican government, which has not since been threatened, was restored. Next to Juarez, Porfirio Diaz, now 36 years of age, had become the most distinguished figure in Mexico. Already a party had formed itself which desired to make him President, but the majority of the Liberales, Diaz himself included, wished for Juarez, and Juarez was re-elected.

Diaz meantime had been married (by proxy and while absent on this campaign) to a young lady of his native city. His fellow citizens presented him with a *hacienda*, and he retired for the time to Oaxaca and private life. But at the next election, that of 1871, he was a candidate for the presidency. The others were Juarez and Sebastian Lerdo. No candidate received a sufficient majority, and Congress, with which the decision accordingly rested, declared Juarez elected.

Diaz thought that his opportunity had now come. He and his friends refused to recognise the election. They said that the Government had tampered with the polls and influenced the voting through the local officials, that Juarez had already held the presidency for two consecutive terms, and that it was not consistent with republican principles for him to continue longer in office. Diaz issued a manifesto to the Mexican people calling for "The Constitution of '57 and Electoral Freedom, less government and more liberties," election cries of the usual Mexican type and meant to tickle the ears of the groundlings. It was to Juarez that the nation owed the Constitution of 1857, and in great part such electoral freedom as it had. His failing as a Mexican ruler (and it leaned to virtue's side) was that he consulted the people too much, and thus invited opposition.

Juarez was to enter on his new term of office on December 1st, 1871, and Don Porfirio acted with his wonted swiftness. A month before that day he seized the arsenal at Oaxaca and marched on the Government troops. His project very nearly succeeded, but not quite. Juarez, though himself no soldier, was too strong. Many cruel and bloody battles were fought, but the Porfiristas were worsted. In one skirmish

Diaz's brother Felix was killed, and Diaz himself fled to Tepic on the Pacific coast.

But the fighting was scarcely over when Juarez, the noble Indian President, the Washington of Mexico, worn out with his labours, died in July, 1872, at the age of 66.

On the death of Juarez the presidency devolved, in terms of the Constitution, upon the President of the Supreme Court until a new election could be held. This was Sebastian Lerdo, who, like Diaz, had been an unsuccessful candidate at the last election. Lerdo immediately proclaimed a general amnesty to those who had taken part in the late insurrection, and arranged for a new election, determined this time to succeed.

It is characteristic of Diaz that, his party having been defeated in battle, disorganised, and impoverished, and himself in exile, he boldly wrote to Lerdo refusing the amnesty unless under conditions which he dictated as if he had been President and Lerdo the outlaw. Among these were "the inviolable establishment of popular suffrage," and a constitutional reform providing that no one should be President for more than two consecutive terms. How much sincerity there was in these conditions we may perhaps judge when we come to see the sense in which he carried the same principles into practice when himself in office. Lerdo, however, refused to bargain, and after some months Diaz submitted.

Being in power, although temporarily, Lerdo found no difficulty in being elected by a majority. In Mexico a President who desired to remain in office, and used the means at his command for that end, could only be removed by a revolution. He could place a friend in every federal office and in every command in the army. By concessions, privi-

leges, or direct bribery on the one side, and by fear on the other, he could gain the leading officials in the different States, every one of whom knows that the Government can make his fortune or find means to ruin him. In Mexico no man's property, liberty, or life is safe who chooses to make trouble for the powers in office.

Lerdo was accordingly formally elected President in October, 1872, for the ensuing four years, and Diaz, having accepted the amnesty, retired to his *hacienda* in the south and waited quietly for what might come.

Lerdo, when the end of his term approached, once more took measures of the usual kind to secure his reelection, but unfortunately for him, not sufficient ones. He might have made himself secure by the simple plan of removing persons who were in his way; having them, for example, arrested and then disposed of by the application of the Fugitive Law (a law in force in the United States as well as in Mexico), under which a prisoner attempting to escape may be shot "to prevent evasion." This, as a method of getting rid of an inconvenient captive, is still occasionally practised in Mexico. He is removed ostensibly from one prison to a safer or more convenient one, and by night, lest his rescue should be attempted. But at some quiet place on the way he is recommended to kneel and say his prayers, and while he does so is shot from behind. The bullet holes are thus the corroborative evidence that he was running away. Fugitive political opponents of President Diaz do not hesitate to assert, in the countries in which they have found an asylum, that he too has used in a wholesale manner this "Short Way with Dissenters."

Lerdo's precautions were, however, comparatively feeble. He imprisoned and sent out of the country several

of Diaz's more prominent supporters, Generals Chacon, Mirafuentes, and others. The most dangerous of them all, General Manuel Gonzalez, and Diaz himself, he merely placed under the surveillance of a secret police. The Porfiristas were able to organise a revolution, the last, as it turned out, and one of the bloodiest, on Mexico's long roll, and by the time of the next election in 1876 so much fighting was going on that less than half the usual votes were recorded. Lerdo, however, easily organised an Electoral Commission which declared him duly re-elected President.

But he had meantime allowed Diaz and Gonzalez to escape. Whether he meant to dispose of them *more Mexicano* or not it is difficult to say. If he did, he delayed too long. In December, 1875, they slipped away together to the coast and sailed in the English steamer *CORSICA* for Matamoros on the northern frontier. Each could count on staunch supporters where blood was thicker than water. Meantime their friend, and one of the leaders of the Porfiristas, General Fidencio Hernandez, was to publish their plan in the south, and march with an army northwards on the capital, while Diaz himself and Gonzalez were to return from the north to meet him, raising the country against Lerdo as they came.

In the United States the manifesto, or programme, of a political party is called a *platform*; in Mexico it is called a *plan*. Fidencio Hernandez published Diaz's programme on January 15th, 1876. It is known in Mexican history as the Plan of Tuxtepec, because it was promulgated first in the town of Tuxtepec on the northern border of the State of Oaxaca. This plan, the programme of the last revolution in Mexico, made the usual charges against the Government, which were perfectly

true, and the usual protestations of principle, which would never be put into practice.

Not long ago I stood in the porch of the dwelling of a great Mexican *ranchero*, which was shaded by a row of fine acacias covered with bright scarlet blossoms. I remarked on their beauty, and my host, with an expressive movement of the shoulders, replied: "Yes; do you know what these flowers are called here? We call them the Plan of Tuxtepec."

"Indeed? And why?"

"Oh, they promise so much, but never come to anything."

Fidencio Hernandez carried out his share of the scheme. He marched on the capital. Its garrison joined him with arms and ammunition, and he proclaimed Diaz General in Chief of the revolutionary army.

In the meantime Diaz and Gonzalez were not so fortunate. They arrived at Matamoros to find it occupied by a Lerdist garrison. Quickly crossing the Rio Grande to Brownsville in Texas, they collected there some 40 men, re-crossed the river and took Matamoros, releasing the Lerdist garrison on parole. Their numbers were soon increased to 400, but Lerdo had an army of 4,000 in the neighbourhood, and that part of Mexico was too sparsely populated to admit of their raising a sufficient force to meet it. They accordingly changed their plans and separated, Gonzalez with their followers to find their way south by land, and Diaz to return by sea. The railways of northern Mexico had not yet been built, and the sea voyage was quicker and more convenient than the toilsome march of 500 miles overland.

Diaz crossed back into Texas, made his way to New Orleans, and there, pretending to be a Cuban doctor, took a passage in the steamer *CITY OF HABANA* for Vera-cruz. The

steamer, sailing down the Mexican coast, called at Tampico; but by an unlucky chance the prisoners, taken by Diaz and Gonzalez at Matamoros and released on parole, had marched to Tampico to take the same steamer there on their way to their homes. As soon as they came on board Diaz saw that some of the officers recognised him, and feeling sure that he would be arrested at Vera-cruz, he acted with his usual prompt courage.

At that time there was no harbour either at Tampico or Vera-cruz, and vessels had to anchor a long way off. Waiting only till nightfall, he slipped overboard and struck out for the shore. The swim was a long one, and even if he escaped the sharks, it is doubtful whether he could have made the land; but he was seen from the deck, a boat was sent after him, and he was brought on board again. He was not, however, yet at the end of his resources. Before the steamer reached Vera-cruz he made friends with the steward, who smuggled him ashore there disguised as a sailor in one of the cargo launches. From Vera-cruz he quickly made his way into the interior and across the Sierra to Oaxaca.

Don Porfirio's fortunes, which had now reached their lowest, began at once to mend. In his native place he soon raised an army, with which he hurried north to join Gonzalez. Together they defeated the Government forces with great slaughter, taking 3,000 prisoners with all the artillery, baggage, and war material. Lerdo, who was not a soldier, had remained in the capital, and when he heard of Diaz's victory he promptly took all the money in the treasury, over \$200,000, added to it some \$5,000 more which he found in the Monte de Piedad (the Government pawn-office), and made off with his plunder for the Pacific coast. He

succeeded in reaching Acapulco, where the San Francisco steamers call, and sailed for the United States; there he took up his residence in New York and returned to Mexico no more.

Diaz marched victoriously through the country. Every garrison joined him. He reached Mexico city with a well-equipped army of 12,000 men, and on November 28th, three days before Lerdo's term of office would have expired, proclaimed himself Provisional President.

He immediately organised the Government, appointed a cabinet, and issued summonses for new elections, declaring that all who had falsified votes or aided Lerdo were excluded from office. He published a proclamation calling upon patriots of all parties to aid him to govern constitutionally and without partisanship, at the same time promising the increase of the rural police for the suppression of brigandage, the reform of the Courts of Justice begun by Juarez, the advancement of public instruction, and the development of railways and telegraphs. He was elected almost unanimously on a popular vote as a reformer. The ink was scarcely dry on the Plan of Tuxtepec, and already, with statesman-like astuteness he desired to be trusted by other nations as well as by Mexico; but his great schemes, projects that needed a continuous policy, would have to be postponed. President for four years only, that is till November 30th, 1880, he could not attempt to be re-elected, for he dared not quarrel with his ally Gonzalez, who was only second to himself in popularity, military skill, and prestige, and who would not be satisfied without his turn. It was therefore arranged that Gonzalez should be elected President in his turn after Diaz had held the chair for one term. The patient and far-sighted Oaxaqueño could wait.

During his first presidency he was, however, prodigiously active. With the powerful aid of Gonzalez he quelled a number of small insurrections, got rid of opponents, and cleared the way for a longer lease of power when his partner should have been satisfied. He resumed Mexico's interrupted relations with many other Powers, arranged the boundary disputes with the United States, made commercial treaties with them and with Germany and Italy. Whether or not he had already planned in his mind that stern policy of financial reform by which he has since raised Mexico to solvency and credit, it was clearly useless to begin retrenchment in expenditure with the prospect of such a successor as Gonzalez. The National Debt was overwhelming, the Treasury was empty, the expenditure greatly exceeded the income, the chief sources of revenue were wholly or largely mortgaged, and cash payments had been suspended. But the development of the country could not be altogether postponed, especially in the way of means of communication. In natural wealth Mexico is one of the richest countries in the world, and could easily support 100 millions more than its population. It contains within itself, in consequence of its form and situation, all varieties of the warm and temperate climates, and it produces all their crops; every grain and every fruit grown in Europe, Asia, or Africa grows in Mexico. Its mineral riches are greater even than its agricultural. Since its discovery Mexico has produced enough silver alone to pay the British National Debt. It is still richer in coal and iron than in silver, and there is said to be only one known mineral, cryolite, which has not yet been found in it. Of this heap of treasure only the surface, comparatively speaking, has yet been scratched. With modern means

of communication manufactures, agriculture, mining, all the resources of the country, could be developed; but without cheap and rapid communication neither progress nor even order was possible.

But in 1880 there was neither native capital nor energy to make railroads, and it was necessary therefore to attract foreign capital. The Treasury was indeed empty and the revenue hypothecated. Railways could not be paid for till the resources of the country should be developed, and railways were needed to develop these resources. Diaz took the risk of mortgaging the future; and the more clearly it was seen that he could and would keep order the more inclined foreign adventurers were to take risks. He also pushed forward education (always one of his chief concerns), roads, and other public works, with all his might, thus leaving his successor a legacy of increased debt and liabilities, and of great undertakings to carry on without means.

In the end of 1880 he retired, and by arrangement Gonzalez was peacefully elected. Diaz at first became his Minister of Fomento (Agriculture Industry and Commerce), but in a few months he resigned his portfolio, retired to Oaxaca, was elected governor of that State, and left national affairs to his successor.

General Manuel Gonzalez, "El Mocho (the Mutilated)" as he was familiarly called, for he had lost an arm at Puebla, was nearly as high in popular favour as Don Porfirio himself. He was born at Matamoros on the extreme northern frontier, and as a boy was employed in a bakery there, but at 19 he joined the army, in which he rapidly rose. He was a year or two younger than Diaz, and of pure Spanish blood, his curling hair and enormous moustache proving that

there was nothing of the Indian in him. He was conspicuously brave even for a Mexican, and was one of the best soldiers in the country. A small, thickset, bull-necked fellow with an ugly gash across his large red face, he was adored by the populace, as the successful bull-fighter is adored, for his cool and reckless courage. A well-known American historian of Mexico, who enjoyed Gonzalez's favour and wrote in his lifetime, describes him as an exemplary character, and another authority, still friendly but perhaps more candid, says he had an ardent desire for his country's prosperity, but an even more ardent desire to prosper along with her. Most Mexicans will tell an enquirer that he was one of the greatest thieves Mexico ever produced, and the result was that though he came into office on the full flood of popularity, he left it amid general execrations. Strenuously as he had worked for his country's prosperity, he had at the same time worked too strenuously for his own. In a word, he had tried to steal too much.

Diaz and Gonzalez had defeated Lerdo in 1876, and it had been agreed between them that Diaz should have the first term of office. Then in 1880 Gonzalez's turn had come. Perhaps Diaz would have ignored the bargain, had he been strong enough; but he was not yet strong enough, and he yielded with a good grace.

He and Gonzalez together had disposed of all possible rivals, and Gonzalez now out of the way, Diaz had a clear field and knew how to keep it clear. As it turned out, nothing could have been more fortunate for Diaz than Gonzalez's four years of administration. He kept the country at peace: he carried on with energy all the improvements which Diaz had begun; but he discredited himself and destroyed his own popularity.

Diaz thus entered upon his second term of office with much in his favour. But a task lay before him demanding greater powers than those which had raised him to the presidency and disposed of all his rivals, powers, however, of the same kind, patience, sagacity, and indomitable determination.

II.

DIAZ had fought his way to power patiently, strenuously, and ruthlessly. In the effort he had not hesitated to sacrifice thousands of lives in insurrectionary war, to imprison, to banish, or, as it is asserted, to get rid even more effectually of those who stood in his way. There is distinguished authority for the maxim that you cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs.

But, once firmly in power, he turned his splendid energies to the good of the country. He was no longer the ambitious politician, but the sagacious and beneficent ruler. His policy became the advancement of Mexico,—of course with the necessary condition of his own permanence in the presidency. The task he now set before himself could only be fulfilled if he were able to labour at it with continuity. The turmoils of quadrennial electoral contests, the machinations of rival candidates for office, would impede, if not ruin, his work; the change of policy and methods, if he should be replaced by another, even for one presidential term, would be fatal to it. He took his measures accordingly, as he well knew how, and there have been no more contested elections or rival candidates.

From the first he used the simple plan of declining to tolerate an opposition. He had little to fear from the Clerical party. Its two

chief leaders had been shot with Maximilian, and the others exiled.

Of rival leaders among the Liberals, some, like Lerdo, had fled from Mexico and would not dare to come back. Others, like Gonzalez, had had their turn of office in proportion to their importance, and were satisfied by being allowed to keep their plunder. Some irreconcilables were removed, and their places knew them no more. Others escaped from the country. The army, made more efficient and officered by the President's own friends, was so distributed as to keep it detached from local interests.

There would be no more revolutions. And there would be no more changes of President for a long time. The world would be shown that Mexico had at last got a stable Government, which would keep order in the country and make the laws obeyed, a Government whose engagements were not liable to be repudiated by its successor before the ink on them was dry, a Government which could act for Mexico and be held responsible for its acts. Diaz hoped to get rid of the ruinous burden of Mexico's debt, partly by retrenchment, partly by borrowing at cheaper rates of interest. But to enable her to borrow cheaply Mexico's credit must be retrieved, and this would have seemed to most men a hopeless task.

Since it became a nation Mexico had never had one budget in which receipts balanced expenditure; but at Diaz's accession in December, 1884, the financial situation was indeed desperate. The Government owed millions to the banks, to private creditors, and, in unpaid subsidies, to the railway companies. The salaries of all the Government officials were in arrear. All the taxes of the Federal District and a large proportion of the remaining taxes were pawned to the

National Bank. The mints, and seven-eighths of the whole Customs revenue, were hypothecated to various creditors. There was an ordinary expenditure of 26 million dollars to be met; and there was the foreign debt.

The time-honoured expedient would have been repudiation, under the pretext that the new President was not responsible for the acts of his predecessors, or, as regarded a large part of the debt, that Mexico was not morally liable to repay what in point of fact she had never received. Failing repudiation, Diaz, still following precedent, might have suspended payments and made shift to get along for his term of office, and pass on the burden to his successor. He adopted neither plan, determined that Mexico's indebtedness should be redeemed to the last *centavo*.

Setting about his task with military promptness, he began by cutting down expenses, and first those of the army. He suppressed altogether an institution called the Board of Military Administration, and saved its cost. He dismissed every supernumerary, every auxiliary, and every salaried *attaché* from the public service, and reduced the salary of every remaining public functionary. This was his first step, and with it the hopes of Mexico's creditors brightened. His second was to make an arrangement with the National Bank so as to set free at least a part of the public revenue which had been pledged to it. He managed to arrange that it, and those creditors who were paid through it, should accept 15 per cent. of the Customs revenue, the net profits of the National lottery, and \$100,000 per month. This set free 60 per cent. of the Customs receipts, and the Government could now with a pinch make its ordinary budget payments.

There remained the internal debt,

the foreign debt, and the floating debt of the past few years.

As soon as Diaz had cut down expenses to a minimum, and had made his new arrangement with the National Bank, he saw that the next thing was to arrange the country's floating debt, and to pay with regularity the interest on its bonds. He could only do this by raising a new loan on terms so favourable that he should be able to keep them. The new loan must be raised abroad, for there was little or no money in the country; but foreign lenders had long been shy of Mexico. Her former presidents had made promises and broken them, had deferred payments indefinitely, had even in certain cases, with good reason, refused to acknowledge the debts of their predecessors. Diaz began by the recognition of all Mexico's legitimate debts, including those which had been, whether virtually or frankly, repudiated. Within six months of his accession to the presidency he got them all put into clear shape, and in June, 1885, the laws recognising and consolidating the floating debt were promulgated.

The first effect of this straightforward action was on the revenue receipts. Various creditors who had received, in security for loans, assignments of the public taxes, or bills which were accepted in payment of taxes or of Custom duties, now became willing to allow such assignments to be suspended, and the Federal Government once more received payment of its imposts in cash. Such indeed was the confidence awakened in Diaz's sincerity and capacity that many of these creditors made further advances, taking the new bonds of the floating debt.

Diaz took good care to make known abroad what he was doing, and presently European financiers, includ-

ing the bondholders of the English debt, began to recognise that Mexico had not only been for several years at peace, but that she at last had a Government willing, and strong enough, to fulfil its obligations; that her revenue had been taken out of pawn, was growing, was at the Government's disposal, and was being honestly used to meet the country's debts.

The result was that Diaz soon received suggestions from abroad that a loan might be arranged, and, within two years, a definite offer (from Messrs. Bleichroeder of Berlin) to negotiate one. He did not accept the offer till he had fully discussed the proposed terms in Congress, and amended them somewhat in Mexico's favour; and in May, 1888, a new loan of £10,500,000 at six per cent. was floated.

By these operations he had not only paid off a large part of the country's debt, and got a considerable sum of money in hand, but he had also raised, in fact almost created, the credit of the country abroad, and all this had been done without increasing the annual charge for interest, or levying new taxes.

Mexico was now fairly launched on a career of honesty and progress; but an unforeseen and unavoidable peril was arising which almost wrecked the ship. This was the change in the value of silver.

To some readers a brief explanation may be useful. In Mexico, as in India and China, the current money is silver. No gold coins, or notes representing gold, are met with. All values are measured and expressed in silver; everything is bought and sold, taxes, rents, and salaries are paid, in silver. The Mexican Government receives its revenue in silver, but unfortunately it cannot pay all its expenses in the same money. The

interest of the foreign debt, which is by far the larger part of the whole national debt, has to be paid in gold. The immediate causes of the change in the relative value of gold and silver are too well known to be discussed here. Germany declared silver to be no longer money in 1873; the nations of the Latin Union ceased to coin it in 1875; the United States repealed the Sherman Act and stopped buying it in 1892; and a year later Great Britain closed the Indian mints to it.

Thirty years ago silver was worth about five shillings an ounce, and Mexico could pay each pound sterling of interest to her English creditors with five of her own silver dollars. Now, when silver is worth about two shillings an ounce, it costs Mexico nearly 11 Mexican dollars to pay each pound sterling. This tremendous fall in the value of silver did not come all at once. It had begun before Diaz became President, and it went on steadily. As we have seen, he negotiated his first English loan in 1888. By 1892, four years later, silver had fallen so much that it cost him, to pay the interest for the year, four millions more Mexican dollars than it had done in 1888. This was bad enough, but it was not the worst. The same cause that compelled Mexico to pay so much more, deprived her of a large part of her means of paying at all.

An illustration will show how this came about. A Manchester merchant, who sends £100 worth of his goods to be sold in Mexico, requires to get for them in Mexican money the equivalent of his £100 in addition to his profit and expenses. In the old days 500 Mexican dollars would return him £100. But in 1892 the silver dollar, Mexico's coin, had so fallen in value as compared with gold that it required \$700 to

pay for £100. Now it requires about \$1,100 to return £100. Most of the Mexicans could no longer afford to pay for foreign goods. Their own incomes in silver dollars had not increased. They had to be content with domestic productions whose price had not risen. Foreign goods therefore largely ceased to be imported into the country, and the Customs duties, which the Government had received on them, ceased to be paid. The Customs revenue fell by millions of dollars, and the decrease of imports caused a decrease in many kinds of business, and a falling-off in the stamp-revenue and in other taxes. Thus the demonetisation of silver in other countries not only doubled Mexico's debts but greatly lessened her income. Here was a crisis to face for a country which, for the first time in its existence, had begun to cherish the hope that, by a heroic effort and the favour of fortune, it might make both ends meet.

But there was still worse to follow. The stars in their courses seemed to fight against Mexico's solvency.

The great American desert, which occupies nearly half of the United States, stretches also far down into the Mexican plateau. In it and on its borders seasons are uncertain. At the very time of Mexico's worst financial crisis under Diaz a prolonged drought occurred, and over large parts of the country the crops failed and a famine was threatened. Embarrassed as it was, the Government suspended the import duties on grain, and spent 13 million dollars in buying maize and black beans to distribute among the sufferers.

It now seemed so hopeless for Mexico to keep its financial engagements that the majority of the newspapers frankly advised Diaz to suspend gold payments.

But Diaz has the stubbornness and the patience of the Zapotec, and is never calmer or more resolute than in a difficulty. He had determined to raise Mexico's credit, and in the crisis he saw only an opportunity to raise it higher. "We shall gain honour and credit sooner," he said, "by fulfilling engagements in bad times than in prosperity."

Instead of suspending payments he again purged the public service. Once more he cut off every outlay that could be omitted or postponed, dismissed every official that could be dispensed with, and again reduced (this time temporarily and with promise of repayment) the salary of every one retained from the highest to the lowest. These measures alone, outdoing in frugality those of Frederick of Prussia a century before, saved in the first year over \$3,000,000. Strange to say they did not alienate the official class. On the contrary, his policy raised throughout the country a wave of patriotic feeling. State officials, corporations, and private individuals made gifts large and small to the Treasury. The greater number of those employed refused to receive repayment of the percentage taken from their salaries. Associations were formed in many parts of the country to raise money by voluntary subscription for the aid of the Government. Some of these paid the money over; others purchased Mexican bonds and publicly burned them with patriotic speeches and music.

These economies in the public service and these genuine benevolences on the part of the people, though not by themselves sufficient to meet the difficulty, made the President's next measure possible. Confirming Mexico's credit, they enabled him to raise a temporary loan on reasonable terms, with which he paid the current debt, the cash due to the National Bank,

the interest on the consolidated debt, and the subventions promised to the railways. Besides these, he paid off the debt for which the mints had been pledged, and took them back into Government keeping, so that the nation received the profit on the coinage. This was characteristic of the man. Instead of postponing, as a ruler less bold and sagacious might have done, the redemption of the mints till he should be in easy circumstances, Diaz undertook it when he was in the greatest straits for money, making his financial embarrassments the occasion for carrying out such reforms, instead of the excuse for delaying them. This also made for Mexico's credit, and he showed himself, as usual, not the servant but the master of the situation.

Then he turned to taxation, and to such sources of revenue as are recognised to be legitimate in all civilised countries. Direct heirs and heirs by marriage paid no succession duties in Mexico. Diaz imposed one; and, anticipating a method of evasion sometimes successfully practised elsewhere, he placed a tax on all gifts of \$1,000 or more between living persons. He placed taxes on distilleries and tobacco factories, mining properties, dividends from mines, marriage contracts, Government concessions, incomes, and even advertisements, determined that Mexico should pay her debts and be solvent at whatever sacrifice.

He has succeeded as he deserved to succeed. The Mexican budgets now show, and for seven years past have always shown, a surplus. The foreign debt has been again converted and now bears interest at only five per cent., while its bonds are quoted at a premium on the European stock exchanges. This, as we have seen, is due to no financial jugglery, but to determined economy and prudent

management, to Diaz's clear judgment and resolute will, which for many years have been seconded by the skill of a most able financial minister, Senor José Yves Limatour.

But the establishment of financial and political order in Mexico would scarcely have been possible had Diaz thought it needful to be faithful to the creed he proclaimed so loudly in the famous Plan of Tuxtepec. As we have seen, when a candidate for the presidency in 1871 he clamorously denounced Juarez's second re-election as contrary to republican principles. He has since been himself re-elected five times. Not less loudly did he declare the inviolability of popular suffrage, while in the preamble to the Plan of Tuxtepec he complained (against Lerdo) that "the right of suffrage had been reduced to a farce, as the elections were entirely controlled by the President and his adherents." Let us take a glimpse of the management of them under Diaz.

Not very long ago, when I was acting as magistrate in a Mexican district, a certain official, who for the occasion was what in this country might be called Returning Officer, came to me at election time with a document for my approval. It should be explained that the voting at presidential and other elections is not done directly, but by delegates, each section of 500 inhabitants choosing a delegate to represent it in the election of the candidates. The document in question began by stating in the proper phraseology that, in accordance with the law, he, the said official, had called together the citizens to choose an elector; that the meeting had been duly held on the day appointed by the electoral law; that, at the legal hour, nine in the morning, 76 citizens being present, the law directing the procedure was read over, citizen Juan Gonzalez

was appointed president of the meeting, citizens Felipe Garcia and Ramon Ortiz scrutineers, and citizens Pedro Alvarez and Antonio Perez secretaries; that the president then, as directed by the law, enquired whether anyone had any complaint to make of bribery, subornation, cheating, or violence having been used to bring about the election of any particular person; and that, no such complaint being made, the election was proceeded with, the secretary Ramon Ortiz depositing the voting-papers in the urn, and the secretary Pedro Alvarez marking off the names of the voters in the official list; that the election being concluded, the votes having been announced, and the scrutineers having counted and verified them, the president of the meeting declared the citizen Emilio Lopez to be duly elected by 62 votes; that this act of election had accordingly been extended in duplicate and signed by the president of the meeting and the secretaries, and it having been ascertained that the chosen one was qualified by being in the exercise of the rights of Mexican citizenship, a resident in the district, but holding no political authority or jurisdiction in it, and pertaining to the secular state (no ecclesiastic is eligible for any political office in Mexico), the proper credentials had been drawn up in due form and delivered to him. An official seal was affixed to this precious document, and the usual invocation, *Libertad y Constitucion!* as we should say, *God Save the King!* Then followed the signatures, concluding with the official gentleman's own.

Now the names of the signatories were all those of Indians of the place, known to me. All the rest, except the name of the chosen delegate, was fabrication. No such meeting had been held, or called, or thought of,

except by the returning officer. He explained that the thing had been done in the usual way. Of course it would never do to be holding meetings and exciting the Indians needlessly. That would only take their minds off their work and fill their heads with vanity, perhaps raise who could tell what trouble. In point of fact it was not done, and it would come to the same thing in the end. The papers would go to the proper authorities, serve their purpose, be pigeon-holed, and never heard of more. The delegate would give his vote, and the delegates from other sections would give theirs. Each would know how he had voted, but not how anybody else had voted. Only the total number of the votes for each candidate would be published. Don Porfirio had of course told the enumerating officers who was to be elected, and they would take care to give him a sufficient majority.

State officers, governors, deputies, and senators chosen in this way are thus the friends and creatures of the President. What Don Porfirio says is done, and the business of the country goes on smoothly. He uses the machinery of republican government, but he keeps his hand on the throttle-valve.

What has been described takes place in remote districts. The thing is not done quite so simply in the capital, but the result is the same. The great majority of the better educated acquiesce and assist, because they see the advantage of good order, and know that so long as Diaz is in power it is secure, while real government by the masses would be anarchy. Meantime the people can call themselves citizens of a free republic, and are flattered by the name of a power they are not yet fitted to use. They may have that power in time; the machinery, at

least, of free institutions is there, and as education spreads they will gradually it may be hoped, learn to use it. For, however arbitrary General Diaz's government is in fact, he is most careful to keep it strictly constitutional in form. It is in this interesting sense that popular suffrage remains inviolable, and the elections are punctually held. But each term as it comes round sees him re-elected President, and his chosen friends placed in every political office from Minister of State to village *alcalde*.

The Mexicans are not, or at least are not yet, the stuff of which free nations are made. In some important respects they are not a nation at all, but a congeries of tribes and of individuals of uncertain nationality or of none. They are not of one race or of one colour; they have not yet acquired a common language; more than a third of them are ignorant Indians, for the most part very poor, listless, barbarous, bigoted, nearly half a mixture, not always fortunate, of Indian and white man. Of 13 millions only two and a half are of white race, and a large proportion of these by no means the most favourable specimens of the race; many indeed are very undesirable specimens, and many more, to say the least, are of that adventurous and unsettled class which is always attracted to such a country. Among this medley there are many intelligent and energetic men, of very competent astuteness in their own affairs. These are for the most part *mestizos*, and there are numerous cases in which the best qualities of the European and the Indian have not deteriorated in the crossing. And while some of the Indian tribes are feeble and vicious, and, in consequence, are fast dying out, others are robust, hold their own, and even increase, and produce individuals of high

intellectual and physical powers, lawyers, doctors, and other educated men, by no means inferior to their professional brethren of the United States and Europe. But the majority are not yet fitted to have the franchise in a republic. The Constitution gives to every male citizen equally the right of voting so soon as he is 21, or 18 if he is a married man; but the President takes care that this right is not indiscreetly used, and that the enumerators know their business. The officials, to be sure, are carrying on fraud, but they would do that in any case, as Diaz well knows. The Mexican, oppressed for centuries, has learned too well the artifices of the oppressed, and lying is as natural to him as breathing. Even in more advanced republics it is said that the elections are not always managed with absolute purity. In Mexico the electoral fraud may perhaps be judged a pious one. Diaz was to make the country solvent, to bring peace, order, and security out of chronic anarchy, to advance education, industry, all the arts of civilisation, to set Mexico firmly on the road to prosperity, to accustom her unruly people to obey the law. All this could not be done in one short presidential term. The Mexicans had to be forced into and held to new habits of life till they should get accustomed to settle political differences without bloodshed, and to outvote an opponent, not to kill him. Diaz is a benevolent, but a practical, ruler. He knows that, to do any good, an antecedent condition is that he should maintain himself in power. The Mexicans were ready to shout for the inviolable freedom of suffrage, but by no means ready to use it safely. For the present what they needed was a master who knew how to control and guide them, and who would not let go the reins.

In labouring for the advancement of Mexico Diaz placed order and solvency first, as without these nothing else was possible; but next after these he placed education. That has always been his most cherished object, and he has especially promoted the education of women. As early as 1867, the year of his marriage and of Maximilian's fall, he founded in his native city a model school for girls. National education is free, compulsory, lay and, as nearly as possible, universal. Every parent must send his children to school if there is a school within a league of his home. The country, however, is so large in proportion to the population that there are still districts where the school is further away than that; and then such teaching as there is given by the village priest. Till the days of the Republic education was altogether in the hands of the clergy, and the Church declared that the catechism was sufficient education for the laity.

But even the sacerdotal instruction is not altogether thrown away. I had a cook who could not read, or even tell the hour by the clock; but she boiled eggs with perfect accuracy. When asked one day, "But how do you know when they are ready, Chucha?" she answered with a smile which showed all her fine teeth, "Señor, I boil them by the *Credo*." She had been taught, like other Mexican village girls, to patter off the Apostles' Creed. She did not know quite well what the words meant, but they just did nicely to boil eggs with. She put the eggs in the pot (in the coffee-pot with the coffee, but that is a mere detail) and began to say her creed. At *amen* the eggs were ready.

There are already some 14,000 primary schools, and under Diaz's energetic efforts more are being established every year. Nor has he

neglected to foster higher education. All the chief cities have their public libraries, museums, medical and scientific institutes. There are schools of arts and crafts for men and women, practical schools of mechanics, and an institute of fine arts. The medical schools are equipped with museums of anatomy and pathology, and with facilities for clinical instruction at the hospitals.

Diaz does not hide from his left hand what his right is doing. He has a great property to develop, and he knows the wisdom of the modern maxim, *Advertise!* His country already appeals to the imagination with its romantic history, its mysterious antiquity, and its boundless unexhausted riches. He has had the wit to make advertising agents of all sorts of people, great and small; not only, as is natural, of mining and railway speculators, land agents and company promoters, not only of enterprising journalists and such simple people as casual travellers and wandering novelists, but of serious historians and men of letters, and above all of the consuls and plenipotentiaries of foreign Powers. These readily obtain on all hands selected and favourable statistics, which they publish and even magnify with an ardour proportioned to the urbanity of the President and their own ignorance of a vast untravelled country. These data, omitting to mention practical difficulties such as isolation from markets, impossibility of transport, deficiency and incompetence of labourers, insurmountable obstacles of nature itself, serve to make a picture of which fancy supplies the details. It promises prospective gains not of 50 or 100, but of 5,000 per cent., and is accepted for its very extravagance, which seems beyond human audacity of invention.

Yet living in Mexico one feels that

the civilisation which Diaz is imposing upon the people is purely material. To use an old illustration it is growing like a crystal by accretion from without, not developing from within like a living organism. It is an exotic, like the civilisation which Czar Ivan and Peter the Great and their latest successors have tried to impose upon Russia. That is not to say that it is unreal so far as it goes, but that as yet it does not go very deep.

Diaz has made great efforts to bring foreign colonists and foreign capital into the country. He welcomes immigrants of all nations and all religions, Italians and Chinese, Presbyterians and Mormons, with equal good-will. He offers grants of land to those who will make surveys, whether settlers or speculators. He gives subsidies, concessions, and privileges to those who will build railways and telegraphs, establish lines of steamboats, improve harbours, set up factories. He has spread education, has accustomed people to peace, and made a beginning in teaching them industry; he has brought about financial order and national credit. But, as the proverb says, *Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare*; and when you get beneath the courteous exterior of the modern Mexican you come quickly to the Indian savage. Notwithstanding the promotion of education on scientific principles the doubt arises whether the great President has begun the civilisation of his people at the right end. The Catholic Church is disestablished, discredited, and degraded. Yet in its degraded form, mixed and confounded incomprehensibly with relics of the old pagan superstition, it is the only religion of the great bulk of the people,—it, or nothing. The foreigner who passes a year or two in a progressive town of the

Tierra Caliente catches himself wondering whether electric lighting and tramway cars, and even secular schools, would have been the first prescriptions for Sodom and Gomorrah.

Diaz rules the country neither altogether by the free consent of the Mexicans nor against it. He inspires both attachment and fear. The majority are proud of him and content with his rule, and he has the support of that still very limited, but growing, public opinion which sees that he is the ruler the country at present needs, "the true king, the *Koenig*, the man who *can*," as Carlyle says, the judicious and beneficent tyrant. One who meets him now in his vigorous old age is most struck by the personal charm and fascination of the man. He is difficult to resist. His colleagues and subordinates are devoted to him, and he appears to treat them with captivating affection. But he inspires the disaffected with sheer terror. They know his will to be indomitable and that he is as ruthless as Fate. He is practical, steady, without passion, conspicuously lenient where leniency is the dictate of a profounder policy, a very wise man, and though of little general education perfectly versed in his own business, which is that of governing Mexico. He has never lived in any other country, and knows no language but his own. Though not given to reading books, he can read a man's character at a glance. In speaking to him what impressed me even more than his prodigious memory for affairs was his kindness of manner. Some say that has only come in his old age, but that is unlikely; he has always had an extraordinary power of attaching men to himself, and when one meets him one understands it.

He seems to be intimately acquainted with the whole business of the country,

and is constantly appealed to directly; for local administration is not in the hands of the best men but of the President's best friends, whose loyalty to him is a better qualification than any ability. Thus he has sometimes to interfere to secure the punishment of a criminal who would otherwise escape justice, and he is often invoked to protect some victim who will not, or cannot, bribe an oppressive or greedy State official. On such occasions he acts with tact and deliberation, hears the other side, knowing well the probable frailty of both parties, and often puts his decision in the form of a friendly word of counsel, or even as though asking a favour, making it palatable also with the phrases of flattery and affection that the Spanish language copiously supplies. He neglects nothing and forgets nothing. If the meanest citizen writes to him on honest business, he answers immediately with his own hand. He is said to have as good a memory for faces as Cæsar, who knew the names of all the Tenth Legion, and he never fails to greet an old acquaintance instantly by name, though he be but a poor Indian whom he has not seen for 20 years.

One naturally compares Diaz with his great countryman Juarez. Both were born in Oaxaca, but Diaz in the State capital, Juarez in a secluded mountain village. Juarez was a pure Zapotec Indian, Diaz is nearly white. Juarez was born into the colony when Mexico existed not for Mexicans but for the crown of Spain and the Roman Catholic Church, when no one born there, even of pure Spanish father and mother, could hold any public office, when no one could enter or leave the country without leave from the Council of the Indies at Madrid. Although the first printing-press in America was set up in Mexico, and the first American book was printed

there, the clergy were the press censors and no enlightenment reached the laity. All education was in the hands of the Church. Juarez came into the city a boy of 12 unable to read or write, and knowing no language but his Indian dialect. He picked up an education by becoming servant to a friar who did a little bookbinding for the vast religious fraternities of the city, whose convents and monasteries so engirdled it that when Diaz, 50 years later, defended it from Bazaine, he had only to throw up some short connecting lines between their lofty walls to enclose the town.

Each came to be ruler over his countrymen, but it was the Indian lad who swept away the ancient wrong, set law above force, established a free constitution, and saved the country from the invader who sought to rivet on it the chains of class privilege and ecclesiastical tyranny. The other, his pupil, his lieutenant, at last his rival, entered into his labours.

Diaz does not excite in the student of Mexican history the reverent admiration which Juarez does. The Indian President was an honest man, and the *mestizo* knows that honesty is the best policy. Diaz is as strong, as courageous, as unswayed by passion as Juarez, but his objects are more material. He is as practical as nature. If tact be needed no one can use it with more skill; if temper, he is calm; if persuasion, his personal magnetism is irresistible; if force, he is relentless. He has the patience of the Indian and the swiftness of the jaguar. But he is neither loved nor hated like Juarez, perhaps because he is *too* practical. He is not, as Juarez was, in advance of his age; his ideals are those of his day.

And he has been, unlike Juarez, fortunate. Mexico, after a dozen years of struggle, had finally freed

herself from Spain eight years before Diaz was born; and, by the time he came to his maturity, she was tired of the half century of disorder which followed her independence. When Juarez died, Diaz, a generation younger, was at the maturity of his powers, and by natural endowment, character, and training, was the leader fitted for the occasion. His opportunity came at the very moment when he was ready for it. And he started with everything in his favour. When he came into permanent power he had seen his rivals fail and pass away, and had been able to learn by their mistakes. His own record, from a Mexican point of view, was honourable and unstained; for, although he had failed in one bloody revolution, and had first come into power by means of another, this was no discredit in Mexico.

The bigoted Catholic still spits at the name of Juarez, "Now in hell because he robbed God's Church." Diaz was not personally concerned in the Church's disestablishment and disendowment, in fact he has done it some trifling favours. He winks at its illegal processions now that they are harmless, and his second wife is a devout Catholic. It was not he who shot Maximilian and the generals of the clerical party at Querétaro. And Fortune was too kind to permit him to succeed Juarez in the presidency in 1872 as he wished. There were unpopular measures to be introduced, and before he entered on permanent office in 1884 they had all been introduced by others. The still-smouldering Catholic rebellion against liberal government which continued to break out all over the country had been cruelly stamped out by Lerdo. After the last revolution, fighting men whose occupation was gone, many of them members of a vast society, loosely organised, ignorant, undis-

ciplined, predatory, a nineteenth century Mexican *condottieri*, known by the name of La Chinaca, became mere banditti. They infested the roads, and in many districts caused a reign of terror. But numbers of the Chinacos were Diaz's good friends, who had fought for him and might again. Lerdo ordained, and, so far as he could, enforced, martial law and a short shrift for these highwaymen, and was defied and hated. Diaz made the Chinacos themselves rural police, gave their leaders commissions, appointed to each a district for which he was responsible, and told him he would be promptly shot for the first highway robbery that took place in it. The *ci-devant* brigands made capital policemen, the new *rurales* magnified their office, the Mexican roads became as safe as Fleet Street, and Diaz was more popular than ever.

Lerdo, in straits for money, invented and passed a Stamp Act, the most harassing and unpopular that could be devised. Under it every agreement, bill, invoice, contract, diploma of doctor, of dentist, of lawyer, of engineer, of professor, had to bear a stamp. Every business had to keep a complete set of books, which must be deposited, before use, in a Government office to have the pages marked and numbered and proportionate stamps affixed. That Act is still in force, for Diaz too needs money, but the odium of it belongs to Lerdo.

In finance, after Gonzalez's exploits, Diaz was hailed as a deliverer, and his most stringent measures were cheerfully accepted.

Everybody is agreed that there will

be no more disorder in Mexico so long as General Diaz holds the reins. But he is said to be anxious to hand over the government to another while he shall still be able to stand by and see that all goes well. Señor Limatour, his Minister of Finance, and Señor Bernardo Reyes, his War Minister, both younger men, of conspicuous ability and his devoted friends, are talked of as probable successors, Señor Linatour for choice, being the favourite, Mexico's next great problem being a financial one, the question of adopting a gold currency, which Limatour lately came to Europe to study.

The President has his official mansion on the Zocalo, the old public square of Mexico city, and as a citizen his private residence in the Calle de Cadena; but he lives chiefly at Chapultepec (the Hill of the Grasshopper), a mile or two to the southwest of the city by the Paseo de la Reforma. Chapultepec rises abruptly from the plain, just large enough to hold on its crest the palace and a military school. On this hill the old Aztec war-chiefs built a residence. Montezuma lived in it, and there too the Spanish Viceroy held their state, and the six-months' Emperor, Yturpide, and the three-years' Emperor, Maximilian. On the plain below, the United States armies fought the final battle of their invasion, the battle of Chapultepec, in 1847. And from the gates the President's wife, Carmelita, as the Mexicans affectionately call her, may be seen any morning punctually driving to mass.

ANDREW MARSHALL.

STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY.

VII.—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

OF all Shakespeare's histories ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA is probably the truest to the facts and at the same time the furthest from being a mere historical play. The poet follows Plutarch's narrative very closely and, by means of the numerous short scenes in the third and fourth acts, contrives to avoid the chronological deviations which are so common in most of his historical plays. And yet, except in so far as it is psychological, the interest of ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA is almost purely dramatic; finding ourselves plunged into the atmosphere of romantic drama as completely as in OTHELLO or ROMEO AND JULIET, we often forget the historical foundation. That this should be the characteristic of the play is indeed but natural. When Shakespeare, starting perhaps with the intention of dramatising Plutarch's Life of Antony, found himself concerned with the story of two such great personalities as Antony and Cleopatra, it would have been surprising if what might have been merely a dramatised piece of history had not become in his hands a drama thrilling with a passion beyond common experience, and if he had not made us sometimes forget that the man was a Triumvir and the woman Queen of Egypt. Not that Shakespeare himself forgets the political greatness of his hero and heroine, but he keeps it slightly in the back-ground, as though he would have the play depend for its interest chiefly on the clash of human passions,

and only secondarily on the world-wide catastrophe which those passions involved. But, further, historically accurate as the play is, its colour, luxuriance, and magnificence, when contrasted with the severity of Julius Cæsar, and the tremendous non-moral characters of Antony and Cleopatra when set against the human weakness of the virtuous Brutus, make it appear almost unreal and unnatural. And, just as his two great enemies may well have been incomprehensible to the prudent and respectable Augustus, so to us Shakespeare's picture of them may seem in some moods extravagant and unconvincing.

The contrast in the spirit and the method of treatment of these two plays is not, however, solely due to the difference in the characters of their principal personages. The underlying thought which forms the theme of ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA is very different from that of JULIUS CÆSAR. Whereas the motive of JULIUS CÆSAR is, as I suggested in my last paper, friendship, the spiritual and intellectual side of love, ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA is, in the words of Dr. Brandes, a drama of sheer physical passion. Just as in Cleopatra "her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love," that is to say, to quote the same critic again, "her passion is purely and unmixedly erotic" (the explanation is indeed somewhat in the nature of a parody), so Antony, who appeared in JULIUS CÆSAR as at the same time Cæsar's devoted friend and an unscrupulous

politician willing to sacrifice all to ambition, has by this time sacrificed to his passion for Cleopatra all that his ambition had won. Nor has Shakespeare cared to make their passion beautiful. It is violent, overpowering, tragic, and, at last, pathetic; but between them there is none of the tenderness of Romeo and Juliet, none of the magnanimity which makes Othello's murder of Desdemona almost an act of self-sacrifice. Shakespeare rightly refused to idealise these lovers, or, if he has done so by raising them somewhat above the level of ordinary mortals, they always remain consistent, and owe nothing to a refinement inappropriate to their characters. The best description that Cleopatra can find for the absent Antony is

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgenet of men,

for it is pride rather than love which moves her; while Antony's most characteristic name for the Queen is "My serpent of Old Nile."

The relations between the two are, indeed, often distressing and more tragic, in the looser sense of the word, even than their death. Their mutual distrust all through the play is almost disgusting; in their love there is scarcely any feeling of friendship, only mere desire,—indeed they seem at times almost to despise each other's characters. For Antony his sacrifice is a wanton waste of all his chances of greatness. In the face of the invectives of Cicero and the hatred and distrust of the Roman Senate he had made himself master of half the Empire, and with his greater military capacity was well-nigh a match for the superior political ability of Augustus, with whom, as it must have seemed to contemporaries, he might have ruled on equal terms,

even though he could not wrest Italy from him. But in Cleopatra's embrace he cries

Let Rome in Tiber melt and the wide
arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is
my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth
alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of
life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual
pair
And such a twain can do't, in which I
bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to
weet
We stand up peerless.

And so they do; Antony and Cleopatra exceed in stature all the famous lovers of history. By the might and the rush of their passion they themselves are ennobled, while by its eloquence we are moved to a sympathy with them which they, perhaps, deserve but little. As an admirable critic and philosopher once put it: "The moral of Antony and Cleopatra is not 'See what a punishment lust brings with it,' but 'See what you must be prepared to face if you are willing to sacrifice all to lust.'" The atmosphere of the play is neither moral nor immoral, but the poet, his creatures, and his audience are all swept on by a wave of emotion so mighty that all other considerations are irrelevant and trifling.

But still the feeling recurs that Antony's sacrifice was scarcely worth while. Cleopatra was beautiful, witty, fascinating, violent, and false, and, to all appearance incapable of genuine affection. It is difficult to sympathise with those who find in her the most attractive of Shakespeare's heroines; indeed, I am much more inclined to accept the theory that Shakespeare, embittered against women as he is said to have been in the latter part of

his life, held Cleopatra up to loathing as an example of wanton cruelty and worthlessness. For her, indeed, the game was better worth playing. From Antony she gained not only her own personal gratification, but the gift of kingdoms and the prospect of empire, with the satisfaction of having the greatest soldier of the day at her feet. That she exerted a most powerful charm over all who met her cannot be denied ; as Enobarbus says,

Age cannot wither her, nor custom
stale
Her infinite variety : other women cloy
The appetites they feed : but she makes
hungry
Where most she satisfies : for vilest
things
Become themselves in her.

If these lines told us all that we know of her we should accept Antony's madness with comprehension and a measure of sympathy, acknowledging Cleopatra among those fatal queens of history before whose terrible beauty all men were doomed to bow. But what we know besides of her character makes it less easy to understand the permanence of her empire over a man like Antony. For here was no weakling, no ordinary sensualist, nor even a man accustomed to be blindly led by his impulses. He had reached his great position by a diplomatic craftiness only second to that of Octavius, and by an indifference to military hardships scarcely inferior to Julius Cæsar's powers of endurance. This was fully recognised even by his enemies, and Octavius in a soliloquy in this play, while urging Antony to abandon Cleopatra and a life of pleasure, exclaims

When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou
slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel

Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st
against,
Though daintily brought up, with
patience more
Than savages could suffer.

It is then the complexity of his character which makes Antony interesting. His personality is not merely two-fold. The hardy soldier in time of war has been commonly enough a slave of pleasure in peace. As a politician he was cunning enough to dupe the murderers of Cæsar and almost deceive Octavius himself, while his vigour and energy are made sufficiently evident by the violent invective of Cicero's Philippics. He was, indeed, a man of great natural abilities and remarkable lack of moral principle, who had all his life suffered from the circumstances in which he was placed. The handsomeness for which he was famous in youth was always a questionable advantage at Rome ; and, even if we put aside the scandalous stories with which Cicero tried to blacken his character, we may well believe Plutarch that his intimacy with the notorious Caius Scribonius Curio "fell upon him like some pestilence" and hurried him into all manner of extravagance and debt, while his short connection with Clodius impelled him yet further in the same direction.

But it is natural to suppose that it was his friendship with Cæsar which had most influence on his character. From him he must have learned much both of generalship and state-craft, but by him also he was encouraged in the luxury of his private life. To Cæsar Antony was not only welcome as a boon-companion, but, as Plutarch assures us, he feared serious men and would have none but men of pleasure, with whom he felt safe, about his person. To Cæsar's own character, or rather to his success, his private vices made little difference ;

pleasure was to him but an amusement and he was always his own master. But it was here that Antony's inferiority showed itself; he had always lacked Cæsar's self-command and, after the training that he had received, it was not unnatural that he eventually sacrificed all his interests to his passions. His courage he never lost, but his judgment became more and more enslaved by Cleopatra; till at the last, against his own will and against the will of his captains, he was induced by her, in order that her navy might have a chance of distinction, to face Octavius by sea at Actium. It was this decision which hurried him on to the tragic climax of his life. Cleopatra with all her "sixty sails" fled from the battle, and Antony, by following her, threw away his last chance of success and his last shred of honour. He himself fully realised his servitude:

Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by
the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: o'er
my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and
that
Thy beck might from the bidding of
the gods
Command me.

The chief interest, then, of this play is its tragic interest, the self-abandonment and ruin of Antony. But it possesses also a historical and political interest which, though secondary, is none the less of considerable importance. The murder of Julius Cæsar had upset the equilibrium of the Roman world. The State had for the best part of a century been drifting towards the despotism which he achieved for its salvation. Cicero had talked largely and struggled honestly against him, Pompey had

floundered jealously, both equally in vain. It looked as if personal monarchy were to be permanently and peacefully established, when the work of Marius, the Gracchi, and of Cæsar himself was undone by a group of republican theorists, ineffectively supported by the aristocrats whose government Cæsar had superseded. But the tyrannicides had only postponed the final establishment of the principate and had made a return to civil war necessary in order to settle who should be the *princeps*. It was soon evident that the republicans were utterly unable to make head against Antony, who, as Cæsar's friend and *legatus*, determined to be his successor. They were compelled to turn for military support to Octavius, by lavish eulogies of whom Cicero tried both to drown the nervous apprehensions of himself and his friends and to convince Octavius of the beauty of republican principles. The alliance with the new Cæsar being once made and Octavius pitted against Antony, it was merely a return to the old personal struggle of Pompey and Cæsar; with the difference that Pompey, the Senate's old ally, had no definite purpose of making himself ruler of Rome, whereas it must from the first have been clear to all who were not wilfully blind that the young Octavius regarded himself as his "father's" political as well as private heir.

So far then from restoring the old order of things, Brutus and his friends had but plunged the State again into civil war; nor was it by any means evident at first that the war would have a speedy and satisfactory issue. The expedient of a partition of power and government by a triumvirate could never have remained permanent. Lepidus was, in the words of Antony's extraordinarily descriptive epigram, but

a slight unmeritable man
Meet to be sent on errands,

and the jealousy of Antony and Octavius would never permit them to work together. Nor, when the inevitable war between them broke out, was it at all clear at the outset that the superior statesmanship of Octavius would gain the victory. Antony was a good soldier and possessed far more experience in war than his rival; moreover, as we learn from Plutarch, his rough good humour, accessibility, and familiar manners had won for him great popularity among his soldiers. He and his lieutenants practically controlled all the eastern half of the Roman Empire, whence he could draw a vast revenue in the shape of tribute from subject peoples, and he had also the great wealth of Egypt at his command.

The war between the future Augustus on the one hand and Antony and Cleopatra on the other was thus, in a sense, a struggle between Eastern and Western civilisation, between Rome, as typified by the cold and calculating Cæsar, and the East, most fitly represented by the crafty, yet passionate, Egyptian Queen. The victory of Cæsar really decided the future character of the Roman Empire and with it the subsequent history of Europe. The victory of Antony might have meant the shifting of the seat of empire from Italy to Egypt, and it certainly would have involved a great modification of Roman methods and Roman ideals. It is said that Alexandria had long chafed at her subjection to Rome, and that the city, which for long was the intellectual capital of the world, claimed at least equality with its political capital. It is, indeed, hard to believe that Antony and Cleopatra could have made of the Roman Empire an Oriental despotism, for the times were not yet ripe for the

creation of an Eastern Empire nor was Antony the man to found a lasting dynasty. But it was not many years later that Rome showed herself singularly ready to welcome Eastern ideas both in religion and politics, and certainly the behaviour of Antony in Egypt gave ground for the apprehensions of Romans.

I' the market-place, on a tribunal
silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet
sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's
son,
And all the unlawful issue that their
lust
Since then hath made between them.
Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt;
made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia
Absolute queen.

* * *

She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave
audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

This ceremony, when he also divided a large part of Asia among his children by Cleopatra, caused the greatest indignation at Rome where, as Plutarch tells us, "it appeared theatrical (*τραγικός*) and arrogant, and to show hatred of the Romans." That he should publicly dress his sons in the national costume of Medes and Armenians and have them saluted in true Oriental fashion as kings of kings showed a wilful contempt for the political sensibilities of Romans, while the mock-deification of Cleopatra was an offence to the national religion of Rome. Like Jeroboam's calves this ceremony had more political than religious significance, and it cannot but have aroused the hopes of provincials and the fears of Romans for the separation of the East from the Empire.

But the schemes of Antony and Cleopatra, whatever they may have been, were wrecked at Actium. After that great defeat there could be no more hope of a victory over Cæsar nor even of a reconciliation with him. It is improbable, in spite of the conciliatory attitude that Shakespeare makes him adopt, and in spite of the marriage of Antony and Octavia, that Octavius ever had any other intention than to crush his dangerous rival. He was not a man to tolerate the thought of an equal in power,—

We could not stall together
In the whole world,—

and it is difficult not to suppose that Antony's ruinous devotion to Cleopatra must have been welcome to him. It would not, indeed, be inconsistent with his character if he had designed the marriage with that "piece of virtue" Octavia, to whom he can scarcely have believed that Cleopatra's lover would ever remain faithful, merely in order to blacken Antony's character yet further in the eyes of the Romans.

But it is in their ruin that Antony and Cleopatra are most magnificent. If Antony is disappointing as a politician, and if, from a dramatic point of view, his character is scarcely of the highest interest during his life, he at least rises to a wonderful eloquence and dignity at the last, while Cleopatra in her death achieves a tragic grandeur unequalled by any of Shakespeare's heroines. Whether she really intended to make a treacherous peace with Cæsar is at least uncertain, and, as Plutarch says that this was only a feint to gain time for further resistance, we may give her the benefit of the doubt. The fact that in the play we have no hint that she was deceiving Cæsar has called forth the interest-

ing suggestion that Shakespeare, in his desire to disparage the type of woman at whose hands he had himself suffered, wilfully conceals this side of her conduct and leads us to think that she would have reconciled herself with Octavius, if he would have spared her the shame of being taken to Rome as a captive. Such conduct at least would be fully consonant with her thoroughly Oriental character, nor does her supposed treachery make her wild grief at Antony's death any less genuine or, indeed, any less convincing. That Cleopatra should at one moment plan a treacherous desertion of her lover, and then, on finding him dying, recover all her old passion for him, is so characteristic of her that we may, after all, well believe Shakespeare's story to be true.

It has been held that ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA is the most essentially tragic of all Shakespeare's plays, that it arouses the strictly tragic sensation more properly than HAMLET, than OTHELLO, or than MACBETH. This, of course, is a matter of opinion and depends on what is meant by the sensation proper to tragedy and what is the chief element in it. If we adopt Aristotle's definition that "pity for others" or "fear for one like oneself" is the chief part of the tragic emotion, Othello or Romeo and Juliet are fitter objects for pity, while it is in Hamlet, above all, that each man may tremble at his own possible fate. But it is true that in ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, as much as in any of the plays, we see two human beings swept by passion into the net-work of misfortune and struggling with a fate that is too strong for them; and throughout the latter part of the play we get the feeling of impending disaster, the essential note of Greek tragedy, more strongly than in any of Shakespeare's

plays. This makes it the more regrettable that these last acts are technically so unsatisfactory. In order to give us a picture of all the different events which were at the same time leading up to the final catastrophe, Shakespeare has divided the third and fourth acts into an innumerable number of short scenes laid in different parts of the Empire, thus making them dramatically somewhat ineffective and unconvincing. It is impossible to maintain the sense of catastrophe, when the story is thus interrupted and chopped up into scenes of a few lines each, and when we are hurried from Syria to Rome, from Rome to Alexandria, thence to Athens, and then back to Rome again before we get to Actium and finally to Egypt. An immense amount of dramatic force is necessarily wasted if the play-wright gives us a succession of short scenes, each in a different place, and, though they may all be of vital importance to the development of the story, concerned with different personages and not immediately connected with each other.

It was only the genius of Shakespeare which could make the closing acts of this play so impressive in spite of this defect. He voluntarily rendered his task enormously difficult and yet succeeded in giving us in these acts a living record of passion, terror, and despair. But it is worthy of note that their value is literary rather than dramatic, and that our admiration is aroused more by the wonderful eloquence of Antony and Cleopatra and by the beauty of the lines which they utter than by any skill in dramatic construction. Such lines are those of Antony on perceiving Octavia's tears at parting with her brother,

The April's in her eyes: it is love's
spring,
And these the showers to bring it on:

or in his speech to Cleopatra after a momentary triumph,

O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou,
attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart,
and there
Ride on the pants triumphing!

with her reply,

Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling
from
The world's great snare uncaught?

or, to choose one more passage, and that perhaps the finest:

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

It is when one reads such lines as these, after considering the curiously faulty construction of the play, that one begins to perceive truth in the paradox that Shakespeare's tragedies show him greater as a lyric poet than as a dramatist.

I have left to the last any detailed consideration of the character of Cleopatra because it is only at the last that she attains to a certain nobleness and dignity. A creature strangely compounded of craft and passion, she is a type of the difficulties with which Rome had to deal in her task of imposing Western civilisation upon the East, and her subjugation, especially after she had captured and enslaved Antony, was of the utmost necessity for the success of Augustus and the Empire. But if, politically, Cleopatra was an incalculable danger, personally as a friend, a mistress, or an enemy she was yet more formidable. Without heart and without principle, she must have possessed all a man's intellectual force combined with a

power of fascination granted to few women, and a love of admiration and an insatiable capacity for pleasure much beyond the ordinary bounds of human nature. Moreover, the charm that she exercised was such that, even when her treachery and heartlessness were fully known, a man would pardon her, or, unforgiving, would remain her slave.

O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.

But, whatever her faults, Cleopatra was not only a great enchantress but a great queen as well, and it is in her death that she appears most royal. Perhaps she had learnt something of Antony, for when she first resolves to die, she says

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us.

And she certainly achieves a quiet

dignity in her death which she greatly lacked in life. Not for her to be shown "an Egyptian puppet" in the streets of Rome; rather will she die in all the magnificence of royalty by the aid of that "odd worm" whose "biting is immortal."

Give me my robe, put on my crown;
 I have
 Immortal longings in me: now no more

The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip;

* * * * *
 I am fire and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life.

* * * * *
 Peace, peace!
 Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep?

Thus Cleopatra died, with a calm courage indeed and "after the high Roman fashion" as she herself had said, but also with a splendour

fitting for a princess
 Descended of so many royal kings,

and with an ironical eloquence which insisted on expression even by her last breath.

J. L. ETTY.

IMPERIAL PURPOSES AND THEIR COST.

I USE the word *Imperial* strictly, as the adjective of Empire; and, by the Empire, I mean the aggregate of his Majesty's possessions within and without the realm, the totality of his subjects wherever they reside. We may thus distinguish the Empire from its groups as a whole from its parts; and an Imperial purpose will denote one that concerns the people of the Empire collectively, is of common obligation, or to which they agree. Some Imperial purposes involve neither regular income nor outlay, as common copyrights, patents, and trade-marks, coastal regulations, or a uniform currency, weights and measures. My object in this paper is to single out those which involve both and, so far as I may, to estimate their probable cost.

The most obvious of Imperial purposes is a court of final appeal. It rests on the elementary duty of a State to administer uniform justice to its constituents and on the correlative duty of the latter to defray the necessary charges. Instead of a single court supreme over the Empire, we maintain a dualism which, whatever be its historic origin, answers to no real need of to-day and which the course of events is resolving into a higher unity.

Let us recall the situation. Appeals for the United Kingdom come before the House of Lords, but the judicial body known by that name is wholly differentiated from the Upper House of Legislature. No lay peer has taken part in its deliberations for one hundred and thirty years; none can do so now. It is a statutory body,

and consists of four professional lawyers with fixed salaries over whom the Lord Chancellor presides. On the other hand, the King or King-in-Council has ceased to adjudicate in the last resort for his subjects over-sea. His functions in this respect are now relegated to the four gentlemen mentioned who, under the same presiding officer, act as the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Other judges may indeed be summoned to, or join, either bench; but, as the Lord Chancellor says, as every lawyer knows, and as any one may see from the law-reports, the two courts are in all essential particulars one. Hence the erection of a tribunal, which shall combine the attributes of both and wield jurisdiction over all his Majesty's subjects, is no revolutionary project but is in the direct line of judicatory evolution; it would set the coping-stone on the Imperial fabric.

We may forecast the interior lines of the new court: an increase of the judges to nine or eleven, widening the area of choice to include the Bars of the Empire, separation of the Bench from political influence, and provision for the court's due maintenance from a common fund.

One or two of these points may call for remark. It has been said, and may be feared, that the Colonies, including India, would seek for large sectional representation on an Imperial Bench. The fear, I believe, is groundless; otherwise, they would not in the Conference of 1901 have unanimously declined Mr. Chamberlain's proposal which, aimed at strengthen-

ing the Judicial Committee as it now is, offered them a representation of four in nine without cost. They conceived their true interest to lie, and I submit rightly, not in representation more or less, but in securing the best legal talent to decide their differences.

A second point concerns political influence. This country has no keen feeling on the subject of political judges or judicial politicians. Her Bench has long been secure; only the vivid pages of Dr. Gardiner enable us to realise a different situation. In the Colonies it is otherwise. Half a century has scarcely elapsed since the oldest of them freed her courts from the turmoil of the hustings and the control of the Executive; in not a few the old order still lingers; while in none did the substitution of Cabinet for Crown, so beneficial in many ways to the Mother Country, bring about any salutary change in judicial matters. The sentiment of Greater Britain follows the course of English precedent.

We may suppose the court to consist of eleven members, their salaries to be fixed on the House of Lords' scale, suitable grounds and a habitation worthy of the Empire with library and offices to be provided in some convenient part of London, and a sufficient staff appointed for the conduct of business, publication of reports, and care of buildings. We may suppose, also, that the capital required is obtained by way of loan to be repaid by yearly sums including interest and sinking fund. Under these conditions what would the probable annual cost be?

Lord Chancellor or President ...	£9,000
Ten Judges	60,000
Five per cent. for interest and sinking fund on £1,000,000 ...	50,000
Officers, current expenses, &c. ...	8,000
Total	£127,000

Distributed over so large an Empire as the British, the sum is small in comparison with the benefits to be derived. I do not refer to such a would fall immediately to the individual, important as these might be; nor to such as would naturally accrue from a strong Bench moulding into system the multiple forms of law and custom which obtain throughout the Empire. I refer rather to indirect, constructive or constitutional benefits. They are appreciable, for we have seen the United States transformed from a congeries of republics into a nation within the short space of a hundred years. Von Holst discloses to us the process of amalgamation; and, according to his analysis, while many influences contributed to the end, the mightiest force, because most continuous, was the Supreme Court of that country. If, then, a Bench could operate so powerfully on independent States whose centrifugal tendencies were once the despair of statesmen, is there not good reason for holding that a similar institution, working on almost identical lines, would produce, or tend to produce, an equally salutary result on the scattered members of the British Empire?

The next Imperial purpose comprises certain services, diplomatic, consular and commercial, which we shall consider in order.

The functions of the diplomatic service in peace and war are of general interest and its influence over trade is growing yearly so that commercial *attachés* are now commonly appointed to embassies. The stake which the United Kingdom has in the treaty-making power and its exercise must be apparent to everybody; but are not the Constitutional Colonies interested likewise? They have long enjoyed the right of ratification and adoption. Of late years,

a practice has sprung up enabling them to make treaties on their own account, as the Franco-Canadian and Hay-Bond conventions. Now, however necessary this may be in present conditions, it is none the less costly, cumbrous, and disintegrating. If we suppose ambassadors and their staffs to become Imperial officers in the broad sense of the word, what might we expect? There would be no necessary change in *personnel*, but the service would be placed on a broader basis than now, its members would become more conversant with the affairs of the Empire at large, ratification would cause less friction, special appointments for treaty-making would in great measure cease, and the need of communicating with Colonial Ministers pending a negotiation would be reduced to a minimum.

A request for such communication has been frequently made; it was made unanimously at the last Colonial Conference in 1902. The reason is obvious. Self-government serves the British people well and permits an indefinite extension of their dominions at small cost. But it has the defects of its qualities, and the chief of these is that it encourages particularism on both sides: in the Mother Country, because she has no immediate responsibility for colonial affairs; in the Colony, because, left to her own devices or thrown on her own resources, interests grow up apart from, it may be antagonistic to, the Metropolis. If these assume an international aspect, as they easily may and often do, and if, for that reason, they rise above local control, what is more natural than the fear that they shall be overlooked, shelved or set aside, or the impression that such has been the case, if the business is complicated or the negotiation protracted? Need I cite instances? Look to Sir John Macdonald's protest

in regard to the Washington Treaty, the cases of New Guinea and Samoa, or the recent Alaska Arbitration. The situation is unfortunate from every point of view; but, in existing circumstances, how can it be dealt with except as the Conference suggests? Its request was qualified, and properly qualified, by the words, "as far as may be consistent with the confidential negotiations"; but, whatever be the practical interpretation of that phrase, the fact of joint request indicates the trend of Imperial evolution, marks an era in British diplomacy, and affirms the essential partnership which subsists between this country and her offspring in international matters. Without straining the metaphor too far, one may say that partnership carries rights as well as obligations. To my mind, neither can be adequately satisfied in this instance, except by unity of appointment and unity of payment of diplomatic officers.

The consular service should likewise be made Imperial. If you take a map of the consular stations, you will find them set in the chief ports, aligned on the sea-shore. The fact indicates that the primary duty of consuls was and is to safeguard the merchant shipping of the Empire. The Mother Country may easily lead the world in this respect, but the Colonies are not therefore uninterested. Their registered tonnage rises to a million and a half and gives them the fourth place among the nations of the world, while their external trade, half of which is done with foreign peoples, is rapidly increasing. An interesting table just issued from Ottawa shows the percentage of growth between 1892 and 1902 to be 103·25 for Canada, 66·80 for South Africa, 38·0 for Australia, and 31·72 for India as against 27·74 for the United Kingdom. A common service

imports a common obligation. Moreover, consuls are more than guardians of shipping: they are national scouts, pioneers of the trading and manufacturing interests, an intelligence corps that tells where and in what lines trade may be furthered abroad. Are not the Colonies interested in information of this kind? And should not consular reports therefore, which are yearly becoming more valuable, be disseminated throughout the Empire, if not published simultaneously in all principal groups, for the common good? To my mind, one of two courses is feasible; we must either make the consular service Imperial in the broad sense of that word or, as Colonial commerce expands, set up as many series of consuls as there are British trading groups.

But further, the service itself should be expanded. Bonding privileges combined with rapid transit by land have shifted the centres of exchange, so that the interior traffic is no less important than that of the littoral. The information likewise now required of consuls follows the new development, and must tell of the agricultural, mining, and industrial possibilities of the inland regions as well as those which pertain to the sea-shore.

I have named the third service commercial: it would be an intra-Imperial consular system. The need for it springs not merely from the extent of the Empire, the magnitude and variety of its resources, but from the fact that the British dominions, as distinguished from the Russian, form large groups which, homogeneous within themselves, are separated one from another by vast distances. The situation is essentially international and is an ideal one for the British people, for the sea is their highway and the basis of their prosperity is commerce. Germany and the United

States were quick to seize the possibilities of the position and have long had skilled agents at every important point of the British dominions, furthering the trade of their nationals; but, singular as it may seem, we have systematically ignored our good fortune and have no organised means to bring home to our people the mercantile capabilities of their own possessions.

In former days Colonial governors acted as commercial agents in fact if not in name, and the national archives bear ample evidence to their diligence in that regard. On the fall of the mercantile system, however, this practice, which had historically preceded that system and had no necessary connection with it, was involved in the general downfall and allowed to drop, absolutely in the Constitutional Colonies, and substantially in India and the Crown Colonies. I am not of those who think that the old practice should be revived, but of those who consider the old idea adaptable to the new conditions of the Empire. Both investigations and reports should be in the hands of experts and not of amateurs; they should be conducted and made regularly, not intermittently; they should be special in their bearing on trade and not general merely. The service I refer to would be an Intelligence Department whose ramifications should extend throughout the Empire, whose activity should be varied according to the exigencies of trade, and whose work would be for the common benefit of his Majesty's subjects.

Canada has already taken steps in this direction and appointed agents in the West Indies, Australia, and South Africa. Her action is commendable in the circumstances and will no doubt be profitable; other Colonies and even the United King-

dom may find it to their advantage to follow her example ; but surely a multiplication of offices would be avoided, much expense saved, and better work secured by making the service one instead of several, Imperial instead of sectional, a service appointed and controlled by the Empire at large.

It may be said that the establishment of a commercial, the expansion of the consular, and the re-founding of the diplomatic service, would bring about a great change. But the change is necessary and there is strong reason for believing that it would be advantageous to all concerned ; in any event it could not be costly. Diplomacy calls for no additional outlay, while consular and commercial appointments must be gradual. On the basis of the present rates, the expense of the combined services may be set at £1,500,000 a year.

The promotion of trade and intercourse by way of subsidies is another purpose of Imperial import demanding expenditure. The Empire as a whole pays to-day about £1,000,000 a year in subsidies, but, except in the case of the West Indies and West Africa, they are confined to Admiralty and Post-Office services. The point I contend for is that the time is come when, in the interests of all, subsidies should take a wider sweep and when a policy respecting them should be concerted between the Mother Country and her Colonies. As a trade-method they possess the following advantages: they contravene no principle of Free-trade or Protection ; they are not restrictive but enabling ; their cost is definite ; they are easily controlled, and they act directly on the transport system, the chief agent of modern commerce, cheapening freight and passenger rates and facilitating rapid communication.

The chief competitors of the Empire have entered on a policy of subsidies, first to secure their coastal trade and next to promote their foreign trade. Thus Russia pays £364,756 yearly for this purpose, Austria £399,743, Germany £417,525, and France £1,787,271. The German vote may appear small but is supplemented indirectly in many ways, principally by tariff-exemptions on ships' stores and material and differential railway rates. Japan I take to be a Free-trade nation like Holland, yet, in 1889, she subsidised her steamers to the extent of £584,696 a year and has since increased the grant by £160,911 to make good her hold on Korea and China and open new markets in India and Australia. The United States, too, so long engrossed in home-development, is looking abroad for commercial no less than military conquests. The bill, now before Congress and about to become law, gives the shipping interest £1,000,000 sterling annually till 1907 and then £1,600,000. It may be said that the Act is experimental: no doubt, it is ; but, if construed in the light of the world's movement on this question, or in conjunction with the recent railway combinations in the United States and their capture of the Atlantic steamships, it becomes not merely an experiment but a bid, a powerful and well directed bid, for commercial supremacy to perfect the manufacturing supremacy to which the Republic has already attained.

The practical effect of subsidies may be inferred from the recent growth of foreign shipping. From 1890 to 1901 British shipping increased by about two million tons. Notwithstanding this, our comparative standing declined according to the following percentage table which

I take from Sir Robert Giffen's evidence before the Subsidies Committee.

THE WORLD'S SHIPPING AND TONNAGE.

Countries	1890 %		1901 %		Increase, + Decrease, -	
	Vessels	Tonnage	Vessels	Tonnage	Vessels	Tonnage
Gt. Britain	74·4	76·3	56·1	57·1	-18·3	-11·2
Germany	8·1	7·5	13·8	16·2	+ 5·7	+ 8·7
France	4·9	5·7	7·6	7·6	+ 2·7	+ 1·9

The figures for the Empire make a still less attractive showing, because her increase was not 2 but 1·8 million tons. The table as it stands is serious enough. It shows that foreign shipping has undergone a more rapid development than British in recent years, and that the development has brought about a displacement on a large scale in the world's carrying trade to the disadvantage of this country. So keen has commercial competition become between the nations that Sir Robert Giffen, a cautious economist of the older school, contemplates not merely subsidised but free carriage of goods in certain cases.

His argument is directed to the preservation of old markets without the Empire for the special benefit of this country, but is equally applicable to new ones within his Majesty's dominions for the common benefit of the several parts, as the Protectorates, the Crown Colonies, India, and, as the external Empire is still an undeveloped patrimony, one may add the Colonies generally. Take the case of South Africa. Germany and the United States are supplying that country with goods which India, Australia, and Canada produce and can produce abundantly. Why, then,

is their exchange so insignificant? The habit of isolation may count for much: the difficulty of securing return-cargoes counts for more; but the chief hindrance lies in the cost of transport. A private firm may risk much to obtain a new avenue of trade, but how can it compete with a State-subsventioned rival or one that, as Mr. Birchenough reports, enjoys differential rates? The rule that applies to new continents, whether steppes, prairies, or veldt, has its application here; facilities for trade must precede trade. Subsidies to steamships and to cables, the hand-maids of commerce, are the most obvious and proved means of providing these facilities.

For a system of subsidies that shall serve at once Great and Greater Britain in their varied interests and link together their several parts for purposes of trade, an additional £1,000,000 would be required, that is to say, £2,000,000 a year for the whole Empire.

The purposes mentioned neither call for large expenditure nor raise issues of great moment; but my fourth heading, protection or security of the Empire, bristles with controversies. There is very little admitted beyond the common-place that adequate defence should be provided, available when required. In a theoretical point of view, therefore, the whole problem will come anew before the Commissioners recently appointed. It will come before them anew in a practical point of view, also: firstly, because the Ministry has wisely granted them a free hand; and, secondly, because the late war and War Commission have amply shown that we are ill-prepared for a great struggle, and that we do not sufficiently utilise the military resources of the Empire.

Common defence raises three main questions. The first is, may the

sphere of local activity in our system be separated from the Imperial? If this be answered in the affirmative, as I think it should and must be, then secondly, what measure of control, what portion of burden, should be allotted to the groups severally? The third point is what control and burden should be assumed by the Empire at large?

A State's defensive system should be adapted to its conditions, and these are generally determined by its geographical situation. Thus, a people exposed to attack by land lays chief stress upon its army; its navy, if it have one, takes second place. With us, Canada and India seem to answer that description. They do so in great measure owing to their continental frontiers, but, in this respect, they are not the rule but the exceptions to the rule; and, in formulating a common policy, we must look to the British Dominions as a whole. Here the conditions are reversed. We are not a Continental Power like Russia, Germany, or France, but oceanic, oceanic in the widest sense of that word, having large possessions in every ocean. Gained in the first instance at sea, the Empire has been preserved on the same element. It remains our bond of union and, if control of the sea were lost by any chance, the Empire would crumble into fragments. The common interest therefore points to sea-power and its preservation as the essence, the prime object, of Imperial policy. Again, as no nation may without distraction permit two warlike supremes within its borders, it follows also that the part assignable to the land-forces must, in the purview of the British Empire, be auxiliary rather than primary, and local rather than general.

It is in this sense that I interpret the Resolution passed by the House of Commons on March 5th, 1862,

defining the liability of the Mother Country in respect to her Colonies. It reads as follows:

That this House (while recognising the claims of all portions of the British Empire to Imperial aid in their protection against perils arising from the consequences of Imperial policy) is of opinion that Colonies, exercising the rights of self-government, ought to undertake the main responsibility for their own internal order and security and ought to assist in their own external defence.

What is the obligation of the United Kingdom? Is it absolute, as Mr. Loring assumes? Should it be terminated in a certain number of years on notice given, as the Defence League proposes? These gentlemen seem to theorise on a serious misconception of facts. I do not find that this country guarantees her Colonies to-day, or has ever guaranteed them, in the same sense in which France guarantees hers. In other words, the right and obligation of self-help and self-defence have always been recognised on both sides, and were operative in New England in 1670, in the American Colonies generally in 1755, in Canada in 1812, as in Rhodesia in 1899. It may have been amplified by, but is not the outcome of, that form of constitutionalism known as self-government; it is rather the complement of those large powers which English colonists generally enjoy and which French colonists would like to obtain. It is no new principle excogitated first in 1862, but was coeval with the first transatlantic settlement. The Resolution of the House of Commons is important in itself as the formal enunciation of constitutional dogma in given circumstances; it is still more important because it may be generalised. If, then, it is generalised, it will extend

beyond the Self-governing Colonies, beyond the Crown Colonies and India; it will cast the burden of local defence, external and internal, on the several groups primarily, and thus afford a practicable basis, heretofore wanting, for a common or Imperial protective policy.

The dictum of Parliament has obvious application to land-forces. Let us see, then, how it might work in the Constitutional Colonies, to which we may add the West Indies because they await only the hand of a statesman to take their place as an Empire-Group. None of these communities are averse to universal service; they would admit, therefore, of a vast expansion of military power under local control. The time is coming quickly, I believe, when the rudiments of military exercises, individual, squad and company drill, will be taught at an early age, or as part of every school-programme; but, meantime, the plan of a volunteer-militia is specially suited to the English Colonies, or, as some prefer, an approximation to the Swiss model,—a form of service that is cheap, does not hinder industry, trains the citizen to the use of arms and concerted action, gives scope for higher military education and field practice, and yields an effective of one in six of the population. On this basis the West Indies would have four hundred thousand trained men within the group, South Africa five hundred thousand, Australasia seven hundred thousand and British North America close upon one million.

Military organisation is in its early days in the Colonies, but it has begun. Reduced to form in Canada about forty years ago, after the trial of several methods and the downfall of three successive ministries, it has recently been adopted in New Zealand, is now proposed for

Australia, and may extend further. It imposes the obligation of service on every able-bodied male of fighting age, whether actually enrolled or not. These constitute the Militia, which may be active or reserve. The active force of Canada consists usually of thirty-seven thousand men of all arms, whose annual drill lasts a fortnight or sixteen days, and whose ordinary term is three years. Every three years, then, some thirty-five thousand men or more pass into the reserve and are accumulated there, men who know how to march, handle a rifle, obey orders, and carry out a prescribed movement. Hospital and transport equipment is upon a regimental footing. A small permanent force, chiefly artillery, takes care of forts and provides corps of instruction at the military schools where officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, are trained. Higher instruction is provided at the Military College in Kingston. The Dominion is mapped into districts which are supervised from Headquarters at Ottawa; the whole is under the control of the Minister of Militia who is responsible to the people's representatives.

The reluctance with which colonial, like other people, embark on military expenditure is well known; in this case, the growth of expenditure is hopeful, if not satisfactory. Beginning with twenty cents per head of the population, it rose to thirty about the time of the Fenian Raid, and to forty-one after the North-West Expedition. Last year it was sixty-eight, and the purpose now is to increase it to a dollar, which will yield about £1,200,000 a year. In a country such as Canada much can be done with £1,000,000 a year, owing to the military genius of her people; much has been done with less, for good authorities assure us that, if need came, she could mobilise

an army of three or four hundred thousand men, such as went to South Africa, without inconvenience. Still there is a growing sense among the people, arising chiefly from the late war, that her present provision for defence is inadequate, that she cannot be safeguarded from a distance of three thousand miles, that her main security, at least on land, must be found within herself, and that, for the purpose of due organisation on land and sea her expenditure must be increased three, if not four, times. The point for us is that the House of Commons' Resolution is being carried out, that it is proceeding on the lines of local defence, that local defence accords with the principle of local responsibility so dear to all the Colonies, and that, however admirable the vision of a single army controlled from the centre of Empire may be, it comes too late in the history of our people.

The same considerations apply, though in a less strict sense, to the Crown Colonies generally many of which, as, for instance, the Straits Settlements, now make provision for defence. The chief application of the principle will be found in India which would thereupon become the Empire's school of military science. She would gain largely, and the Empire would lose nothing, from leave given to recruit her white army in any part of his Majesty's possessions. Her saving in money, it is estimated, would amount to no less than £750,000 yearly, let us say, a capital sum of £30,000,000. At the same time, India, or the Asiatic group, marks the limit to which the principle could be pressed in Greater Britain; from that point it would require supplementing on the Imperial side. For instance, the many stations that dot the ocean and afford subsidiary bases for the Navy would fall to

the care of the Admiralty, and their expense, now rising to £3,000,000 a year, would be transferred to the common account. The Protectorates and Spheres of Influence, likewise, call for special treatment, and arrangements will be needed whereby the available force of the Empire may be brought to bear on any part in case of invasion or serious rebellion. Recent experience demonstrates how advantageous to all parties such an understanding would be. On the other hand, the frank adoption of local defence as an Imperial principle would facilitate both the making and working of the exceptional provisions, including the apportionment of cost.

But, it may be asked, is the system applicable to the heart of the Empire? It has special application here. In the first place, a part of the present outlay, a large part though difficult to determine with any degree of accuracy, is incurred not for home-defence but to supply India and the coaling-stations or Imperial outposts. This drain would cease and the monies be available for other uses. Again, the era of small expeditions, opening about the time of the House of Commons' Resolution, has come to an end, for the waste places of the earth have since been occupied. Like the Russians, we have been picking up "unconsidered trifles" but now find ourselves face to face with Great Powers. If this country were invaded or any portion of the Empire seriously attacked, let us say India or Canada, points which are territorially vulnerable and where the Army could render prime assistance, of what advantage would twenty thousand or seventy thousand men be, no matter how competent? Ten times the number would be needed. There must follow, therefore, a corresponding change in military organisation. The new Commission may consider the

question, whether the augmentation shall proceed on professional or non-professional lines, or be compounded of both elements; but the need of a vast increase in fighting force is evident, whether we look to home-defence or to the security of the Empire. The advocates of a National Militia, estimating the cost per man at £25 to £30 a year, tell us how we might have an army of five hundred thousand and save £15,000,000 a year, or an army of one million at the present outlay.

The Resolution of 1862 is supplemented by the Act of 1865 (28 Vict. c. 14) which enables the Colonies to provide for and control their coastal defence. What coastal defence may include in modern times on land and sea is an expert rather than a general question, and depends directly on the locality to be served. An important provision in the Act is that the local naval reserves are to be available for Imperial use. As one might expect from her position, Australia has made more use of the powers conferred than any other Colony, and has concluded an arrangement with the Admiralty which will entail an expense to the Commonwealth of £200,000 for the next ten years. Both India and Australia have done much to work out a practical scheme of naval defence applicable to the several colonial groups. In this connection, I may refer to the papers of Senator Matheson on the subject, for they show how needful coastal defences and a coastal defence force, including a naval reserve, are to the Colonies, and dissipate the idea that either would contravene the efficient working of a really Imperial navy.

A recent estimate of the Admiralty sets the cost of coastal defence for Australia at £367,000 a year. One battleship, four second-class cruisers, and sundry small craft are said to be

required in South Africa. Canada would need two squadrons, one on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific, and, if the Bagot-Marcy Convention were abrogated, a third on the Great Lakes. The seafaring population of the Dominion is large, her Atlantic fishermen numbering about fifty thousand, and the question of their training for defence is now engaging the attention of the Government.

Hitherto we have been considering the local side of the parliamentary division-line; what then shall we say of the Imperial side? It includes the remainder and consists primarily of the fighting force of the Navy and, as an adjunct, of the coaling-stations used as naval bases. In distinction to the guardianship of the coast, I take the fighting force of the Navy to include battleships, armoured cruisers, destroyers, and, for purposes of intelligence, either fast scouts specially built or steamships subsidised under Admiralty conditions. The following table gives a comparative view of the Empire's standing in this regard at the end of 1902. It embraces vessels building as well as built, but omits those which are more than twenty-five years old.

Countries	Battleships	Large Cruisers
Great Britain	58	72
France } ..	64 { 37 } 85	50 { 31 } 61
Russia } ..		
Germany ..	21	11
	Total 143	Total 133

Are we sufficiently safeguarded? There are contending theories. One party holds that a two-power standard is enough for all probable contingencies, that is, a Navy equal to the combined fleets of any two naval nations of the first class; another advocates a three-power standard;

both sides take fighting value as their test and not numbers merely. We need not enter into the discussion, but may proceed to consider what probable cost would be thrown on the Empire by the transference of Imperial protection, as already defined, to the common account.

The problem is a mixed one, including interest and capital, annual and permanent outlay, which should be reduced to terms of yearly payments. For this purpose, we may assume that the battleships number sixty and cost £1,000,000 each; that the proportion of cruisers to act with them is likewise sixty, according to the recommendation of the late Committee, and their average value £750,000; that they shall be accompanied by a similar number of destroyers worth £50,000 a piece; and that subsidised steamers, according to Lord Charles Beresford's suggestion, are utilised as scouts. To this one should add the present value of the coaling stations; but, as that point can scarcely be determined, I represent it by a nominal figure. The capital account to be transferred would then stand as follows:

60 battleships at £1,000,000 =	£60,000,000
60 cruisers „ 750,000 =	45,000,000
60 destroyers „ 50,000 =	3,000,000
Coaling stations or naval bases	65,000,000
<hr/>	
Total...	£173,000,000

Yearly instalments at five per cent. will pay off the debt in a reasonable time, one half being reckoned for interest and the other as sinking fund. The separation of interests involved in dividing local from Imperial defence will afford a sound

basis for the operation of a sinking-fund. The amount coming to it yearly would be £4,375,000. If this sum, as it arises, were lent at two and a half per cent. to the Colonies for such defence works as they require, we should at once accumulate our fund on good security and fortify our Empire on terms that would not bear too heavily on his Majesty's subjects beyond the realm. But, passing this, the total payment on capital account would be £8,650,000. To this should be added a sum for maintenance, repairs, and so forth, but that I can only represent by a nominal figure in the following estimate, inasmuch as I have searched the public accounts in vain for the average yearly cost of a fully equipped and manned battleship, cruiser, and destroyer respectively.

Payment on capital account, interest and sinking fund ...	£8,650,000
Maintenance, etc. ...	8,600,000
Expense of Colonial Stations	3,000,000
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Total...	£20,250,000

We may now collect the items of expenditure for the several Imperial purposes mentioned:

An Imperial Court ...	£127,000
„ Services ...	1,500,000
„ Subsidies ...	2,000,000
„ Defence ...	20,250,000
<hr/>	
Total...	£23,877,000

One may call it £24,000,000 in all, of which £3,500,000 have immediate bearing on commerce and are reproductive; the rest is regulative or protective.

T. B. BROWNING.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE COURT OF SACHARISSA.

(A MIDSUMMER IDYLL.)

CHAPTER X.

THE Major wore an expression of severe concentration as he sat bolt upright and looked at Sacharissa. She was leaning back in her chair, with the shady hat, which she had taken off, in her lap, and her eyes turned in the direction of the rosary. The Major pulled his moustache with his left hand; he evidently had something on his mind.

"I hope they will get here before the storm begins," she said.

"Oh they'll be here all right," he answered without conviction.

"They must be quick then," and she looked apprehensively at the banks of sullen cloud rolling up from the north. A sudden gust of wind swept through the tree tops and died.

"They'll be all right." The Major's anxiety, though real enough, was not on their account. "And besides there was something I wanted to say before they came." His brows were set as of a man who goes out to battle.

Sacharissa gave a little exclamation as a long peal of thunder rumbled among the distant hills. "Oh, it's getting nearer," she said sitting up suddenly. Her nerves were vibrating like a sensitive instrument under the electric influence of the great clouds.

Electricity had no effect on the Major, who continued his train of

thought. "I expect you've noticed, —I mean, I'm not much good at this sort of thing but I want to tell you—"

He was unfortunate in his choice of an occasion. Sacharissa's attention, divided before, was now wholly distracted by a vivid flash of lightning which seemed to pierce the heart of the leaden sky. "Oh," she cried, and she held her breath to count the seconds.

"It's miles away," said the Major after several had elapsed, but he spoke to unheeding ears. She jumped up as the answering peal began. "We must put the chairs into the summer-house," she said. "Here they are," she added with some relief as a figure appeared on the lawn. "It is the Exotic." She looked again. "I do believe he is running." In spite of her nerves she gave a little laugh.

The Major's reply was unintelligible, and he lifted the chairs with a strong indignant hand. Sacharissa had done the Exotic less than justice; he was certainly moving with haste, but he was hardly running. He reached them in rather breathless condition. "I ran," he explained; "the weather is going to be very unpleasant. They are just behind," he added in answer to her look of enquiry. Three figures appeared on the lawn as he spoke.

The first heavy drop of rain fell

on Sacharissa's hand and the thunder rumbled again in the hills. She prepared for instant flight. "Come along up to the house," she called out to the new comers. She led the way swiftly across the lawn, up a little path which ran between thick clumps of laurel, and over the broad sweep of gravel before the house. The front door was open and they followed her in.

"Just in time," she said breathlessly, looking back on the drive. The rain had begun in earnest now, and the great drops spattered on the dry gravel like miniature shells.

"You are not all here," she said now that there was leisure for greetings, noting that the Ambassador and the Scribe were absent.

"The Ambassador stopped in the village to send a telegram," explained the Man of Truth; "they won't be long."

"They will get drenched," said Sacharissa feelingly.

"Oh, they'll wait till the worst is over, and besides they've got waterproofs," he assured her.

Sacharissa opened the door leading into the inner hall. "We must try and make ourselves comfortable here," she said looking round. "I think there are enough big chairs."

They surveyed the hall with appreciation. The diamond panes of a great window cased in black oak looked out upon the drive. On the polished floor were strewn thick soft rugs whose rich colours blending in the subdued light merged into a deep red. A spacious open fire-place in an ancient frame of carved oak, with panels of burnished copper, displayed logs laid ready for kindling, and fronted the broad staircase which led away to the upper part of the house. The eyes of pictured cavaliers and old-time ladies looked down from the panelled walls upon the easy chairs,

revolving bookcases, and low tables which were scattered about seductively, a charmed circle of comfort and leisured repose; they looked down too, as it seemed half curiously, upon the intruders.

The Exotic made his unerring way to the most comfortable chair in the hall, and sat down promptly without regard to the fact that the Major was also moving towards it. Sacharissa had seated herself in the corner of an oaken settle placed at right angles to the fire-place. Her face was a little pale, and it was with something of an effort that she suggested a disposition of the chairs. The Major hesitated; there was plenty of room for another person on the settle, but it had a straight back. He compromised and drawing a chair as near to it as possible sat down solemnly.

Sacharissa opened the conversation by calling attention to the inclemency of the weather. The Man of Truth unreservedly expressed the general silence of assent. Next she repeated her fear that the other two would get drenched, and the Man of Truth again comforted her by eulogising the quality of their mackintoshes. The lashing of the rain on the gravel outside and from time to time the rolling of the distant thunder tolled the knell of the dialogue. Sacharissa roused herself and looked round for a new idea. Her gaze fell on the Exotic who was lying back in his chair gazing at the logs in the fire-place with a face of profound melancholy.

"You don't seem happy," she observed.

"Life is hollow," he returned with a shiver. She was surprised; this phase of the Exotic was new.

"It isn't," said the Man of Truth. "That's a good flash," he added as the hall was lighted up for an instant.

"Life is hollow," persisted the Exotic, "and we are vain delusions of a dream."

Sacharissa looked round for aid. She did not know what to do with the Exotic in this mood; but the Ambassador was far away.

"It is very hollow," he continued; "all things are vain."

The Mime caught the infection of melancholy and fell naturally into his part. "The time is out of joint, oh cursed spite," he quoted dolorously. The Poet gave a heavy sigh; his sympathies were awakened and he too felt sad.

Sacharissa looked at the Major, who shook his head to intimate that he did not understand it at all, and then at the Man of Truth, who alone preserved his cheerfulness but did not know what to do with it. He called attention to another flash of lightning, which did not comfort anybody.

"A vale of misery," complained the Exotic.

"Weary, flat, stale and unprofitable," groaned the Mime.

"Oh for one united abnegation!" sighed the Poet. They all sighed in chorus. A loud crash of thunder succeeded these depressing utterances, and the roll which followed seemed to shake the house.

"As the sparks fly upwards so is man born to sorrow," said the Exotic.

"The best of things is not to have been born at all," wailed the Mime.

"Or, being born, at once to die," the Poet moaned. They all sighed again. The Man of Truth remarked that it was a reasonably heavy storm as another flash lighted up the wan faces of the three.

Sacharissa looked an imperious appeal at the Major who did his best. "Do you hunt?" he asked the Poet, who paid not the least attention but sighed yet again.

"The cigarette-box, quick," she

whispered to the Major pointing to a table behind him. He rose and fetched it. "Hand it to them," she entreated. He hurried round with it. The Man of Truth took a cigarette calmly. As he lighted it he said to Sacharissa: "We can't do anything with them when they're like this, you know. It's the weather."

The others waved away the cigarette-box with pessimism. "All delights are hollow," explained the Exotic, and his companions groaned a sad assent.

Sacharissa was not far from tears herself now, the atmosphere was so very depressing. With set face she kept her eyes on the door. The Major looked at her in consternation and then at the melancholy trio in disgust. It passed his experience.

There was another vivid flash of lightning followed by a groan from the three armchairs and a shudder from Sacharissa, and then, blessed sound, by a ring at the front door bell. With a little sigh of relief that was almost a sob she jumped up and ran into the outer hall. The opening of the door revealed the figures of the Ambassador and the Scribe clad in long mackintoshes glistening with wet.

The Ambassador marked the trouble in her face and the signs of unshed tears. His glance was eloquent of tender enquiry. "I *am* so glad you've come," she said; "I don't know what to do with them. I've never seen people so unhappy, and I can't think what it is all about."

"Did the Exotic begin it?" asked the Scribe. She nodded. "I thought so," he commented. "He always dallies with the idea of suicide when it rains."

"What can I do to stop it?" she asked looking up at them.

"Can you have a fire lighted?" asked the Ambassador in return.

She nodded again more hopefully. "He will be all right then," he assured her.

"It's his way of asking for it," explained the Scribe smiling.

A loud concerted groan, in which from the expression of his face even the Major might have joined, greeted them as they entered the hall.

"A sad world, my masters," said the Scribe cheerfully as he drew a chair towards the fire-place.

Sacharissa rang a bell and sat down again in the corner of the settle.

The Ambassador after a stern glance at the delinquents which effectually stopped any more outward manifestations of misery, sat down in the other corner of the settle. The Major's face showed that he regretted his precipitate choice of a chair. Sacharissa charged a servant who answered the bell to see to the kindling of a fire, and before long a pleasant glow answered the crackling of the dry sticks.

Hope entered the Exotic's soul once more, and he gazed at the flames with a face that expressed almost incredulous surprise at finding that the world still contained some fragments of pleasure, an expression that gradually mellowed into one of placid content. "Please may I have a cigarette?" he asked plaintively, as though he had been very much neglected. The Mime, who perceived that the act was over, preferred the same request, but the Poet remained lost in melancholy abstraction.

"You must not be surprised if he becomes very cheerful now," said the Ambassador to Sacharissa in a low tone.

"I don't think I could be surprised at anything he did after this," she returned confidentially.

The Exotic exhaled a mouthful of smoke with great satisfaction. "I saw such a funny thing the other

day," he announced presently beaming on Sacharissa. "I saw two people shaking hands, and one of them had a face like a melon and the other a face like a cocoa-nut; and yet they seemed pleased to see each other." The Exotic shook his head amiably as who should say the world is full of pleasant surprises.

"Why shouldn't they be pleased?" asked the Man of Truth.

"There was every reason why they should be," remarked the Scribe.

Sacharissa was a little puzzled, but she was too much relieved by the lighter turn in the conversation to be very anxious as to the Exotic's meaning. She turned to the Ambassador. "How are you going to amuse me this afternoon?" she asked.

Before he could make any suggestion the Exotic was off again. "It seems a good opportunity," he began, "for me to narrate the history of the Con—" the Man of Truth broke in impatiently with a rude remark concerning a branch of the Ottoman Empire—"Considerable Carrot, I was about to say," continued the Exotic with dignity, "but since no one seems to favour the idea I will refrain."

Sacharissa laughed and asked the Exotic to review his decision, but he was firm. The Man of Truth announced his belief that there was no such story.

"That would not prevent the Exotic from telling it," the Scribe reminded him.

After much pressing, however, the Exotic consented to tell a story, though not the one he had mentioned. "I will relate," he said, "the history of the Lovely Princess and her Suitors, the six handsome Princes who came from a Distance." Sacharissa was about to applaud this idea when the Ambassador by force of will-power compelled the Exotic to look up and catch his eye.

"I will relate," continued the Exotic, "the history of the Hand-some Prince and his Suitors, the six lovely Princesses who came from a Distance."

Sacharissa looked at the Ambassador, who shook his head with a little smile to explain that the Exotic's mental vagaries were beyond his control.

"Thus," the Exotic went on, "runs the tale of the first Princess.

"The Prince, though past the years of first and foolish youth, yet retained his ideals; he adored the beautiful, and dreamed of realising the possibilities of romance. His slaves, four stalwart Nubians, living statues of ebony, were wont to carry him in his cushioned litter to a luxuriant arbour in his palace gardens where, by a fountain of limpid water, remote from the world he contemplated the infinite, leaving his wars to rude generals and hired mercenaries, the administration of his realms to sordid ministers and routine-bound officials, for he conceived it his duty to set his people the most edifying of examples by living the life of a philosopher in untroubled seclusion.

"But on a day the impudent petal of a lily fell and sullied the pure mirror of the pool. The Prince started, and looked up. Before him stood the chief of his ministers, who exhibited signs of acute discomposure. The Prince mutely signified his astonishment at such an intrusion. 'Sire,' pleaded the Minister, 'without wait the six Lovely Princesses.' 'What six Lovely Princesses?' said the Prince's look. 'The six Lovely Princesses who have come from a Distance,' the Minister added. The Prince shuddered. A grim spectre rose up before him, the spectre of impending matrimony. Nevertheless, being both a philosopher and a man, he hesitated not; with a fearless

gesture he waved his hand to indicate that they were dismissed."

The Exotic stopped, lay back in his chair, and stretched out his hand for the cigarette-box. It began to be evident that he thought he had finished the story. This, however, could not be suffered; there was Sacharissa to be considered. The Ambassador removed the cigarette-box out of his reach. "When you have finished," he said with decision.

"And you have six lovely Princesses," the Scribe reminded him.

"Yes, and I want to know all about all of them," said Sacharissa who had not quite comprehended the narrator's intention.

The Exotic resignedly began anew. "With the misguided persistence of the obtuse the Minister reiterated the distasteful intelligence,—distasteful of course," the Exotic explained, seeing some signs of reproof in Sacharissa's face, "only because of the fact of their arrival." Sacharissa's look of reproof softened to bewilderment and he went on hurriedly. "Further the Minister went into the matter at greater length, expatiating on the advantages of matrimony in general and on the eligibility of the newly arrived suitors in particular, enlarging on their unparalleled excellencies of beauty, birth, and fortune, and finally producing six miniatures which he submitted for his master's inspection. They represented indeed six types of beauty faithfully immortalised by six practised court-painters. The Prince yawned; the difficulty of selection threatened to become an invidious weariness. Finally the task proving too arduous and another ministerial discourse seeming imminent, he settled the matter by composing himself to slumber." The Exotic himself yawned in sympathy for his hero.

"He did what?" exclaimed Sacharissa incredulously.

"He sought inspiration in dreams," the Exotic explained, "for he hoped that to his sleeping eye the vision of the beloved might be vouchsafed."

The Poet nodded sagely, and Sacharissa seemed appeased.

"He woke up just in time for tea," the story continued, "which was brought to him in a richly jewelled cup. He was relieved to hear that the six Lovely Princesses had been appropriately lodged and that each several one was now engaged in admiring his portrait, of which six duplicates had been prepared by the Lord High Beautifier. This title," the Exotic explained in deference to the Major's look of astonishment, "had been conferred on the court-photographer as a slight recognition of his skill in making the likeness of a sitter approximate to the ideal, in a manner delicately proportioned to the amount of remuneration suggested.

"The Prince beheld the Minister approaching afar off. Doubtless the six Lovely Princesses were becoming impatient. Willing, however, even at some sacrifice to his own convenience, to assist their perplexity, he signed to an attendant, who replaced the tea-cup on the back of a kneeling slave, and then to the waiting Nubians, who approached with his litter. He entered it and was swiftly borne to the other end of the garden and through a postern gate which he caused to be locked behind him. Then he repaired to a meadow by the river which watered his capital. Here under a spreading palm he reclined, dismissing the slaves, and, the better to meditate on the problem before him, he once more betook himself to the realms of slumber." The Exotic looked plaintively at the cigarette-box which was still out of his reach.

"I thought you said this was the

tale of the first Princess," said the Man of Truth in an aggrieved tone.

"I think the Prince is not quite a stranger," was Sacharissa's little shaft.

"He dreamed," continued the Exotic with a gratified smile. "The red sand of the Syrian desert unrolled itself before his inner vision, stretching into dim infinity. The heated air quivered as it rose, distorting the proportions of a distant cam—"

"Perhaps he had better be allowed a cigarette," said the Ambassador holding out the box.

The Exotic took one and lighted it and continued between his puffs. "But the vision faded, and he awoke,—awoke to find that what he had mistaken for the careful Bactrian was but the approaching figure of the first Princess."

"What a very dreadful comparison," exclaimed Sacharissa.

"She was a fine upstanding young woman," he said in self-defence, reducing Sacharissa to speechless protest.

"She knew him at once," the story went on, "and she began to talk." The Exotic took a deep breath. "She said that she was glad she had found him, and that it was a fine day, just the kind of day for a good long walk. The Prince signified that she might be seated. She obeyed, but the flow of her remarks continued unchecked. She said that she had only just heard of him that morning after she had had her swim, that she had hurried back to breakfast, sent a telegram to say she was coming, done half her packing herself because no one else could do it quick enough, saddled her own horse, and ridden on telling her retinue to follow, 'and then I saw that stupid Minister, and he showed me your photograph, and I thought it perfectly lovely, and I hurried off to the palace, where they said you

were busy with State affairs, but I followed on after him, and I found you were just gone, so I came after you, but the silly gate was locked so I jumped over it, and spent quite a long time looking for you because I went the wrong way, but I've found you at last, and here you are." The Exotic gasped.

"Do you recognise the first Princess?" asked the Scribe slyly.

"No," laughed Sacharissa, with a decided shake of her head.

"The Prince shuddered," continued the Exotic, "and closed his eyes wearily while the first Princess pursued her observations. 'There are a lot of other women there; I suppose they're Princesses, too, but I don't think much of them, they're all helpless creatures, and they've got a lot of people to look after them, and they won't come out in the sun because they're afraid of their complexions, and they all look as jealous of each other as they ever can be, but I didn't pay any attention to them, so I left them and came away, and here I am.' The Prince shuddered in his sleep, and the Princess went on with her monologue. 'And when we're married I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll get up at five, and you shall go for a swim and the Minister and I will do all the State business, and what I can't do you shall do when you come back, and then we'll go for a ride till eight and then we'll have breakfast, and then we'll play tennis and you shall sit in the judgment-hall from ten till one with the Minister, while I go for a walk or a swim or take a little exercise somehow, and then we'll have lunch, and then we shall have time to amuse ourselves, and you shall bowl to me at the nets and the Minister shall field (I adore cricket), and then at half-past four we'll have tea, and after tea we'll go out in a double

sculling boat on the river and we'll have the Minister to steer, unless you can do it with the sculls because I never can, and after that we'll come back and have dinner, and then we'll hold a reception and after that a dance and—well, I can't think of anything more at this moment, but those are some of the things we'll do, and, oh yes, you'll have to take me campaigning every year, and we'll go in the winter when it's frozen and we can't hunt.'" The Exotic paused again to recover his breath, and looked ruefully at his cigarette which had gone out.

"Good sporting girl," said the Major approvingly.

The Exotic threw the cigarette into the fire and continued his story in a more leisurely manner. "The Prince shuddered with such violence that he woke himself; his gaze fell on his fair suitor, and behold it was not a dream. The time for speech had at last come, for she was about to break forth again, so he opened his mouth and began as follows. 'Fair Princess, the red sand of the Syrian desert unrolls itself before my inner vision, stretching into dim—'

"Not both of you," implored the Scribe, "it is too much." The Ambassador conceded the cigarette-box a second time.

"In fact," continued the Exotic as he helped himself, "he narrated to her the tale of the Considerate Kurd, to which the Princess listened with a deference becoming in one who was so obviously unused to it."

"Unused to what," demanded the Man of Truth, "the tale of the Considerate Kurd?"

"No, listening," said the Exotic. "And after it was over, she began again with a vision of the future, but the Prince, who perceived from her manner that she had not grasped the full delicacy of the narrative, or

CHAPTER XI.

realised the importance of the lessons it teaches, especially concerning the vanity of prophecy and the evils of immoderate speech, interposed and for the sake of her ultimate enlightenment related it afresh from the beginning."

"And then?" asked the Ambassador for the Exotic had stopped.

"And then he related it a third time," said the Exotic, "and twice after that," he added in sudden defiance of the Man of Truth who was ready with objections, "and at last the miracle was effected,—it was the first Princess who slept. The Prince signalled to the Nubians to approach on noiseless feet, stepped into his litter, and was borne swiftly away. And that is the end of the tale of the first Princess," concluded the Exotic hastily for fear anyone should be in doubt.

"It isn't a tale at all," said the Man of Truth.

"No, its meant for a parable," said the Scribe.

"Well I don't care what it's meant for," grumbled the Man of Truth; "it isn't a tale."

"Perhaps the story really begins with the second Princess," suggested Sacharissa looking to the Exotic.

"I don't know anything about the other Princesses," he replied firmly. "You wouldn't want me to invent surely!" There were depths of virtuous reproach in his tone.

Sacharissa laughed but insisted. "You promised to tell the tale of the six Princesses."

The Exotic was innocently apologetic. "I forgot I only knew about one," he said. The discussion was interrupted by the arrival of tea, and the Exotic was allowed to carry his point. "I think they know about the other Princesses, he said as he received his tea-cup, indicating his friends generally.

THE Major rose regretfully and put down his tea-cup. "I'm afraid I must go," he said in apology to Sacharissa, "I've got a lot of things to attend to." The Ambassador accompanied him to the door.

"It is still raining hard," he reported as he came back. The Exotic keeping a firm gaze on the fire, settled himself more comfortably in his chair with the luxurious content of one who knows that someone else is going out into the wet.

The Scribe, noting this, reminded him of his obligation to the five Princesses. "I said I didn't know anything about them," the Exotic complained.

"Not even after tea?" hinted his persecutor.

The Exotic shook his head gently.

"Why anyone would make up five more stories like that," said the indignant Man of Truth.

"As the Placid Pasha said to the Careful Camel," returned the Exotic with dignity, "*the sausage-seller, observed the Imam, could not preach till they put him in the pulpit.*"

Sacharissa turned to the Ambassador. "I should think the other five Princesses must be rather tired of the photographs by now; won't somebody rescue one of them?"

"If you mean that I can't," began the Man of Truth, who had been meditating on the saying of the Placid Pasha; Sacharissa added the additional stimulus necessary. "We are sure you can," she said. "Please do."

The Man of Truth looked defiantly at the Exotic and began the story without further preamble.

"Well, the Prince went back to the palace and had the Nubians executed and the Minister degraded."

Sacharissa, not understanding that

the Man of Truth was trying to keep up the oriental atmosphere created by the Exotic, asked the reason of such stern measures.

"Oh well," — the Man of Truth conceded the point,—"he didn't have them executed, he gave them to the first Princess." The possibilities of poetical licence were breaking in upon him.

"An equivalent of punishment?" suggested the Scribe.

"I'm telling this story," said the Man of Truth firmly. "So the Prince went off to see the second Princess. He didn't think much of her,—but appearances are deceptive," he conceded generously. In his new rôle of narrator the value of an occasional philosophical discursus was beginning to make itself felt. "She was small, and had a lot of fluffy hair, and she wore a sort of green sack tied up under her arms."

The Ambassador and the Scribe looked helplessly at Sacharissa, who declined to give an opinion unless she had more details. The Man of Truth was perplexed. "It was a sack," he insisted, "a green sack, and it hung straight down from her arms to the floor."

"I wonder if he means an Empire dress," hazarded Sacharissa, but no one could give her any answer.

The Man of Truth went on with his story. "She was sitting with her back to the light reading a little thin book with a large vellum cover and green strings. 'You want to marry me?' he said, and she answered something about kindred souls. He said he didn't know anything about that, but he had come to look at her and see if she would do." The Man of Truth paused, story-telling proving more difficult than he had expected. He decided to hasten his conclusion. "She didn't do, and he told her so, and

then he came away. And that shows that all is not gold that glitters," he threw in with a praiseworthy effort to strengthen the human interest of his story.

"Is that a parable too?" asked the Scribe.

"What do you mean?" returned the Man of Truth.

"I was meditating on the moral," the Scribe answered.

"Oh well," the Man of Truth admitted, "one can't invent a thing off-hand you know. One ought to have pen and paper."

The Exotic smiled encouragingly on the Man of Truth while he addressed him. "To paraphrase the the remark of the Placid Pasha, *a certain man wishing to build a house stole one brick.*"

"I don't think the Princes—I mean the Prince is treating his suitors at all nicely," said Sacharissa.

"He is only waiting for the right Princess," suggested the Ambassador.

Sacharissa was about to call upon the Poet, who had lingered in spirit beside the royal fountain and had hardly listened to the Man of Truth, when the Mime saw an opening and stepped nimbly in.

"'Twas love the Prince desired," he announced hurriedly. Feeling that so far he had been somewhat inconspicuous, he plunged into the narrative with the more energy, and was suffered to proceed. "He vowed that he would be loved for himself and not for his kingdom. Not in his royal robes, not at the head of his veterans would he woo her, but disguised as one of the meanest of his subjects. Often had he watched the artless courtship of the 'prentices and the buxom maidens at his gates, and often had he envied their freedom. For him their was no stolen kiss, no whispering beneath the moon, no wandering adown the river bank arm

linked in arm or encircling shy waist."

The Exotic yawned, thinking that he himself had made quite clear the sort of thing the Prince did not do some time ago.

The Mime, checked in his catalogue of royal disabilities, returned to his story. "So on a day he disguised himself in russet brown, seized a minstrel's harp, and hied him to her lodging where under her window he poured forth his soul in song. The Princess came out with her tire-women to the balcony. His heart beat high and he redoubled his passionate appeal." The Mime's hand swept imaginary harp-strings and for one brief instant it seemed almost as if he intended to sing. The Ambassador shook his head.

"The Princess leaned over the balcony. In that hour he loved her to distraction. Surely she could not choose but return his devotion; was not her heart beating responsive to his own? Ha, ha!" The Mime laughed so bitterly that Sacharissa was a little startled. "He saw her hand outstretched, he marked its delicate whiteness against the green, a flower amid the leaves. Would she throw him a rose, or mayhap a kerchief of finest lace, or, choicest of all, a kiss? But no, ha, ha!" The Mime thoroughly enjoyed his mephistophelian mirth. "He gave her love. She threw him *money*, a coin of *basest bronze*." The words were heavy with tragic scorn. "He wrapped his cloak about him, dashed down his harp, and turning upon his indignant heel ground the coin into the mire. Thus he parted from her."

"I really think it was rather absurd of him," said Sacharissa. "Surely he could not have expected her to fall in love with him just from hearing a song."

"She was incapable of love," returned the Mime with decision.

"How do you know?" asked the Man of Truth.

The Mime shook his head in bitter reminiscence. "I know because I've proved it," he answered. "It's just what she did to me."

"Which she?" enquired the Scribe. The Mime looked at him without intelligence. "Perhaps you could give us the date of the incident?" he went on. "The pronoun *she*," he explained in apology to Sacharissa, "is so indefinite. We can never be sure to whom he refers unless we get the date as well."

The Mime, however, paid no further attention to him and looked round for the cigarettes.

Sacharissa reproved the Scribe. "I am afraid you are not sympathetic," she said. He protested against the accusation. "Then to prove it you must rescue the fourth Princess, and I hope you will treat her better than the others have been treated."

He protested against this too. "And besides I don't think she needs any rescuing," he added.

"Why not?" Sacharissa returned.

"She's quite happy with the Emperor," he said.

Sacharissa was mystified. "I don't quite understand," she said; "what Emperor?"

"Hasn't anyone mentioned the Emperor?" said the Scribe affecting to search his memory. "But there always is an Emperor."

"Do you mean," asked the Man of Truth who was also mystified, "that the Emperor cuts him out?" The Scribe admitted that he did mean something of that nature, but he firmly declined to embark on a story. "Then why," demanded the Man of Truth, "does she call herself a suitor if she's going to marry another man all the time?"

"She doesn't," said the Scribe.

"It was the Exotic who put her in a false position." The Exotic seemed inclined to protest but thought better of it.

"This is too puzzling," said Sacharissa shaking her head. "We'll hear about the fifth Princess please," she added looking towards the Poet.

The Poet was, as ever, obedient, and he began dreamily. "The Prince was alone by the marble basin of the pool. He leaned on the polished stone and gazed into the limpid waters as though he found in them the magic mirror of his fate. It was the hour of noon, and time seemed to rest with the shadows for a little space. Around and beyond all things glowed in the sunlight, but over him a great elm towered aloft, and beneath its branches lurked mysterious gloom for no cunning beam could pierce its leafage. The calm waters in the mystery of the shade revealed nothing, reflected nothing, save only the features of him who gazed down into them.

"Yet for the Prince there was magic in the mirror, for it was not himself that he beheld therein. The eyes of another looked back into his own, the eyes, the face of another framed in a glory of golden brown hair. He bent lower; her lips looked as though waiting for his kisses; love and gladness lighted her smile. It seemed that he had but to claim that vision of youth and beauty for his own, and his heart beat high with the joy of that knowledge.

"His eyes grew dim, and it was as though a mist covered the water. Then he saw clearly again and once more he beheld his own face, his own and yet not his own, not as it was but as it would be. He saw himself old and grey, marked with the scars of battle; he saw his brow lined with the cares of his estate; grim and stern he looked, his eyes were cold,

and he knew he was looking into the future. And then it was as though future and present joined hands for a brief moment, for her face appeared once more in the mirror and the two faces looked up at him together, hers in the springtime of its youth and his in the winter of its age, as though to mock him with the vanity of his dreams. Sadly he realised that it could not be; youth and age may never join in fellowship.

"He looked up from his reverie; the shadows were creeping across the garden and already he was almost too late for his duty. It was the hour when he sat and gave audience. With a sigh he roused himself and returned to the palace to his throne in the hall of judgment."

The Poet had ended. His hero's renunciation of self had affected him with melancholy, and in consequence he missed the Man of Truth's objection that what they wanted to hear about was the fifth Princess.

"Was the Prince getting on in years?" asked Sacharissa.

The Poet considered the matter, and came to the conclusion that he was still quite young.

"Then I think he might at least have asked her opinion," she said smiling. "The Princess would have got old too in course of time."

The Poet looked surprised; he had not thought of that.

"Perhaps he knew what her opinion would be," suggested the Scribe.

"But I think the Prince's character is improving," she decided. The Exotic ignored this remark and innocently enquired why the Man of Truth was looking at him. "It is almost a pity," Sacharissa continued, "as he seems fated to remain a bachelor. I suppose the sixth Princess had no better fortune?" she looked to the Ambassador.

But the Ambassador would not be

drawn into a story. "I think he left the decision with her," he suggested.

"And how did she decide?" Sacharissa persisted; but on that point the Ambassador was not informed.

"Does no one know?" She appealed to the company generally.

"No one," answered the Scribe. Sacharissa was disappointed; this indefinite condition of the Prince's affairs vexed her.

However the Exotic saw an opportunity of restoring his hero to the pedestal from which the others had caused him to step down. "I know," he announced placidly.

"You said you didn't," objected the Man of Truth.

"I said I didn't know anything about the other Princesses," the Exotic admitted, "but I know he cannot have married any of them."

"Why?" Sacharissa enquired.

"Because he married someone else," he explained with satisfaction. In response to her question he continued: "The fortunate lady was a Princess who was not a princess and she came from a Distance which was not a distance."

"That is too perplexing," said Sacharissa. She shook her head over the problem and the Exotic with great readiness hastened to resolve her doubts. "The Prince," he began, "woke up just in time for tea." The Man of Truth did not hesitate to point out that he had already done this once. "For his second cup, of course," the Exotic condescended. "While he was drinking it he gazed into the crystal mirror of the fountain at the picture it reflected, a picture to which even the Lord High Beautifier had never been able to do full justice." The Exotic lingered a little over the picture and left it with regret. "But the picture passed and it seemed to his wondering eye

that there succeeded to it the features of the Six Lovely Princesses who came from a Distance, their features and yet not their features, not as they were but as they would be." The narrator looked triumphantly at the Poet and paused, that the idea might sink properly into the minds of his hearers. "And then," he now glanced at the Scribe, "there came upon him the thought of the six Emperors—"

"Six Emperors," echoed Sacharissa. One emperor had been puzzling enough, and she rather resented six.

"There are always six Emperors," he returned with another glance at the Scribe. "Of the six Emperors," he resumed placidly, "and he waged a silent battle within himself against his natural impulse." The Exotic selected a cigarette carefully but did not light it, being oppressed with the terrible conflict of emotions that was going on within his hero. "But at last his mind was made up. A man and a philosopher as well as a prince, he steeled his heart against such weakness. Let fate do its worst; he would *not* warn the six Emperors of what he had seen." The Exotic put down the cigarette and looked round with pride; his hero too was chivalrous; he too was capable of renunciation, "Then he signalled to his waiting Nubians—"

"They were given to the first Princess," objected the Scribe, who was much amused at the Exotic's efforts to rehabilitate the Prince.

"They retired from her service with all convenient speed," explained the historian hurriedly; "and then he entered his litter and was borne back to the palace. Here he be-thought him of his high mission; it was love he desired, not princesses. Therefore disguising himself in russet green as a hop-picker he set out on the quest."

"On foot?" asked the Scribe.

The Exotic was forced to consider. His hero's reputation required tender treatment. An expedient occurred to him. "The heated air quivered as it rose, distorting the proportions of a distant—"

The Ambassador checked the period. "The Prince is disguised as a hop-picker," he reminded him.

The Exotic sighed—it seemed that his Prince must walk—"of a distant milkmaid," he emended, "whom, as she got nearer, he discovered to be disguised as a princess and to have come from a distance that was plainly no distance."

"What was it then?" the Man of Truth demanded.

"A dairy," said the Exotic, continuing without loss of time. "Their eyes met and they loved to distraction. In response to his invitation she took off her crown and sat down beside him. They conversed pleasantly and in due course he narrated to her the history of the Considerate Kurd to which she listened with appreciative attention. When it was ended she craved one boon." The Exotic paused. "It was that she might hear it again." Several of the audience had shown signs of protest before, but this elicited a chorus of incredulity.

The Exotic continued placidly. "And so he acceded to her request, and the more she heard it the more pleasing did it become until she felt that she would gladly listen to it for ever. But pondering on the saying of the Placid Pasha when he beheld the trappings of the Careful Camel, *The dove hath no need of the peacock's tail*, she reflected on the disparity of their costume, and bethought her of the raiment more suitable to her profession which she had left behind in the dairy. So promising that she would return anon she hastened off

to effect the necessary transformation. The Prince beckoned to the waiting Nubians—"

"He is still a hop-picker," remarked the Ambassador.

"So are the Nubians," stated the Exotic in triumph; the Prince was not going to walk after all. "He returned meditatively to the palace, where with the assistance of his faithful slaves he resumed his habitual attire; and when he came back once more to woo her at the head of his veterans he found that with distressing unanimity of purpose she too had put off her disguise. *Love*, as the Placid Pasha observes, *is an exchange in which both parties are losers*. Yet, as it is possible for one party to lose less than the other, the Prince, spurred by the emergency, resolved to act. He related to his veterans the tale of the Considerate Kurd, while the Nubians conferred with the milkmaid, and explained to her that though a prince could not for ever become a hop-picker, yet a milkmaid might for ever become a princess, a point which she grasped without any unreasonable delay."

"She would," observed the Scribe, a little to Sacharissa's annoyance.

"They were married," concluded the Exotic, "by the kind assistance of the Conscientious Curate who happened to be visiting in the district. And so they lived happily ever afterwards. Yes, please, I will have my cigarette," he ended cheerfully.

On the conclusion of the Exotic's tale the Ambassador rose to his feet "But you are not going yet?" objected Sacharissa. The Ambassador feared that the Prince's matrimonial complications had already prolonged their visit unduly.

"But it is still raining," she persisted, "and besides you've missed your train." The Ambassador's watch corroborated her statement. "We

have stolen an hour from fortune," he admitted.

"Then you must pay the penalty of your crime," she smiled, "by making it a little worse. If you don't mind stealing a little more I will do my best to make up for the loss of your dinner, and we will picnic out here. Please do."

The Ambassador's scruples melted like snow under the sun of Sacharissa's behest, and, indeed, as she had said, the rain was not yet over.

CHAPTER XII.

"WHAT is going to be the end of all this?" asked the Man of Truth as they reached the bridge. As no one gave him an immediate answer he continued, "It can't go on for ever, you know."

Still there was no answer, in words at least, but by tacit consent the party came to a halt. "It's a nice moon," said the Exotic looking amiably up at the object of his praise. Both the thunder and the after-rain had passed, leaving behind a cool wind which chased small fleecy fragments of cloud headlong over the sky. Now and then one of them passed before the moon seeming to pause an instant in its course that it might dim, though it could not quite obscure, her silver lamp. The wind that chased the clouds also kept the leaves awake and they rustled uneasily, as they seldom do on a summer night. "And a cold air," continued the Exotic with a shiver.

The Scribe leaned upon the rail of the bridge and gazed at the stream, which was somewhat swollen and garrulous after the rain. He watched a piece of straw that glistened silver in the moonlight as it circled round and round in the eddy below the bridge. "As he says," he remarked, "it cannot go on for ever, though I

do not see why he should have emphasised the fact. Contemplating the future is a poor business."

"Well, what is to be the end of it?" persisted the Man of Truth. The Exotic turned up the collar of his coat and observed that it was a cold night.

The Poet was looking back towards the house. Through the rustling leaves glimmered a light evidently from an upper window. In the daytime nothing of the house was visible, but through the darkness the golden gleam found its way in spite of the trees. "Why should it have an end?" he asked dreamily, wondering whether the window was the true one, a beacon or a will o' the wisp.

"It must have a good climax," insisted the Mime.

The Ambassador had not yet spoken; he too had noticed the light. "Yes, it must have an end," he said quietly.

The Man of Truth was gratified. "Of course it must," he said. "Why she will marry and then it will be bound to stop."

"Why should she marry?" asked the Poet deciding in his own mind that it was not a will o' the wisp.

"They always do," said the Man of Truth with convincing and pitiless logic. "Why there's the Major waiting for her; anyone could see that."

The Scribe laughed at the water. "Ah, you've noticed it too?" he said.

"It's been evident to me for some time," said the Man of Truth as if proud of his perspicacity.

"Well," observed the Scribe slowly, "granting that she does marry, she need not necessarily marry the Major."

"Well, at any rate, he's the only one we know of," returned the Man of Truth.

The Scribe laughed again but said

nothing, and for a while the silence was unbroken save by the murmur of the stream, and the restless leaves. Then the Poet, still gazing at his beacon, spoke with unusual firmness. "If she marries at all, why should she not marry one of us?"

The Exotic sat down on the bridge with a sigh and lighted a cigarette. The Man of Truth was amused at the Poet's suggestion.

"It would, I think, be the best plan," said the Ambassador.

The Man of Truth was still amused. "How should we decide which it was to be?" he asked.

"We should not decide," observed the Scribe.

"Who would then?" asked the Man of Truth.

"Such a matter almost invariably depends on the lady," returned the Scribe in even tones.

There was another interval of silence while the Man of Truth thought this out. Then with a voice that expressed a tinge of anxiety, "Do you think she will ask one of us?" he questioned. The Exotic shivered again.

"I don't think you need be afraid of that," answered the Scribe with the very slightest emphasis on the pronoun.

"Then how on earth should we find out which it was to be?" asked the Man of Truth mystified and aggrieved.

"We must ask her," answered the Poet.

The Scribe noticed that the silver straw after many vain gyrations in the eddy was at last seized by the main current and borne swiftly away out of sight. "Yes, I suppose that is the only conclusion," he said.

"We will," put in the Mime with enthusiasm, and involuntarily, stretching out his hands in rehearsal, he added "all together."

"No," said the Ambassador sternly, "this is not play-acting. The Poet meant what he said and he said well. In such a matter every one must act by himself and for himself. If one of us should be fortunate enough—" he did not finish the sentence, and his voice trembled slightly as if he were moved by emotion.

"But we can't all," began the Man of Truth.

He was interrupted by the Scribe who called attention to the lights of a train moving in the distance.

"There goes our train," he said; "we have another hour to wait."

"We have another week to wait," said the Poet with a sigh. Even as the Scribe had spoken the gleam that found its way through the trees had vanished, and his gaze encountered only the rustling moonlit branches and the dark formless shadows below.

The Exotic threw his cigarette into the stream and rose to his feet. "If you have all quite finished," he said with perfect politeness, "I think we might move on. I feel as if I were one large icicle, and I must go somewhere and thaw."

(To be continued.)

EDUCATION AND ITS MACHINERY.

WHETHER the Education Act of 1902 be a final and entirely satisfactory measure or not, it is pretty generally agreed that it creates an epoch in our educational development and provides, so to speak, a fresh starting-point. Its treatment of voluntary schools and school-boards is still hotly disputed by those who regard education principally as a bone of contention; but the attempt to unify the system as a whole, and the inclusion of secondary education for the first time in a comprehensive scheme, have been universally approved; and not least of its benefits is the stimulus which it has given to the formation of an effective public opinion on the matter, such as the late Bishop Creighton desired. "Education discussions," he said, "turn on build-ings, teachers, compulsory sending to school, raising money; but the education question is, what is to be done with children when they are inside the schools?"

These words have been abundantly verified during the educational struggle. Both in and out of Parliament a vast amount has been said about the relative merits of School Boards and County Councils as educational authorities, about repairs, about wear and tear, about the election of managers, about build-ings and so forth; but an almost total silence has been maintained about the nature, object, and method of education. And at the present time, when schemes are being constructed and the authorities are entering upon their duties, there is a danger lest financial and admin-

istrative problems may swamp the more important considerations of the end and purpose which alone can give real significance to the various kinds of machinery that are being set up. But, when the nation is making a fresh start in one of the most important departments of its life, it would be a thousand pities if pre-occupation with the means should drive out of sight the consideration of first principles and the knowledge of the true end, without which no permanently satisfactory means can be devised. More especially should this be remembered in the case of higher and secondary education, which for the first time is to be correlated with other branches. Matthew Arnold's exhortation, "organise your secondary education," seems to have been taken to heart, and there is at last some prospect of the house being swept and garnished, a process which assuredly is not superfluous. But his other warning against excessive reliance on "machinery," so characteristic of the British mind, must also be kept in view. For, when the sweeping process is completed, there remains the much more important problem of finding a suitable inmate for the accommodation provided. Or we may vary the metaphor. We are going to replace the old with new bottles, and it is the duty of the authorities and the public (for, in a democratic age the people cannot absolve themselves from responsibility in this matter) to see that the bottles are filled with generous wine and not with some noxious liquor. The object of the following

remarks is to fix the public attention on some of the obvious things which should not be forgotten at this critical stage in the annals of British education. The suggestions are not new: they are, in fact, the commonplaces of educational discussion; but, as they are constantly ignored, they require to be stated again and again.

The first point to be fairly faced is the question, "What really is the end and purpose of education?" A clear perception of this is absolutely the one thing needful; for then, as Aristotle would say, "like archers shooting at a definite mark, we shall be more likely to attain what we want." Now, in many ordinary matters we are perfectly clear about this, and are therefore able to test and measure the means; but in education it is about the chief end that we are either not clear or hopelessly at variance. And this constitutes the chief obstacle to the establishment of a rational system. Education has so long been the happy hunting-ground of fanatics and bigots and, generally speaking, of persons who have an axe to grind, that the unfortunate public being deafened by their clamour has had small opportunity to think out coolly and clearly the main question; and for the sake of peace it has tended to listen to those who shout the loudest and longest.

It is important to emphasise the need for this consideration, because of the manifestly chaotic state of opinion which prevails upon the subject. Some would make education a mere plaything for the examiner; others cannot get beyond the idea of technical and professional training; others, afflicted by a kind of German measles, seem to desire a nation composed of research students or superior clerks. In some minds the athletic ideal appears to have killed every other, while a remnant,

at least, cling to the old idea of a liberal education with its two pillars of true religion and sound learning. To add to the confusion, the universal panic created by the growth of foreign competition has produced the vague formula that education must make for "efficiency." And even the paradoxical opinion has been expressed that education has very little to do with a man's business, but is chiefly valuable as teaching the right employment of leisure. Perhaps of the opinions just enumerated not the least mischievous is the idea of efficiency, not because properly considered it is unsound, but because it easily lends itself to misapprehension at the present time, and, being the offspring of panic, may give an opening to that "raw haste" which is "half-sister to delay" in the arrangement of matters which least of all admit of being done in a hurry. For education will never be fixed upon right foundations, if the chief motive force is the desire to beat the foreigner.

The first danger to be avoided, then, in all education, and especially in the higher branches, is the organisation of it, to use Plato's phrase, "in the spirit of a retail trader." In other words, education must be treated from the standpoint of its true end and not merely as something ancillary to commerce. The British workman always turns a deaf ear to those who exhort him to curb his desire for higher wages and shorter hours for fear of ruining the foreign trade of England; and the British schoolboy is far less likely to develop a great zeal for learning, whether liberal, commercial, or technical, merely in order to beat our foreign competitors. Such a motive is far too remote and abstract to operate with much effect in the class-room. Any such short-sighted policy would only defeat its own ends. If, on the other

hand, the guiding principle be the view that the object of education is to strengthen the powers of the body and mind for the best purposes of life, the phantom of foreign competition loses its terrors in the educational sphere. For by promoting the cultivation of virtue and intelligence, we are aiming at a general excellence, moral and mental, including the development of those faculties which the devotees of industrial efficiency are so anxious to secure. Virtue and intelligence are ends which are permanently desirable for their own sake, and if they are secured, supremacy in commerce will come uncalled for as a natural consequence.

The first great desideratum, then, is to establish such conditions that an effective appeal can be made to the pupil not to get education in order to overcome commercial rivals, but to get knowledge and self-improvement for their own sakes. In short, educational interests and educational motives must occupy a primary position. And this leads to the second point. For, a variety of influences have already been operating to displace the educational ideal from its rightful position. Its restoration ought to be one of the chief objects of would-be reformers.

One of the most acknowledged evils in the educational world,—competition and overlapping, with the consequent results of waste of energy and inefficiency—was emphasised in the Report of the Royal Commission a few years ago and since that time has become, if possible, more acute. It is a commonplace in educational circles, but it may be questioned whether many persons realise the mischief that has been done, and how it works out in practice. On this point Bishop Creighton remarked: "It is quite clear that secondary education will not be improved in the way in

which most things are improved in this world, by the pressure of competition intelligently applied." But that the situation may be properly appreciated, it may be well to review briefly the changes which have come over secondary education during the past half century.

Until a recent period secondary education was a comparatively simple affair. It consisted of a fairly uniform combination of divinity, classics, and mathematics with a modicum of modern languages taught by foreign teachers. In the vast majority of cases boys were sent to school in their own neighbourhood. There was not much variety in the kind of qualifications required by schoolmasters. The tyranny of examinations, especially of external examinations, had not yet begun. That is to say, the standard of education was uniform; the subjects taught were few; the efficiency of a school was only to a small extent dependent on its numbers; the type of schoolmaster was fairly constant, and the parent was limited in his choice of a school. Now all this is changed. The increased means of communication have brought distant schools into rivalry, which has been further intensified by the popularity of the boarding-school system. The result has been the development of financial competition between different schools, as a glance at the advertisement columns in the newspapers will testify; and the parent can now, if it pleases him, send his son to the lowest bidder. The enormous expansion of the curriculum has necessitated specialisation of functions and variety of types in the ranks of the teachers, and has made it extremely difficult for many old-fashioned schools, with small numbers and slender endowments, to adapt themselves to the changed conditions.

The increase of external examinations has made it more difficult than ever to construct satisfactory time-tables. To make matters worse, the changes in the relative distribution of the population have left many old schools stranded and caused the growth of new ones, many of them inadequately endowed, and hence the competition has become keener than ever.

It is easy to see how the educational ideal has differed. The pressure of poverty has compelled governors and headmasters alike to attend too much, if not primarily, to financial instead of educational considerations in order to solve the elementary problem of making ends meet. Governors cannot fairly be blamed, for, after all, it is their business to care for the financial prosperity of their schools. The effect upon headmasters is shown by the development of the idea of organising capacity as their main qualification. On the one hand, if the school is small, organisation means the collection of pupils in every possible way. On the other hand, if the school is very large,—and many of them are too large—the headmaster has too much administrative work to do much teaching himself, if any. At any rate the modern tendency is for headmasters to retire more and more from the work of teaching, and to devote their chief energies to the work of administration and organisation, which, whatever shape they take, are very remotely connected with education proper. Now the qualifications of a good headmaster are broadly speaking twofold. In the first place, he should, at the very least, be a principle of unity; that is a simple necessity, but under the present complicated conditions it is by no means easy to accomplish. Secondly, he should be a man of intellectual distinction

and personality, so that the school may profit by his moral and intellectual influence. But, when a great part of his time is taken up with administrative detail and machinery, he is unable to bring that influence to bear by personal contact in the class-room with his pupils, and especially his elder pupils. On the assumption that the headmaster is the most skilful and inspiring teacher on the staff there ensues under the modern tendency sheer waste of faculty from want of opportunity for its exercise. If, on the other hand, the headmaster is a mere organiser and nothing more, then the moving impulse ceases to be educational in the best sense of the word. In either case the living personal relationship between teacher and pupil, which is at the root of real mental progress, is lost.

In its grosser forms organisation takes the form of kidnapping pupils, so to speak, of refusing to exclude or eject unpromising material for financial considerations. The consequence is the reversal of the true relation: the school seeks the scholar, instead of the scholar seeking the school; and the parent is encouraged to believe, by a process of unconscious logic, that education is a commodity, like any other, which he can buy at the cheapest rate; and now sometimes he complains that it is nasty as well as cheap. Hence the idea of education as something intrinsically valuable in itself, quite apart from the cost of obtaining it seems to have been banished to the planets. It is sought for on utilitarian grounds, and the idea soon filters into the mind of the child, who also tends to ask the question, *will it pay?*

The latter, moreover, is demoralised more effectually by the deadening effect produced by other influences, of which the examination

system, or want of system, is not the least pernicious. No doubt examinations, properly conducted, are, if not the best or the only test, at least a real, necessary, and convenient test of efficiency; but, as at present conducted, they have grown to be an unmitigated nuisance. Their number tends to make education nothing but a perpetual preparation for them, while their variety makes the construction of a satisfactory time-table well nigh past praying for. By supplying results wrapped up in convenient statistics, they unduly exalt, especially in the case of those which affect younger boys, the utilitarian motives for learning; and being intended to suit large masses of candidates, they tend to lower the standard. Dr. Gow has calculated that schools have to cater for the entrance examinations of five English universities, of eleven professional bodies, besides the various examinations for the Army, Navy, and Civil Services. He remarks further that with only a few exceptions the examinations which suffice to admit a boy to one of these universities, colleges, or professions will not suffice to admit him to any other. "These examinations," he adds "are devised and conducted by unknown and irresponsible, and perhaps incompetent persons; and there are so many examinations that no school, even a very large one, can possibly prepare for them all, or even prepare for two or three only, without grave injury to its proper work of education." It is interesting to compare this last remark with the advertisements of most secondary schools. One is sometimes almost tempted to congratulate the country on the possession of so many institutions which undertake the preparation of their pupils for practically everything. But a secret feeling persists that Dr. Gow's diagnosis is

correct, as well as his statement that "some schools, and those not the worst, take no notice of external examinations at all."

It seems clear, therefore, that one of the most pressing educational needs is to abolish the tyranny of the external examiner. The process is no doubt difficult, but there are some obvious expedients. First, certificates for younger boys might with advantage be practically abolished. They falsify the educational ideal in the mind of the pupil, and not infrequently produce priggishness: by setting up what Mr. Burge calls "a democratic standard," they impede educational progress; and, worst of all, they feed the demoralising appetite for cheap and immediate results. But for such a reform a healthy public opinion is required, which will curb the lust for "quick returns of profit" and co-operate with the teachers. For, as things are, most schools cannot make a stand in isolation. Anyone who finds it difficult to concur with this view may be recommended to ponder the following deliberate judgments of men well qualified to give an opinion. Dr. Gow writes: "Few boys will learn more than is required for their examination, and still fewer will learn anything at all when their examinations are over." Bishop Creighton has written: "The test of a teacher is that each child shall leave him with a desire to learn for himself. It is here that our educational system breaks down."

Secondly, a few typical leaving certificates should be substituted for the endless variety at present in vogue, corresponding to typical kinds of schools, and should be such as to set the standard for the whole educational work of the school, so that boys who have worked their way up the school may take them towards the close of their career with-

out any disturbance of the regular curriculum, such as is produced by the expedients of special classes and extra lessons. The possibility of such a reform is shown by the present tendency to differentiate schools into a few recognised types, public schools, for example, grammar schools, intermediate schools; and also by the success of the joint Oxford and Cambridge Board examination, which might serve as a model. If such a course had been adopted before, perhaps the difficulties and disputes connected with the study of particular subjects, Greek, for instance, would not have arisen.

Finally, a proper relationship should be established between the papers set in examination and preparing for them in schools. At present examiners and schoolmasters periodically occupy themselves in throwing stones at each others' windows. The examiner complains of the stupid answers; the schoolmaster objects to the stupid questions. Such mutual recrimination would cease, if the contending parties could be enabled to put their heads together.

Another evil which has grown up during recent times is the injury inflicted by the inevitable expansion of the curriculum. In addition to the old discipline described above provision has to be made for natural science, foreign languages taught by English teachers, geometrical drawing, music, gymnastics, carpentry, shorthand, précis-writing, a host of English subjects, drill and, last, but not least, games, which have become in many schools not so much a recreation as an integral part, — sometimes apparently the most important part — of the whole system; and there may be others as well. The evil is that this expansion has taken the form of haphazard addition, rather than that of organic and systematic development.

Owing to the stress of competition and the conflicting demands of irresponsible parents nearly every school must be prepared, or profess to be prepared, to provide instruction in all these subjects. It would, no doubt, be an admirable thing if boys at school could be turned out proficient in every one of these so-called branches of education. But unfortunately Nature steps in and renders it impossible. The stubborn fact remains that there are still only twenty-four hours in the day, and the endeavour to compass the impossible has actually resulted in the dilemma of smattering or premature specialisation. In either case education suffers. If the pupil is crammed with too many subjects, the consequences are want of thoroughness, acquisition of slovenly mental habits, and lack of intellectual interest. If specialisation is begun too early, the mind is inevitably warped, loses its elasticity, and is not fairly opened. If a heroic effort is made to solve the problem by increasing the hours of study, over-pressure,—the greatest evil—results; for the mind breaks down under the strain, and becomes wooden and mechanical; and in this connection, it is well that the powers of passive resistance, or evasion, on the part of the British schoolboy are not yet exhausted, and defy the efforts of even the latest brand of pedagogy. But from the point of view of national efficiency, in its broader aspects, it is to be noted that, inasmuch as the mind is perpetually driven along channels cut out, not by itself, but by others, it tends to lose those faculties of intellectual enterprise, self-reliance, and initiative, which in the opinion of many observers are so sadly lacking. It is satisfactory to observe that this impossible state of things is now being recognised and several persons of

authority in the educational world, Mr. Arthur Benson, of Eton, among others, have spoken out and have advocated the thorough teaching of a few subjects carefully selected according to the needs and capacities of different types of boys. After all, the great thing is to teach a boy a few things worth learning, and to teach them thoroughly; and what those subjects are, provided "soft options" are eliminated, does not matter so very much. But to take a simple instance, a boy of fourteen cannot derive real benefit by the study of the elementary grammar of four languages at the same time. It is insufferably dull and absolutely useless. Classical teachers are often taunted with the small results obtained and for their opposition to modern developments. Professor Laurie, for instance, states that in ninety-five cases out of a hundred classical training is a failure. The percentage of failures produced by modern studies is carefully not stated; and though the believers in the classics have their own opinion on the question, they do not perhaps repose such a blind belief in statistics as to make it worth while to work out percentages on the other side. But it is hardly fair to deprive them of the conditions of success, and then accuse them of failure, as is the fashion of the day. The fact is that in too many schools the classics now have not a fair chance, and the classical teacher would be one of the first to welcome some relief. What with the contending ideals of classical and modern studies and the general confusion created by the overcrowding of the curriculum, it is surprising how the products of the system, alike masters and boys, manage to get along at all.

Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur
Achivi.

Closely connected with these evils, and, in part, a direct consequence of them, is that which may be paradoxically described as too much education, the tendency, that is to say, to do so much for the pupil that he almost loses the faculty of doing anything for himself. It takes many forms. With regard to the work in school, it is the common testimony of experienced masters that about twice as much is done for the schoolboy as formerly. If the process were attended with beneficial effects, there would be no reason to complain. But this is just what is not the case, for the boys tend to go to pieces whenever occasion compels them, so to speak, to stand on their own legs. Moreover, not only is the burden of learning transferred from the shoulders of the learner, but he is demoralised also by the multiplication of unnecessary text-books, the product, no doubt, of our vicious examination system. Each fresh edition smooths away fresh difficulties, and provides fresh superfluous help, till there is practically nothing left for the pupil to do for himself. Hence it is not surprising that a distinguished scholar and schoolmaster complained not long ago that even sixth form boys can hardly be brought to face a real difficulty. The same conditions are reflected out of school. The advantage of games and athletics is obvious enough, but too frequently their beneficial effects are stultified by their practical inclusion in the school-programme, so that instead of being play they become a species of work, to be got through like a lesson. Moreover, games used to be and still are a useful means of training the older boys in administration and responsibility; but it is to be feared that in many cases these ends are defeated by the organisation of athletics *for* the boys rather than *by* the boys. There is, in fact,

too much supervision of one sort or another, and the British schoolboy has frequently neither time nor energy to spare for doing things on his own account, and, if he is inclined that way, of educating himself.

It would perhaps be invidious to assign causes which have contributed to this result. But among others may be suggested a scholastic squeamishness analogous to parental pampering, misguided genius for organisation, and generally the decay of Dr. Arnold's robust policy of trust, which might well be revived. The scholastic world might take to heart Jowett's criticism of Plato's educational theory: "He does not seem to consider that some degree of freedom, 'a little wholesome neglect,' is necessary to strengthen and develop the character and to give play to the individual nature." Equally pertinent are the remarks of the author of *HINTS FOR ETON MASTERS* (a tiny pamphlet worth bushels of heavy treatises on pedagogy): "I write my hints for men who love freedom more than power; who rejoice in seeing the freedom of others and would never encroach on it more than they were obliged"; and again, "Do let them alone sometimes; trust them to the sun and air and their chosen companions."

Such, very briefly considered, are a few among the swarm of questions which arise in connection with secondary education at the present time. The whole subject is too large and complex to be treated within the compass of a single article; but perhaps enough has been said to call attention to some crying and acknowledged evils and to indicate the direction in which useful reforms may be made. What public opinion can do is to demand the establishment of conditions, under which the teacher can effectively teach and the pupil thoroughly learn something worth learning. But before this can be done the public must take the trouble to think the matter out and to look at it all round. Educational institutions, like all others, grow up in response to certain public needs. Let there be a real perception of what those needs are, let the object and purpose of education be wisely and adequately considered, let there be a sensible appreciation of what is desirable and what is possible, and the nation will get what it wants,—educational efficiency. More directly than ever the public is to pay the piper, and it will therefore call the tune. But let it be careful to call the right tune.

P. S. BURRELL.

THE GERMAN ARMY IN GERMAN FICTION.

THE attitude of adoring reverence which Germany has maintained in the presence of her army for over thirty years has not infrequently surprised and amused other nations. To the Englishman in particular the abject submission of a people not easily dazzled by externals to the exorbitant claims of the uniform is quite inexplicable, unless he bears in mind the peculiar conditions of Germany's national existence. The German Empire has no organic life; it is not, as Michelet says of France, a living being, but a collection of States which in all their long history had never all fought on the same side of a quarrel till the war of 1870-71. Separated from each other by old jealousies and new apprehensions, by differences of creed and of race, the bond that so recently drew them together into an Empire was woven out of a brilliant series of victories. The ambitious patriotism so sedulously cultivated within its borders, and the suspicion and dislike as persistently provoked without them, are rapidly welding the German Empire into one piece; but till this work is completed, it dares not dissociate for an instant its origin and its destiny. And in the meantime, what touches the army touches, in a sense peculiar to Germany, the springs of national pride and gratitude. Of late years, however, signs of a change in this devout attitude have not been wanting: impious criticism has begun to assail in newspapers and on the stage the sacred tradition that a German officer is all he should be; and the two novels of military life which

created so profound and painful an impression in Germany last year are among the most striking evidences of a revolt in public opinion.¹ Of these, *JENA OR SEDAN?* (of which nearly a hundred thousand copies are in circulation) was first in the field and is also easily first in literary value; the European fame of *IN A LITTLE GARRISON TOWN* is due to reasons in which literary value may be said to play no part. The subject of both writers is the decadence of the German army, and the military authorities themselves have been obliging enough, in the case of Lieutenant Bilsse's charges, to certify their correctness.

Lieutenant Bilsse began his career as a confirmed realist severely bent upon drawing only what he saw, and in what he saw in the small town between Metz and Saarbrücken, where his regiment was quartered, he was singularly unfortunate. We learn from the report of the court martial that there are civilians in Forbach, —indeed the existence of a certain family was officially recognised for a short time by the commanding officer; but they did not of course count as society, and the conscientious young author was therefore limited to the study of his brother-officers and their wives. Such as they were, he considered them carefully and recorded their sayings and doings, their physical defects and moral shortcomings, and *IN A LITTLE GARRISON TOWN* was the

¹ *JENA ODER SEDAN?* von Franz Adam Beyerlein. Berlin, 1903.

² *AUS EINER KLEINEN GARRISON*; von Fritz von der Kyrburg (Leutnant Bilsse). Brunswick, 1903.

result. When it first appeared it was thought an odious slander, and in this belief the public might have continued, had not the military authorities decided to try the author for libel. In their anxiety to secure his conviction, the prosecution threw the garrison of Forbach to the wolves. The book was read aloud in court; and for three long days the characters in the story were closely compared with the reputed originals till the likeness was proved. The commanding officer was questioned as to his alleged cowardice; was it true that he had shirked a duel with the local apothecary who was a very good shot? The witness admitted that he had apologised to the apothecary, but before he knew anything about his shooting. The adjutant was charged with gluttony and reluctantly pleaded guilty to a large appetite; and the rest fared no better. The witness box became in fact the dock, and the culprits were summoned to testify on oath to their own delinquencies. The sequel is well known. Bilse, who maintained that he had not meant his pictures for portraits but was the victim of an unexampled series of strange coincidences, was condemned to six months' imprisonment and dismissal from the army; since then the commanding officer and another have been permitted to resign, three more have been placed on half pay, and one has been dismissed the service; and so with destroyer and destroyed "in one red burial blent," the incident closed. Never in the history of literature has a subaltern of five-and-twenty done so much execution.

It is a little disappointing to turn from the court-martial to the novel; the actuality of the one is sadly absent from the other. There is no plot in the story; life, which sometimes gives a writer characters ready made, rarely supplies him with a

ready made plot, and we have here only a series of scenes put loosely together. First we have a musical evening at the house of Captain König; and then there is a dance at the Casino, at the close of which Lieutenant Pommer, having drunk rather too much champagne, is found kissing Captain Kahle's wife in the garden while she promises to make life beautiful for him. The next morning he is sorry he did it, and while he is brooding dejectedly over his fault, Oberleutnant Borgert is announced. Borgert had tracked Pommer into the garden the night before and has come to discuss the scene of which he had been a hidden witness. Pommer would have preferred another topic, but Borgert reminds him that as his superior he is entitled by the regulations to choose his own subject of conversation, and Pommer hastens to submit. While Borgert lectured him,

Pommer sat staring blankly at the floor; two large tears glittered in his eyes; the man wept. . . . Did he weep because his guilt lay heavy upon his conscience or because he must stand before the pistol of the deceived husband? No, he was no coward, he wept for shame. At the same time he was conscious of a warm sense of gratitude to him who had been the witness of his crime and who now, instead of handing him over to the bullet of the man he had deceived, was generously showing him how he had erred.

Borgert promises to tell no tales provided Pommer goes that very day to the lady and apologises, but the visit ends as the Oberleutnant, a very perfidious villian, foresaw it must. Instead of accepting the lieutenant's excuses, his Grete resolves more firmly than ever to make his life beautiful, and again Pommer submits. They soon grow tired of each other, however, and she consoles herself with

Lieutenant Kolberg. Her relations with him are discovered by her husband's friend, Weill, who immediately writes to the Court of Honour and the result is a divorce and a duel.

With two exceptions, all the officers at Forbach are incompetent and grossly indifferent to the claims of the service; there is no sport, they play nothing but lawn-tennis, and their whole time is spent in drinking, talking squalid gossip, or in giving others occasion to talk it. Captain König is represented as an irreproachable character; but when Borgert begs him for the loan of £20 and urges him, if he has not got the money, to take it from the regimental cashbox, König readily pretends to fall in with the suggestion. He was anxious to conciliate Borgert who "with his sharp tongue and his great influence over the junior officers had it in his power to do him many a bad turn," and he had £20 of his own. But if he allowed Borgert to think he was lending money which did not belong to him, he hoped Borgert would see that it was not easy to raise a loan and be less ready to borrow in future. The perfidious Borgert of course tells the Court of Honour that Captain König has been helping himself to the squadron's money, and, to König's rather naive indignation, the matter is investigated. After fifteen years of blameless service, he thinks (and Lieutenant Bilsse with him apparently) it should have been evident at a glance that he was only deceiving the lieutenant for their mutual good. We have also a brutal sergeant-major and two or three ill-used privates, but they are rather hastily disposed of; the only character in the book which attracts our sympathies is Private Röse, who after patiently enduring a good deal of rough usage finally deserts, leaving behind him a humble

little farewell missive, — a scrap of paper carefully inscribed, without an idea of sarcasm, *I respectfully take my leave.*

Herr Bilsse is anxious to warn us that the German officer quartered in Berlin or Hanover is a very different being from his comrade in Forbach, and of that there is of course no question. The officers who garrison the small frontier towns in Lorraine and Poland are sent to these "dirty holes" as a punishment; they are part of that material of which every officer corps has a certain quantity,—stuff that, in the writer's words, is not good enough to answer any very good purpose and not bad enough to throw away. To set these unsatisfactory specimens of their profession down in a dismal little place, remote from the centres of military activity, and leave them there to their own devices for as much as ten years at a stretch, is certainly not the best way to deal with them; and one wonders indeed how the military science of a land which considers itself qualified to give lessons in that science to all the world, did not discover the fact until it was demonstrated to them in a novel. Whatever our opinion may be of Lieutenant Bilsse's literary talent, or of his private code of honour, there is no doubt that he has done the German army a very considerable service. So much the court-martial admitted; and when the Minister of War promised in the Reichstag, "There shall be no more Forbachs," he offered Lieutenant Bilsse a tribute with which a reformer and a patriot might be very well content.

Herr Beyerlein's story is a far more serious indictment because it concerns the army as a whole and not merely one small section of it; but besides being an apostle of reform, he is a writer of considerable

talent who has a story to tell and tells it remarkably well. With his minor counts we are ourselves not unfamiliar,—an ever rising standard of luxury with its natural sequence of debt and difficulty; promotion by interest, incompetence flourishing in the sunshine while capacity droops in the shade; constant expensive changes of uniform traceable to the love of display of a certain Great Personage. But what Herr Beyerlein is mainly intent on demonstrating is that not a detail here or there, but the whole system is at fault; and we are led by easy and interesting ways to the conclusion of the whole matter, when Captain Gütz resigns his commission because he is persuaded, after long study of his profession, that the German officer in his present circumstances is engaged in making ropes of sand.

The book opens with the departure of Franz Vogt, the young peasant, for the city (which seems to be Dresden) in which he is to serve his two years. His father, an old soldier who won the iron cross at St. Privat, might have claimed exemption for Franz on the ground that he was an only son and indispensable at home, but he is able to manage the little farm alone, and to misrepresent his case would have been his first dishonest act. Franz sets out and finds himself one of four hundred recruits who are divided between the six batteries of the 80th Regiment of the Osterländische field-artillery. He soon makes friends with his new comrades,—Weise the clever social democrat, Klitzing the pale clerk, Inoslowski the Pole who knows no word of German, Truchsess the stout brewer, and the tall silent lad of seventeen who turns out to be the Baron von Frielinghausen, who had been expelled from school and had enlisted in despair. The recruits put

on their uniform and handed over their own clothes to be sent home, and then the lockers were searched to make sure there was nothing left that could be of use to a possible deserter.

It was rather a depressing ceremony and Klitzing was the only one who surrendered his bundle cheerfully. "They may throw away my things if they like," he whispered to Vogt; "I shall not want them again." "Why not?" asked Vogt. "Do you mean to stay on after your time is up?" The clerk looked away and was silent for a moment. "I shall not want them again," he repeated. The Pole gave up his worn out coat and trousers very willingly, but clung to his boots which were almost new. The sergeant commanded and threatened, but Inoslowski shook his head and argument, in German, was in vain. Then Weise had a good idea. He ran to the Pole's cupboard and held up the boots that had been served out to him with his uniform; they were even higher than those which Inoslowski was claspng resolutely to him. The Pole smiled scornfully and pointed to the arabesques in red thread which adorned his tops, but Weise was not baffled. He brought out the spurs, fastened them to the heels and turned the little wheels till they rattled and glittered in the lamplight. The obdurate Pole was vanquished; and laughing gaily he handed his boots to the sergeant and would have shaken hands with him to show he bore no malice but his offer was coldly rejected.

The most interesting of the privates after Vogt himself is Wolf the social democrat, one of a very different type from Weise who also has *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity* tattooed high up on his arm. The police had notified the military authorities that a very black mark stood against Wolf's name and Captain Wegstetten watched him anxiously, but the socialist was not to be caught tripping. He did his duty faultlessly, obeyed orders with ironic precision, and got the sergeant six weeks for unauthorised abuse.

Captain Wegstetten, whose battery was

the pride of his heart, grew angry whenever he thought of it. Expressions such as Keyser had used rained in millions on the barrack square; it was only this social democrat who was so sensitive. But these images drawn from the animal world were forbidden and Keyser, as the president had observed, had distributed enough cattle and oxen and swine in figures of speech to feed the whole army for a month; and at the end of the trial the commanding officer had taken Wegstetten aside and had reproached him with the "coarse tone" which seemed to prevail in his battery. Wegstetten had brought his heels together and had made the required bow, swearing inwardly that he would never have such a disgrace in his battery again. To be named in connection with a thing like this had sometimes proved the beginning of the end, and he meant to go a long way.

Battery VI. was altogether fortunate in its officers; three of them are superlatively good and only one is really incompetent and ill-conditioned; but these illustrations do not accord very well with the text which describes the German officer as having lost the sense of duty, and the keen interest in his profession, which once distinguished him. The best material of the officers' corps is obtained from the so-called *Armee-adel* or military noblesse, families (not necessarily noble in the usual sense and generally far from wealthy), which have been connected for generations with the service. The worst is furnished by the sons of rich men in search of a profession which will provide them with an assured social position and a good deal of amusement,—men to whom the uniform is everything and the qualities it should imply nothing, who have no professional ambition because they only mean to remain a few years in the army, though sometimes, unfortunately for the army, they change their minds and reach the higher grades. The latter element is increasing so much that the former,

with its traditions of Spartan simplicity, is far out-weighted. Hence the increase of a hitherto unheard of luxury in the army. The days of plain living and hard working are over.

The old plain uniform in which the great victories were won is not nearly good enough now. . . . The German officers in the far east were able to offer their French comrades champagne and other delicacies in the best crystal and china, and if the German baggage had fallen into the hands of the Chinese, the Celestials would have made as gratifying discoveries as did the Hessian Hussars who plundered MacMahon's trunks after Wörth.

Poor men struggle to keep pace with the rich, and the numerous ordinances against debt and money-lenders have no effect.

To the young officer of the present day [says Captain Güntz] the essentials of his calling are distasteful, or at least indifferent. He is placed in a lofty and responsible position, and in spite of his youth, honours are paid to him which are only due to a man who can do a man's work. And how painfully careful he is to exact them to the last fraction! And in return? I tell you, a lieutenant now-a-days spends his whole time exactly as if he were a student! He loafs, he does what he must and no more, and curses the duty that comes between him and his amusements. . . . Take a fellow like Landsberg—he is here in the battery, he is supposed to be learning something, but how is it done? He is got through the inspections somehow,—“Here! Over there! More to the left!”—everything is whispered to him so that he may keep time with the rest. A teacher may have good and bad scholars in his class, but woe to the battery commander who is discovered to have a bad officer under him. Instead of lecturing their juniors incessantly on the duty of upholding the honour of their position in the eyes of the world, they should be taught to uphold it in reality by honestly devoting themselves to their duty. “You exaggerate,” said Reimers. “I wish I did,” said Güntz.

"But go and ask any of them, Do you like training the recruits? Do you get up in the morning and say, To-day I shall help to make good soldiers for the King? or do you say, Devil take the whole dirty pack of them?" "But why don't you ask what they say when they go to the gunnery practice or the manœuvres?" "Because the one depends on the other. Without the training of the recruits there would be no manœuvres. We are here to teach the men. They don't learn anything new from the manœuvres, which are rather a test for the higher officers; and the gunnery practice is a sort of examination. But what's the good of a teacher who takes no pleasure in his work and has no enthusiasm for it and only cares to make a good show in the examination?"

Both Lieutenant Bilse and Herr Beyerlein agree in thinking that the practice of duelling is extremely unpopular in the army. In Lieutenant Bilse's book the wronged husband is dismayed at the news of his wife's unfaithfulness chiefly because he will have to fight her lover. "He was no coward, but he could not see why he should risk the fruits of an arduous profession, his child's future and his own life, because another man had behaved like a scoundrel." The Court of Honour of course gives him no choice; and he is shot through the lungs and obliged to leave the army, an invalid for life. In Herr Beyerlein's story Lieutenant Landsberg's ideas of discipline do not coincide with those of Oberleutnant Güntz, and, furious at his fault-finding, he deliberately resolves to pick a quarrel with him. Güntz is obliged to challenge him and the colonel is greatly distressed. "My best officer to risk his life against that silly good for nothing," says he. "This duel is a nuisance, an abominable nuisance. But my hands are tied, I can do nothing; and all the same, if anything happens I shall get some of the blame." Güntz himself, who is a married man,

is of the same mind. His life was of considerable value not to himself alone, and he did not want to throw it away in a trifling quarrel. In the end the duel comes off and no one is the worse for it; but none the less the colonel is of the opinion that "the law is an ass."

But the most serious accusations are those brought against the non-commissioned officer, who used to be considered the stoutest pillar of the great organisation to which he belonged. In Lieutenant Bilse's novel the sergeant-major sits drinking all the afternoon, and is watched by the recruits going his round of the stables at six o'clock too drunk to walk straight. Herr Beyerlein paints him in still darker colours. He drinks and gambles, he is brutally licentious, and quite unscrupulous in taking bribes from the one year men. The excellent sergeant Schuman, who turns his back upon us very early in the story, was, the colonel declares, the last of his generation, quiet, modest, capable, solid, and with the strongest sense of duty. But what was once the rule, is now the exception. "The misfortune of their class is that they like to do everything they see officers doing, at least everything bad or silly." With admirable self-restraint Herr Beyerlein has declined to use the material for creating a cheap sensation which recent trials have shown us lay close to his hand, and the scene in which a recruit is maddened into killing a sergeant is the only one of its kind and is shown in a single flash.

Wolf's two years of service were completed, on the morrow he would be a free man; he sat alone dreaming of the moment of release, his whole soul concentrated on doing nothing that could defer it by a single hour. Would the day never end? It did end at last and there came the last evening, the

last night. Wolf never closed his eyes. . . . He rose half an hour before reveille and leaned out into the fresh morning air. Now at last he dared to believe in his happiness. . . . Then came the duty of handing over the last articles of dress. Keyser came through the room followed by Findeisen loaded with boots and clothes. He had purposely left Wolf's room to the last and finished with all the others before he came to "the Red" who smiled to himself at the futile attempt to vex him. All was in order, the buttons shone, he beat the trousers but not a grain of dust flew out, the boots were not blacked but properly greased to keep the leather from drying. "All right," he growled unwillingly. He turned, threw the clothes on Findeisen's arm and gave him the boots, but the gunner who was already holding four pairs let them slip. The sergeant angrily lifted them and saw the greased leather was streaked with dust, holding the boots up to Findeisen's face, he roared, "Lick it off, swine." Findeisen drew back and looked him defiantly in the face, and Keyser grew savage. "Lick it off, dog," he shouted. The resistance in the private's eyes died suddenly out of them; the powerful broad-built man turned deathly pale, he shrank as under the lash of a whip and touched the boot with his tongue. The sergeant rubbed the greasy leather roughly into his face and turned to Wolf with a triumphant challenge in his glance. Wolf struck him with his clenched fist between the eyes and Findeisen throwing down his load, seized him in his great arms and rammed his head against the wall.

The explanation of the decadence of the army is to be found, in the writer's opinion, in the fact that German military organisation is based upon old and worn out principles. Handed down from the days of Frederick the Great, carefully hoarded in Prussian institutions and introduced by Prussia into the new Empire, they have only been altered in trifling details during three decades of rapid progress. The military training of the men has remained what it was in a patriarchal age, taking no account of the new social elements which have

replaced the old. "The people, the basis of the army has changed; the army remains the same." The land still furnishes the majority of the recruits, but the industrial element, by reason of its more highly developed intelligence, is the stronger influence; and it is permeated by socialistic ideas. Instead of turning this intelligence to account, the military authorities still force it into the mould of a drill as purely mechanical as it was under Frederick the Great. Klitzing, for example, is brave, intelligent, and the best "layer" in the battery; in the yearly gunnery competition his gun carries off the first prize, but he is not smart on parade and he is therefore set down as no soldier. To look smart on parade is, in fact, the whole objective of the soldier's training and to the requirements of actual warfare no attention is paid at all. One day during the manœuvres Vogt watched the infantry drilling.

The battalion stood till past noon outside there in the sun, and after a short pause for dinner it began again. But how, in the devil's name, thought Vogt, could several hundred men be made to move like a machine; and what was the good of it? The battery drivers looked through the hedge and laughed, but Vogt did not think it at all amusing. What was the good of embittering people like that for nothing? Among them was the company which wore on the sleeve the Emperor's badge which meant that they had shot the best out of the whole army corps, and they were played with just like the rest, and learned just like the rest to hate the coat they wore. . . . He was not a social democrat like Weise but he could not help thinking that in some ways Weise was not so far wrong. . . . And this purely mechanical bond of drill [says Güntz], which takes all the heart out of the men, is supposed to hold them together. It does so as an iron hoop holds the dry boards of a cask which fall inward at the lightest blow.

Thanks to the limitations of his training, to his haughty and exclusive

traditions and to his narrow experiences of life, the officer is completely out of touch with his men; he has no conception of how they feel and think, and is incapable of training the recruits into an intelligent and voluntary obedience. And while the officer generally despises the men, the men hate a few of their officers, ridicule a few, and are indifferent to the rest; affection and loyalty are rarely to be found. In this pretentious and artificial system, it is only natural that the plausible pliant Weise should finish his two years with credit, serving on as a promising under-officer, concealing the socialistic device on his arm with lanoline and rice powder, while Vogt, steady and honest, refuses in a moment of madness to obey the exasperating order of a very exasperating lieutenant, is sentenced to five months' imprisonment for it, and goes home disgraced and embittered.

It is very certain that social democracy owes a great debt of gratitude to the army. Social democrats are closely watched, their lockers searched for forbidden literature, their cause executed; but none the less the army furnishes them with their most pregnant texts and their most effective illustrations, fosters their spirit of missionary enterprise, and gives them an unrivalled opportunity of carrying the Red Gospel into the most remote corners of the land.

Here, in the intimacy of barrack life where class is most evidently and tangibly separated from class, and where the atmosphere is full of discontent and discomfort, the town meets the village and whispers in its ear that magical phrase, "the State of the Future." The peasant does not

by any means always go home a socialist, but he not infrequently goes home convinced like Vogt that there "is something in it." When Franz returns at last to his little farm, the strip of land, his own land, has lost its power to hold him. The iron pressure of two years has robbed him of his interest in living creatures and growing things; the work of the homestead has become distasteful to him, and though at the last moment the writer relents, and the son of the soil hears and answers once more the voice of the Earth, something has gone out of his life which will never come back to it. His military training has gone near to spoil a citizen, and, since he loathes the uniform, it has not made a soldier.

Whether the picture is correct in its details a foreigner is not competent to judge; that there is much truth in the portrait has been admitted by a considerable part of the German press; and impartial observers of the China expedition of 1900 will find little incredible in it. Perfection of drill and perfection of discipline were shown by the German contingent there to be not interchangeable terms.

The conditions described in this volume are, Herr Beyerlein believes, precisely those which prepared the way for the great defeat of 1806. Rigidly engrossed in a purely mechanical routine, content with an external perfection, wholly alienated from the heart of the nation and intensely resentful of criticism, the heirs of the great Frederick slept comfortably on his laurels and awoke at Jena; and some such doom threatens, in his opinion, the sons of the victors of Sedan.

H. C. MACDOWALL.

THE MESSAGE OF THE WINDS.

Blow from the North, oh wind !
 And drive the grey mist, gaoler of the morn,
 From the long edge, where graves and grass-grown rings
 From immemorial times to times unborn
 Speak of the passing of the strength of kings.
 But of the strength and mastery of thy gale,
 A salt air whitening with the whirl of wings,
 A long wave shattered on a shore forlorn,
 Speak thou to me, a prisoner of the dale.
 Blow from the North, oh wind !

Is this thy North, oh wind ?
 The rim of Greenland melts ; the dark cliff lies
 Clear to the foam ; from every harbour-mouth,
 Like Vikings on unquestioned enterprise,
 The icebergs sail to the ascendant South,
 Till the Atlantic, spreading all her bounds,
 Claims them, and tides that know not any drouth,
 Nor dust, nor weariness of land, arise
 And seek the glad shore through the gleaming sounds.
 Is this thy North, oh wind ?

Blow from the North, oh wind !
 The cloud-gap broadens ; from a sky of steel
 The sun, as one ascetic and remote,
 Greets the pale waters ; ebb and flow reveal
 No change on that low strand. Though there should float
 From Memel to Lübeck lost argosies,
 Thrusting the Hansa challenge in the throat
 Of Dane and Emperor, what voice shall peal
 To-day from towers that front the German seas ?
 This is thy North, oh wind !

This is thy North, oh wind !
 The league-long sand-dunes and encumbering isles,
 The forest echoing to each bough that swings,
 Then the red gates and panoply of tiles
 On some free town that was, when Prussia's wings
 Lay yet unfledged which now lie far unfurled ;
 And the great plain, of vast imaginings,
 Where night and day along the fenceless miles
 The white-capped Cossack keeps an unborn world.
 This is thy North, oh wind !

Blow from the South, oh wind !
And in a sudden waft of wantonness
Lay the warm earth bare to the stars that burn
More bright for triumph of this brief access,
Till the first ripple of the sun's return
Breaks, and against the golden margin, made
Of each day's hope, our keener eyes discern
Under white walls the blue sea motionless
In the salt harbours of a lost crusade.

Blow from the South, oh wind !

Blow from the South, oh wind !
This is not dead that was for us alive,
When we within the womb of passionate years
Lay voiceless. Blow, and bid some Cæsar drive
In scarlet through the gates, or those compeers
Of Charlemagne, his deathless paladins,
Large-hearted and intolerant of fears,
Rise, and upon the Moslem marches strive
For dreams of France. Blow, for here France begins ;
Blow from the South, oh wind !

Blow from the South, oh wind !
I see the trellis of the vineyards, where
The snow-fed river, in its waste of stone,
Shrinks from the sun ; an almond-orchard bare
Clings to the yellow slope ; one tower alone
Remembers old Provence. Yet, through and through
The dusk that dreams on princes overthrown,
A shepherd's piping rises on still air,
And the old world in that one note is new.
This is thy South, oh wind !

Blow from the North or South, or else acclaim
On silver strings some Orient embassy,
Or from the West breathe Connemara's name,
Whose outstretched arms still welcome in the sea.
Blow from the sunrise or the sunset bars,
Man answers to thy matchless minstrelsy,
Man that has wrapped the earth in his heart's flame,
And made her paramount of all the stars.

G. A. J. C.

OUR IRISH FRIENDS.

WE had seen Ireland before on a clear day from the ramparts of the Castle of Peel in the Isle of Man; what we saw was a dark streak poised between a grey sky and a greyer sea. There was all the vagueness of romance in the picture. And now that we were really going there—going not to the tame, civilised, comfortable, thrifty, virtuous north, but to the wild, uncivilised, comfortless, thriftless, wicked west where, according to a Press that never lies, cows' tails and landlords' agents were in process of daily removal, the sense of romance grew almost oppressive. There was romance too in the bustle at dear, dirty Greenock, the trooping in of passengers, the clearing from the quay; romance in the run down the frith in the gathering darkness of a perfect July night; romance when the stars came out, and a sinking moon hung over Goat Fell; romance when we rounded the Mull, and the great light stood out sudden in the night like the eye of God, watching, watching.

We had been told there was an experience in a steerage passage; and certainly it was preposterously and invitingly cheap. Three shillings took us some three hundred miles. There never was a merrier company than nestled in the bow of the SHAMROCK, behind what Andy Feeney called the nose-cloth, to sing sentimental songs to Andy who had been put on double watch for his sins and was melancholy. A real sailor of the Channel, he mostly needed to be carried on board at his ports, and in consequence was sternly kept on duty,

repentant and morose, till the other port hove in sight. Whenever Andy saw a lighthouse or some such thing, he shouted, "Light on the starboard bow, sir," to the skipper who, seated placidly on the bridge, could not have missed it, had he been three parts blind. And between times we rendered such touching ditties as poor Andy, wiping the tears from the corners of his eyes, desired of us. A long-limbed fellow going to Achil Island dealt out ham sandwiches, bounteously buttered, saying he would not want them next day as he would be sick. This humorous sally being laughed at, friend Feeney ventured to raise a quavering song, apparently of his own composition, and to accompany it with a shuffle amid which the Achil islander stole away to wrestle with his fate.

It was one in the morning and time to turn in, but nothing would tempt us to go below. Part of the romance was to sleep on deck; and to tell the unromantic truth, "below" was none too savoury. Far better to rough it; nothing like a clean plank bed and fresh air! It was a strange, not to say romantic, experience to lie gazing up into the stars, hearing the swish of the waters, and to realise that we were being steadily carried out to meet the Atlantic; but bones used to soft beds ashore do ill with a box and a coil of hard rope for pillow and couch. It was disappointing to find oneself so prosaic that the sense of romance should be at the mercy of a bruised back, but after some hours of fitful and uneasy slumber we realised that here we were on

a sorry cattle and egg screw plunging disconsolately down by Tory Island where the great Atlantic billows for ever rise and fall, and fall and rise, and that Andy Feeney with his rough hands, his soft Irish heart, and his pannikin of tea, was an angel. We were thirteen hours out from Glasgow ; and the brave melodies, which had risen so cheerily overnight from the forecastle patriots as we moved smoothly and sweetly past the Craig of Ailsa, were stricken into woeful silence.

However, there in the dawn lay Ireland, unknown, strange as a foreign land. Columbus did not gaze upon America, nor Balboa on the Pacific, with deeper emotions than we upon the sister-island that in this twentieth century preserves the ideals of the sixteenth. We did not see much ; a rock-bound coast, glimpses of sandy bays, of green patches dotted with white, of mountain rising upon mountain till lost in mist. A vapour ever stealing in from the sea keeps Erin green and veils in mystery masses of rock wilder than St. Abb's Head and grander than the Sound of Sleat. Nothing approaches the rocks of the west of Ireland for wild grandeur save it may be some of the Shetland Isles.

You could fancy yourself in a Norwegian fiord (we are going up Sligo Bay) and the man in the green shirt and scarlet neckcloth a Norwegian peasant. Our parti-coloured friend, however, is from Connemara, and his hungry frame and twisted fingers tell of privation and toil. The miserable townships of the west with their scanty potato-patches bear many such. The Irish peasant has a name for jollity, but there is little of it in this deeply-lined face. He is not an old man—about fifty—but his cheek has all the wrinkles of age. His horizon is that of the aborigine.

He knows nothing outside of his pig, his fowls, and the price of eggs at Sligo market. His mind scarce ever travels beyond his daily bread, that great, first necessity of life. A week in Glasgow (the first trip of his life) has impressed upon him one outstanding fact, "Sure, Glaschu's the foine place to make the money in!" Ask him of the magnificent peaks and tortuous chasms of rock we are sliding past, he has only one answer, "Mountains of Donegal, sir." And in this he is but typical of his country-men. Parts of Ireland seem to be as nameless as the great Sahara ; the north-west corner might, like the Congo Basin in the maps of childhood, be marked *unknown*. A big island lying out in the bay appears to have no name at all.

He was indifferent to geography, but was roused to animation when I spoke of the potato-crop. That was vital. A sad-eyed peasant from Ballina listened shyly, but he broke in at the magic word "Home-rule." It acted like "Sesame." "Sure," he said warmly, while the melancholy black eyes flickered into sudden flame, "I don't believe Ireland 'll ever get it. But there's many a lump o' land if it was divided up into bits an' every poor man got wan ov the bits ov it, they wouldn't need to go away to foreign parts to be slaved an' kilt entoirely." There was no sentimentalism in the Ballina man's view, no romantic craving for the vanished glories of College Green, but a sound, healthy desire for the means of subsistence.

Proprietorship indeed appeals to the peasant more than parliament. The whole of his politics, now that Parnell is gone, is very much summed up in devotion to his member, especially if the member has been often in prison. "He's a bould wee man!" said the Ballina elector proudly. His

member was serving his six months, and, sad-eyed as he was and shy to boot, the Ballina man would have shed his blood, and my blood too, for him. The martyred member, by the way, had been incarcerated for treason, said treason consisting in the publication of a categorical statement of jury-packing in some trumpety local paper. So trivial was the moral effect of the sentence that the hero was met at the prison gate by a band and a procession. The man who comes under the ban of Dublin Castle, he is the man his fellows delight to honour. There is something serious in this; and one feels a government office can surely find something better to do than make martyrs in every county of Ireland.

These were the reflections the sad-eyed man from Ballina awoke; but they were interrupted and we were brushed aside by a rush of seamen. We had been standing round the winch. "The anchor's goin' out," said Andy; "we can't go up the bay for four hours now." Twice in the day the bay emptied itself into the sea, leaving miles of green seaweed exposed amid which all kinds of creeping abominations struggled. "There's a nice place now to luke at," said Andy with pride as he wiped his brow. This was a straggling village faced by a lighthouse and backed by a mountain. Andy had been born there and he thought it finer than Dublin. An old black cobble, half-full of water, pushed out from shore, and aboard we went, reckless to put foot on Irish soil. A Paisley man grumbled at having to pay sixpence for being splashed with water and landed on a rickety pier; but when the bright-witted Irish lad offered to take him back to the ship for three-pence more, he subsided and paid his coin. An opposition tub that came up during the altercation and made

tempting advances to the rebellious passenger, was warned off by a ponderous oar and a Gaelic oath.

The expatriated were wild with glee. Two of them joined hands and footed a jig on the grass. Some had been away for a year, some only for a few days; yet all were hilarious. There is something beautiful in this love of Erin. It is not a sordid love, for she has little to offer them. Even yet there lingers in my memory the indescribable pathos of *ROLLING HOME TO DEAR OLD IRELAND* sung by a handful of emigrants who went back with us, bitter tears trickling down their cheeks. Well they knew they would never roll home to her again! "I had nine childer," said an old man to me, "an' they're all acrost the sea. I'll never see wan ov them more." No wonder the exiles have sore and angry hearts; when they leave Old Ireland, it is for ever. Emigration is Ireland's open wound, and it is bleeding her to death.

But the west of Ireland is waking up. Here was a brave attempt at a watering-place. Old Ireland and the new seemed to meet here; thatched cabins and slated houses fought for the mastery. A golf-course and a hotel surprised us. So here we pitched our tent; ate coarse porridge served on dinner-plates with teaspoons; were fed on varieties of roast pork and yellow duck; found five Royal Irish constables, fine fellows, eating their heads off and keeping their swords clean, seven public-houses with seven-day licences in a village of two hundred inhabitants but less drinking than in a Scotch village of half the size; caught the grandest conger-eels ever seen, one of them with a mane like a horse and a kick like a broncho; and discovered the warmest hearts, the kindest courtesy, the brightest wit in the British Isles.

In five minutes we seemed to know every soul in the village. The Irish people are not niggardly with their smiles or their greetings, and their brisk goodheartedness is infectious. They have none of our suspiciousness, and their curiosity is frank, open and unashamed. Enter a Scotch village, and you meet a dead silence, covertly closed doors, furtive heads peering out from behind screens; the cats take refuge on the housetops, and the dogs snarl. Go into an Irish township; the doors open, every man, woman and child beams upon the stranger, no matter what his religion or his politics or the state of his purse, the hens peck at your feet, and the pigs come up with friendly grunts to rub against your legs.

"Are ye not goin' to the bathin', boys?" cried Captain Flavin an hour later as we watched the dying hues of an Irish sunset,—and they have real sunsets over Cluny Island. The Captain had built himself a slated house of two stories and was a man of wealth. He sat on a green seat beside the door one half of the day, and then walked across the street to a low wall overlooking the tide for the rest of it. Between times he worked a telescope and a shovel; with the one he swept the bay, with the other the road. He facetiously termed himself a road-collector and was reputed "to make a bit o' money" as a shipping-agent. Having run a coal-screw for some years, he was an authority on navigation. Even yet he seemed to fancy himself on the bridge; not a soul could pass, from the Sligo banker down to Martin the natural and poor Mary O'Ham, without a hail. He was always sweeping the horizon with his cherished glass, and was supposed to descry approaching shipping hours before it loomed on the ordinary vision. But these delicate operations

did not prevent him saluting all comers with a broadside. He was a sort of local caliph whose tongue wagged everlastingly. It rasped like a saw all day, the first thing to hear at dawn and the last at night. In that one hour we felt as if we had known him for a decade and had decided that his yarns were impossible and his jokes without point. He had already told us the famous narrative of how he stole and lost the *Finest Dog in the World*. We heard it again several times immovably; it was a good story and well told, but the thought of it gives me the nausea. He had pronounced his verdict on my blackthorn. "A foine stick, sir. That's the foineest stick in the world, sir. Ye see it's a thin stick. Round wans 's as common's pays. That stick would cut a man in two; it would, sir." As the *Finest Stick in the World* went missing next day, I presume it followed the dog.

The Captain opined a man could wash himself best in the house if he wanted to, and was a fool if he did. "It's just the fash'n," he said, cocking his white hat fiercely and looking for us to contradict him. But the Captain was old Erin; and all young Ireland was going to the bathing, young Ireland from Sligo, clean-skinned, fresh, young men and maids on English bicycles, keen on their dip as any John Bull, were whirring past. It is a pleasant way of becoming Anglicised. The rendezvous was the Point, where one met the magnificent deep blue of the Atlantic, and the sand was washed white and beaten hard by the thundering of its waves. The Captain thought the sea was not for bathing in any way. But who could have resisted that fine blue water and pure white sand? On the Atlantic side of Iona you may get something like it. So firm was the beach that a troop of lads were

racing their bicycles on it. Others were plunging from the rocks, first making the mark of the cross on brow or breast. All wore mysterious charms round their necks next the skin, which they never removed even in diving and whose meaning we could not discover.

A perusal of Froude is not the best preparation for a visit to the sister-island of which we know so very little. There was no trace of religious bigotry about this people. They discussed their religion with us frankly, and even spoke of the Pope with freedom. We gathered they could live in harmony with presbyterianism but not with anglicanism. This may seem surprising; but episcopacy is the religion of the land-owning classes who are not loved, and the presbytery is weak in the west. Two smashing blows have been dealt to the Church of England in Ireland in the past century by one of her own sons,—changes in the land laws and dis-establishment. The chief public offices, however, still seem to be in the hands of the Church of Ireland, though the county councils are changing all that. We got the whole situation in a nutshell one evening on the river. It was on the deck of the ferry-steamer. Two men were in the throes of an argument. One was a sleek fellow with pursy cheeks and a double chin, a well-cut brown suit, polished brown boots, and a cameo ring. The other wore a suit of rough homespun, villainously made, a hard felt hat with a low crown and a broad brim turned green; his collar was a week old and in the style of ten years ago. The hat was pulled down till the hair stuck out all round the ears. The face was keen and sharp, with something of the rat about it, and his eye was quick as a cat's.

It was the old wrangle of aristo-

cracy versus democracy, consecrated by Plato and Aristotle. The man with the brown boots and the cameo ring was on the side of the aristocrats. He was a local solicitor who got Government work to do. "I'm Oxford," he said, "and Church of England; and I believe in the rule of the best people." "Oh, indade," replied the man in the green felt, "maneing yourself an' the likes o' ye. You would have us all in the Bastille or the county jail, if you had your way ov it. An' if ye remember what happened over there,"—and here the speaker illustrated the fall of the guillotine on a soft, luxurious aristocratic neck. "And your confounded communes—eh!" retorted his aristocratic opponent testily. "Your confounded democracies need a strong man, and France wasn't right till she got him." "An' where wud he have been but for the paiple?" cried Greenfelt triumphantly. "Wasn't he wan ov them?"

He appealed to us, and as scions of a democratic country we had to go with him. Cassidy was our friend on the spot, and the friendship lasted at least twenty-four hours. He finished off his opponent by an abstruse reference to Locke and the conjugation of a Latin verb. The very stuff of which the Irish M.P. is made, Cassidy was a master of disconcerting repartee, an amazingly nimble tongue, and all the self-assurance of a Venezuelan president. The Captain hated him because his volubility outdid his own. "There's a barrel, Cassidy," he said, "now praich away!" "Thank you," said Cassidy, removing his battered hat with the air of a French dancing-master, "not in the maintime." This show of politeness maddened the Captain who, unlike his countrymen, having no manners himself, detested them in others. We took our orator off. "I give any man credit for what

is in him, I do, sir," protested Cassidy ; "but there's nothin' in *him*, if there's aven as much."

He really was an extraordinary creature, purely self-educated, self-cultured, with a wit like a rapier, a tongue like a lance. He knew the standard English poets well, mispronounced French and murdered Latin. He loved to propound conundrums in parsing, liked dearly to be called clever, bragged of having a piano at home, boasted of a visit from the Chief Secretary who was surprised to find a man of his genius in so remote a place. Cassidy let us know that Balfour was the best man Ireland ever had,—an estimate probably not uninfluenced by this flattering passage. He complained of his poverty, but the Captain with his usual incisiveness nailed this down as a lie and gave us to understand that a man who was a farmer, a grocer, and a schoolmaster all in one, was in a good way. It is true we found him to be vain, boastful, and a sponge, but he was devilish good company, as Dickens would have said. He got into a heated quarrel at nightfall and was seen in the darkness making for the sea to cool his brain. He lived far up country, he told us, and took a craze for salt-water once a year. Unlike the Captain he was fond of his bath ; when he could not get down to the sea, he used to dam up a rivulet that flowed past his house and make a sea for himself. It was casually reported he was drowned, but next day he entertained a delighted audience for hours in front of the Captain's house, the Captain sulking morosely inside. Poor Cassidy, he had all the madness of genius.

There were glimpses of life on the river, and the navigator's spyglass was seldom at rest. Up came a fine Norwegian brig one day, refused a pilot, ran aground and heeled over. The skipper came ashore in a boat

where the river pilot in his blue coat and brass buttons, large as life, waited to offer sarcasms. But the Norwegian was imperturbable. "Dam bad job," he said pithily. "You're blocking the channel," retorted the pilot. "Get one saw. Cut 'way masts." "Then your boat's done." "Ach, goodbye ! Have one drink." The worthy skipper made a bee-line for one of the seven licensed places, whence he did not emerge for a week. As he did not patronise the Captain's dram-shop, that enraged mariner declared, "The devils, they'll suke his blude !" The river pilot shrugged his shoulders and offered us a sail to Cluny Island. "I'll introduce you to the King," he promised ; and introduced we were. The King lay on a dingy bed under which reposed a precious hundredweight of coals. The floor was earth ; and there was a small fire of turf against the wall. A goat and a donkey and some hens occupied the other corner. A great, ugly, black and white pig stalked out and in like an Alexander Selkirk. The King was ninety-five, and he was dying. The Queen was a big woman of sixty, and she watched him nonchalantly. "D'ye think he's workin' his passage?" she asked. She had never heard of the Styx or of Charon the ferryman ; but the Greeks have crystallised for ever the elemental feelings of the human heart. This illiterate Irishwoman was in spirit with the classics. Her manners too were perfect. A Scotch peasant would have been awkwardly ashamed of her bare feet and ragged dress ; but dirty, draggled, poor as she was, she did the honours of her wretched cabin with the unconsciousness of royalty. "It's the will o' God," she added in a little, "An' praise God, we've had the praist." This was a strange King ; but few monarchs live as long.

But the finest product of the soil

after all was Father MacTurner. The old priest with the sandy hair and the wide mouth, who was everybody's friend and nobody's enemy, came up to us on the road, his battered hat hung on the back of his head, his trousers much frayed at the heels, and held out a freckled hand. "Glad to see you Scotchmen come over here," he said breathlessly, while his teeth fell down as they had a trick of doing; "the Scotch are old friends. There used to be a lot of coming and going. We ought to know each other better; but John Knox broke the golden link." He paused and frowned as furiously as his kindly old face would let him at the thought of the Scotch reformer. But a passer took off his hat, and in an instant the father was all joviality again. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, taking the man, a stout, well-built fellow, by the arm, "look at this well-conditioned Irishman. How d'ye manage it?" "Good temper, father," was the imperturbable reply. "Oh, yes, an' good feeding too. That's the secret, gentlemen."

"Ah, well now," continued the old priest, gracefully changing the subject, "did ye ever see sich scenery? They say your country's beautiful. I've never been in it; I've never been out of the shores of Ireland. To tell you truth, I've not had time. An' I'll tell you why. I'm fifty years a priest, gentlemen; and I've had nine national schools to manage and my poor people, educatin' and trying to help. Why, gentlemen, I fought for these people, and even yet I'd give every drop of my blood for them. I assure you, gentlemen, I've seen on a cold December day with snow on the ground and a piercing wind, twenty families put out on the road and their homes levelled. I saw the aged woman of eighty and the infant of two days put out and nothing to cover them but a little straw thrown

on the ground. And the poor beasts, their byres destroyed,—I assure you, gentlemen, I didn't know which to pity most, the silent people or the roaring animals. Ah, gentlemen, that's what I've had to see; that's what I've had to fight. Well, gentlemen, let me tell you, we gathered up a shelter for these poor people"—and here his voice broke with no simulated emotion—"Would you believe it, they came back and levelled this erection! Well then, there they were, and I was alone for them against the landlord, against everybody. I had no Land League to help me. And I assure you, gentlemen, it is the thing in my life I look at with greatest joy that everyone of these families is at this day happily settled in my own parish."

"You're a great man, father," said the stout Irishman reverently. The old priest hastily wiped his eyes and resettled his teeth which had come loose. We were standing at the Point. He waved his hand to the west. "See, gentlemen, these grand hills and that magnificent sea! The hand that made them is Divine. God is above all our petty squabbles. I would never dispute with any man about his beliefs. It's between you and your Maker. It's not a matter of party. Religion is peace, harmony, concord. But John Knox,—he broke the golden link, the love that made us one. Ah, well, gentlemen," he added, breaking into his genial smile again, "good-bye; and I hope that you will flourish like this plump Irishman. Ye know the secret." Loquacious, good-humoured, courteous, tolerant Father MacTurner, dispensing love and doing good, simple as a child, kindly as a woman, consecrated to his people, devoted to his land,—no wonder thy very shadow is beloved, revered! We speak glibly over here of Jesuitry and Romish tyranny;

but go to the south and the west of Ireland, and you will find many admirable men, breathing the very milk of human kindness. Get the native Irish priest, bred on the soil, grown old among his people, untravelled, untutored, with a love of his cure and a knowledge of the human heart few can boast,—and you have found one of the most lovable of God's creatures.

One impression of Ireland will ever remain deeply and painfully engraven on the memory,—the hopeless, heart-breaking destitution. But nobody ever asked us for alms save poor Martin the natural; and even this half-witted creature would not take your penny till he had read the paper for you up-side down. Nobody but an Irishman, however, could live and be happy amid such grinding poverty. Yet what breaks his heart is not the living in, but the leaving of, his country, beggarly, bankrupt Erin.

Ireland is the land of romance. The Irish peasant is romance incarnate. His memories are old as Cromwell, and a hint of Boyne Water brings the blood to his eye. He broods on the wrongs of centuries. Yet a resident landlord, a laird of the old Scotch type living among his people, would have enslaved his affection. An annual visit from royalty would make him a bigoted loyalist. The Highland crofter would be an infinitely more dangerous subject than

he but for the old instincts of clan and chief; and yet the poverty of the Highlander is wealth to that of the Irishman, who with a few potatoes, some meal, a troop of dragged hens, a duck or two, and a gaunt old sow, lives in wonderful happiness and content. If he had the gloomy nature of the northern Celt, Ireland would be a hell upon earth. Land is divided and sub-divided to absurdity. A Scotch turnip-field would cover a west Irish farm whose fields are about the size of a handkerchief. An Ayrshire farmer would laugh himself sore at the primitive agriculture. Near the sea the land seems wonderfully fertile, perhaps owing to the very closeness of culture. The interior of Ireland is a quivering bog. It is easy to say the Irish peasant has no initiative; he has little indeed to encourage him.

He lives in Ireland and is happy, because he lives in a world of romance, and thinks his country paradise, because he is only a boy who loves to play truant and have his fun of the schoolmaster. He is helped by a comfortable creed which does not ask too much of him. A dose of Calvinism would have soured his boyish spirit and made him old. If the dour Presbyterians of Ulster were transplanted from their prosperous industrial centres to the bleak wilds of Connemara, there would be a problem to face compared to which the present Irish question is but child's play.

J. SCOLAR THOMSON.

THE LAST OF LIMMER'S.

THE chronicles of historic inns are difficult to compile; for while these establishments have their distinctly marked epochs, one year of each epoch is very much like another, and the early registers are generally either missing or mutilated. Thus it is that the writer of the present paper has abandoned all attempts at an exact chronology of Limmer's. It is known, however, that the house existed towards the latter end of the eighteenth century, and was named, first the Prince of Wales's, and afterwards the Prince Regent's Tavern, in honour of Mr. Brummell's fat friend, who sometimes halted there for refreshment on his way to or from Lord's cricket-ground. Readers of Sala's amusing *DAY WITH THE PRINCE REGENT* will recollect the gargantuan quantities of food and drink consumed by His Royal Highness upon those occasions. Charles Fox, General Fitzpatrick and the Duke of Norfolk (the Jacobin Duke) were frequent patrons of Charles Renaud, the proprietor of the tavern, and Sheridan's name was discovered upon the books by his grandsons, Frank and Charles. Renaud married a well-known actress, and sold his interests to Limmer, whose good-humoured personality soon dominated the place, till it came to be known by his name exclusively. In those early days Bolivar, the future liberator of South America, lived in the house, and one can picture the men-about-town and fresh-faced country gentlemen looking curiously at the little, swarthy soldier as he ate his omelette and drank his thin wine in the coffee-

room. Meanwhile a notable sporting connection had been formed. Politics were banished (under Renaud, the house had been a chosen resort of the Whig dandies), and the coffee-rooms and bar gradually became sacred to those who ruled the destinies of Turf and Prize-ring. Captain Gronow, writing of the decade after Waterloo, tells us that

Limmer's was an evening resort for the sporting world: in fact it was a midnight Tattersall's, where you heard nothing but the language of the Turf, and where men with not very clean hands used to make up their books. Limmer's was the most dirty hotel in London; but in the gloomy, comfortless coffee-room might be seen many members of the rich squirearchy, who visited London during the sporting season. This hotel was frequently so crowded that a bed could not be obtained for any amount of money: but you could always get a very good plain English dinner, an excellent bottle of port, and some famous gin punch.

The sneer at "men with not very clean hands" was wholly undeserved. No portals in London were more jealously guarded than Limmer's, and only sportsmen of unblemished reputation were permitted to make their books there. But then Gronow was not a racing man, and probably did not visit the place twice in his life.

Limmer's entered upon the meridian of its fame between 1825 and 1830. It was now far more than a midnight Tattersall's; for, while the one Corner was concerned only with equine matters, that of Conduit and George Streets ranked as the fountain-head of every species of sport, legitimate and occasionally otherwise, from

hunting and racing down to dog-fighting and badger-drawing, being moreover justly renowned for wines and dinners, and a place of residence much sought after by young gentlemen with cash or its equivalents. All ranks and every type of sporting character met in Limmer's on a more or less familiar footing; but a man must be known and proved before he was made free of that strange circle. The unwelcome guest was soon impressed with a sense of his own temerity; the regular patrons utterly ignored him, the waiters served him tardily with cold viands and mulcted him in atrocious sums for what they did vouchsafe him, and in short he was treated so cavalierly, that, were he a wise man, he ventured there no more. To give anything like a complete list of Limmer's celebrated frequenters during this flourishing period would be impossible within the limits of this paper. They were as various in position as they were in disposition; and it was truly said of the house at that time that "its quietest and most gentlemanlike visitor was a professional pugilist, and its rowdiest and worst behaved a marquess of ancient family." One need not think very hard to discover that the particular nobleman referred to was the wild Lord Waterford. This extraordinary character for a long while made Limmer's the scene of his impish freaks, and there is an old story of one of his adventures there which cannot be omitted from any account of the place. In those days the coffee-room was richly carpeted, but Lord Waterford, entering late one night (as usual keen for mischief) declared that he found the temperature insufferably warm, and rushing to the fireplace, raked out the blazing coals, which he scattered in showers about the floor. The costly Turkey carpet was completely ruined,

and the proprietor roundly swore that henceforth his patrons should tread upon sanded boards alone. So it came to pass that, until the remodeling of the house in 1876, the only carpet in the coffee-rooms was one of sand strewn freshly every morning. Another prank of Lord Waterford was to leap suddenly into the midst of a bacchanal party in the bar, disguised as the Devil, with horn, hoofs, and tail complete, not to mention an appalling odour of brimstone.

The servants of Limmer's [says a contemporary] were kept in constant fear and trembling while the most noble Marquess honoured the house with his presence; and he was strongly suspected of carrying on his campaign as "Spring-heeled Jack" from these headquarters. At least a disguise and accessories such as that terror of Middlesex old ladies might have worn, were afterwards found in the mad lord's room on the second floor.

If the servants feared Marquess Henry, their successors of a later day must have looked with equal apprehension upon the eccentric "Billy" Duff, a harum-scarum captain of lancers. Is it not chronicled that when Captain Duff was kept waiting for his dinner one night, he wasted no time on verbal remonstrances, but coolly whipped out a duelling-pistol and shot the lagging clock? This shattered timepiece was long preserved as a curiosity, and now hangs in the private retreat of a veteran Limmerite, side by side with an account of the exploit in heroic verse. On yet another occasion, Billy Duff while returning about one in the morning from the neighbouring Blue Posts to Limmer's, encountered a Highland piper. His patriotism was at once aroused. To quote from an account of the affair published anonymously some years ago:

Billy at once pressed the piper into his service, and brought him with him into the coffee-room. Telling him to strike up the then popular Highland fling, our Highlander, while the piper skirled away, divested himself of all his clothing save his shirt, and to the droning, shrieking accompaniment struck out into his native dance, performing the wildest gyrations, and yelling like a demoniac all the time. It was too much even for John Collins, used as he was to the pranks of his patrons. "I never saw the like of it in all my born days," he used to say when telling the story; "and would you believe it?—I saw some of the women servants peeping in at the door and laughing. For my part I went off to my pantry, and left 'em to it; and there they was, pipin' and screechin' and dancin', till broad daylight."

Before dealing with the discreet John Collins, or with some of his more distinguished patrons and friends, a few words as to the general appearance of Limmer's in its palmy days may not be amiss. The house remained just as it had been in the days of the Regency, the public rooms low-ceilinged, dingy, and ill-lighted, their atmosphere ever laden with the odour of cigars and spirits, wines and dinners; while the private rooms were little more than exaggerated cupboards, and reminded more than one honest squire of the Priest's Hole in his old country home. But far from complaining of these discomforts, the dwellers at Limmer's deemed themselves lucky to have secured a shelter under such a roof. This feeling was partly due, no doubt, to the idea that to live there was to have one's finger upon the pulse of the sporting world, but also in a great degree to that reverence for old associations which is a fine characteristic of the young Briton. Your rich squire, or dashing soldier, clung to his dark, uncomfortable bedroom there, just as to-day many a bachelor prefers the antiquated chambers of the Temple to the

smartest rooms with all the most modern appliances in St. James's or Mayfair. County magnates rubbed shoulders with reckless gamblers and ruined dandies in those long, gloomy passages. In one room lodged Lord Althorp (afterwards Lord Spencer) leader of the House of Commons, and the most popular man in London; in the next apartment was installed Facer Wellesley, who was said to owe £7,000 for his tavern-bill, and who never missed a prize-fight or wore a pair of gloves twice. Lord Lytton makes his Squire Hazeldean in MY NOVEL put up there, and many of Whyte Melville's characters found it a congenial haven, as witness the following passage from *TILBURY NOGO*:

We were to take our departure from Limmer's, that uncertain hostelry whose doors, like those of another much-thronged locality, stand open night and day. In fact so careless are its inhabitants of times and seasons, that I well remember one of its most constant frequenters giving as a reason for his preference that he could not enjoy elsewhere the solid comfort of never knowing what o'clock it was. "I sleep," he said, "till I feel inclined to get up. My bedroom *always* requires candles; and when I come down and order breakfast, after the rest of the world have dined, the waiter looks as little surprised as if ten o'clock at night was the usual time for everyone to begin the day."

The candles, and afterwards the gaslights, in the coffee-rooms and bar were, like the lamp of Vesta, never extinguished; and it was the usual thing to find a party of young roysterers, who had slumbered all day after a night at Jem Burn's, or some Regent Street gambling-hell, sitting down to breakfast at eight in the evening, while the other guests of the house were enjoying a quiet dinner before going to ball or opera. Evening clothes became almost the uniform of these careless livers, and

the late Mr. Charles Wemyss humorously observed that he "found Limmer's the cheapest place in London to stay at, for one never had occasion to wear anything there but a dress-suit."

From six until ten in the evening was generally the most crowded time in the sanded coffee-rooms, and during those hours most of the big bets were made, the plungers as a rule belonging to the brigade that slept during the day. But at no time, night or day, was the place empty, and many of the old and knowing sportsmen, who had long since sown their wild oats, gathered of an afternoon at the Conduit Street windows, or in a famous recess, panelled with mirrors at the end of the larger coffee-room. In that recess it has been said that, "More prize-fight matches were made than in all the other sporting houses of London together, and more fortunes lost and won over Derbys and Ascots and Legers than at the rooms at Newmarket or Doncaster." A number of tables were scattered about the three apartments, and as evening approached these were occupied by various groups, indulging in refreshment, casual conversation, or business. Business at Limmer's included not only matters directly related to sport, but also nightly committees of ways and means, summoned by those who had been jilted by the fickle deity and found it necessary to replenish their purses at short notice. Then there was calling in hot haste for pens, ink, and stamped paper, and young Antonios obligingly signed bills of mutual accommodation, pending visits to different parts of Jewry on the morrow. These scraps of paper frequently got the youngsters into serious trouble, and sometimes the minions of Cursitor Street succeeded in making their way into the sacred precincts for the purpose of

servicing their abhorred writs. But Limmer's stood staunchly by its friends, and it was for emergencies such as this that what was known as a secret passage existed, by which the prey might elude the bailiffs' vigilance. This mysterious exit was, it is said, a trap-door hidden by a wine-cask, and leading from the cellars of the tavern into those of a friendly wine-merchant in New Bond Street. There is a wine-merchant in New Bond Street still, a few doors above Conduit Street. John Collins, the head-waiter, acted as master of the ceremonies during these disappearances, which troubled the merry crowd in the rooms overhead not a whit. Had the victim been taken, immediate efforts would have been made for his release, headed by kindly Lord Spencer, always foremost in such cases; but if the evasion proved successful, the business in the coffee-room continued uninterrupted, save for a little chaff at the bailiffs' expense.

As the night grew older, and the rooms filled, there was naturally a great deal of noise and excitement. There were the racing tables, the prize-ring tables, and the tables patronised by other interests. Yonder, for instance, sat a hunting group, ruddy squires, or smart young guardsmen, exchanging the gossip of the Shires, and drinking to a good season and the tardy appearance of "them stinkin' v'lets." There, a prize-fight was in process of arrangement, with such genii of the ring as Sir St. Vincent Cotton, Parson Ambrose, Tom Crommelin, and Lord Longford in earnest consultation, and certain unsavoury-looking characters were hovering about to hear the earliest result, not unwatched by John Collins and his assistants. Some of these humbler devotees of the ring, however, were, as much above sus-

pcion as Lord Spencer himself, a notable example being the renowned Jem Burn, saloon-keeper in Windmill Street, who, followed by a bull-dog as thick set and varmint-looking as himself, came and went as he chose at Limmer's. Of the racing patrons of the place I am permitted to quote the following summary, written by a veteran of the coffee-rooms.

As night falls there is a motley gathering of sporting men to see what is going on in Conduit Street. Among them comes Mr. Greville, with his blue evening coat and brass buttons, and with the knob of his stick perpetually held up to his lips. He asks for a modest £1,000 to £20 about Alarm for the Cambridgeshire, while Tom Crommelin is eagerly booking £1,000 to £30 at the other end of the room. In Fatty Sutherland's ample arm-chair sits Mr. Drinkald enthroned, never forgetting that, although now *abdomine tardus*, he was once an Eton boy, and reminding those who have patience to listen that "Drinky had a capital father and has still a capital uncle." The impetuous Long Captain, once known by the patronymic of Higgins, but dying with that of Brabazon, is there, in his never-doffed long frock-coat, and with an elastic thousand still left to lay against some horse, in connection with which he discerns, or, in his easily-roused suspicion, fancies he discerns, a faint scent of carrion, Lord Winchelsea has just finished dinner at the table adjoining the column farthest from the fireplace, and proclaims his anxiety to lay £5,000 to £4,000 on the field. Old Justice, with his lame leg and his open book in hand, hobbles hither and thither with a list of dead 'uns up his sleeve, and an anxiety to lay which scares away even the unsophisticated young backer who had found his way into that dangerous company from the Isis or the Cam. Even the stately Lord George Bentinck may occasionally be seen, in his green cut-away Newmarket coat, and stiff white cravat, followed by his commission-agent Harry Hill, a shambling figure in shabby black, or accompanied by his handsome young friend, Frank Villiers. Fred Magenis is in earnest conversation with Rudston Read, who, fresh from York and Malton, has not a little to tell about the merits of Scott's lot. There are also

Dollar Scott, and Jerry Ives with his restless eyes. Lord Chesterfield and Colonel Forester come in from a trial, which may possibly add a Mrs. Taft or a Bathilde to the scroll of Cæsarewitch or Cambridgeshire winners. Lord Derby and Colonel Anson are anxiously watching the manœuvres of their commissioner to whom they have entrusted the manipulation of Scott's Derby favourite, against whom Sir Joseph Hawley has just laid £5,000 to £200. Seated upon a table, with his legs dangling, the late Lord Caledon, universally greeted by his friends as Pikey, might be seen at all hours of the day or night, with droll Irish face and merry eyes twinkling, as Mucker Gordon regales him with the last hunting joke from Chipping Norton. In one window stood Colonel Ouseley Higgins, Captain William Peel, and Captain Josey Little, debating head to head how the means were to be found to run Pioneer for the Worcester steeplechase. At the table farthest from the Conduit Street windows was seated Jack Mytton, with ample shirt-sleeves rolled back, and a snowy expanse of shirt-bosom upon which mice might have run races.

Jack Mytton was equally ready to squander his rapidly diminishing fortune upon ring or racecourse, and after a cup of coffee to clear his head from the morning revels, he was accustomed to stalk about the rooms, staking fistfuls of banknotes; and there were not a few who waited but the chance to pounce upon poor Jack. The time was not far distant, when, ruined in mind and body, Mytton was forced to seek a refuge abroad, and in Surtees's LIFE OF NIMROD we read how the fugitive found a last asylum with Mr. Apperley at Boulogne. Such tragedies were inevitable in a society like that which met at Limmer's; but sometimes the last grim scene was enacted even within the walls of the old tavern. There were many sad deaths in the dark little rooms upstairs, and one or two suicides of ruined sportsmen. Poor Berkeley Craven ate his last dinner at Limmer's, the evening

before Bay Middleton's Derby victory of 1836 drove him to self-destruction. On the other hand, the house has been the scene of numerous reformations, and not a few young rakes, rescued from the spunging-house and given a new start in life by relatives and friends, have celebrated their amendment by a farewell feast in the sanded coffee-room, and a princely "tip" to John Collins, or to Sam, his equally discreet, but less genial successor. Years afterwards, it was the dear delight of these honest gentlemen to revisit the scene of their youthful extravagance, and to discuss with Old John or Sam the vanished glories of the past, when they too had heard the chimes at midnight.

Through the bustle and confusion of Limmer's John Collins trotted serenely in his noiseless pumps, directing his assistants Peter and Henry, exchanging chaff with one table, pacifying impatient would-be diners at another, and mixing pick-me-ups of the kind named after him for the dejected revellers at a third. This world-renowned beverage, still popular in America, and not forgotten upon this side of the Atlantic, was compounded of gin, soda-water, ice, lemon, and sugar. John was a little, round, rosy-gilled body, whose aspect suggested his contemporary of Fleet Street, that other plump head-waiter sung of by Will Waterproof. He of Conduit Street had his laureates too; and thanks to the loving research of the Honble. Frederick Cadogan, I am enabled to give some of the verses of the song written in Old John's honour.

The authorship of the lines [says Mr. Cadogan] we commonly attributed to Charles and Frank Sheridan (sons of Tom Sheridan, and grandsons of Richard Brinsley), and many thought that their sister Mrs. Blackwood, Lord Dufferin's

mother, had several fingers in the pie. Lord Dufferin was convinced that the song emanated from his family. The verses were never published, and although I made diligent enquiry among my contemporaries I had the greatest difficulty in running seven of the stanzas to earth; the remainder are, I fear, lost.

It was a tradition at Limmer's in Whyte Melville's time that the song was written by the Sheridans to while away a tedious and rainy morning, and that the names of nearly all the frequenters of the place were introduced. Its popularity was assured from the first, and it was lustily trolled to the well-known air of JENNY JONES. The following are the verses preserved from oblivion by Mr. Cadogan.

My name is John Collins, head-waiter
at Limmer's

The corner of Conduit Street, Han-
over square;

My chief occupation is filling of brim-
mers

To solace young gentlemen laden
with care,

Mrs. Cole sells kid gloves for to go to
the opera,

Whilst Peter sits scratching his head
at the bar;

And Henry, I think, should behave
his self properer,

Who'll give on the sly a Havanna
cigar.

Our Peter he wished to be clerk at St.
George's;

But the Rector he said that those
sorts of men,

Who could callously view our young
gentlemen's orgies,

Would be calling *Coming!* instead
of *Amen*;

That he'd register marriage as *Brandy-
and Water,*

And indecently enter a birth as a *Go,*
And in short, tho' in Heav'n they have

Peter for porter,

'Twas not that sort of Peter,—so he
would not do.

My ale-cup's the best that ever you
tasted,
Mr. Frank always drinks my gin-
punch when he smokes ;
I can carve every joint that ever was
basted,—
And give you a wrinkle or two on
the Oaks.

I'm old, but I'm hearty ; I'm grey, but
I'm merry ;
I don't wish to go, and few wish me
gone ;
Shall I bring you a pint, or a bottle of
sherry,
To drink the good health, and long
life of Old John ?

* * * * *
There's Lewis Ricardo, so full of
bravado ;
And sweet Spencer Cowper,—a blond
I declare ;
There's profligate Punch, who's so fond
of his lunch ;
And conkey Jim Howard, who ne'er
knows despair.

Mrs. Cole was the housekeeper ; Peter, the rejected of St. George's, and Henry, were John Collins's assistants. As for the four cronies who are grouped together in the final stanza, Lewis Ricardo was a son of David Ricardo ; Spencer Cowper was Lord Palmerston's stepson and private secretary, married D'Orsay's widow, and sold Sandringham to the present King ; while care-defying and conkey Jim Howard stands revealed as a son of the sixteenth Earl of Suffolk who married a daughter of the third Marquess of Lansdowne, and was made a Commissioner of Woods and Forests. Under the disguise of profligate Punch we recognise Mr. Charles Greville, sportsman, diarist, dandy, and clerk to the Privy Council. The epithet *profligate* seems hardly suitable to the discreet young man with the "somewhat square and sturdy figure, adorned by a face both solid and refined ; noble in its outline, the mouth tense and exquisitely chiselled," who then, and for many years thereafter, was one of the daily guests at Limmer's. When

the song was written, however Charles Greville's position, as confidant and racing manager to the Duke of York, may have led his friends to banteringly regard him as a species of Poin. The nickname Punch was a survival from his school-days ; in his declining years he was known as the Gruncher. At Limmer's most of the young men had nicknames, some far from complimentary to their owners.

After the Crimea and the Mutiny a notable change began to appear in the character of those who patronised the old tavern. John Collins retired upon a pension, and in the seclusion of Hampstead (where he was once visited by Dickens) mourned over the degeneracy of those whom he described "as the new young gentlemen." There was less indiscriminate drinking at Limmer's, earlier hours were kept, and while racing still held its own, the patrons of pugilism and dog-fighting grew fewer and fewer. In their place came hunting-men, who could not afford to give up their nights to punch-bowl and gambling-hell, and steeplechasing afforded a sort of neutral ground upon which the old hard-betting and the new hard-riding elements could mix agreeably. But in truth, the need for such places as Limmer's was rapidly dying out. Clubs were everywhere luring the racing-men away, and the pampered generation, then growing up, was learning to regard with horror such stuffy old places, and to look for modern luxuries in the hotels which it patronised. A few ancient friends stuck to the house to the last ; but the advent of what is termed "an up-to-date and progressive management" sealed the fate of Limmer's, as it had been since the days of George the Third. It was decided to tear down the centenarian tavern, and bid for fashionable favour

with an imposing hotel, "built and conducted on the most modern principles." When the ill news went forth, there arose from all parts of Britain, and even from the distant colonies, a chorus of protest; but in spite of this the transformation took place in 1876, after a curious auction, at which many relics of the house, intrinsically worthless but endeared to Limmerites by countless associations, were sold at fancy prices. You may stumble upon some of them yet in country-houses, clubs, or mess-rooms, where the clock shot by Billy Duff, or the high-backed chair from which Assassin Smith, mimicking his reverend parent, was accustomed to read prayers, with *THE RACING CALENDAR* for a prayer-book and John Collins as clerk, are lovingly preserved. When the new Limmer's was opened, sanded floors, dark wainscotted rooms, and winding passages, had given place to broad staircases, well-lit apartments, and carpets costlier than that burnt by the wild Lord Waterford. The Old Brigade scowled upon all this splendour, and prophesied that the house would not long survive its metamorphosis. There was something magical in the very name of Limmer's, however, and a glamour must have hung still about the corner of Conduit Street, for many of the old patrons continued to visit it to the last, ordering their plain English dishes and sound wines, and bringing their sons, who in turn gave the renovated tavern a high reputation for its Service dinners. Certain societies, also, of a pleasant, old-world character, were used to meet there, particularly Ye Sette of Odd Volumes, which, with its varied membership of bibliophiles, artists, and authors, fongathered monthly for feasting and

discussion, until the recent closing of those hospitable doors left the Sette temporarily without a shelf to rest upon.

When the bells of St. George's, Hanover Square, rang out a welcome to the year 1904, old residents of the neighbourhood maintain that a strain of sadness mingled with the joyous notes, as though the grey Georgian temple were mourning for its departed neighbour across the way. For antagonistic as church and tavern might have been supposed to be, there long existed an informal, but none the less cordial alliance between them. Many a bridegroom, due on the morrow at St. George's, gave his last bachelor supper at Limmer's, and dressed by candlelight for his wedding in one of the gloomy bedrooms upstairs. And in the coffee-room the friends of the happy man were wont, in the old days, to hold a mock wake, after they had seen "the dear departed" drive away from St. George's porticoed front, with his bride by his side. Time was when the dandies, lounging in Limmer's windows, and watching somewhat superciliously the wedding parties on their way, would have thought it far more likely that the fashionable church should be torn down, than that "the first sporting tavern in the world" should shut its doors for ever. But inexorable Fate has called the reckoning. Not only is the old house dead, with all its memories and associations, but its very name has been blotted out from the list of London's landmarks. It is, now—alas the day!—a piano-warehouse, and Limmer's has gone to join the Tabard, the Boar's Head, the Mermaid, and many another famous tavern where the men of old gloried and drank deep.

GERALD BRENNAN.

AT THE HOME OF THE DECEIVERS.

JOCK FREEMAN took his bruised heart and his fishing-rods to that Highland village with the unmanageable Gaelic name, and hoped that in about a month he might forget Ruby Grayne and be as he was before he had known her. The trouble was that she was no longer Ruby Grayne.

It was clear to him now that she had played with him. Sitting amid the heather and fighting the midges, he perceived that she was commonplace or worse, as well as lovely and irresistible. All that cant of hers two or three weeks before her marriage was just the easy flow of words from a practised tongue. "I'm dreadfully ashamed of myself if I have made you think of me like that," she had said. "I—I had no idea of it, and I do so want you to say you forgive me and, if you can, to wish me happiness and the other usual things. I respect you very very much and—so would Hector if he knew you. I ought to have told you about our engagement; I know I ought, but something in me wouldn't let me. Mamma says I'm a little fiend, and at times I believe I am one; but I suffer for it always and—and if that's any consolation to you, you have it." This and more she had said to him, he aching and stunned and furious; furious with Fate rather than with Ruby herself, in whose blue eyes there were the most beautiful tears the world had ever seen.

She could talk, — there was no question of that. Before they thus parted, of course for ever, she made him understand that it was the

fascination of his own personality that had led her into temptation and another of her fits of fiendishness. Those clandestine meetings on Wandsworth Common were so many tributes to his attractiveness. And yet at the very time when she had encouraged him into an intimacy which, for him at any rate, had but one meaning, she was drifting fast towards the altar and a certain Hector Maclean. Her banns had been published for the first and the second time. It was certainly monstrous of her; nevertheless he had forgiven her, and reserved his animosity for Fate itself. Never had he so yearned to fold her in his arms as when, with a winsome little choking effort, she had begged him to think as kindly of her as possible. "I couldn't—help it," she said, stammeringly, as if her heart was as broken as her phrases.

He took credit to himself that he had held his impulses in a curb of steel. He asked almost calmly about this same enviable Hector, putting the question with gravity, as if he were a sort of guardian of her happiness. Hector Maclean was a schoolmaster devoted to mathematics. The holidays were at hand; they were to be married early in August, when there was no particular call upon him for mathematics. "We have known each other a long time and—and my mother would be very grieved if I were to do anything to interfere with the arrangement." He had flashed out at that. Was it to be supposed that she was a martyr to duty? It appeared not. "Of course I like him," she replied gently. "One likes

many people. I could almost wish it were not so."

And then, with a tragic pressure of her hand,—that dear passive little hand at which he had so often gazed with thoughts that trembled towards candid expression—he had made his farewell. He had left her in the gorse, humbled and for the moment miserable enough. And now he was at the Home of the Deceivers, this Highland village at the end of a gleaming sea-loch, with garish yellow weed to its rocks at the fall of every tide, and knew, with a sense of bitterness and exasperation which much impeded his skill as an angler, that he had been fooled for a long month and that he could have come to no more suitable spot for his sackcloth and ashes.

This, too, was her doing as much as anyone's. He had laughed aloud, to the confusion of the curlew, when the realisation of it came upon him one blustering morning, just when, he reckoned, Ruby was signing herself Maclean for the first time in her ambiguous young life. They had talked together of many things during those sweet secret hours which she ought to have used more gracefully; of psychology, of the latest novel, and of places which it would be altogether delightful to see in common; and Ruby had named this Highland village as the spot which had made the fairest mark on her memory, and the one which she most desired to revisit. She had written its long name in his pocket-book, and he had determined to see it with her eyes as well as with his own; perhaps—who knows?—they might some day see it together. He remembered now that she had shrunk a little when he ventured that suggestion, one of the many feelers towards the future which his heart had sent forth. And then she had forced a daring little

laugh: "Yes—why not? she had said, and promptly turned the conversation.

Jock had endured a fortnight in the Highland village. He was in the house of one Ferguson, flesher and cobbler; his body and sole were therefore both, to repeat Mrs. Ferguson's seasoned week-day witticism, in a fine situation for repairs. Ferguson was a little bent man with white eyebrows and a mouth that seemed to be for ever smiling; it smiled on the very sheep he coaxed from the tiny paddock in front of the house to the shed of doom in one corner. His wife was huge, generally with bared mahogany-coloured arms, and a peculiar habit of snuffing which she had inherited from the Macphies. In the more reconciled of his moments Jock found diversion in Mrs. Ferguson (*née* Flora Macphie) and her surprising nose-quill. But though moderately jocose on week-days, Mrs. Ferguson was the most rigid of Sabatarians. "Och, ye wicked bodies, sort your ways!" he had heard her gasp at the quacking ducks on a Sunday. She purred hymn-tunes in a whisper on Sunday evenings. At bedtime, on Sundays, Ferguson the flesher prayed long and loud in a sonorous voice which penetrated to Jock's staid parlour like light itself. "And, oh Lord, have a care in Thy goodness of our dear son Robin, so far away from his parents in that great island of Australia which will be better known to Thee than to the likes of us. Keep him from the paths of evildoers and tak' not his health from him"—and so on and so on.

Mrs. Ferguson reproved Jock for his abstention from kirk on his first Sunday in the Home of the Deceivers. "It's like refusing a precious gift, Mr. Freeman. I'm sure you'd be the better of it, sir. Jordan's milk and honey flowing past your very

shoe-tips, and ye'll no stoop to tak' a cupful o' it!" That made Jock smile. He went off and worshipped in his own way on a hooked mountain-top whence he recognised certain features in the broad prospect of sea and land which Ruby had limned for him. There was the Fairies' hillock for instance in a hollow to the north, with the two fir trees on it. The trees were a man and his wife who offended the fairies by planting potatoes in the roof of their subterranean dwelling. The fairies had protested and warned them, but they were a sceptical as well as an obstinate couple; and so one day the fairies went elsewhere in a huff, the cottage of the two Maclachlans and the two Maclachlans themselves disappeared, and two stout trees alone marked the site. There was also the Loch of the Five Fingers, an inlet with five branches. Ruby and her brother, the naval lieutenant, had had great times cruising about that loch, Ruby in a red Tam O'Shanter. She had asked Jock if he thought she would still look nice in a red cap, and of course he had replied that she would look beautiful in anything. So passed the first Sunday, in a haze of reprehensible visions and memories. No wonder Mrs. Ferguson felt justified of her reproofs when she marked the gloom of his countenance upon his return to the bannocks, mutton chops, and tea of his evening meal. It was then that Jock heard the flesher pray so earnestly for his absent son Robin.

The second Sunday was a fierce black day with a white wrath of water on all the shore visible from the Home of the Deceivers. The rain came in passionate roaring bursts, and, looking at the gloom and frenzy on the mountains and the coast, Jock told himself he was an idiot to mew himself up in such

a depressing corner of the kingdom. This time it was Ferguson the flesher who pleaded for his soul's salvation. He tapped at the parlour-door and entered, smiling and deferential. He was in solemn black like the mountains. "Ay," he said, and "ay" again to Jock's comments on the weather. Jock forgot himself so far as to point to the whiskey on the side table, and suggest a dram. That brought Ferguson the flesher to the Evangelising level in an instant. "No, indeed, sir," he said; "I'm no touching a drop the morn. And I was thinking that maybe ye're forgetting the day yerself, Mr. Freeman, — the Lord's own day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all that it becomes a mon to do, but they'll be talking in the village, sir, if ye despise the kirk on the Sabbath. The Minister himself was saying when he called to buy his bit joint on Friday" — "You can tell the Minister to mind his own business and leave me to mind mine," interrupted Jock testily. "But what was the Minister saying then, Mr. Ferguson?" "Indeed, sir," continued the flesher, smiling on, "it was only this: he was asking how any gentleman that did not attend the kirk on the Sabbath could expect a fine run of fish on Monday. But maybe he was wrong, whatever, with this weather and all." The flesher's elbow nudged the door to a close, he glanced at the bottle, and his smile was so arch that Jock poured whiskey for him without hesitation this time, and gave him smile for smile. "I'm no for the kirk to-day either, Mr. Ferguson," he said. And the flesher licked his lips furtively and remarked in a whisper that perhaps Jock had had a college education as good as the Minister's, and might know as much about things spiritual as the Minister himself. "Mr. Davidson's a fine mon,

Mr. Freeman, and he drums at the Almighty as I'd no dare do; but he sends his boots to the toon to be pieced. I'm no blaming ye, sir. The same kind of oil doesna suit every mon's lamp."

There was so rich a run of sea-trout on the Tuesday following this second Sunday at the Home of the Deceivers that Jock had less difficulty in keeping his mind off Ruby. She had fooled him, no doubt of that; but this day he was standing no foolery from anything that lived, and especially not from the trout. He brought back a basket of eight goodly fish, and he was in spirits which might almost be called high. Mrs. Ferguson welcomed him with great joy. Any gratuitous addition to the larder would have covered her spacious countenance with the sunshine of temporary exultation. She patted him on the shoulder with the glee of an amiable giantess. "You're a real grand fisherman, sir," she said, "and I'm sure there'll be none so clever wi' the rod and the flees all up the Dolpie River. There's some visitors come to the Bay Hotel, they tell me, and it's yourself, Mr. Freeman, they'll be in the right of it to ask for the way to catch such bonnie fish. They're no wee at all, indeed they are not." "The visitors?" suggested Jock. "Ay, the visitors, Mr. Freeman; but it's the fish I'm meaning. They two up at the hotel are just a couple of young bodies beginning the trials of the matrimonial life. Weel a weel! 'tis little they know of those same trials yet. I'm no complaining of Ferguson, but if it wasna for poor Robin across the water I'd as soon be little Flora Macphie again, with the simple mind on me I had when I was a lassie, as be what I am, whatever, and that's no small thing, Mr. Freeman, as ye can see for yourself."

Mrs. Ferguson was a good-hearted bright creature on a Tuesday, with those ten pounds of fish for nothing glittering under her eyes, beautiful in death.

Jock ate his luncheon and asked no questions about the newcomers at the hotel. He might well have been inquisitive. The hotel had been empty all these days of his sojourn in the Home of the Deceivers. It had electric bells, bathrooms, and three pert young women (from Glasgow) in caps, to wait upon the visitors who did not come to it; and Mr. Roderick Grant, its landlord, had blank bills with items thereupon of every kind, from *postage stamps* to *sundries*. He was a furious man, was Mr. Grant, these three past weeks. There were visitors elsewhere, but none came to the Home of the Deceivers. It was just as if they knew the English meaning of the long Gaelic name of the village and were alarmed by it, before experience had taught them about Mr. Grant's audacity as a bill-compiler. But all this was nothing to Jock, who had his own tribulations to digest. The Home of the Deceivers might starve for lack of Sassenach strangers for all the concern he felt in its fate. Personal humiliation had made him selfish to that extent.

But after luncheon he went out again with his rod and at a certain salmon-pool in the Dolpie, two miles up the river from the hotel, he chanced upon a little spectacled gentleman almost buried in heather, earnestly engaged in cutting a fly out of the leg of his trousers. It was where the bank dropped rather abruptly towards the edge of the water. Jock well nigh stepped upon him; failing that, he frowned, for it was a capital pool and the odds were that the water was spoiled by this apparition of a man

The little gentleman looked up and a singularly winning smile broke upon his face. Considering what a plain face it was, the smile was very remarkable. He was a long-eared man of irregular features, clean-shaven, with a muddy complexion. His teeth would have shocked any dentist, and excited the cupidity of some dentists waiting for a patient. In spite of his smile, which had an air of inoffensive placidity and ease of mind, he irritated Jock by his appearance quite apart from his annoying position on the edge of that salmon-pool. Jock had several times strolled to the pool just on purpose to see the ten pounders throw themselves out of the water and fall back into it with a resounding flop.

"Mr. Freeman, I believe," said the little gentleman rising, with the fly still in his trousers. "I am very glad to meet you."

Jock's response to this greeting was not enthusiastic. He gave the other a look which said, with unflattering directness, "Who the devil may you be?"

The little gentleman explained. "My name is Maclean," he said. "My wife and I are not twenty-four hours in the place. You know her, I understand? She made enquiries as soon as we arrived. She was under the impression that you might be staying here. I fancy you are old acquaintances. I—we—shall be very pleased to see you at the hotel, Mr. Freeman, unless the attractions of sport are of a superior kind."

A thunderbolt could scarcely have hit Jock harder than these tremendous words. He stared at Ruby's husband until the latter had done speaking. The "Really!" with which he acknowledged Hector Maclean's introduction of himself was anything but genial. Hector Maclean were blind indeed not to

see it. He showed that he saw it, becoming suddenly crestfallen, pathetic, loose-jawed. That curious childlike smile of his played over his face appealingly, a mere spark of a smile now, ready to expire in a moment. "I—thought you and my wife were friends, Mr. Freeman," said the little gentleman.

"Yes?" said Jock, partly inclined to laugh boisterously and partly inclined to rave.

"But perhaps,—that is, don't let me waste your time. I'm nothing of an angler myself. I like to go off with a rod and think. I was congratulating myself on my happiness when I made my first throw just now, and I—hooked myself."

Jock asked himself what kind of a man it was that Ruby had taken for a husband and what she meant by it. It was becoming amusing. That beautiful, straight-limbed, open-faced girl with the blue eyes that were a world in themselves, the wife of this undeveloped or prematurely withered stalk of a man! As a problem, it was absorbing. What did it mean? He apologised for his rudeness. "You took me by surprise, Mr. Maclean," he said; "I didn't know you were coming here."

"I know," replied Mr. Maclean, cheerful again. "She said it would be a surprise to you. My wife has many friends; I, unfortunately, have few. My scholastic work has denied me such a privilege,—that and other responsibilities about which I need not trouble you. Er—you will permit me to offer you my hand?"

Jock shook hands with Ruby's husband. It was more mystifying than ever. Was the fellow really what he assumed to be, or was he a Urisk, one of those lubberly indescribables of the Gaelic imagination which haunt the wilds of the Highlands, as harmless as slugs?

"Pray don't let me interfere with your sport," Mr. Maclean urged, when the formal salutation was over.

"The sight of the heather and the perfume of the bog-myrtle are quite sufficient charms for me this afternoon." He clasped his rod as if to go, the fly still conspicuous in his brown trousers.

"What is your wife doing this afternoon?" asked Jock on impulse, putting the question with great severity.

Mr. Maclean's eyebrows twitched. "She is, I believe, writing letters," he replied. "I am not very well acquainted yet with the working of her mind, but I am inclined to believe that when a woman wishes to be alone, she remembers her epistolary debts. She was very willing that I should make this little excursion by myself."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Jock. It was a hollow demonstration, but it did him good. He wanted to laugh outright at the preposterousness of things in general, including Ruby's husband. Even such a poor compromise with his aspirations was a relief. "Oh no," he added, as Mr. Maclean stooped for his basket. "I wouldn't think of taking your place here; you've as much right to it as I have, I suppose."

"But it is a voluntary surrender," said Mr. Maclean.

His humility, which was clearly innate, touched Jock. "I don't care what it is," he said. "Do you smoke? Let's have a pipe together. Tell me, — is she, — are you both happy?"

In its way this was a great achievement for him. He put the question without cynicism; perhaps with more curiosity than cordial interest in the answer. Yet that was much in him, considering what he had said to the heather and rocks these two or three

past weeks, and the impatience of disappointment which was constitutional in him.

"Happy!" Mr. Maclean murmured the word wistfully. He looked at the blue sky and the snow-white clouds bossed about it; and he looked at the darksome pool with the alluring spots of foam in its backwater; and his smile was steeped in the innocence of perfect content. "How should I not be happy, married to such a wife as Ruby, Mr. Freeman?" he retorted, looking last at Jack himself.

Jock nodded. "Just so," he said.

And then Hector Maclean broke forth excitedly, with upraised hand, his bulrush of a wrist bared as his coat-sleeve slipped from it. Jock noted the fragility of the man as yet another touch of mystery in this screaming problem. "Mr. Freeman," he cried, "though I've been brought up in England from a child, I am a thoroughbred Celt at heart, and I'm such a bubbling and overpowering well of happiness that I can't help letting it appear to everyone. You're not married, I understand, and so you will feel tempted to smile at me. Well then, smile. If you can believe me, even the world's mockery would have no effect upon me except to make me sorry for the world. I'm so happy as all that."

Jock nodded again, but said nothing. He was beginning to be awed. It was not of himself nor even of Ruby that he thought now, only of the danger upon which this queer, yet impressive, oddity had walked as it were blindfold.

Hector Maclean quivered with blissful agitation. He breathed very fast, as if such agitation were exhausting to him.

"Why has she married him?" The question quite abruptly seemed to shout itself to Jock. So complete

an illusion was it that he flushed as if he had actually spoken the words.

And Hector Maclean answered the unuttered enquiry.

"Yes," he said, "I am a true-born Celt, with the defects of my qualities like other men. No one would think it to look at me, but I am the only other surviving Maclean of Erseford. The present laird is my cousin, a great red-headed fellow to whom I should be ashamed to show myself. Poor fellow, he has an incurable disease, in spite of his magnificence as a man. God knows, I wish him as long a life as he can wish for himself, but I feel,—you will be generous to me, Mr. Freeman, and not smile too candidly, I'm sure—I hope that perhaps by and by my wife will feel that she might have had a worse bargain of a husband.

He wastes no time who carries
A moment here to spell the old grey
stones
Where high-renowned Macleans and
stout MacQuarries
Reharse their glories and preserve
their bones.

That was written about the Macleans of Mull, from whom the Erseford Macleans are descended. We, too, have our honoured tombstones, Mr. Freeman, and it makes me swell with ancestral pride to think of them. If I should have a son—but positively I am inexcusable. I'm awa' this minute, as my dear fellow-countrymen would say."

"No," exclaimed Jock. He was staring at the water and seeing much more than its lustrous blackness. Was she as bad as all that?

"Oh yes, I shall surely go, whatever, this time," said Hector Maclean, with gentle mirth in his eyes, "especially after that cheap brag of mine about the blood in my veins. I'm not a laird yet, and for Donald's sake

I hope it will be many a year before I become one. Between ourselves, Mr. Freeman, I am a poor man at present, very poor in the mundane meaning of the word to have married Miss Grayne. I have my old mother also to maintain and long may it be so; and,—again between ourselves, Mr. Freeman—I supplement my scholastic income by a little pen-work. You will agree with me that few men look less like a poet than I do, and yet I write poetry, poetry which brings me occasional but useful guineas. My wife does not know that she has married a rhymer as well as a pedagogue; I have lacked courage to tell her that hitherto. Good-bye, Mr. Freeman, and do come and see us. I feel better able to write a poem just now than to catch a fish."

Jock was strung to a point which might have set him saying ruinous things. These final words of Hector Maclean's, and the merciless illumination of Ruby's character which had preceded them, paralysed his tongue in the nick of time. He trembled on the brink of a brutality. There would be a certain fierce satisfaction in exposing Ruby to her husband. With all her loveliness, she was unworthy to polish the spectacles of this very little remnant of the Macleans of Erseford. He, in his Fool's Paradise, was pitiable, but she was damnable, unless,—unless she merely played with fire like a child in its nursery, because it was a forbidden indulgence. There were such persons. Should he or should he not throw the poison so ready to his hand into the cup of her small husband's happiness and leave inexorable justice to work out the sequel?

His thoughts were quick, but before they could ripen to fruition Hector Maclean was in the river. He was clumsy, as well as a happy husband and a poet. Stepping backwards, he

trod in a rut among the heather, overbalanced and sprawled into the Dolpie with outstretched arms and a subdued cry. "Oh, I'm—" he exclaimed and that was all. He made a sparkling splash under the August sunshine as he plunged among the salmon; the pool here was from ten to twelve feet deep, and the water closed darkly over his head almost as soon as he was in it.

The calamity was Jock's salvation. It was an exquisite ending to about the most enlightening half-hour of his lifetime. Before the Dolpie had accepted Hector Maclean, with the air of a river that having received a good thing meant to keep it, Jock was laughing gustily. In a woman it would have been hysteria; in him it was just the inevitable reaction from that state of tragic tension in which he had been held for a minute or so. He laughed and—peeled off his coat, jumped ten feet to a tongue of gravel which pushed the Dolpie's water in a strong little stream past the skirts of the pool and without much effort secured Ruby's husband and brought him ashore. Hector Maclean could for a few minutes do nothing except splutter and cough and shiver as he looked watery gratitude at Jock. "I—I"—he gasped. It came out at length; "I shall remember this as long as I live, Mr. Freeman."

"Yes, and so shall I," said Jock. "But can you swim? I thought it would never do to wait and see."

"N—o, I can't swim. I am ashamed to say so, but there are very few things I can do, Mr. F—Freeman."

Once again, for the very last time in history, Ruby rose before Jock's vision as the desirable goddess of girls he had lately believed her to be. He came near retorting to Hector Maclean that with all his deficiencies he had won Ruby, and what more did he want than that? "Well,

anyway," he said, "if I were you, I'd run home and change. You'll easily do that."

"Yes," said Hector Maclean, "and I shall tell Ruby—"

"No," exclaimed Jock, imperatively. "I wouldn't if I were you. Women don't like their husbands to be rescued by other men; at least I fancy so. They like them to be up to doing their own rescuing. Just make a joke of it; you tumbled in and scrambled out. It'll be something to laugh about for a week. And perhaps she won't be so eager to write letters when you go out for a solitary ramble, Mr. Maclean. See?"

That was bitter. As soon as he had said it, Jock hoped Ruby's husband did not see what he had meant. Nor did he.

"Yes, yes," he said, with chattering teeth. "I—we—shall see you this evening? Do come, Mr. Freeman. There is a—a bond between us now. I must really run, or I shall catch my death of cold."

Jock gave Hector Maclean his rod, and gave him a grip of the hand besides. "So long!" he said, with the grip. "And—er—I'm expecting a telegram which may send me south immediately. If you don't see me, you'll understand."

"Oh!" said Hector Maclean, staring ludicrously through his wet glasses, which had not left his nose.

"Go, my good man, go!" said Jock. "Of course I'll come round if I can. And don't let on to her that I had anything to do with it. I'm sure it's the best way with women. Good luck and a hot bath to you. Now off you go."

Hector Maclean stumbled off. Jock watched him; nor did he chuckle at the drunken movements of Ruby's husband as he staggered from hole to rut. He watched him to the mountain shoulder beyond which was

the snow-white hotel of Mr. Roderick Grant with its electric bells, pert young women from Glasgow, and Ruby. And then, with long strides, he returned to the house of Ferguson the flesher.

Mrs. Ferguson was taking the air at the threshold, which she filled with astonishing precision. Her mahogany-coloured arms were folded across her portly person. She greeted Jock with a beaming nod. "So you're back already, Mr. Freeman," she said. "And now you'll be needing your tea?"

"No," said Jock, "I'll be needing a car for the station instead. I've heard news. I must pack up. See to the car, there's a good creature—*may* I call you a creature, Mrs. Ferguson, on a week-day? You can make me a cup of tea if you like while I'm packing and they're getting the machine ready."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Ferguson. "You'll have been getting a message then?"

"Yes, a psychical message."

"And you're wet, sir. What have you been doing to yourself? You look fine though."

"Yes," said Jock. "I've had a rare good wetting. I'm washed all over, but I'll pack up the things wet as they are." With that Jock marched up the seven stairs to his low-browed bedroom, whistling gaily.

He changed, packed, drank his tea, and got into the machine. Ferguson and his wife were very sorry to lose

him. "You're a real gentleman, sir—you give so little trouble," said Mrs. Ferguson, in the last moments of their intercourse.

"And I won't make it either, if I can help it," said Jock.

"I'm sure, sir," said Mrs. Ferguson, with emphasis.

They saw him into the machine, with the gaping-mouthed Peter McGumisky to drive him to the town. But Peter was bidden first to call at Mr. Roderick Grant's white hotel and leave a letter for Mrs. Maclean. It was a very short letter, just this.

Dear Mrs. Maclean,—So sorry I can't stop here. Don't you think it's time you began to be a responsible woman? I'm not your keeper, but I will say this,—you've got a great-hearted husband and if you wreck his life, you'll wreck your own as well and grow into a miserable old woman. Good be with you both. Your friend, JOCK FREEMAN.

Peter McGumisky had thought Jock a harsh repellant Sassenach when he had met him to drive him into the Home of the Deceivers, but he rated him differently now as as he drove him out of the village. Jock even hummed a tune when it began to rain.

"It'll be fine weather after the shower, sir," ventured Peter. He had supplied that same plaster of comfort on the earlier occasion, when also it had rained.

"Showers are splendid things in their way," said Jock.

THE GARDENS OF TOKIO.

SEARCHING for a Japanese house one makes inquiries, naturally, for a garden. Attached to one house there was a little garden perhaps three yards square. It was not ambitious: it did not aspire to rivulets and bridges and paraphernalia; but it was perfect. There were little bushes of azalea, and primeval-looking mossy stones that had all the effect of rocks, and a peeping fern, and mother-of-thousands, and tufts of grass, and a tree of the lovely little camellia *Sasanqua*, with pink blossoms like an enormous dog-rose. That garden, built up in its mossy court, was a pure joy to the eye, but the destined house of choice proved, after all, to be without a garden. To order one seemed the obvious course. Accordingly workmen came bearing plants with roots enveloped in a ball of matting, and they erected the garden. They built a pile of rock-work, and they planted fern and grass and asarum in precisely the right places. They made it a background of azalea and striped daphne till the whole had the air of a rocky clearing in a jungle. Then they arranged a wilderness of daphne and camellia and azalea, and the thing was done. The domain also comprised originally two large magnolias, an elderly plum, a cherry, a pine, a cryptomeria, and a dyspeptic larch, while, at the New Year, a pair of large Christmas trees were planted in the road outside, for luck, being the national Japanese charm. The soil of the garden was bare, but studded with a series of stepping stones with the aid of which one could take the air

in one's own territory on emerging from the bath in the cool of the morning.

Gradually an increasing familiarity with the language enables the domiciled Englishman to convey to his servants the fact that he wishes to see gardens. Of course he possesses a comic servant. No English book about Japan would be complete without a comic servant, and much facetious Pidgin-English. However, the thing has been so overdone that henceforth even those fortunate ones who have been blessed with comic servants, must, in mercy to the world, conceal the fact. For, though the maker of books seems to ignore the fact, it is possible to have too much of even the best of things. Accordingly the wanderer, having conveyed his wish, after many amusing misunderstandings which a respect for originality forbids him to retail, is at last taken to various gardens.

The bland imbecility of the Japanese is astonishingly provoking, although at the same time the highest compliment to the Englishman's supposed sagacity; and it might make the mildest saint peevish to be resolutely carried to the lowest tea-houses in the city when he has directed his *kurumaya*, amid noddings of warm and intelligent assent, to take him to a garden.

A Japanese nursery garden is a revelation. There, on benches, in rows, sit tortured trees in their bowls or pans of faience. Their perfection is a marvel of patience, requiring years for its accomplishment; sometimes one man will give as much as

thirty years' attention to a single little cherry-tree. Each curve, each leaf, each twig has its direction and proportion regulated by the most rigid and immemorial principles; and, to have any value in Japanese eyes, a dwarf must conform absolutely to the iron rules laid down by the canons of taste in the days when Iyeyasu Tokugawa paralysed into an adamantine immobility the whole artistic and intellectual life of the country. The effect, is of course, exquisite in its elaborate and rather morbid beauty. But it must be said that there are many dwarfs, very many, which go for low prices, owing to the imperfections of their development; they have a bough, or a bend that is not prescribed. Consequently the Japanese will buy them,—indeed with pleasure—but will not admit their claims to be works of art. Naturally he will buy them, as, even so they are beautiful, and their price brings them within range of every one's ambition. So, at home, one might buy a Severn instead of a Turner, recognising the differences clearly, but valuing the cheaper picture as highly as it deserves, and buying it the more readily for its cheapness. However, these Japanese trees that fill the gardens are wonderful with all their imperfections, and the untutored savage eye of the West entirely fails to see any difference between a perfect specimen ten inches high, three centuries in age, and £30 in price, and its neighbour of equal height, of five years' growth and 5/ value. They are all dainty, and of every kind. There are cherries, plums crowded with blossom, chimonanthus, kerria, magnolia, azalea,—with gnarled and twisted trunks, and, in their season the right number of leaves in the right place, and a few flowers of the proper shape, borne precisely where they ought to

be borne. These little trees, so different from the inferior specimens sent over here to charm inferior European taste, diffuse a feeling of perfect contentment. They are completely satisfying; one can see no fault in them anywhere; consequently, in looking at them one has a strange sense of repose. Their impeccable curves give the same quality of the same soothing appreciation that one receives from the impeccable curves of a paragraph in Jane Austen. There is nothing either to add or to remove. Criticism, therefore, can go to sleep, and the soul have complete leisure for enjoyment; whereas, in all other pleasures of this diverse world, however keen they be, the faculty of criticism always remains alert and fatiguing. These trees are a lesson in satisfaction.

But the garden has many other things. Besides the long rows of benches upon which the trees are staged in their sizes,—from three inches in height to three yards—there are many buildings, whose paper shutters are slid back to reveal the cool matting, the alcove, and picture of convention. All round each room are little pans containing gardens of different sizes. Here is a mossy precipice of enormous height, down whose face a waterfall foams, while from its crannies great gnarled trees peep timorously, and all this in a pan six inches by eight. Or a stretch of park is shown in a tiny pot. Ancient twisted planes, with knotted boles are dotted over its rise and fall, perfect, and venerable, and rounded into the perfection of maturity. Or, through a gorge of terrific rocks, whose summits rise to heaven in fantastic pinnacles, the eye looks away into the stretches of distance, beneath a mighty bending *thuja* which casts its dense shadow over

the *ghyll*, towards a far-off prospect of the Holy Fuji rising above the lower hills of his pedestal. This garden is somewhat larger; it is at least two feet by one, and the cone of Fuji is of white, glazed earthenware. Or perhaps, a mossy stone upon a sandy bed mimics a famous mountain seen from a river's margin, or a knot of trees a pathless forest. In every case it is the incredible perfection of long-meditated proportion that gives the unerring effect of immensity. Not all gardens are so elaborate. Some merely contain a clump of *Adonis Amurensis*, or a wet green rock of quaint shape from whose cranny springs a tuft of grass, or possibly even a mere bare stone of some coveted shape. For Japanese taste attaches a vast importance to stones and their shapes, so that often a common pebble, indistinguishable to the untaught eye from millions of its cousins, is painfully sought and purchased for even more than £100, while the garden that cannot find the precise configuration of stone to suit its scheme must remain incomplete for years, until much search has discovered the rock, and much money purchased it. One river in especial is famous for these precious stones.

The toy gardens are generally, like the larger ones, imitations of some famous landscape. But almost invariably the rock is there, and the creator's instinct for proportion does the work. There are three tiny pink plum-trees, pollarded and covered with rosy blossom; there is also a clump of bamboo an inch in height, and a tiny golden bud of *Adonis Amurensis*. These grow on a promontory that ends in a titanic rock, on the very shore of the sounding sea. And, indeed, so marvellously are these things placed and fitted, that it would be hard, were it not for the disturbing

size of the surroundings, not to take this garden for what it represents. Looking into it one seems to be indeed gazing through a wild and rosy jungle down to the headland and the roaring surf. One false touch would set the whole conception ajar; but the Japanese never are guilty of that false touch.

In Spring the garden outside is filled with lovely things. Along the curves of the pond are iris; huge peonies flare from their pots, and all the dwarfed flowering-shrubs are balls of blossom a foot or less in height. But the Japanese is not the lover of flowers in general that ecstatic British ignorance imagines. A flower, to be admitted by Japanese canons, must conform to certain rigid rules, and no flower that fails to do so can be recognised. At the head of rejected blossoms stand the rose and the lily, both of which are considered by the Japanese rather crude, unrefined efforts of Nature. Many others, of no less beauty, fall under this condemnation. The elect are cherry, wistaria, peony, willow-flower, iris, magnolia, azalea, lotus, peach, plum, and morning-glory. There are others, of course, but this is the hierarchy; and for his favourites no attention is too onerous. Indeed, the Japanese have their reward, as anyone will own who has seen a nursery garden in the Spring with its passionate wealth of colour set off by the bare brown earth, the paths of rough stone, and the pond, composed perhaps of snow-white pebbles.

Now all Japanese gardens, as Aristotle says of all arts, are a *mimesis*. They aim at a reproduction of some corner of Nature, some aspect of Nature. The Japanese is not a lover of flowers and of gardening in themselves, so much as for the effect of a combination. He is of no use as a practical gardener, for grow-

ing normal plants in their normal health. He brutalises them, ignores their wishes, and harries them to death. On the other hand, he is unsurpassable when it comes to distorting, torturing, and tweaking into fantastic byeways the plain courses of Nature. It is not the plant he loves; it is the effect that the plant enables him to attain. He touches the highest point of artificiality; but he must never be called a good gardener. The true gardener cares far less for the freakish or abnormal possibilities of a plant than for the plant itself, as an individual requiring the closest attention and brilliantly rewarding a loyal devotion. A true gardener is the humble slave of Nature; a Japanese is her contemptuous tyrant. Accordingly the Japanese garden is a paradise of stones rather than of blossom. If a flower happens to come, well and good; but its bush was not put there to blossom so much as to set off the contrast between two lines of rock. For, when a garden is not ambitious enough or willing to mimic a landscape, it becomes a rock-garden, pure and simple, though very different from the careful cossetting-ground for ill-tempered little Alpine plants that we mean by the name. A good Japanese garden of the ordinary sort is one where the rocks are of perfect size, shape, and disposition. They are relieved by round clipped bushes, which are liable to flower; but their prime test is the proportion of the whole, and the arrangement of the rocks in their prescribed order.

The Iwasaki Garden is one comparatively modern, but to a European eye perfectly beautiful. It covers much ground and is attached to a large red brick house in the convention of Surrey. A lake wanders away into all manner of angles, and a path winds about it over pre-

pared rough bridges, and wave-lapped shingle, and artful ledges of rock. In one recess the visitor looks up the water to a series of green dunes, dotted with dwarf pines, above which rises the cone of Fuji. Round another corner the wavelets ripple on to an archipelago of pine-clad islets, mimicking the famous islands of Matsushima, off the coast by Sendai. Thence one wanders through jungles, and again out into a miniature rice-field and beds of iris, then round the lake once more, and over a thick boscaje of azalea, above which stands a Japanese dwelling-house of the owner's,—his refuge, one supposes, when wearied of his red-brick palace. The water has countless other beautiful bays and inlets, fringed with cunning arrangements of rock and pebble, or bordered by reed and rushes. The whole effect is of inexhaustible charm. But it must be noticed that flowers have here no official existence. The flowers that the Japanese loves have a bed apart; they are not introduced into the scheme of decoration as we should introduce them in England. Such a course would be contrary to all Japanese theories. Azaleas, indeed, occur in profusion, but they are there as shrubs. The aim and the value of this garden are its perfect proportions, and its faultless effects. The object of a Japanese garden is not to be a paradise of flowers, but a reproduction of landscape.

The Matsu-ura Garden is one of the oldest, the most valued and admired in Japan. It is of immense age, and of the most prized associations, the Holland Park, one may call it, of Tokio, though it is very small and of rather gloomy aspect. One looks from a parapet of stone out over a little square pond. On one side is a lovely trellis of wistaria, on another a headland, grey with rock and scarlet

with azalea. At the far end are a dell, a jungle in deep shadow, and a rocky walk; and, finally, there is a grove of tea. For this garden is the Eleusis of the famous tea-mysteries, which probably no European ever has seen, or ever will see genuinely performed. Here is the immemorial tea-house, where half the illustrious names of Japan have congregated. It has its prescribed ritual of the most appalling rigidity, this tea-ceremony, invented and elaborated by a pious monk, to distract a young and giddy Shogun from his debaucheries. It was taken up as a political weapon by the House of Tokugawa, and crystallised into its present adamantine form, becoming a social engine of the most powerful nature in its power of bringing all the nobles together. Here, then, is one of its temples where the rites are celebrated in their due ordinance, with their prescribed compliments, obeisances, and admiring exclamations over the prescribed flower, arranged in the prescribed spot, and indicated by the host in the prescribed words, to be followed by the invariable litany of conversation and courtesy over the cups of tea to be made, handed, accepted, and drunk all with remarks and gestures and smiles of ancestral rubric. One sees outside the Matsu-ura tea-house a row of stepping stones, finishing beneath a little *œil de bœuf* in the wall above, by which the visitors had to enter, ignoring the thoroughly practicable door. They approached, making the due bows upon each stone, and at last their host was to fish them in through the window. The Matsu-ura Garden is, of course, a masterpiece of beauty and construction, and further acquaintance only deepens one's sense of its ripe and satisfying charm. Its pool is full of ducks, and cranes stalk in the alleys beneath the wistaria. No garden wins more respect

from the Japanese than this; it is an honour to see it, and a delight to remember it.

Hardly more likely is the wanderer to see the Koraku-en, or Arsenal Garden. It has this name, being now enclosed within the domain of the hideous Arsenal, whose peirastic explosions periodically shatter the silence of the glades. Once it was the pleasaunce of the great Princes of Mito, who, belonging to the House of Tokugawa, succeeded to the throne of the Shogunate only two lives before its final subversion, when the property was seized by the Emperor. Its extent is not great, but seems enormous. There is a little lake, framed in woodland, with a wonderful high jutting headland of the most exquisite effect and proportions, especially as seen from between the pine-trunks of a certain rocky nook on the further side. Thence the path leads past a grotto, and up into the dense gloom of a forest, on, past a little shrine, down into the close darkness of a bamboo jungle, from which it emerges into a pleasant valley of grass, where Hori-kiri is imitated on a smaller scale by blossoming beds of iris. Behind, rises a long perspective of high green hills diversified with forests. There is an orchard for cherry-blossom, and a trellis for the streamers of wistaria. Thus the path winds through a dozen landscapes and back at last to the lake and a new aspect of the splendid promontory, with its trees, its bushes, its rocks arranged exactly as the heart desires, so that one rests before it abashed in one's blissful inability to find a fault anywhere, even in the misplacement of a single twig. There are certain views in this Mito Garden which surpass for beauty anything that mortal could imagine,—little corners and flashes of loveliness that burn themselves into one's memory

with the vivid permanence of a photograph. It is unforgettable, almost incredible, a masterpiece of conception and execution. A fresh jewel meets the eye at every turn or glance. Indeed the Mito Garden is a strip of Paradise.

Rich as the Mito Garden is in flowers, certain temples make a speciality. At Kameido there is a wandering lake, the shores of which are framed and crossed by arcades upon arcades of wistaria, whose violet plumes are the adoration of Tokio in their season. Thither the whole town crowds, and the precinct is full of booths where one can buy the daintiest of tiny cups, or tortoisés, or buns, or any of the things that lend delight to a holiday. Standing on the lucky round bridge one sees a world of blossom; wistaria in trailers of lilac mist sweeping from the sky, and a delicate cloud-wreath of wistaria rising softly from the dark and silent water in which the descending streams of coloured vapour are mirrored. All round under the shades of the flowery trellis, people sit on mats in the cool twilight to eat and drink and watch the blossoms and the water. The world seems to melt in the quivering heat into a violet haze.

Hori-kiri is no temple, except of

irises. One enters and, being conducted by a tiny Elder Sister to one of the innumerable little summer-houses, is presented with a cup of tea, a fan, and three or four iris buds rolled up in paper. All around are the flowers. The gardens occupy a long narrow strip of ground, and down this valley goes foaming under the brilliant sky a torrent of unimaginable colour. The irises are of every kind and shape and tint; single, loose, or double, stiff, flopping, erect, simple, spotted, striped, barred or splashed, violet, blue, mauve, lilac, white or wine red, veined with blue, with purple, or with crimson, great gorgeous blossoms of a foot's diameter, borne in a harvest so dense that little of their crowded green is visible. The shores of this tide of colour are dotted with little shelters, where one sits and meditates, and wonders over the goodness of things, and finally, if one be inspired, writes a poem of appreciation which one pins to a pillar of the summer-house. Then one retires, filled and satiated with gorgeousness, realising in what manner it is that the Japanese love their blossoms. Hori-kiri is a miracle. It teaches one that one has never known what colour is under the chilly glooms of the West.

REGINALD FARRER.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A POPULAR POET.

WHEN the future historian of the Victorian era draws to the end of his task, and begins to sum up the intellectual forces that marked its close, one wonders whether he will attach any significance, as an indication of a certain trend in popular thought and feeling during its last decade, to the gradual but steady emergence of the poetry of Matthew Arnold. It is bare truth to say that when Arnold died in 1888 his poetry, in any popular sense, was absolutely unknown. To-day, judging from the frequency with which it is drawn upon for quotation, the number and variety of editions of it in vogue, and the fact that it has been democratised and is retailed by the hundred thousand at a penny, Arnold would seem to have achieved the modern apotheosis and become popular. This belated recognition of a poet whose most characteristic work has been before the world for fifty years is curious as well as significant, and renders it worth while to look a little closely into his achievement under the new light thus thrown upon it, if only with the object of revising, modifying, or confirming prepossessions born of long acquaintance.

Fifteen years ago Arnold's most fervent admirers would have smiled incredulously, if they had not been shocked, at the bare suggestion of popularity for one who was before all things the poet of culture, and therefore destined to appeal only to the audience "fit though few." Nevertheless, as the sequel showed, Arnold himself had a prevision of what has happened, and even went

the length of assigning the prospective contributing cause. Still further, he foreshadowed with remarkable accuracy the place he was to occupy in the order of Victorian poets. As far back as 1869 we find him writing to his mother :

My poems represent on the whole the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions which reflect it. It might fairly be urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigour and abundance than Browning; yet because I have perhaps more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn as they have had theirs.

The clairvoyance of that is indisputable; but even more remarkable, in our present enquiry, is the manifestation of the writer's self-detachment. To those who know him in his entirety, Arnold offers two distinct personalities, differing in temperament, diverse in aim, inhabiting separate hemispheres of thought,—Arnold the critic, and Arnold the poet. The critic, lithe and gay and debonnaire; the poet, "sober, steadfast and demure": the one basking in the sunshine of certitude, a pungent commentator on the mundane panorama; the other dwelling in the sober twilight of doubt, conscious of

— The heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world.

Even in his familiar letters, while the critic is much in evidence, the poet is unmistakably shy. The clue to this reserve, one conjectures, lies in a sensitive nature, conscious of intellectual isolation and unwilling to bring its deepest thoughts into the arena of familiar discussion. But, when all is said, the duality of his character remains something of a psychological puzzle.

Looking at Arnold's total achievement as a poet one is inclined to echo the words Charles Dickens applied to Gray, and say that no poet has "come down to posterity with so thin a volume under his arm." Some of his best and most characteristic work was written between 1849 and 1853: a silence of fourteen years followed upon the volume bearing the latter date; and by 1867 his poetical career was practically closed. This apparently premature exhaustion of fertility has been ascribed to poverty of soil. There is truth in the ascription, but it would be more correct to say that Arnold allowed his allotment to go out of cultivation. He found the field of criticism more alluring and, in an intellectual as well as a pecuniary sense, more profitable. It is to be remembered, too, that he was all his life a public official, and to cultivate the muse with success demanded unbroken leisure and continuous thought, or, in the alternative, a knocking of himself to pieces against the inexorable limits of time and opportunity. Pegasus between the shafts of a hackney chariot would find his area somewhat circumscribed.

The most striking feature of Arnold's work, on a superficial survey, is the evidence it affords of his intellectual ancestry. His was a complex culture, but there were three main strands in it, each separately traceable in his poetry, the great Greek

writers, Wordsworth, and Goethe,—this without impairment to his originality, for he worked by way of assimilation and reproduction, and every line he wrote has the impress of individuality. By intellectual affinity Arnold was Greek to the core. He had drunk deep at

— the dragon-warder'd fountains
Where the springs of Knowledge are.

There are poems of his where the spirits of the great masters of antiquity,—of Homer and Sophocles in particular—seem to move across the page. In *BALDER DEAD* the influence of Homer is obvious. Consider, for example, the simile,

And as a spray of honeysuckle flowers
Brushes across a tired traveller's face
Who shuffles through the deep dew-
moisten'd dust,
On a May evening, in the darken'd
lanes,
And starts him, that he thinks a ghost
went by—
So Hoder brushed by Hermod's side.

Or this passage, in Homer's larger manner :

Bethink ye Gods, is there no other
way?
Speak, were not this a way, the way
for Gods?
If I, if Odin, clad in radiant arms,
Mounted on Sleipner, with the warrior
Thor
Drawn in his car beside me, and my
sons,
All the strong brood of Heaven, to
swell my train,
Should make irruption into Hela's
realm,
And set the fields of gloom ablaze with
light,
And bring in triumph Balder back to
Heaven?

Again, in matters of technique Arnold is all for Greek tradition. Flexibility, clearness, precision, along with simplicity of utterance, dignity

of presentation, and perfection of form, wrought into harmonious poise in obedience to the fundamental maxim of all Greek craftsmanship, *Nothing in excess*,—this was what he strove to achieve, and by example and precept to instil. But it is in the spirit of his poetry, more than in its outward form, that the ascendancy of the Greeks as a formative influence will be found to be paramount.

Reticence and self-restraint, with their respective correlatives, elimination of the unessential and avoidance of rapture, were with Arnold matters of temperament rather than of discipline. It is his sense of the irony of life, his brooding sadness over man's inscrutable destiny, the serene continence of soul with which his characters confront the decrees of Fate, and go down to death with no thought of after-compensation, that reveal the source of his inspiration. *EMPEDOCLES ON ETNA* portrays the nemesis that dogs the footsteps of human self-exaltation, personified in a regal and dominating nature, conscious of intellectual supremacy, and paying in charlatantry the price of personal primacy, doomed to realise that it has lost the future, and to suffer all the pangs of self-accusation. *SOHRAB AND RUSTUM* is the story of the involuntary death of a son at the hands of his father, and is tremulous with the pathos of inexpiable sorrow; *MYCERINUS*, of a proud, austere-ly-eright, strenuously-just soul, setting itself in scorn against the unjust decree of the gods; *THE SICK KING OF BOKHARA*, of the impotence of power and futility of pity confronted with the problem of human misery, of mercy frustrated by the wrong-doer's own instinct for justice; *BALDER DEAD*, of a blameless and valiant warrior done to death by craft, and of the impotence of even super-human power and prowess

against Fate, blind, malignant, implacable.

Again, in his celebrated preface to the poems of 1851, Arnold reduces the primal law of poetical composition to the formula: "All depends upon the subject, choose a fitting action, penetrate yourself with the feeling of its situation; this done, everything else will follow." This, it is obvious must be taken rather as an attempt to body forth the shaping spirit of Greek tragedy than as a nostrum for practical application. As a test, it is entirely inapplicable to at least three-fourths of English poetry, not excluding Arnold's own, though *SOHRAB AND RUSTUM* (which, it is to be noted, immediately followed the preface of 1851) is a shining proof of its efficacy.

Further, Arnold's Greek proclivities can be seen in the strictures he felt called upon to make on certain innate characteristics or tendencies of English poetry. The sense of proportion (the nice correlation of the parts to the whole and elimination of any preponderating element) which with the Greeks was instinctive, was a sense almost entirely wanting in English poetry. There, everything was subordinated to expression. Whole poems seemed to be written for the sake of a single word, or to work in purple patches, or to express "distilled thoughts in distilled words." Two great offenders in respect of expression were Shakespeare and Keats. The wanton exuberance of the one and the witchery of phrase of the other Arnold held to be of evil influence. The nascent poet who came under their spell was seized by the spirit of emulation, to the neglect of the less attractive but not less essential details of his craft, and became a mere artificer in words. The moral of Arnold's homily was that English poetry would be the

better for an infusion of Greek method and practice. And when it is remembered what that poetry became under the cultivation of Tennyson, and still more of his imitators,—a garden of luscious delights that “cloy the hungry edge of appetite,” a “Paradise of Dainty Devices,” where “nothing is described as it is, and everything has about it an atmosphere of something else”—it must be conceded that the moral had point.

At the same time, Arnold's strictures as a critic reveal certain of his limitations as a poet. A man's art, it is said, is conditioned by his nature. Arnold would have qualified the postulate by insisting that an artist's nature must be disciplined to the requirements of his art, a qualification which, applied to poetry, would in his case have carried an implicit reference to Greek architectonics. To him the masterpieces of Greek literature were the touchstone of literary perfection. Tried by this standard, what he called Keats's “over-richness of expression” was mere alloy, an excrescence, not the natural outcome of the artist's joy in material for material's sake, the expression of a sensuous temperament which found in language a plastic medium capable of being moulded into something beautiful for its own sake. But Arnold conceded nothing to temperament, and was antipathetic to the sensuous in any form. In contact with the sensuous element in literature, the Puritan paste in his composition underwent fermentation and set up an unsympathetic straightness of mind. And this is one reason why so much of his own verse lacks the familiar elements of warmth and colour. Similarly with regard to Shakespeare; it is conceivable that Shakespeare might have been the better for the discipline implied in a first-hand knowledge of his

Greek predecessors. A better artist he might have been perhaps, but hardly a better poet. For the charm of Shakespeare is his naturalness. There is about his work something of the unrestricted luxuriance of Nature. To Arnold this suggested the pruning-knife and a lopping-off of the overgrowth. But there is a beauty of quality as well as a beauty of perfection; and in Shakespeare's case perfection of technique must have involved some impairment of his peculiar quality. Rigidity of form may be inimical to spontaneity, and conformity to type does not always consist with freedom of spirit. Arnold's attitude is very much that of a man who in presence of a Gothic minster complains that it does not conform to the architectural simplicity of a Greek temple.

There was, in truth, something of superstition in the virtue ascribed by Arnold to the masterpieces of Greek literature, in his fond belief in their impeccable sufficiency; and it accorded with the irony of things, of which the Greeks had so keen a sense, that such superstition should carry its own nemesis. For it beguiled him into perpetrating a technical experiment in imitation of Greek tragedy, of which a sufficient criticism is that the result was the doleful and frigid *MEROPE*, and that this incursion into an alien domain was never repeated.

Of Wordsworth's influence the signs are as clear and unmistakable as that of the Greeks. As in *BALDER DEAD* there are passages that read like direct transcriptions from the *ILLIAD* or the *ODYSSEY*, so in the exotic atmosphere of *EMPEDOCLES ON ETNA* we find passages that in manner, in method, in turn of phrase, even in the very complexion of the thought reveal their identity with Wordsworth. Consider, for example,

this, especially the four lines in italics :

And yet what days were those, Parmenides!
 When we were young, when we could
 number friends
 In all the Italian cities like ourselves,
 When with elated hearts we joined
 your train,
 Ye Sun-born Virgins! on the road of
 truth.
*Then we could still enjoy, then neither
 thought
 Nor outward things were closed and
 dead to us;
 But we received the shock of mighty
 thoughts
 On simple minds with a pure natural
 joy;*
 And if the sacred load oppressed our
 brain,
 We had the power to feel the pressure
 eased,
 The brow unbound, the thoughts flow
 free again
 In the delightful commerce of the
 world.

But the strength of Wordsworth's hold over Arnold is not to be gauged by verbal parallels. Arnold's Greek affinities could not fail of response to the austere simplicity of method, the high seriousness, the "profound application of ideas to life" of Wordsworth. But the affinity went deeper. Arnold was, in a very real sense, the inheritor of the Wordsworthian tradition. He had spoken with the master face to face. The hills, the valleys, the streams to which Wordsworth lent a voice, and amid which his spirit still lingers, were vocal for Arnold as for few. RESIGNATION, the most intimately personal of all his poems, breathes the very spirit of Wordsworth, and its local colour might be Wordsworth's own. Nor is it to be forgotten that a generation after Wordsworth's death Arnold performed an act of true discipleship by disinterring the immortal part of the master's work from the debris in which it was buried, and making it

A joy in widest commonalty spread.¹

Moreover, Arnold approves himself a Wordsworthian in the truest sense in virtue of his recognition of that intimate relationship between man and the external world, and of that soothing and elevating influence on the human spirit of communion with Nature, which are at the root of Wordsworth's abiding power as a poet. For it is these, and his penetrating insight into the primal elements of human character, his presentation of "men as they are men within themselves," uncumbered with the trappings of conventionalism, his realisation of a world outside civilisation where life is lived in contact with primeval things, and where the healing power of Nature operates to allay

— The fretful stir

Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,

that to-day make Wordsworth's place among poets a place apart, and his poetry as the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land" to all sorts and conditions of men.

Ah, since dark days still bring to light
 Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
 Time may restore us in his course
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
 But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's *healing
 power?*

This was the source of Wordsworth's appeal to Arnold. For the Wordsworth of the ODE ON THE INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY he cared little; transcendentalism was not in Arnold's way. The interval of fifty years which separated the two poets is sufficient to account for divergences in their interpretations

¹ POEMS OF WORDSWORTH. Chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold. London, 1879.

of Nature, and their views as to man's relation to her. To conceive Nature,—that is, the whole world of natural phenomena external to man, "how'er removed from sense and observation"—as self-subsisting, and endowed with an indwelling intelligence and human emotions; to conceive that between Nature, so defined, and man there existed a pre-arranged harmony, a spousal union, in which the part assigned to man, as a condition precedent, was one of simple receptivity, Nature doing the rest, was hardly possible to one with the iron of modern science in his veins.

Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken
From half of human fate.

They had no vision for Nature's seamy side, for her indifference to human life and fate, her remorseless force, her frequent cruelty. They were blind to the real significance of the incident of THE REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY, which Wordsworth did not, or would not, see was typical of that struggle for existence which, with ruthless exactitude, divides the animal creation into two types, the devourers and the devoured. This side of Nature is fully recognised, though rarely obtruded, by Arnold, and is the explanation of that spice of discrimination with which his addresses to her are flavoured. To him Nature was not always, nor entirely, the beneficent presence of Wordsworth's imagination. He had his reservations with regard to her. He was subdued by the thought of her tireless persistence, her large indifference, her baffling inscrutability. Of her indifference to the human lot, her immense impassivity, his illustration is pointedly effective. Wordsworth, her great high priest, who for two generations had offered

incense daily at her shrine, dies.
What then?

Rydal and Fairfield are there;

The Pillar still broods o'er the fields
Which border Ennerdale Lake,
And Egremont sleeps by the sea.
The gleam of the Evening Star
Twinkles on Grasmere no more,
But ruin'd and solemn and grey
The sheepfold of Michael survives;
And, far to the south, the heath
Still blows in the Quantock coombs,
By the favourite waters of Ruth.

So it is, so it will be for aye.
Nature is fresh as of old,
Is lovely; a mortal is dead.

Compare this with Wordsworth's sonnet ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT FOR NAPLES, or that ON THE EXPECTED DEATH OF MR. FOX, where Nature is made to identify herself with the poet's mood of sadness; and the distance that separates the younger and the elder interpreter is at once realised.

The disparity is further accentuated in relation to Nature's attribute of inscrutability. It is significant of the changed aspect of thought since Wordsworth's day that the notion of surrendering one's mind to external influences, remote and mysterious in their operation, of being content to feel rather than perceive, to enjoy rather than know, savours of simplicity to a generation which has crossed the threshold of the twentieth century. Passiveness, wise or unwise, is out of fashion now. We are possessed by a questioning spirit; we clamour for proof and confront the unintelligible with *what* and *how*. Wordsworth's communion with Nature was undisturbed by any such "suggestions to disquietude." But Arnold, with the *Zeitgeist* ever at his elbow, was impelled to examine the credentials which Wordsworth took on trust.

The effect is seen in the chastened tone of his interpellation as compared with Wordsworth's impassioned invocation; and in his consciousness of man's littleness confronted with Nature's vast inscrutability.

Ye know not yourselves; and your bards—

The clearest, the best, who have read
Most in themselves—have beheld
Less than they left unreveal'd.

Yourselves and your fellows ye know
not; and me,

The mateless, the one, will ye know?
Will ye scan me, and read me, and tell
Of the thoughts that ferment in my
breast,

My longing, my sadness, my joy?

Race after race, man after man,
Have thought that my secret was theirs,
Have dream'd that I lived but for them,
That they were my glory and joy.
—They are dust, they are changed,
they are gone!
I remain.

This is a far cry from Wordsworth, yet even so it serves to establish Arnold's identification with him in one important particular, the belief in a living principle in Nature. In the same poem Arnold scrutinises, and, in a burst of lyrical fervour rare with him, rejects the counter-hypothesis of Coleridge, that Nature is in man and has no separate existence, that

— we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live.

Arnold lacks the intense perceptive power of Wordsworth in contact with the outward aspects of Nature. That mood of rapt absorption in which Wordsworth's imagination becomes fused to a white heat of concentration, and all things visible and audible, save one, pass from out his ken, was beyond the range of Arnold's tempera-

ment. Neither was he susceptible of being kindled into super-lachrymose emotion by the sight of "the meanest flower that blows," nor capable of discerning the spiritual significance that lay in the lesser celandine. Nevertheless, Arnold was a true lover of Nature, of Nature in her modesty, as seen under an English sky. His transcriptions have a charm all their own, due to a combination of truth and simplicity of presentment with grace and delicacy of finish. He has no claim to Tennyson's magical felicity of words, wealth of detail, and glow of colour. On the other hand, unlike that master-linner (who, for the most part, sees in Nature a fair inanimate presence and no more), Arnold never sits down of set purpose to limn a landscape, or otherwise transcribe her outward aspects. Even in *THYRSIS* and *THE SCHOLAR GIPSY*, where the sense of locality suffuses the entire poem, it is yet in strict subordination to the human element. In all his greater efforts, Nature, however prominent, is merely the background to human events or human passions:

Yet through the hum of torrent lone,
And brooding mountain-bee,
There sobs I know not what ground-
tone
Of human agony.

A classical instance in point is afforded by *SOHRAB AND RUSTUM*, notable also for Arnold's power of turning a natural description into a sedative for the feelings. At the supreme moment of the tragedy the attention of the reader is diverted, and the otherwise too poignant sense of human pain assuaged, by the spectacle of the Oxus, moving in majestic impassivity, through the "hush'd Chorasmian waste" to its home in the Aral Sea. For purity of diction and sustained descriptive power the last eighteen

lines of this poem would be hard to parallel.

The study of Nature, in all her moods and tenses, has proceeded far since Wordsworth's day. After his own fashion it has become indeed a common item of the journalist's equipment. The microscopic particularity of detail, the detective ingenuity in unearthing material minutiae, the anxiety to account for everything, which mark these lucubrations, prompt the question, whether this is exactly the right method to arrive at the truth about Nature, in the way either of interpretation or description? Wordsworth, who spoke as one having authority and not as these scribes, held that "Nature does not permit an inventory to be made of her charms," and anathematised her analysts as those who "murder to dissect." It were well to consider whether curiosity of this type does not defeat its own end by missing the universal in the search after the particular. In spite of all this elaborate inquisition her processes yet remain infinitely mysterious, and her commonest phenomena a perpetual miracle. And so long as this is so, so long as mystery and wonder have dominion over the mind of man, the poet must continue to occupy a prerogative place among her interpreters. On this ground alone Arnold has a security of tenure, not the less permanent in that his interpretation is free from mysticism, does not strain credulity, and offers no compromise with fact.

Arnold's superb self-containment, never once at fault, wedded to his instinct for criticism, was an effectual bar to anything in the nature of intellectual subservience. But, if there were any man whom he regarded with a feeling akin to idolatry, that man was Goethe. No influence penetrated so deeply or so permanently

into his mind. There was, indeed, what Goethe would have called an elective affinity between the two. To both had been given, in varying degrees, the gift of many-sidedness,—not a characteristic of either branch of the Teutonic race. Both laid stress on the self-culture that makes for self-possession, for lucidity, for equipoise of mind. Both had the Olympian temperament, Goethe as a kind of demi-god serenely detached from sublunary passions and events, Arnold with something of the composure, the bland aloofness of a famous consulting-physician. The nature and extent of Goethe's influence on Arnold is difficult to define with precision. Perhaps it is best described as "a way of looking at things," the power of getting outside oneself, the quality in short, of intellectual disinterestedness.

— Goethe's course few sons of men
May think to emulate.

For he pursued a lonely road,
His eye on Nature's plan;
Neither made man too much a God,
Nor God too much a man.

The identity of aim expressed by the last line will be familiar to everyone acquainted with Arnold's theological lucubrations of a later date.

Dissimilar, even divergent, in essential features, these three formative influences have one point of resemblance, which become one of Arnold's marked characteristics. The majestic placidity of the Greek masters, the meditative stillness of Wordsworth, and the imperturbable serenity of Goethe,—each is a constituent of that atmosphere of calm of which one becomes conscious the moment one crosses the threshold of Arnold's poetry, a calm as of "The huge and thoughtful night." Calm, peace of mind, tranquillity of spirit, are the

inspirations of Arnold's lyrical cry. The fervour of his aspiration after these is the measure of his mental disquiet, his spiritual unrest. Physical calm, the calm of "mute insensate things," such as Nature holds, was balm to his spirit. So sensitive is he to its appeal, that even its semblance has power over him; and the tomb in the CHURCH OF BROU, with its recumbent effigies of the pious foundress and the husband lost to her in early youth, becomes to him an emblem of eternal peace, begetting a sense of tranquillity that finds expression in lines whose pensive grace and grave beauty place them almost beyond criticism.

Arnold is no laborator of language like Keats and Tennyson. He makes no attempt to titillate the palate of the literary epicure with the unexpected but inevitable word. To the music of words, the "golden cadences" of poetry, he is manifestly indifferent. But he is a master of phrase, and phrase often of peculiar potency. Take, for instance, the oft-quoted,

Who saw life steadily and saw it whole.

There is nothing essentially poetic in the phrase. Yet it strikes the mind and lodges there; and, in virtue of this quality of adhesiveness, has become part of the current coin of literary allusion. Its effectiveness lies in its conciseness, in the compression of a complete epitome of character into eight words. Another example of this concentrated power of characterisation is to be found in the sonnet to Shakespeare:

Others abide our question. Thou art free.

We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still.

Equally concise is his characterisation of Byron as a poetical force:

He taught us little; but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll.

Could the most compendious criticism
say more? Or take this, on another
aspect of the same poet:

— who bore,
With haughty scorn which mocked the
smart,
Through Europe to the Ætolian shore
The pageant of his bleeding heart.

The sarcastic scorn of the last line gives to the portrait something of the acid-bitten sharpness of an etching.

Arnold's poetry abounds in strong lines of this type. Finest of all is the culminating line of *TO MARGUERITE*:

The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

For sheer expressiveness, for conciseness, and for cumulative force that is not surpassed by anything in the language. Charles Lamb objected to Wordsworth's "Broad open eye of the solitary sky," as "too terrible for art." What would he have said to the line just quoted? Or to this, "Hungry and barren and sharp as the sea"? Or to the terrible realism of,

— the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world?

Finally, not to over-labour the point, here is an example of Arnold's gift of compression,—the more notable in that the tendency of English poetry is towards the diffuse. It is taken from *OBERMANN ONCE MORE*, and refers to the subjugation of the East by Rome:

The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world.
The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd,
And on her head was hurl'd.

The East bow'd low before the blast
 In patient, deep disdain ;
 She let the legions thunder past,
 And plunged in thought again.

Eight lines—two verses—an *ILIAD* in an epigram !

Quitting these external features for others more salient, a word has to be said about a quality which gives Arnold's poetry a place apart, which is, in fact, its dominating characteristic,—its power of pathos. Pathos with Arnold is not a mere occasional note vibrating fitfully in this or that poem ; it is the ground-tone of all his work. It may be occasionally inspired by his subject, as in *SOHRAB AND RUSTUM*, where it is calm, majestic, poignant ; but for the most part its genesis is apparently unconscious. It has the appearance of being something inherent, something suffused and inseparable. And it is unique in kind. The pathos of Wordsworth,—to make but one comparison—is mute and dry-eyed (as in *MICHAEL*), an *iron* pathos. That of Arnold is suffused with tenderness, the tenderness of a strong, self-contained, manly nature, a *tremulous* pathos. An instance,—at once of the quality of it and of Arnold's command over it—is afforded by the *FORSAKEN MERMAN*. The bare title of the poem is suggestive of the ludicrous, of a manifestation, let us say, of chastened jocundity. But the suggestion does not survive beyond the first stanza. Who that has once read it can forget that haunting refrain, "Come away children, call no more!" Cavillers may object that the whole poem is a glaring instance of the Pathetic Fallacy. It may be ; but what logic is proof against the appeal of this ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
 The sea grows stormy, the little ones
 moan ;
 Long prayers," I said, "in the world
 they say ;

Come !" I said ; and we rose through
 the surf in the bay.
 We went up the beach, by the sandy
 down
 Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the
 white-wall'd town ;
 Through the narrow paved streets,
 where all was still,
 To the little grey church on the windy
 hill.
 From the church came a murmur of
 folk at their prayers,
 But we stood without in the cold blowing
 airs.
 We climb'd on the graves, on the stones
 worn with rains,
 And we gazed up the aisle through the
 small leaded panes.
 She sate by the pillar ; we saw her
 clear :
 "Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are
 here !
 Dear heart," I said, "we are long
 alone ;
 The sea grows stormy, the little ones
 moan."
 But, ah, she gave me never a look,
 For her eyes were seal'd to the holy
 book !
 Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the
 door.
 Come away, children, call no more !
 Come away, come down, call no more !

Who would not wish to have written that ? The same perception of the "sense of tears in mortal things" is to be found in those poems in a lighter vein which commemorate his favourites, the dachshounds Geist and Kaiser, and the canary, Poor Matthias. The half-playful, half-ironic note at starting, deepens into the tremulous as "sad compunctious visitings" assail the poet at thought of the impassable barrier that shuts him off from complete comprehension of, and sympathy with the poor dumb things ; recollections of their artless devotion, memories of unreturning days when little hands, now cold and still, caressed them, rise up before him,

————— and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.

"Poetry," said Arnold, in a much-discussed definition, "is at bottom a criticism of life." So regarded, the scope and character of his own contributions are sufficiently indicated in his own words, previously quoted, that "it reflects the main movement of mind of its period." The poetry of Tennyson has a similar claim,—similar but not quite identical. For while it reflects with accuracy the current phase of thought, that of Arnold is rather the mirror of his own mind. Both are given to introspection, but Arnold, having the more self-contained nature, shows greater mental independence. His insight into the tendency of things was deeper; and he was rather an anticipator of the general trend of thought than, like Tennyson, a delineator of the intellectual mood of the hour. As a consequence, while Tennyson, in this aspect, is enjoying the tranquil retirement of a classic, Arnold is only just now coming into his own. They had one point of contact; each had a clergyman of the Church of England for father. But while Tennyson, to the last, retained something of the atmosphere of the rectory parlour, and in the realm of speculation remained very much of a fire-side adventurer, Arnold was early dominated by a questing spirit,—the legitimate offspring of the liberalising and latitudinarian tendencies of Arnold of Rugby.

For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimmed its
fire,
Show'd me the high, white star of
Truth,
There bade me gaze, and there aspire.

The logical issue of such a discipline as is here implied is scepticism; scepticism, that is, in its broadest sense, as a frame of mind implying detachment from the object; as, con-

versely, credulity implies identification with it. All enquiry involves doubt, and criticism in the high sense (the desire to see the object "as in itself it really is") involves scepticism. Now criticism, with Arnold, was an instinct rather than a faculty. His attitude towards things was not so much, is this thing true, as, is it true to me? Thus it came about that at the most impressionable period of life he passed unscathed through the ordeal of the Oxford Movement, which, in its purely local aspect, culminated during his undergraduate career of 1842-5; though, recalling what befell his friend and school-fellow Clough, and his younger brother Thomas Arnold, who were—the one temporarily, the other completely—vanquished by the glamour of Newman's personality, perhaps some share of Arnold's immunity should be ascribed to his infallible self-possession.

Oxford in 1845 (the year of Newman's secession to Rome, and of Arnold's election to a fellowship at Oriel, Newman's old college) stood at the parting of the ways. Men were split up into two camps, one of re-action, the other of advance. The former, dissatisfied with the present and recoiling from the future, were turning to the past in quest of "the something deeper and truer." The latter, renouncing the guidance of tradition and authority, were pressing forward to seek truth amid wider horizons and zones of thought yet unsurveyed. Arnold, in this emergency, lingered in the *via media* that lay between the two. Conscious that the ages of faith were gone beyond recall, and that the staff of tradition was but a broken reed, he yet turned a longing gaze to the past and its lost illusions. The future, though his account lay there, he regarded with mistrustful eyes, sceptical of its holding the key to his perplexities. Thus,

Wandering between two worlds, one
dead,
The other powerless to be born,

he was, in effect, the poet of a period of transition.

Fifteen years after Arnold left Oxford Darwin's *ORIGIN OF SPECIES* burst upon the world, to be accepted by many as a sign that the pangs of parturition were over and the new world born. If it were, it was not the child of Arnold's desire. For science, with all its magnificent achievement in the interval, has not solved the problems of existence but rather intensified them. Its positive result, in that direction, seems to have been to affix a note of interrogation to all things in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. The questions which agitated the soul of Job three thousand years ago still survive to agitate the souls of men.

Though completely emancipated, intellectually, from the conventional hypotheses of theology, Arnold is careful to recognise the immense part they had played as a regenerative agency in the moral evolution of mankind. Disbelief with him does not involve antagonism. His attitude is rather one of passive sympathy for a faith he cannot share. He knew that loss of faith in the old theological sanctions too often portended not merely indifference, but moral dryness and aridity of soul. Hence in his poems we have sceptical questioning alternating with spiritual yearning after faith and peace. Nowhere does the uplifting and transforming power of faith in Christ receive ampler recognition. Do we ask what was the secret of its power over the hearts and minds of men? Arnold makes Obermann reveal it in a single stanza :

While we believed, on earth He went,
And open stood His grave.
Men call'd from chamber, church, and
tent,
And Christ was by to save.

Something of the rapture of that early time is caught by the poet in the act of recalling it, and suffuses his verse with an unwonted glow.

Oh, had I lived in that great day,
How had its glory new
Fill'd earth and heaven, and caught
^{away}
My ravish'd spirit too !

No thoughts that to the world belong
Had stood against the wave
Of love which set so deep and strong
From Christ's then open grave.

But this golden vision of the time when "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy" is but a vision, and vanishes in contact with the chill breath of the austere literal present. Time was ! But now ?

Now he is dead ! Far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town ;
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

These verses sufficiently illustrate Arnold's dominant mood, one of wistful sadness, of doubt tinged with hope. His attitude may be defined, for want of a better term, as one of reverent agnosticism. Not wholly resigned, nor yet rebellious, he keeps his face towards the East, as one not without hope of a centre of repose as yet invisible. Bereft of faith, he yields no countenance to despair. Of the enervation and lethargy of spirit that often accompany loss of faith he has no trace. On the contrary, there is something exhilarating in the buoyancy of spirit with which he confronts his destiny, in the resiliency of his mind under

the pressure of doubt. His condition involves no breach of moral continuity; his moral fibre is not relaxed but braced, not weakened but strengthened by the withdrawal of support.

Hath man no second life? *Pitch this one high!*

Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin to see?

More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!

Was Christ a man like us? *Ah! let us try*

If we then, too, can be such men as he!

Contrast that with Tennyson's declaration that the withdrawal of the hope of immortality would drive him to make his quietus with a chloroformed handkerchief, and decide which is the manlier attitude. There was in Arnold a strain of that old pagan stoicism which enabled a man under the sternest dispensation to keep his continence of soul. His debt to Epictetus stands confessed, but his closest affinity, on the ethical side, was with the evangelised stoicism of Marcus Aurelius. How close, may be gathered from the fact that it was to the *MEDITATIONS* of the pagan Emperor that he turned for consolation under the stroke of sorrow.¹

It is an obvious criticism that Arnold's view of life was coloured by the atmosphere of his time. To-day the serious-minded layman regards the dilemmas of theological controversy with unemotional detachment, or at most with an interest purely occasional, as when they contribute to the vivacity of a Church-congress, or furnish some novel with a motive of a mildly stimulating kind. It is therefore difficult for him to

realise the amount of spiritual perturbation which these, or similar dilemmas, involved half-a-century ago, when men of the intellectual calibre of Arnold and Clough, forced by the remorseless logic of events to abandon their belief in the old theological sanctions, found themselves adrift on an unknown sea, without chart or compass, and with the old celestial lights gone out or in eclipse, despairing of rescue, and fearful of shipwreck,—mere creatures of vicissitude. Arnold escaped shipwreck, but his deliverance was stoical rather than spiritual. Even so, the experience cut deep. Though he attained to self-mastery, as his poems show, beneath the surface serenity there lurks, for him who has eyes to discern it, the memory of the grey depths of that unfathomable sea.

Arnold's view of life is undoubtedly drab-coloured; and the prevailing hue is accentuated by the absence of any prospective gleam of brighter things. Material progress holds no guarantee of advance in the sphere of the moral and spiritual; and it is a moot point whether the glory of intellectual conquest, in the domain of science, has not blunted the edge of some of our finer susceptibilities. Whether, for example, the discovery that most things, from the swinging of the spheres to the falling of a leaf, are governed by fixed and inexorable laws, the hypothesis that relegates the ancestry of man to a place ("probably arboreal") among the higher mammalia, and the subsidiary hypotheses that cluster round that blessed word *evolution*, the struggle for existence, survival of the fittest, heredity and environment as determinants of character,—whether these things have not contributed to slacken some of the springs of human action, to intensify and conserve the selfishness innate in human nature, and

¹ Prefatory Note by Mr. G. W. E. Russell to Arnold's *LETTERS*: London, 1895.

evolve a philosophy of fatalism? Be this as it may, the thought of the increasing selfishness of life, of human alienation, weighed upon Arnold, and inspired some of his most poignant lines.

Yes! In the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us
thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*.

There is poignancy, too, in his reflection on the mutability of earthly relationships under the stress of modern life. As a ship upon the waters, he says:

Even so we leave behind,
As, chartered by some unknown
Powers,
We stem across the sea of life by
night,
The joys which were not for our use
design'd;—
The friends to whom we had no natural
right,
The homes that were not destined to
be ours.

Uncompromising sincerity is the note of Arnold's poetry on the ethical side. He never takes refuge in evasion. On the contrary, he will often resort to contrast to heighten the effect of his protestation. In *THE SCHOLAR GIPSY*, the aimless effort, the jaded spirits, the strife without hope of his own day, are set against the power of concentration, the untiring pursuit of an ideal, the accordance of aspiration with endeavour, exhibited by the man "who saw one clue to life and followed it,"

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade.

Just as the keynote of Wordsworth's philosophy of life is *Enjoy!* so that of Arnold's is *Endure!* "Live nobly, be not merely of the earth earthy,

strive against straitness of soul, and keep your vision clear,"—these are the chords he strikes throughout his poetry, and clearest and sharpest in the long final soliloquy of *EMPEDOCLES*. In *RESIGNATION* Nature herself is made to identify herself with the poet's utterance, and to enforce the lesson of endurance. To endure,

And waive all claims to bliss, and try
to bear,
With close-lipp'd patience for our only
friend,

is not the highest philosophy, but at least it transcends that of indifference or despair. And as Arnold would have said, it is the highest permitted to us. Not until

One common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind again

breaks over a jaded world, will men recapture the spiritual exaltation born of aspiration and self-surrender, or the poet's tongue be loosened as by pentecostal fire. But that day is not yet; and Arnold was too sincere a man, and too completely the child of his age, to act the part of herald to its dawn. Meantime, the function of the poet, so far as he may permit himself an ethical purpose, is, in Arnold's view, the humble one of warning his fellow men against illusions, of inculcating patience and persistence, of widening the bounds of human sympathy, and of guarding against moral and spiritual dryness by insisting on the truth (once a truism) that a livelihood is not a life. Joy, indeed, must be resigned, but in lieu thereof there may come peace, and, to those who achieve it, "glimpses that may make them less forlorn," moments when

A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur; and
he sees

The meadow where it glides, the sun,
 the breeze.
 And there arrives a lull in the hot race
 Wherein he doth for ever chase
 That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
 An air of coolness plays upon his face,
 And an unwonted calm pervades his
 breast.
 And then he thinks he knows
 The hills where his life rose,
 And the sea where it goes.

So much by way of consolation and
 hope Arnold concedes, and no more.
 Old men might dream dreams and
 young men see visions ; but to him

Fate gave what chance shall not
 control,
 His sad lucidity of soul.

To be neglected by one's own
 generation and welcomed by that of
 fifty years later, to be placed by
 time in nearer instead of remoter
 relations with posterity, is fame of
 a rare kind, but Arnold has achieved
 it. Its permanence is another ques-
 tion. Security of tenure, in the
 domain of poetry, rests on titles other
 than popular suffrage. The phases of
 thought and moods of feeling which
 Arnold reflects, and which ensure his
 popularity to-day, are touched with
 mutability, and will pass, and with
 them much of his present vogue.
 But with all deductions, there will
 still be left a body of work beyond
 the caprice of popular sentiment,
 sufficient to secure to him a per-
 manent place in the hierarchy of
 English poets. That place will be
 short of the highest, for, in the
 sequel, poetical supremacy is deter-
 mined mainly by the gift of the
 lyrical *afflatus*, and to this Arnold
 has small claim. Nor has he, in any
 high degree, the gift of imagination.
 He lacks the strength of pinion of
 the immortals. Of the ecstasy of
 self-abandonment under the sway of
 emotion or the domination of passion,

which is the essence of pure lyric, he
 has no trace. Nor is he ever possessed
 by his subject after the manner of
 Wordsworth. He was too self-con-
 tained for the first, too self-conscious
 for the second. His poetry, in short,
 is not *inevitable* enough.

On the other hand, his very limita-
 tions on the lyrical side provided
 him with a compensating quality
 which, by reason of its rarity, gives
 its possessors their own peculiar place
 in English literature, the quality of
distinction. "Of this quality," said
 Arnold himself, "the world is im-
 patient: it chafes against it, rails at
 it, insults it, hates it: it ends by
 receiving its influence and by under-
 going its law. This quality at least
 inexorably corrects the world's blun-
 ders, and fixes the world's ideals. It
 procures that the popular poet shall
 not finally pass for a Pindar, nor the
 popular historian for a Tacitus, nor
 the popular preacher for a Bossuet."
 More concretely, it is the quality
 which, by common consent, attaches
 pre-eminently in our own literature
 to the work of Milton and of Gray.
 With many diversities, the two poets
 have several points of contact, easily
 established by comparison; and, tak-
 ing these, distinction may be said to
 connote a heightened self-conscious-
 ness, an aristocratic selectness, some-
 thing of the fastidiousness of the
 artist and the scholar, in combina-
 tion with a high seriousness of pur-
 pose and an assured power of style
 —these, and the undefinable some-
 thing that eludes analysis and imparts
 the final touch of identity to the
 poet's achievement. All these Arnold
 possesses. His work, in its chaste
 perfection of form, its purity of style,
 its restraint, its dignity of pose,
 makes something of the same sort
 of appeal to the æsthetic sense as a
 Greek statue. The likeness even ex-
 tends, on occasion, to the external

quality of marmoreal coldness ; and, not to strain the analogy too far, as there are flaws in marble, so in Arnold's work the artistic completeness is occasionally marred by a defective sense of rhythm. It is in elegy that Arnold's power as a poet receives its truest expression. For there the pensive grace and melancholy charm peculiarly his, blending with the other essentials of his verse, produce that individual and incommunicable accent which reveals the master.

The source of Arnold's appeal to-day, speaking broadly, lies in his sincerity, in his feeling for reality. He keeps near "the sure and firm-set earth"; and this, despite the touch of austerity that informs all his best work, makes him, in his more personal moods, the most companionable of poets for a work-day world. Moreover, there is an atmosphere about his poetry that is good to breathe. There are occasions when the

— immortal air,

Where Orpheus and where Homer are,

is a thought too rarefied for mundane needs ; as there are others when the languorous atmosphere that pervades much of modern poetry is apt to prove unsatisfying. As a corrective

to the insipidity and enervation which such moods imply, experience prescribes a tonic air that shall brace the moral tissue and clarify the mind. And here is another appeal which this poet of fifty years ago has for the reader of to-day. As the jaded toiler of the city is glad at times to fly from its stir and fret and renew his flagging energies in the revivifying air and tranquillising stillness of mountain or moorland, so may he who is weary of the perplexed labyrinth of the world and its Babel of philosophies turn aside at will and find rest and refreshment of spirit, and fortify his mind, in the "moral mountain-air" that blows through the pages of Matthew Arnold ; he may forget awhile the manifold dissonances of life, as one amid "the cheerful silence of the fells."

Thin, thin, the pleasant human noises
grow,

And faint the city gleams ;

Rare the lone pastoral huts—marvel
not thou !

The solemn peaks but to the stars are
known,

But to the stars, and the cold lunar
beams ;

Alone the sun rises, and alone

Spring the great streams.

WILLIAM A. SIBBALD.

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THE COURT OF SACHARISSA.

(A MIDSUMMER IDYLL.)

CHAPTER XIII.

"WE can carry these little ones ourselves," said Sacharissa, who had a small basket in her hand.

"Most certainly we can," replied the Ambassador, taking it from her with a masterful air.

The Poet in corroboration picked up the largest of the three baskets on the grass, and the Mime and the Man of Truth picked up the others. There remained a large bottle. Sacharissa noticed it. "Oh, that is a bottle of lemonade which wouldn't go in," she said.

The Exotic had seemed lost in thought, and the Scribe now called his attention to the fact of the bottle. "Yes, will you carry it, please?" said Sacharissa with bright eyes.

The Exotic stifled a sigh and picked up the bottle with both hands; then he tucked it under his arm and leaned heavily on his stick. "It makes me feel like the Careful Camel," he murmured.

"We may as well start," Sacharissa suggested. "We won't walk fast, it is so hot." She opened her parasol.

"The Superfluous Umbrella!" ejaculated the Exotic as she did so, letting the bottle fall in his alarm. The parasol really did bear some resemblance to that historic article.

"You need not be alarmed," said

Sacharissa laughing. "This isn't a wraith; it is quite my own."

The Exotic recovered himself and started with the others, forgetting, however, to pick up the bottle. The Scribe restored it to him with a smile.

"The Major could not manage to come for the picnic," said Sacharissa to the Ambassador, "but he will be here, I expect, when we get back to tea." The Ambassador displayed polite interest and made a mental note of the circumstance.

They passed by the house and along a short winding drive lined with chestnut trees, which brought them to the lodge and carriage-gates. Passing through them they came upon a public road, out of which a grass bridle-path on the other side ran away from the house and garden.

"This is our nearest way to the castle," said Sacharissa crossing the road, "and it will be cool and shady for walking."

"Where does the road go to?" asked the Exotic becoming innocently interested in geography.

"It would take you to the castle, too, if you followed it round," she replied, "but it is nearly twice as far. I don't suppose you would care to walk all that distance," she added slyly.

"Allah forbid!" said the Exotic in a prayerful spirit, as he gazed at

a vehicle approaching from the opposite direction.

Sacharissa led the way with the Ambassador, and the party, turning a corner of the lane, was almost immediately out of sight of the high-road.

As she had prophesied, the path was well shaded. It ran between deep banks surmounted with high untrimmed hedges of hazel. Here and there a great oak spread its limbs like a canopy over head. The banks were luxuriant with ferns, and every now and then a bush of wild roses in full bloom made a bright contrast to the cool deep green of the whole.

"This is one of my favourite walks," said Sacharissa.

"It almost deserves to be," replied the Ambassador, according his praise with discrimination.

For some distance they followed the path in silence. The Scribe made idle cuts with his stick at the growth on the banks as he passed. Sacharissa noticed but did not understand the constraint that seemed to possess her cavaliers. She looked round by chance. The Exotic, who had last given signs of his presence when they were in the road, was not among them, and she called the Ambassador's attention to the fact. He looked round too. "I expect he is behind somewhere," he opined.

"He never walks more than a mile and a half an hour," said the Scribe, "and we must be going nearly two. But he will get there all right; he knows that his lunch depends on it."

Sacharissa thought that this sounded probable enough, and they paid no further attention to the Exotic's absence.

"Now you can see the ruins," she said as they reached a spot where the lane broadened out, and a gate opened

into the meadows on either side. She pointed to the great keep which stood up square and solid above the trees, its grey stones seeming almost blue in the dazzling sunlight, and explained that they must now take to the field-path. So leaving the shade they passed through a gate into the sunny meadow.

In a few minutes they found themselves standing within the roofless walls of the old banqueting-hall. "There are the hampers," said Sacharissa; "I thought they would get here before us. We will have our lunch in here where it is cool." She opened one of the hampers and took out a table-cloth which she spread on the grass. The Poet and the Man of Truth busied themselves with unpacking the baskets.

"Is the Exotic in sight?" asked the Scribe of the Ambassador who was looking back across the meadows. The Ambassador could not see him, and Sacharissa suggested that perhaps someone ought to go and look for him. The Ambassador undertook the task and went out accompanied by the Scribe.

"Does that lead up to the keep?" the Mime asked Sacharissa, pointing to a low doorway at the other end of the banqueting-hall.

Sacharissa gave the table cloth a final pat and looked up. "Yes," she said, "there's a staircase, and it's in very good preservation. It is much less ruinous than the rest; I think it is of a later period."

"Let us go up before lunch," suggested the Mime, who had an idea and was anxious to carry it out.

Sacharissa looked doubtfully at the table-cloth and at the well meant efforts of the Man of Truth to dispose knives and forks. "They'll do it all right," urged the Mime, "and it's rather early for lunch too."

She yielded to his importunity and,

after some parting injunctions to the others, suffered him to lead the way.

Meanwhile on the other side of the castle under the shade of an out-lying fragment of wall reclined the Exotic, peacefully smoking and all unaware that a search-party had gone out after him. His gaze was fixed on the summit of the keep and his face expressed amiable astonishment; possibly he was thinking of the amount of energy that had gone to the erection of the great block. As he looked, the sky-line above the battlement was broken by the appearance of two figures which, after a little consideration, he put down as Sacharissa and the Mime. The astonishment in his face became mingled with pain; that people should build a keep was wonderful enough, but that other people, and people of his acquaintance too, should actually climb up to the top of it after it was built passed his understanding. In a spirit of protest he extended himself more comfortably that he might give the matter the consideration it deserved.

But the current of his thoughts was diverted by the behaviour of one of the figures on the top of the keep. It was evidently addressing the other with great animation; first it stretched out its right hand, and then its left, and finally both; then it raised its arms to the sky; then it swept them round its head including all the points of the compass in a powerful gesture. The Exotic watched with unwilling admiration. Suddenly the height of the figure seemed to decrease, as though two feet of it had been cut off unexpectedly. Only its head was visible above the parapet and the sun shone on its upturned face. The Exotic shook his head slowly and sadly.

"Oh, here you are," said the voice of the Man of Truth close at hand.

"They've been looking for you. How did you get here? We've spread the cloth and lunch is ready."

The Exotic for answer pointed to the top of the keep. The Man of Truth looked up. "What's he doing?" he asked taking in the picture of Sacharissa standing looking down at the Mime's head and his one waving hand which from time to time was visible to those below.

"He is kneeling down," said the Exotic solemnly, "and he is offering her his heart and hand. I'm afraid we shall have to do it, too," he added. They looked at each other.

The Man of Truth was hopeful. "Well, she can't accept us both," he said.

The Exotic shook his head. "You can never tell what a woman will do," he returned with gloom; "but it won't be so bad if we stand by each other and help each other out. We sha'n't get any help from the rest; they're quite mad." The Exotic shook his head again over the weakness of human nature.

"They've gone now," said the Man of Truth looking up at the keep again. The figures had disappeared.

"Perhaps we had better go too," suggested the Exotic. "Lunch will be beginning soon, and we ought to try and eat a little to keep up our strength."

"I believe you're frightened," said the Man of Truth as they walked slowly back towards the scene of the picnic. The Exotic returned no answer.

They found the party already seated, Sacharissa on a block of stone on which the Ambassador had spread a rug, and the others on the grass. Her colour was a little heightened, but otherwise she showed no sign of the scene at which she had involuntarily assisted. The Mime was helping the salad with a satisfied expression.

"Why there you are," she said as she saw the Exotic. "Where have you been?"

"I found him under a wall," explained the Man of Truth.

"How did you get here?" asked the Ambassador. "We went back to look for you."

"I drove," replied the Exotic airily. There was a chorus of questions.

"In a baker's cart," he explained. "I'm very sorry," he addressed himself to Sacharissa, "but I had an accident with the bottle and it broke."

She laughed. "I'm afraid we shall be rather short of lemonade, then."

The Exotic showed his willingness to suffer for his fault. "I sha'n't want any more," he said.

"Any more?" repeated the Scribe.

"Fortunately," the Exotic explained, "I drank some out of the bottle before it broke."

Sacharissa laughed merrily. "I hope you drank it all," she said.

"I drank as much as I could," confessed the Exotic; "you see, I was afraid there might be an accident."

"Have you ever carried anything without an accident?" asked Sacharissa smiling.

"As the Placid Pasha remarked to the Careful Camel," returned the Exotic in explanation, "*The Sluggard went to the Ant and the Ant bit him.*" Sacharissa shook her head, and the Ambassador handed him a plate. To remove any misapprehension the Exotic continued in a conciliatory tone, "Besides it was only the bottle that met with the accident." It was some time before he spoke again, for the process of fortification claimed his whole attention. At last, however, he sighed with content and said, "I have eaten a very great deal," as he refused another bunch of grapes which Sacharissa pressed upon him. "No, not any claret cup, I thank

you," he added in an old world manner which threw additional light on the fate of the lemonade.

Sacharissa looked round for something. "I expect the cigarettes are in that hamper," she said indicating the support which the Exotic had chosen. He felt feebly about with one hand behind him. The Man of Truth rose and ruthlessly removed the hamper that he might open it.

The Ambassador refused a cigarette, remarking that he would smoke later.

"When do you think the baker's cart is likely to come back again?" asked the Exotic recapturing the hamper.

Sacharissa protested. "You don't mean to say that you are too lazy to walk back that little way?"

"Oh no, it isn't that at all," he answered. "You see, I only had time to tell the driver half the tale of the Considerate Kurd, and the poor man may never get another chance of hearing it."

"Come and tell it to me," suggested the Scribe to comfort him. The magnitude of this concession almost moved the Exotic to turn and look at him, but he congratulated himself on having refrained from hasty action when the words, "on the top of the keep," were added as a condition.

The Exotic looked injured as he called the Scribe's attention to the fact that the luncheon things had to be packed up.

"Yes, you ought to see the castle," said Sacharissa to her companions generally. The Ambassador rose and asked her what she would show them first.

The Exotic collected a spoon and a fork and arranged them neatly on a piece of paper, by this action showing clearly that he knew where his duty lay.

Sacharissa and the Ambassador moved towards the keep. The Scribe

roused the Poet, who was regarding a ruined window, and led him after them, instructing the Mime and the Man of Truth to help the Exotic in packing up.

"This is the staircase," said Sacharissa, as they stood within the lowest chamber of the square keep. The air struck chill and damp and the gloom was barely dispelled by the narrow shafts of sunlight streaming in through the southern loop-holes. One ray, however, fell on the doorway of the spiral staircase which wound up into the darkness, and pointed the way to ascend. On her suggestion that they would mount the worn steps faster the Scribe and the Poet went on in front.

The Ambassador lingered and, when the others had vanished round the corner, suggested to Sacharissa that the grounds also merited a visit and that it would be unfair to make her climb all the steps again. He then led the way to a door on the other side of the keep and they went out into the open air. A succession of grass-grown terraces lay between them and the ivy-clad wall which had once been the outer defence of the castle; beyond spread the rich pasture-land away to the distant woods which slept in the summer haze.

They walked slowly along a winding path which led from terrace to terrace until they came to the wall, and here, behind a ruined buttress, a great fallen slab, once the lintel of a postern-gate, offered a convenient seat from which it was possible to see the view comfortably.

The Ambassador's long silence began to weigh on Sacharissa. "You haven't even praised the view," she said rallying him. She glanced at him as she spoke and found to her confusion that he was not looking at the view. Accordingly she tried to do duty for both.

Habit was strong with the Ambassador. "I have eyes only for its fairest point," he said mechanically. Sacharissa saw that something was coming, and saw too that she could not avert it. Womanlike, however, she tried to postpone the event whatever it might be. "Aren't you going to smoke?" she asked looking at him again with a slight hope that perhaps he might act on her suggestion.

For once the Ambassador disregarded a lady's question altogether. "I must speak," he said suddenly; "I can hide it no longer. Ever since I first saw you that day in the garden among the roses I knew that it was you or no one. Since then I have been simply living that I might see you, and dreading the day when my dream must end." Sacharissa bent to the storm with downcast eyes, and nervously traced figures in the gravel with the tip of her parasol. He went on eagerly. "I know it has been a dream, and I have tried to put off the thought of waking from it, but now I know that it must be faced. And yet there are some true dreams. Dare I hope that this may be one? Will you be my wife?"

Sacharissa's parasol ceased its movement, but her eyes remained fixed on the ground. For a moment she could not speak, then she murmured, "I cannot tell. I do not know if the dream is true."

"For me it is the only truth; I love you," he said.

Sacharissa's hand trembled on her parasol, and when she raised her eyes to his he could see the gathering tears. "I must think," she implored. "Please do not press me now."

"I will not," he answered gently. "You can give me an answer when you please."

"I will answer you next week," she said in a low tone.

"I cannot ask or expect more," he

replied. He took her unresisting hand and bent over it for an instant, then he assisted her to rise and they walked back towards the castle. On the second terrace they came upon the Poet who was seated on a grassy bank reading something written on a piece of paper. He looked up as they approached. Sacharissa stopped in front of him; the presence of a third person was a welcome relief.

The Poet explained that he had left the Scribe on the keep and had come down again. Sacharissa sat down on the bank and the Ambassador, murmuring something about wishing to see the view from the highest point possible, left them.

She could not at once compel her attention, but presently with an effort she turned to the Poet who had folded up his paper and was now holding it out towards her.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Something I want you to read," he replied. "Not now," he added as she seemed about to open it, "but this evening after we are gone."

"Is it a poem?" she questioned, and the Poet nodded. She could not pretend to misunderstand; the look in his eyes would have been enough to assure her of the contents of the paper, but she was grateful to him for sparing her another scene.

"I will read it," she said simply.

A footstep sounded on the gravel path and the Scribe reached them. Looking up at him Sacharissa thought he looked strong and calm, and his eyes were kind. A sudden impulse came over her to confide in him and ask his advice. She felt that she badly needed a friend that afternoon.

He seemed to read something of her thoughts in her face. "Is any of the moat still in existence?" he asked.

"Yes, there is a little bit," she answered. "I will show you." She

rose and they walked round to the other side of the castle. The Poet showed no disposition to follow.

A deep black pool some forty yards in length was all that was left of the great moat that had once rendered the castle unapproachable save by the drawbridge, and towards this pool Sacharissa bent her steps. Leaning on the battered wall they could look down into the clear dark water; rushes fringed the banks, and the white cups and broad green leaves of water-lilies floated on its calm surface.

Sacharissa gazed down with averted head and for a long time said nothing. Then there came from her a little sound that was suspiciously like a sob.

"You are in trouble?" he said gently.

"You know?" she asked looking up at him with glistening eyes.

He nodded. "It could not have gone on," he reminded her softly. "We have been like children in a fairy tale, but there is always an end."

"But I never expected an end like this," she murmured. "It is not my fault?" she looked up again appealingly.

He smiled back at her. "No, it is not your fault; you cannot help being yourself, you know."

"Oh, I wish—" she paused; she did not know how to frame her thought. "Three of them," she exclaimed inconsequently, "and I would not cause pain to a living creature."

The Scribe restrained an impulse as he looked down into her sorrowful face. "Make it four," he said lightly enough; "it won't make things any worse, and it will be some comfort to the fourth to know that you know."

"I am so sorry," she cried tearfully. She read in his eyes what he had not uttered with his tongue.

"Never mind me," he said abruptly to console her. "I have known all along that I had not a ghost of a chance. I only spoke that you might not some day think me inhuman."

"I couldn't—ever—" she faltered; her handkerchief half concealed her down-turned face; she was weeping silently.

The Scribe laid his hand on hers and forced her to look up again. "You really mustn't take it like this," he said with an air of cheerful command. "You have absolutely nothing to reproach yourself with, and besides I never allow people to cry with me. Dry your eyes." She obeyed meekly and looked for further orders.

"That's right," he said smiling. "Now we can discuss the matter rationally. Has one of the others a chance?" She drooped her head again at this and could not answer him. "I take it," he went on, "your silence means that it is just possible, and I imagine that, if so, it is the Ambassador."

"I don't know yet," she whispered; "my mind is not my own to-day. I am to give him an answer in a week."

"Ah," he commented. "Well, this is my prescription. If you feel that you can take him, do; he is a man of whom any woman might be proud. If you can't, it can't be helped, and our fairy tale ends,—a little sadly perhaps, but it is infinitely better so than if it had never been. But do not let me see you cry again," he added with playful severity.

"You are very generous," she murmured, "and very kind." The frankness of her eyes checked an incipient hope that flashed into his mind. He went on with equal frankness. "Then we will be friends." He held out his hand into which she put her own. He retained it a moment, and then bent over it as the Ambassador

had done. "That is to seal the compact," he said lightly; "and now you must do as I tell you. You must come back and be cheerful, and behave as if nothing had happened. I will help you as much as I can." Sacharissa gave him a tiny ghost of a smile to show how cheerful she would be. "No, no one would know you had been crying," he said divining her thoughts; "at least no man would," he added with a laugh.

They walked back together. "By the way, would you be very frightened if the other two—" He did not finish the sentence.

For the first time she gave a little laugh and confessed that she would not be very frightened.

"Because I expect they will," he explained. "If it will help you, I think I may say that they have screwed up their courage. It needed a lot of screwing up, too," he said slyly.

Sacharissa was fast recovering herself. "That is not complimentary," she returned almost with her old merriment.

The Scribe smiled approval at her, and turning the corner they found themselves on the terrace again.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Please don't disturb yourselves," said Sacharissa.

As they passed along under the castle wall they had almost stumbled over the recumbent form of the Exotic who was comfortably extended on the grass. Beside him sat the Man of Truth with his back against a buttress and his hands clasped round his knees. At the sight of Sacharissa the Exotic had shown some slight symptoms of a willingness to rise if it should be necessary, and the Man of Truth had laid his hand on the buttress to assist himself up; at

her bidding, however, they remained as they were. After a moment of indecision she sat down on a block of stone near them.

She looked at her watch. "We ought to be thinking of starting back soon," she said to the Scribe who had remained standing. "I told them to have tea ready at half-past four."

"I will go and find the others then, and tell them," he answered. "Have you any idea where they are?" he asked the Exotic.

The Exotic had no idea, but the Man of Truth had seen the Ambassador on the keep. The Scribe departed on his errand.

"It is a fine day," suggested the Exotic to Sacharissa when he had gone. Forewarned by the Scribe she looked at him with amused eyes. He was evidently very little at his ease and his face was unusually solemn. She admitted his premiss, wondering a little how he would get round to his ultimate point. The Exotic, however, was not eager to get round to it. "This is a nice old ruin," he continued in a conversational tone. Sacharissa admitted this too, but did not enlarge upon it; she was in a mood to listen rather than to talk.

The Man of Truth began to get restive; diplomatic delays had no charms for him. "You had better get to the point," he said. "He has something particular to say to you," he explained to Sacharissa, beginning to scramble to his feet.

The Exotic checked him. "I won't say it at all if you go," he warned him, and the Man of Truth reluctantly sat down again.

"The fact is," began the Exotic uneasily, "he wants to tell you—"

"No I don't," the Man of Truth broke in. Sacharissa looked at them with grave and impartial interest.

"Yes you do; you said so," retorted the Exotic. "He is so shy," he added

apologetically to Sacharissa, who could not repress a smile despite the solemnity of the occasion. The Man of Truth was about to resent this imputation but the Exotic, warming to his subject, continued. "He has laboured to conceal it, and you have probably never guessed it from his manner, but what he wants me to tell you is that you are the only woman in the world for him."

"No she's not," began the Man of Truth hastily; "that is, I mean she is of course, but she's the only woman in the world for you too." He did not approve of splendid isolation, and he looked reproachfully at the Exotic as though he would upbraid him for the breach of compact.

The situation had its charm for Sacharissa and her interest did not diminish. She inclined her head in acknowledgement of their approval.

"I was coming to that," continued the Exotic perforce. "In fact you are the only woman in the world for us both. Will you marry us?" Realising perhaps that a proposal offered from a recumbent position is a little unusual he stretched forth his left hand in the manner of the Mime. "We know our unworthiness," he added as another concession to the usual.

Sacharissa felt that the day was rich in experiences. In spite of the gravity induced by previous events, she appreciated the humour of it, and enjoyed the anxiety depicted on the two faces before her, so different from that on the faces of most lovers at the critical moment. Nor was she disposed to let them off easily. She affected hesitation. "This is a great compliment," she said looking down; "but I can't marry you both, can I?"

"That's what I said," declared the Man of Truth with satisfaction.

"I didn't mean that," said the

Exotic; "I meant, would you take your choice?"

"Thank you," murmured Sacharissa looking at them from under her lashes. "Do you want me to choose at once."

The Exotic paled visibly; he felt somehow that a sudden choice would not go in favour of the Man of Truth, and besides the spokesman is always more immediately imposing than the silent delegate. "We would not wish to hurry you," he said with great sincerity.

"Thank you," she said again. "I will decide by next week," she added, after a moment's thought, "and give you an answer by then."

The Exotic summoned up a sigh. His artistic perception told him that something more was needed to make the scene lifelike. "May we hope?" he asked in earnest tones.

Sacharissa looked at him, and hardened her heart at the sight of his rueful countenance. Repressing a desire to laugh she answered with soft wickedness, "Yes, I think you may hope."

Afterwards in solitary meditation the Exotic pondered long on the question, had she or had she not emphasised in the minutest degree the pronoun of the second person? As for the Man of Truth, he had no doubt on the matter and hastened to say so at the earliest moment possible; and in the night-watches the Exotic's heart failed within him.

The Scribe reappeared with the Ambassador, even as Sacharissa was speaking. The Poet and the Mime followed them. "We have the baskets," he said.

Sacharissa rose and made ready to start. "They will fetch the hampers," she returned, "so there is nothing to keep us."

It was rather a silent procession that set out on the homeward way

The Scribe in obedience to Sacharissa's glance had taken his place at her side and they walked in front. Behind them, at a few yards' distance, came the Exotic and the Man of Truth, engaged in an argument of which, from his appearance, the Exotic seemed not to have the better. Then came the Mime striding along with the look of Hamlet confronting two alternatives, and the Ambassador and the Poet brought up the rear in silence.

One sentence from the Man of Truth reached the couple in front. "She said you and she meant you; I'm positive of it." Probably the Exotic requested him to lower his voice, for they heard no more.

The Scribe stole an amused glance at Sacharissa, who returned it a little guiltily. "So they did?" he suggested.

She nodded an affirmative. He did not ask for particulars, but she felt that he was not incurious. "I said he might hope," she confessed, looking at him under her lashes.

"Which?" breathed the Scribe in delighted suspense.

"I did not say, but I meant the Exotic," she whispered, "and I think he understood."

The Scribe chuckled; he thoroughly appreciated the panic of uncertainty which must possess the Exotic at this moment. "I expect it's being thoroughly explained," he said.

"It was very wrong of me,"—she gave a little remorseful sigh, followed by a laugh—"but I could not help it; he looked so frightened."

The thought of the Exotic's discomfort lightened the way for them, and by the time they had reached the house Sacharissa was prepared to face anybody. She relieved her cavaliers of the baskets which she carried indoors. The men strolled slowly towards the lawn where they found

the Major mounting guard over the tea-table.

"We're pretty punctual," observed the Scribe as they shook hands.

The Major nodded approval. "Excellent habit," he said. "I was a bit early myself, but that's better than being too late." The Scribe wondered if he were too late, but the Major's face was innocent of intention.

Sacharissa soon reappeared. With her hat she had removed all signs of travel and emotion, and was once more the gracious hostess welcoming favoured guests, and there was nothing in her manner to suggest that the day had been for her more than commonly attended by incident. As she sat down by the tea-table she gave the Scribe a little glance; it may have been expressive of gratitude, or perhaps seeking his approval of her appearance and behaviour.

The others, too, had had time to recover themselves, and they did their best to follow her good example. The Ambassador hastened to hand round cups and plates, and his remarks, though few, had lost nothing of their courtly appropriateness. The Mime fell naturally into his part of subdued cheerfulness, and the Man of Truth was as ever free from care. The abstraction of the Poet called for no special remark, and the Exotic under the genial influence of tea permitted himself to hope for the best, thus wisely postponing any loss of appetite.

"Did you see a mad foreigner with a club at the castle?" presently asked the Major.

"A mad foreigner with a club?" repeated Sacharissa in surprise. "No, why?"

The Major explained. "Oh, a man I met told me he'd driven one over there, picked him up in the road somewhere and gave him a lift. He was very much impressed by his talk, said it reminded him of the Bible, full

of long words; and he couldn't understand anything except that the stranger seemed interested in camels, and that made him think it was a lunatic escaped from somewhere. He stopped to ask me about it, because he thought he might mean mischief with a great club he had."

"Who was the man?" asked Sacharissa.

"A fellow in a baker's cart," answered the Major; "I know his face quite well, but can't remember his name."

"Why you drove in a baker's cart," said the Man of Truth to the Exotic, whose countenance expressed great surprise at the merriment that surrounded him. "It must have been another one," he protested.

"There is but one camel," murmured the Scribe, holding the Exotic's walking-stick out as evidence of the club.

The Exotic felt that he had been maligned. "I'll tell you exactly what I said to my baker's man," he announced. "The red sand of the Syrian desert—" The Ambassador held out a plate of sandwiches to him in a manner that permitted of no refusal.

"I never thought it would be you," said the Major apologetically to the Exotic, "but you know what they are in the country; whenever they see anyone a bit strange—" the Major paused; he was on the verge of saying what he meant.

The Exotic, however, took no exception to the adjective. "The profundity of the baker's man's intelligence," he said amiably, "was not adequate to the concealment of a comprehension of high matters."

"No, of course not," agreed the Major hurriedly. "Your stick is a bit heavy," he continued, "but I don't much believe in sticks. There was a friend of mine who carried one just

like that, and I remember how it failed him just when he wanted it."

"How was that?" asked the Scribe.

"Well, it was like this," said the Major. "We had been dining with some people a few miles out of the town where we were stationed, and as it was a fine night we decided to walk back to barracks. We'd just got to a lonely bit of road, when we heard cries. There was only one house anywhere near, an old woman's who lived all by herself, so he said we'd better go and see what it was, and we ran up to the cottage. We found the door open and rushed in. There were three roughs there and they were tying up the old woman. We could only just see them by the fire-light in the kitchen, and when they saw there were only two of us they showed fight. Well, he took his stick and tried to hit the first man, but he caught it against the rafter in the roof and it smashed at once. No, it may be all right in the open but a stick's no use in a small space," concluded the Major."

"Oh, but you're leaving off at the most interesting part," said Sacharissa as the Major showed no signs of continuing his story. "What happened after the stick broke?"

"He got knocked down for a bit," answered the Major, "and I had to come and help him. But there wasn't much room for them to get at me too, and by the time they saw he was getting up, they thought they'd had enough of it and the other two jumped out of the window and bolted, and he untied the old woman."

"What happened to the third?" asked Sacharissa.

"He went to gaol," the Major answered.

"No, I mean while your friend was untying the old woman," she objected.

"Oh, I was sitting on his head, you

know. It was rather a nuisance though, as we had to go and give evidence." The Major passed on rapidly; he seemed determined to diminish his own share in the glory. "However, we got the old woman to put her savings in the bank, and gave her a big dog afterwards."

"Ah, they were not real burglars," said the Exotic in apparent apology for the poor display given by the three ruffians.

"What do you know about real burglars?" asked the Man of Truth.

"I knew a burglar once intimately," he replied.

"Knew one?" the Major questioned in surprise.

"Yes," said the Exotic, "he was the Benign Burglar, and he met the Belated Bishop."

"Bishop?" murmured Sacharissa, who imagined that she had not heard correctly.

"Yes, Bishop," repeated the Exotic; "the Benign Burglar and the Belated Bishop. I was the bishop, of course," he added to avoid any possible misapprehension. "That was the Mime's fault. He accepted an invitation for a fancy-dress ball and accepted for me as well, and as none of them would say I was ill or out of town unless I would really *be* ill or out of town, it was less trouble to let them take me. So we went."

"We didn't," objected the Man of Truth.

"As the Placid Pasha observed to the Careful Camel," rejoined the Exotic, "*When the son heard his son's son make him answer, he repented for doubting his own father.*" He paused to give the Man of Truth time to entangle himself in the problem, and then proceeded artlessly. "They wanted me to dress as the Considerate Kurd, but I was more modest. So I put on some gaiters and an apron and some lawn sleeves

and went as a bishop,—they wouldn't let me go as a chimney unless I went as a drawing-room one in summer," he put in in plaintive parenthesis—"because I knew it wouldn't be proper for a bishop to dance. But," he sighed piously, "this is the age of indifferentism, and our hostess insisted that if I would not dance I must at least sit out, even though I was a bishop. So I sat out in a nice cool conservatory and told her quite a lot of the tale of the Con—"

"You were a bishop," the Scribe interpolated.

"I know," he admitted, "and therefore I related the tale of the Consequential Canon. But she was a flower or a fairy or a—or a pillar-box or something, and she seemed rather uneasy about her next dance. So I sent the Conscientious Curate to fetch her partner and permitted her to retire."

"The Conscientious Curate," repeated Sacharissa.

"There never was a Conscientious Curate," the Man of Truth broke out.

"Rather a sweeping statement," said the Scribe mildly.

The Exotic condescended to explain. "That was the Ambassador, of course; he had come as my chaplain."

"Perhaps you can remember what I went as?" suggested the Man of Truth with sarcasm.

"Let us see,"—the Exotic affected to meditate; then he went on cheerfully. "Why, you went as the Superfluous Umbrella. I remember, we sent you to be re-covered." The Man of Truth interfered no further, and the Exotic resumed his story. "Subsequently to her departure I was seized with a desire for some calm retreat wherein my meditations would not be disturbed by dialogues of monotonous similarity, and I arose to explore the possibilities of safe retirement.

"I wanted the Mime to show me a nice quiet place, but he was dressed as Hamlet and was sitting among the plants with the maddest looking of Ophelias, so I thought it wouldn't be wise to disturb him.

"I discovered that the supper-room was as yet untenanted, but after a not wholly sufficient delay I heard voices approaching. Behind a curtain I found a green baize door through which I passed. A further door confronted me and the key was in the lock. I opened it and perceived that, as rarely happens save to the earnest and deserving seeker, I had been vouchsafed a small but entirely adequate miracle. It led to freedom," the Exotic stated impressively.

"Freedom?" asked Sacharissa in a surprised tone.

"The back-garden, I mean," said the historian, "in which there was a tradesman's entrance leading into a side street. So taking the keys I let myself out and hastened safely away." The Exotic looked round for effect, but as no one responded he went on with increased piety. "Alas, it is not given to erring mortals to find all things perfect in this vale of sorrow. Freedom indeed I had attained, but as my lawn sleeves and apron rustled in the biting blast I was reminded that it was no fit hour for a bishop to be abroad. I could not see a hansom anywhere and I only met one or two people on whom I could bestow my benediction, but they couldn't have seen my gaiters, for they hurried by me as if they were startled. I began to wonder how I should ever get back to my abode. And so I fell to musing." The Exotic hemmed and continued impressively. "And as I mused, the red—" he looked at the Ambassador. "The red—" he repeated, but to deaf ears, "the red light of

a comfortable fire roused hope again within me. It shone through an open window in the side wall of a house and seemed to extend a hospitable invitation to the stranger.

"To go on unheeding would have exposed the domicile to the intrusion of the casual pillager, and so I resolved to become a Samaritan. I perceived that no policeman was in the vicinity, and feeling that the spiritual power was in duty bound to supplement, should occasion arise, the deficiency of the temporal, I entered in an unobtrusive manner; I did not wish to disturb unduly the slumbers of the unsuspecting householder, preferring that his left hand should not become acquainted with the occupation of my right. I was just going to see if the fire was a possible danger when a figure started up before me. Then I perceived my peril, for his attire left little doubt of his profession. Furthermore he pointed at me some sort of portable fire-arm, and commanded me to stand and deliver."

"The revolvers they carry wouldn't hit a haystack," commented the Major. "Did you rush him?"

"Rush him?" repeated the uncomprehending Exotic. "Rush him? Bishops don't rush," he reminded the Major reproachfully. "Besides it wasn't a revolver at all; I think they call it a horse-pistol. He brought his spurs together with a click. As I said, his attire compelled attention," he added perceiving that the spurs had come as a surprise, "and I was pained, for I could not but observe that in his top-boots, flowing cloak, mask, powdered perriwig, and three-cornered hat his appearance savoured strongly of Dissent. But I reflected that Christian charity enjoined politeness in a bishop, so I said, 'May I enquire if I have the pleasure of meeting the owner of this house?' 'The occupant,' he answered. 'The

owner is fortunately absent.' 'Then in that case I may permit myself a chair, perhaps,' I returned.

"With a wave of his hand he indicated a commodious armchair by the fire to which I proceeded. 'He tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb,' I suggested when I had taken my seat. For a layman he was not obtuse, and he shut the window at once, drawing the curtains across it, and afterwards turned on the electric light. This done, his eyes fell on my gaiters and lawn sleeves, and he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"My poor efforts are indeed honoured,' he said. "'Is your lordship perchance an amateur?' Following the sweep of his arm I perceived a safe in a corner of the room. On it was a large saw which he had evidently taken from the bag of carpenter's tools that lay at his feet."

"Burglars don't use saws," said the Man of Truth.

The Exotic went on unheeding. "'Young man,' I said to him sternly, 'I perceive that more than mere accident guided my footsteps hither. Even in the minutest matters can the eye of right understanding mark the workings of a beneficent Providence. I entered with the intention of saving an excellent householder from the knowledge that his home and hearth were undefended, and I become the humble means of preventing a fellow-creature from the perpetration of a heinous crime. Ah, my young friend, repent,—repent ere it be too late. Return to the wife of your bosom with unsullied hands; think of your innocent children whose career you were about to blast with the reproach of having for their father a despoiler of other men's goods, a man whose integrity is not wholly above suspicion.'"

"An admirable discourse," said the Scribe, "and a strong conclusion."

"That is what the Benign Burglar said, or something like it," admitted the Exotic, "and he enquired at that point if I had supped. I had to hasten my departure, I told him, but had managed to snatch a morsel. He expressed sympathy and a hope that the interruption had not been violent, and suggested that perhaps a little more refreshment would not be amiss. He complimented me upon my eloquence while he was exploring a cupboard, and said that I almost persuaded him to become a bishop. Naturally I was about to rebuke him for so gross a perversion of Holy Writ, when he produced a decanter of very excellent port, and anticipated my rebuke by drinking a glass to my further advancement. I could not but return the courtesy, though I trust I made it clear to him that I was unable to reciprocate the exact terms of his toast, in respect of the profession he had so obviously adopted." The Exotic's expression had become intensely virtuous and he continued in a truly episcopal manner.

"I had some hopes of holding him in conversation until dawn should frustrate his nefarious design; but after his third glass of port he offered me a cigarette and begged me to excuse him while he attended to his immediate object. Thereupon I resumed my admonitions, and the better to illustrate my discourse I narrated to him the history of the Consequential Canon. But I fear the esoteric meaning of the narrative must have escaped him, for he continued to saw vigorously at the safe. After a while the saw got so out of tune that I decided on more strenuous measures; in fact, I informed him that if he did not stop that execrable noise I should feel it my painful duty to apprise the police.

"I am sure your lordship would be too courteous," he began. "The manner of your entry was, if I might venture to suggest it, hardly episcopal, and it is possible that the unintelligent layman might misconstrue the charity of your motives." He went on to inform me that I was in the house of a well-known actress, and indeed I remembered to have seen the name he mentioned on an advertisement about soap."

"A sure sign of a reputation," observed the Scribe in answer to Sacharissa's movement of protest.

The Exotic went on with the story. "Consideration for the lady, he further suggested, should make me unwilling to invite public attention, which would, unhappily, be the outcome of my well meant interference. These thoughts made me congratulate myself that I had not dressed as the Considerate Kurd. However, as in deference to my wishes he had abandoned the saw in favour of a more melodious gimlet, I accepted another cigarette and did not leave my chair.

"Presently an exclamation caused me to uncloset my eyes, and I found him regarding the open safe with every sign of astonishment. 'It was not locked at all,' he complained, 'and there is nothing in it.' I congratulated him on his escape from temptation and again adjured him to return to his peaceful home. And before I had got to 'seventhly and lastly' he seemed moved by my eloquence and, admitting that no more could be done there, offered to escort me to my own house. So we threw out the bag of tools and got out of the window together.

"As we walked along the street I observed that the policeman looked at him with a curiosity doubtless only restrained by my gaiters, and I felt that I should be happier with him in more harmonious surroundings.

Then I thought of the scene that I had left, in which it occurred to me he might well pass unnoticed. So we went into the back garden again.

"When he saw the lights, he hesitated. 'I am not really a burglar, you know,' he said in apology for his reluctance. 'What are you then?' I asked. He explained that he was an actor and he mentioned his name. It sounded so pretty that I was quite sorry I had not heard it before. He seemed sorry too," digressed the Exotic in tones of placid surprise. "'Why were you burgling?'" I asked him. He said he wasn't burgling, but was only trying to do the lady a kindness."

Sacharissa looked for an explanation. "He said it was quite usual. You took away an actress's jewels for a few days, and it all got into the papers, and she became more famous than ever. He said it was better even than being engaged to a duke, and besides he was engaged to the lady himself so it was all quite proper."

Sacharissa looked at the Scribe to see what she ought to think of this. "I feel almost able to believe that part of the story," he said in answer to her glance.

The Exotic took no notice of the remark. "So I let him into the supper-room, which was empty again except for the Mime who was there with the same very mad Ophelia. The Mime did not like being interrupted, and out of revenge told him that I wasn't a bishop at all, and the Benign Burglar said it was a pity because I was quite a credit to the bench. So they got me my hat and overcoat and some more supper, and the Mime took the Burglar off to the hostess, saying that he was I, and explaining that I had changed my dress so that I might be able to dance. And while they were gone

I gave the bag of carpenter's tools to the very mad Ophelia, and then I went away," he concluded cheerfully.

For once the Exotic had really helped somebody out of a difficulty, and he earned more gratitude than he deserved from his listeners, with the exception perhaps of the Major. He leaned back in his chair contentedly, for in the joys of story-telling his own parlous situation had been forgotten.

At the sound, however, of Sacharissa's rather hesitating "Till next week," as the Ambassador rose and collected his party, the Exotic was recalled to realities. Refusing the Man of Truth's company with a shudder, he tailed dejectedly after the others across the lawn.

CHAPTER XV.

"She said you and she meant you," said the Man of Truth perseveringly.

The Exotic returned no answer. He had found that it was no good contesting the point. Throughout the whole week the Man of Truth had been at his elbow pressing home the idea conveyed by those ill-omened words, and had gradually reduced him to a silence closely akin to belief. His dejected face, as he followed the party slowly across the meadow, showed that this continuance of zeal was hardly necessary. The victim on his way to the scaffold needs no telling that his execution is at hand.

The Ambassador and the Scribe paused on the bridge for the others to come up with them. The Ambassador was a trifle paler than usual, but he had himself well under command, as one prepared to make his bow to either fortune. The Mime had resumed the manner of Hamlet in the grip of destiny, and the Poet was wrapped in anticipatory sadness.

"The stream is a good deal lower," the Ambassador remarked to the Scribe, who reminded him that there had been no rain since the thunder-storm. They looked down into it for a little time; it seemed almost as if the clear shallow water were laughing at them.

The Exotic and the Man of Truth reached the bridge, and they all crossed it and took the familiar path towards the fountain. The Ambassador pointed to the rose-beds which were strewn with fallen petals. "Summer is passing," he said.

"Here is the Major," observed the Scribe, as that gentleman advanced to meet them. "This is the happy warrior," murmured the Scribe to himself noting the elasticity of the Major's step, and, as he came nearer, the gladness in his eyes. He glanced at the Ambassador to see if he too noticed anything. The Ambassador returned the glance with level brows.

"Thought I'd come and meet you on the way," said the Major, when he was within speaking distance. They were all looking at him now. Even the Man of Truth, who was engaged in impressing his oft-repeated conviction on the Exotic, paused in the middle of his sentence.

"There's something I ought to tell you," the Major began. "The fact is—" he paused. It was a delicate matter; he did not wish to seem to triumph over fallen adversaries. However the Ambassador came to his assistance. "You want to ask us for our congratulations?" he suggested quietly.

The Major nodded with relief. "I am the luckiest man alive," he admitted simply.

There was a sudden rush from the rear of the party. The Exotic pushed his way through his friends and seized the Major's hand. "Allow me to felicitate you most heartily," he said

with a beaming face. The Major returned his grip cordially.

The Ambassador offered his hand too. "I congratulate you in all sincerity," he said. He looked his rival in the eyes for a moment; then, "She has chosen well," he added calmly.

The Major was not to be outdone in generosity. "Had it not been as it is, there is no other man I would sooner have been beaten by than yourself. I hope you will believe that," he said. The Ambassador bowed courteously.

The others came up and shook the Major's hand in turn. He thanked them all and then hesitated. "She is on the lawn, if you would like—" he began.

The Ambassador acknowledged his kindly tact. "We should wish to say good-bye."

The Major stood aside to allow them to pass, and then turned away down the path leading to the croquet lawns.

Sacharissa was standing, as they had first seen her, at the door of the arbour. Her face was pale and her eye downcast. The Ambassador bowed before her as of old. "We have come to offer our congratulations," he said gently, "and to say good-bye."

She trembled and placed one hand on the table to support herself. "He has told you?" she murmured.

The Ambassador bowed assent. "We hope you will be very happy," he said in a low tone.

"You understand?" she faltered.

"Yes, we understand," he answered. "We have all been the playmates of a summer. Now the game is over and we must go back to work. But the memory of it will remain as the brightest spot in our lives, and written in letters of gold on the pages of our life-traditions will be found the name of the Queen of our summer idyll. Good-bye, Sacharissa."

The Ambassador took her hand and kissed it. She looked at the basket of roses by her side. "These are the last of the roses," she whispered, as she offered him a bud. "It is all I can give; I wish it had been more." The rose was white with a faint blush on the tips of its petals. He took it, bowed again, and drew aside.

The Scribe came next. "Have I done wrong?" she asked, so low that he only could hear, as she offered him another rose. "I have had a hard struggle."

"Wrong?" he repeated. "No, you have been wise." He smiled at her.

"I will keep your poem, if I may," she said to the Poet, who looked at her gratefully as he took her hand. Then he moved away to the side of the Ambassador, where he carefully placed his rose between the leaves of his note-book.

The Mime bade her farewell almost soberly. Except that he thrust his rose into the bosom of his shirt, his manner was commendably free from theatrical expression. The cheerfulness of the Man of Truth was a little marred by uncertainty as to what to do with his rose. Finally he followed the Exotic's example and put it in his buttonhole.

To the Exotic was left the valediction. He sighed with a sudden regret. "I have never been able to

relate to you"—he hesitated, and finally decided that it must be left untold. Sacharissa's face expressed not the slightest wish to hear it, and he had an uneasy feeling that the others were in a mood to wreak summary vengeance on him if he took advantage of the situation. "As the Placid Pasha observes, *Human affairs are but the clambering up one side of a mountain and down the other.* We must now clamber down,—but we have seen the view." So saying he bowed, and turning led the way back across the lawn.

The others followed more slowly. The Ambassador looked back once for a last glimpse of her. She was standing still in the same place, with her head bent and her hand on the table. Then he turned his eyes resolutely away, drew a deep breath, and strode on.

It was the Scribe who saw the final picture. He was the last and he faced about as he reached the rosary. She had dropped into a chair and was leaning on the table with her face in her hands. As he saw this he heard the Major's voice by the fountain. He turned and followed the others with set face.

Meanwhile the Exotic tarried for no man but hastened on his way. Somewhere on the other side of the river, beyond many fields, it might be possible to obtain tea.

THE END.

HARROW REVISITED.

(A DAY OF REMINISCENCES FIFTY YEARS ON.)

ON a certain Sunday some little while ago I attended morning service in the chapel of Harrow School in circumstances which will appeal to the sympathy of old Harrovians and probably many old boys of our great public schools generally. The immediate object of my visit was to see a tablet, placed in the chapel to the memory of my son. Of him all that is here to be said has been gracefully told by a dear friend as the legend of a picture (presented to the school) representing an episode of the action in which he fell at Daratoleh, Somaliland, on April 22nd, 1903.

THE RESCUE AND DEATH OF CAPTAIN
BRUCE.

During the retirement of Major Gough's column after the fight at Daratoleh, Captain C. M. D. Bruce, R.A., in charge of the rearguard, fell mortally wounded. Captain G. M. Rolland, of the Indian Army, who was close behind, at once came to his assistance, and kept the enemy in check with revolver and carbine until he was joined by Captain Walker and four native soldiers. They then tried to carry Captain Bruce in a blanket, but he was too heavy, and they were now closely pressed, the enemy getting to within twenty yards' distance, and threatening to surround them. Meanwhile the main column was getting farther away, and Captain Rolland ran 500 yards under a heavy fire and brought back a camel, accompanied also by Major Gough. Between them they placed Captain Bruce on the camel, with the bullets raining all round, and as they did so he died, but he was saved from the hands of the enemy. For this gallant action Major Gough and Captains Rolland and Walker

received the Victoria Cross, and the native soldiers the Order of Merit.

Captain Bruce and Captain Rolland entered Harrow on the same day, in September, 1883.

As regards myself, exactly fifty years had elapsed since the last Sunday on which I had sat in chapel as a sixth-form boy under Dr. Vaughan, and I was on the eve of retirement from the service of the State after a long official career. With the exception of rare occasional visits I had been absent from England for over thirty-five years. Inevitably throughout the service, whether my eyes rested on the boys present or my thoughts reverted to those who had sat about me in December, 1853, I had constantly on my mind the burden of the song, *Thirty and forty and fifty years on*. In my environment not only persons but things had wholly changed. The chapel of 1853 has been described, by one who sat in it, as "an erection in the most debased style of architecture, a plain hideous, red-brick building, something between a conventicle and a racket-court." Of this structure, unless it be a portion of the western end, nothing remains. The present chapel has been built around the foundation of the old. A chancel, the personal gift of Dr. Vaughan, and a north aisle were completed in 1855; and, with a south aisle added two years later, the reconstructed chapel was consecrated in 1857. The north aisle is devoted to memorials of former

masters and life-long friends of the school: the south aisle was built in memory of the Harrovians who fell in the Crimean War; and quite recently both aisles have been enlarged as a memorial to Harrovians who fell in South Africa. The sentiment of this memorial was well expressed by Mr. Walter Long at a meeting of old Harrovians met to consider the proposal on November 5th, 1901.

I, for one [he said], am confident that no old Harrovian could desire that a memorial to our gallant and dead comrades, our old school-fellows, should find its place but in one part of our old school buildings. We are fond and proud of each part of our old school, but the chapel has something which specially endears itself to us, which connects itself with the best lessons that we learned at Harrow, and those of us who were there remember with what pride we looked at the memorials of men who had already died in the service of their country. Let us teach Harrovians of to-day and of generations to come that their memories will be treasured as have been the memories of others, and if it falls to their lot to die in the service of their country, not only their names but their services will be recorded in that part of the school which is dearest to all Harrovians.

Thus during the fifty years that have passed since my school days the "hideous red-brick building" has become "a shrine of sacred memories." On its floor two generations of my school-fellows and friends and their children have trod, and have knelt to receive the armour of God, and every wall, window, and pillar recalls the memory of those who have fought a good fight.

It is astonishing with what apparent caprice the memory reverting to a period fifty years back flies from one recollection to another, but my thoughts naturally group themselves around my head-master, my house

and form-masters, and my school-fellows; and in the circumstances I am sure I shall be forgiven if I speak of them all as we used then to speak of them without titular or honorary designations.

The great majority of boys came under Vaughan's direct influence only in chapel. It was my good fortune to know him much more intimately as a sixth-form boy and head of one of the large houses. My own recollection confirms everything that has been written by old Harrow masters and boys in praise of Vaughan as a preacher. Impressive in tone, with a voice never pitched in a high key, and in manner, without the use of rhetorical gestures of any kind, clear of purpose, graceful in expression within the range of a limited but always appropriate vocabulary, he was recognised by us all (I venture to speak for masters and boys) as our Superior Head. It is unfortunate that the fortuitous application of the term *superior person* to a worthy member of Parliament by Lord Beaconsfield has associated with the words something of contemptuous ridicule. Otherwise they would have rightly described Vaughan. In chapel, in the school-house, in form, and most particularly, perhaps, as he walked from his house to the school, his superior dignity was felt by all.

On two occasions the power of Vaughan's personality left upon me an impression which fifty years have not effaced. It was, I think, during my first term that the whole school were summoned to the old speech-room, where the boys sat on raised tiers of seats and Vaughan on a platform with all the masters in a semi-circle behind him. I doubt if any boy present has forgotten the oppressive calm and solemnity of Vaughan's utterance when he informed the school that an offence had been committed

which he considered it his duty to reprove by the exceptional procedure he had adopted. After addressing himself to the school generally he exclaimed in a voice not loud but trembling with emotion, "—[naming the culprit], stand forth." The painful silence during which Vaughan addressed himself personally to the offender in terms of most cruel severity is not likely to be forgotten by any of those who were present. The occasion was never forgotten by Vaughan himself, who lived to regret, as I have been informed, some phrases he made use of, and to recognise that the punishment was out of all proportion to the offence, a mere escapade of boyish exuberance of spirit. The offender was a boy whose career at school and in public life has adorned the history of Harrow.

Not less profound was the impression produced on myself and others by a sermon preached by Vaughan a year or two later on the text, *Cast out therefore that evil person from among you*. The form of vice against which this sermon was directed need not here be specified; it justified, no doubt, the desperate earnestness of Vaughan's appeal to our better nature. It was preached on the last Sunday of term, and when the school re-assembled it was found that more than one had been cast out.

Dr. Butler has expressed the opinion that every lesson given by Vaughan to the sixth form was a work of art. My school-fellow Kenelm Digby (we were in the sixth form together for about a year) has expressed himself less enthusiastically.

Vaughan himself was not a man of wide reading; we were taught little or no history; still less did he venture on anything approaching to philosophy; we were not so much as introduced to Plato. The charm, I think, of his teaching was the perfect form and finish of his scholar-

ship, the exactness of his verbal criticism, the spirit which he threw into the interpretation of his favourite authors. . . . He used to revel in the enjoyment of the fun of Aristophanes. . . . We must have read a good deal of Homer and Thucydides, but I did not appreciate these books with Vaughan.

I remember very well the Aristophanes class, which used to be held in Vaughan's house on Tuesday morning, that day being otherwise a whole holiday; but I must confess that the word *revel* does not seem to my recollection appropriate to the nature of the entertainment. I should say rather that Vaughan was at his best, and enjoyed himself most, in the interpretation of the Pauline epistles. His mind was essentially of the Pauline type. The Greek Testament lessons were given on Sunday; but whatever the day of the week, and whatever the subject of the lesson, Vaughan's sixth form school-manner was truly admirable. The procedure was this. A boy was called on to interpret a passage of the text and was then submitted to a series of questions, bearing not only on the grammatical structure of the passage but on every point of interest suggested by it. During this process the personality of the head-master seemed to be absorbed in the student. Vaughan seemed to be as one of ourselves,—*primus inter pares*. When it was over, the boy who had been called on, if he had given an intelligent interpretation and had shown by his answers to the questions asked that he had thoroughly studied the lesson, was thanked with a most gracious courtesy. If, however, he had merely given a glib translation, obviously derived from a crib, and had evidently given the lesson no further study, Vaughan's thanks were expressed in a modified form of courtesy that to a sensitive boy was

extremely painful. Vaughan could put a good deal of pain into the courteous form, "Thank you, that will do."

My relations with Vaughan in my character of head of a large house arose out of questions of discipline connected with the exceptional and eccentric nature of the administration of the establishment known as "Billy's House," of which I must now give some account.

"Billy" was my house master, the Reverend William Oxenham, and he played so important a part in the school-life of Harrow for over thirty years that I venture to transcribe the graphic record of him given by Bishop Jenner in HARROW SCHOOL.¹

The Upper Shell, the division next below the Fifth Form, was taught by Mr. Oxenham, a good scholar and an amiable man, but by no means a success as a master. Easily irritated, and with a temper over which he had little control, the boys led him a terrible life in pupil-room and in school. "I can see [writes one who knew him well in later days] dear old Billy dashing on horseback out of his stables (just where the new part of Moreton's now stands), a terror to unwary passers-by; or else hastily rushing up to school, gown and cap awry; or calling bill in the Fourth Form room, by the aid of one pair of spectacles, while two other pairs were resting at various elevations on his forehead; or pausing in some boy's room, as he went his rounds at night, to read his own letters aloud, to the infinite amusement of the supposed sleepers. . . . As a Latin scholar he had the credit of being quite first-rate. Only those over whom he reigned, without governing, can describe the occupation of an ordinary Fourth Form school. The text on his tomb in the churchyard describes much that was good and winning in this warm-hearted friend. . . . Outwardly, we have the chapel spire as his memorial; but a better memorial,

our love of the man, lies deep in many hearts.

Such was the master of the house which was my home during my Harrow days, a house associated with memories which I and many of my school-fellows have carried with us into every part of the Empire. In the early Fifties, the period to which I particularly refer, Billy's was "Cock House" in everything except learning. Superiority in learning we conceded to Vaughan's. The head of the house when I first joined was Chandos Leigh, captain of the cricket eleven, and pride of the school, masters and boys. He has passed out of my life for years, but I have borne about with me in many lands the memory of his manly presence and noble simplicity of character. Among those who supported him in maintaining the supremacy of the house were three pairs of brothers, G. B. Crawley and C. D. Crawley, C. E. Austen-Leigh and S. Austen-Leigh, A. H. Walker and V. E. Walker. Among others were Dudley Campbell, J. H. Clutterbuck, W. H. Davey, and A. W. Park. All these were in the cricket eleven; Clutterbuck, who was in the eleven in 1852, was killed at Inkerman. With these elements, stimulated by the traditional sentiment of a quarter of a century and encouraged by the sympathy of Billy, who took the keenest interest in the success of his pupils, it is not wonderful that the house should have been given over to sport in the widest school acceptance of the term. There was scarcely an hour in the day, not devoted to form-work in school or to sports in the open, during which some sort of game was not being carried on in the house. Every room was available for racquets played with a squash ball and the back of a hairbrush. A Harrow bed was, and probably is, a folding ar-

¹ HARROW SCHOOL. Edited by E. W. Howson, M.A., and G. T. Warner, M.A., with an introductory note by the Earl Spencer, K.G. 1898.

rangement turning up into a sort of cupboard the door of which formed the wall of the court. Football was played in the evening in the passages. But the great playground of the house was a large room called the four-room, as four boys slept in it, and lived in it so far as other exigencies permitted. In this room cricket was played, with a racquet-ball and a ruler, in the daytime; in the evening it was the arena for boxing, compulsory on all boys under the fifth form. Billy and the sixth form were supposed to know nothing of this entertainment. It must be admitted that the exuberant gaiety of the house was occasionally misunderstood by outsiders, and caused some personal annoyance to passers-by. It certainly led Billy a terrible life in pupil room, where boys under the fifth form were supposed to prepare their school lessons. But with all the eccentricity of their environment I make bold to say that Billy's has carried into the public and private life of the Empire the best traditions of English school life. Out of many of whom this may be said I will mention only three who were members of the house during the brief period of 1850-53. Sir Edward Chandos Leigh (to whom I have already referred), for many years Counsel to the Speaker of the House of Commons, has in the larger world in which he has moved for over fifty years amply fulfilled the promise of his early life in our little school world. Sir Francis Mowatt entered the house on the same day as myself, was placed in the same form, and for some time we shared the same room. He has lately retired from the office of Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, and throughout his long period of service, extending over forty-seven years, he proved himself possessed of every quality required to enable him to hold with distinction

the high position of head of the permanent Civil Service of the State. Of the comparatively few Harrovians in the Navy none perhaps has had a more distinguished career than Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, who entered the service from Billy's in 1850.

It must be understood that Billy's was not a type of Harrow houses in the Fifties. On the contrary the interest attaching to it arises from the fact that it was a survival of the Georgian era in a school essentially representative of the early Victorian era.

In a retrospect of Harrow at the beginning, middle, and end of the nineteenth century we must consider its development under two aspects; as a school of manners and a school of learning. Viewed as a school of manners, in the widest sense of the term, embracing all that pertains to the character of an English gentleman, the history of Harrow shows clearly enough that the manners of the school, at any particular period, have been an accurate reflection of the manners of mundane society among the classes from which the boys have been chiefly drawn. The last few years have produced many interesting records of Harrow history in which the phases of growth and decline seem to be attributed chiefly to the personal influence of the head-masters. My own knowledge of Harrow, confirmed by a large experience of schools and colleges in the United States of America, on the continent of Europe, and in our own Empire, leads me to believe that the influence of the head-master and his whole staff, over the character of a public school, is secondary to the home influences of the society from which the boys are derived transmitted to the school through the boys themselves.

In reviewing the history of Harrow during the first half of the nineteenth century it is curious to note how closely the tenure of office of the head-masters coincided with stages of marked social characteristics. The head-mastership of Dr. George Butler (1805-29) covered the regency and reign of George the Fourth. Dr. Longley's tenure of the office (1829-36) extended over the transitional period of the reign of William the Fourth; while Dr. Wordsworth (appointed in 1836) introduced and transmitted to Dr. Vaughan (1844) the influence of the Victorian era. During the Fifties the influence of the Court of Queen Victoria over the classes of society from which the boys of the great public schools, particularly Eton, Harrow, and Winchester, were mainly derived, was at its highest and best, and it was with a generation of school-boys nurtured in the atmosphere of this influence that Vaughan had to deal. He was thus essentially *felix opportunitate*.

His immediate predecessor, Wordsworth, undertook his duties in the spirit of the reaction which followed the close of the Georgian era, but he had to deal with a generation of boys many of whom brought with them from their homes the influences of the most reckless days of the reign of George the Fourth. I have seen it stated that Mr. Goldwin Smith described the form of government of the school at this period as "a moderate anarchy"; this form of government survived in Billy's. It was not long before Wordsworth decided to adopt the policy of "a clean sweep," the Pauline rule which formed the text of Vaughan's sermon already alluded to. This was done so vigorously that Mr. Shilleto, a distinguished Cambridge scholar who remained at Harrow for a year and then returned

to his university, presumably on account of the decline of the school in numbers, used to speak of "the blessings of unity upon which Dr. Wordsworth dwelt, at a time when the school was reduced to number one."¹ The result of Wordsworth's plan was that Vaughan found the school attended by about seventy boys, and one of the governor's advised him to get rid of all these and readmit only such as he might approve. The advice was of what Lord Beaconsfield described as the forcible-feeble order, and Vaughan was much too courageous and strong to follow it. And, in truth, what was left of the school after Wordsworth's weeding out process proved far from being "a soil ungrateful to the tiller's care." I find the best evidence of this in the success of the monitorial system under Vaughan, for it is a system which depends on the moral qualities of the boys to whom the powers, privileges and duties it confers are entrusted. Mr. Roundell's testimony on this point is conclusive. He says:

It was in 1844, Dr. Wordsworth's last year at Harrow, that Stanley's *LIFE OF ARNOLD* was published. It is within my own knowledge—for I was immediately afterwards, in the first two years of Dr. Vaughan's mastership head of the School—that Dr. Wordsworth's sixth form at once fell in with the spirit of that book, that we recognised the necessity for a change, and that, whilst zealously maintaining the distinctive character of the Harrow monitorial system, to which we were firmly attached, we gave his successor ready and willing help in carrying into effect at Harrow the spirit of Arnold's teaching. The machinery in fact was there in working order. All that was wanted was the practical hand to set it going. It is a curious fact that the moral reformation of the school, which had begun in Dr. Wordsworth's time, was carried on by

¹ Mr. C. S. Roundell in *HARROW SCHOOL*, p. 92.

Dr. Vaughan with the ready co-operation of two or three of Dr. Wordsworth's monitors.

It was thus that a constitution of three estates—head-master, assistant masters, and monitors—came to succeed the form of government by moderate anarchy. Like other constitutions it has had its periods of crisis. In 1853 it seemed to be seriously threatened. In that year a small house, opposite the Park, was enlarged. Now the system required that every house should have at its head a monitor or sixth form boy, such sixth form boy having within the house all the powers and privileges of a monitor. As it was found impossible to arrange for the transfer of a sixth form boy from a large house, a sixth form home-boarder was placed in the new house. This arrangement was violently resisted not only in the house but by some leaders of public opinion outside, who argued that a boy who had not himself gone through the training and discipline of a large house, in those days often sufficiently hard, ought not to be granted the powers and privileges of the head of a house. This incident, which led to an act of personal violence (the sixth form boy having been suspended from the window of his room looking on the public road in a clothes-bag) had serious consequences, and was followed not long after by another which not only threatened the existence of the monitorial system but imperilled, for a moment, Dr. Vaughan's position as head-master. It arose in this way. Once a year the sixth form played the rest of the school at football. It was tacitly agreed that on these occasions no respect need be paid to the almost sacro-sanct character of monitors and sixth form boys, and it was considered a point of honour that no sixth form boy should absent

himself from the match. In the game, as it was then played, a powerful boy with a grievance against a monitor could "take a good deal out of him" in the centre or on the circumference of a scrimmage, and in the sixth form match in 1853 a monitor did undoubtedly suffer some personal inconvenience. Considering himself aggrieved he succeeded in persuading the other monitors to support him in standing up for the dignity of their office, with the result that the boy adjudged to be the offender, or principal offender, was cruelly whopped (as punishment by caning was called) before the assembled monitors in their library. The boys chiefly concerned in this affair happened to be the sons of parents of high rank, and it gave rise to much angry controversy in the Press. The matter was seriously taken up by Lord Palmerston and the governors, and by some parents "who had trembled for their sons' safety under the reign of terror" alleged to exist. In his defence Vaughan maintained that the only alternative to the monitorial system was the unceasing espionage of an increased staff of subordinate masters. "The experiment," he said, "may be tried; I hope not at Harrow,—certainly not by me."

One of the difficulties attending the monitorial system during my time arose from the way in which monitors were appointed. In the sixth form promotion was by seniority and the ten senior boys were appointed monitors. But to get into the sixth form at all it was generally necessary to have a very decided aptitude for Latin and Greek composition in prose and verse, and this aptitude is not necessarily accompanied by other qualifications without which it is not easy for a boy to gain influence and respect among his school-fellows.

Fortunately in my time the constitutional authorities, the headmaster, assistant masters, and monitors, were supported by other influences, and in particular by the influence of home life transmitted to the school by the great body of the boys themselves. How superior this influence was in the early Victorian era I have already indicated. It was exercised in a very remarkable degree by Althorp, now Lord Spencer. Althorp was proficient neither in form-work nor in games. I cannot doubt that he acquired his influence by the same qualities that have placed him as a statesman in a more exalted rank than has been attained by the most brilliant of his Harrow contemporaries. To him might be applied what was said by Charles Greville of his uncle the third Earl.

His friends followed this plain and simple man with enthusiastic devotion, and he possessed the faculty of disarming his political antagonists of all bitterness and animosity towards him. He was regarded in the House of Commons with sentiments akin to those of personal affection, with a boundless confidence and a universal esteem. Such was the irresistible ascendancy of truth, sincerity and honour, of a probity free from every taint of interest, of mere character unaided by the arts which captivate or subjugate mankind.

Influence of a similar kind, apart altogether from the influence they acquired by their proficiency in learning or in games, was exercised by several others who, with Althorp, were my contemporaries in Vaughan's sixth form. I may mention, as the more intimate of my friends, Evelyn Ashley, Kenelm Digby, Charles Grant, and George Trevelyan. To these, among others, my memory reverted with particular affection on that Sunday in Harrow chapel. The political career of Ashley and Trevel-

yan is well known. Digby retired from the service of the State nearly coincidentally with Mowatt and myself, closing his distinguished career as Permanent Secretary in the Home Office. Grant, who held, among other high offices in India, the important post of Foreign Secretary, died last year. His brother, also an Harrovian, General Sir Robert Grant, has died since my visit.

Apart from those I have mentioned as associated with me in Vaughan's sixth form or in Billy's, I will limit myself to recording the names of a very few of my many contemporaries who have maintained the best traditions of our school. I will name only among statesmen, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Stanhope, the Honourable Edward Stanhope, Sir William Hart Dyke; in the Army, Generals Sir Redvers Buller and Sir Richard Harrison; and three heroes who have gained the Victoria Cross, —Colonel Dunn, Sir William Cuninghame, and Colonel Chaplin; in the Navy, Admiral Sir James Elphinstone Erskine; in the Home Civil Service, Sir Robert Meade; in the Indian Civil Service, Sir Charles Elliott and Sir Lepel Griffin. And to these I will add the name of three of my school-fellows honourably distinguished in private life, Cluny Macpherson, Cameron of Lochiel, and Lord Rowton. All of these had sat with me in the "hideous red-brick building," the Harrow chapel of fifty years ago.

In this brief chapter of reminiscences of the influences that worked together to make Dr. Vaughan's Harrow what it was I must not be unmindful of an auxiliary force of real efficiency. I mean the influence of old Harrovians who rendered priceless service in forming the character of the school not only in the field of games but in its highest and deepest interests. No Harrovian of

fifty years ago can have forgotten all that was done for the school by those who were known to us and honoured as Fred Ponsonby and Bob Grimston. But there were others of a younger generation who did good service. Of these I will mention only two, Mr. C. S. Roundell and the present Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Roundell, known to us by his former name of Currer, was a frequent visitor during my school days. He entered Harrow in 1841, and left as head of the school and captain of the cricket eleven in 1846. After a brilliant career at Oxford he has devoted his useful and honourable life to much unostentatious work for

the good of the State as a member of Royal Commissions, as a Member of Parliament, and otherwise. He has not been in the public eye so much as some of his contemporaries, but no Harrovian ought to forget that from boy to governor he has served the school for over sixty years. What the Master of Trinity has done for Harrow is known of all men. Butler entered the school in 1846 and left as captain in 1851, the year that I entered. As boy, head-master, and governor he has devoted himself to the service of Harrow for not much less than sixty years.

CHARLES BRUCE.

PARACELSUS REDIVIVUS.

EVERY day brings us something new, but the novelties are either soon forgotten or prove to be not quite so interesting as we thought them to be. In some cases the brilliant invention of yesterday becomes the nuisance of to-morrow.

Could we not for a little while manage to do without any new discoveries, leaving well alone and trying to settle down comfortably in the new world as it is now made for us before being startled again? The march of science is as irresistible as fate; every day we have to re-adjust our notions concerning life and our relations to the universe. No sooner have we got over the shock of the motor-car than we are face to face with the aeroplane: we have hardly mastered the rudimentary facts concerning radium before we are threatened with helium; and if we rightly understand the full meaning of the very latest and most startling scientific discovery, we look at our golden sovereign (if we have one) and sadly wonder how soon it may only be worth twopence.

There never was a more mistaken and absurd craze than the endeavour to make gold. Even now, in the twentieth century, all eyes are turned to the men of science who discover the mutability of elements, and the papers are full of enquiries and suggestions whether it may not indeed be possible to turn lead into gold! "Why not, if radium can turn into helium?" says the sanguine man in the street. "By George, who would have thought that those old alchemists were on the right track after all!" We may feel assured that radium,

helium, polonium, barium and all the other *ums* will in the long run prove in some way to be of immense value to the race, but they will never fill our pockets with gold. This can be of course demonstrated without the slightest doubt. At the present moment what does it cost to get a sovereign out of one of the Johannesburg gold mines? If we take the average dividend of gold-mining companies to be ten per cent., it costs exactly 18s. to make a sovereign. Add the cost of carriage, wear and tear, and minting, and it will be seen that even a mine of gold is not such a wonderful thing as it looks.

Admitting the possibility of transmuting lead into gold, the supposition of science to-day is that it works the other way, the nobler metals being more likely to change into the inferior ones, which would be of doubtful use to anyone,—but admitting the possibility, it would either be a process more costly than gold-mining, in which case it would be a meaningless advantage, or it would make gold at once so common that a sovereign might indeed be worth only twopence. Chemists can now make artificial rubies and diamonds, but they are very small and the work is not financially successful. The moment they could be produced at the cost of a few pence or a few shillings, nobody would wear jewels any longer. This fear of unforeseen results was not altogether unknown in former times. Henry the Sixth was a great believer in alchemy, and felt so sure of success that he publicly announced his hope of soon being able to pay off all the

debts of the nation in real gold and silver ; but his grandfather, Henry the Fourth, had a more sensible notion of what might happen, and by statute forbade the making of gold. And in the act of accusation against the Protector Somerset occurs this remarkable note : " That you commanded multiplication [alchemists were called *multipliers*], and alchemy to be practised, thereby to abate the king's coin."

Instead of the realisation of the alchemist's dream being a benefit, it would do an incalculable amount of harm to nearly everybody on earth ; the upsetting of this standard medium of exchange would be worse than any fiscal mistake, worse than ultra Protection or ultra Free Trade could ever be. All this is so well known that it is hardly worth calling attention to it, except for the sake of those who never reflect on the terrible complications of modern life and the danger attending every attempt at upsetting its equilibrium.

It is possible to give them the benefit of the doubt and to believe that the alchemists of old were as disinterested as our modern scientific men, and only racked their brains, cracked their crucibles, got choked by the fumes or blown up for their pains (as once happened to the painter Romney), purely for the benefit of humanity at large. It is also allowable to doubt this, and to believe that every alchemist would have feverishly guarded his secret, because the moment it was known it would be valueless for the reasons aforesaid. After a fashion they succeeded sometimes. A German of the name of Thornheuser once succeeded in turning the half of an iron nail into pure gold. Why he did not finish the job while he was about it is not known, but Evelyn, who saw it in 1644 in the Ceimeliarcha or Museum of Florence, suggests an

acceptable reason : " In a press near this," he says, " they shewed an iron nail one half whereof, being converted into gold by one Thornheuser a German chemist, is looked on as a great rarity ; but it plainly appeared to have been soldered together."

So much for Thornheuser. If they were all as ingeniously dishonest as he, the alchemists could not have been anxious to benefit the human race very much. Evelyn does not explain the mystery any further, but it is supposed to have been a very common trick of those exceedingly mysterious philosophers to work such miracles for the purpose of extracting real gold from the pockets of rich and credulous patrons anxious to promote for their own benefit the search after that exceedingly elusive Philosopher's Stone. Fortunes have disappeared in those crucibles out of which nothing ever came. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*, but the patrons were not as wise as the fox in the fable, and they continued to hope against hope.

Nobody would be taken in by such a composite nail in our days, a much simpler and easier way having been since discovered in the Prospectus. Fact and fiction are in that document very cleverly joined together, but it is not so easy to detect the soldering. The modern alchemist works with ledgers and statistics, instead of with crucibles and alembics, and he understands the art of keeping the gold. The old Rosicrucians did not even know how to do that, for it is not on record that they ever became rich enough to build themselves palaces as their successors now do. What became of all the money they wasted is not the smallest part of their miraculous labours.

Isaac D'Israeli, in his *CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE*, puts the case of transmutation in a nutshell.

Modern chemistry is not without a

hope, not to say a certainty, of verifying the golden visions of the alchemists. Dr. Girtanner, of Gottingen, not long ago adventured the following prophecy: "In the nineteenth century the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practised. Every chemist and every artist will make gold; kitchen utensils will be of silver and even gold, which will contribute more than anything else to prolong life, poisoned at present by the oxides of copper, lead and iron, which we daily swallow with our food."

. . . This sublime chemist, though he does not venture to predict the universal elixir which is to prolong life at pleasure, yet approximates to it. . . . Sir Humphrey Davy told me that he did not consider this undiscovered art an impossible thing [he must have spoken of the gold, not of the elixir], but which, should it ever be discovered, would certainly be useless.

The nineteenth century passed without fulfilling the prediction of the Gottingen chemist, but we are quite prepared to make the same prophecy for the twentieth century. It is almost without doubt that gold will be made artificially in time for the present generation, and we may at the same time repeat the prophecy of Sir Humphrey Davy that it will be perfectly useless so far as any advantage to our pockets is concerned.

The Elixir of Life is quite another matter. Whatever their gold may have been worth, it is astonishing to note, in the light of the latest scientific discoveries, that the chemists of the Middle Ages, ignorant as they were, were undoubtedly on the right track, without knowing it, in more ways than one. They strangely mixed up the gold and the elixir together, tracking them both with equal assiduity, and we see now, in the use already made of radium in our hospitals, how closely these investigations are allied. These men were not all humbugs pure and simple. Paracelsus has a bad name, metaphorically as well as in reality, for

his real name was Theophrastus Bombast von Hohenheim, a name which would not inspire one with much confidence, but he showed the proper spirit of the investigator when he wrote: "Away with these false disciples who hold that this divine science which they dishonour and prostitute, has no other end but that of making gold and silver. True alchemy has but one aim and object, to extract the quintessence of things, and to prepare arcana, tinctures and elixirs, which may restore to man the health and soundness he has lost."

In England, Roger Bacon, born in 1214, was the greatest believer in this wonderful elixir, which was nothing else but potable gold, that is, gold dissolved in nitro-hydrochloric acid. At the first blush one would think that this delectable stuff must be rather indigestible, but in urging it on the attention of Pope Nicholas the Fourth he informed his Holiness of an old man who found some yellow liquor (the solution of gold is yellow), in a golden phial, when ploughing one day in Sicily. Supposing it to be dew, he drank it off, and was straightway transformed into a hale, robust, and highly accomplished youth.

We do not know if Pope Nicholas took the draught; but we know he is dead. By a singular coincidence they both died in the same year, doctor and patient, and the elixir of life, if they took it, failed them both. One cannot help feeling a sort of sneaking kindness for such an old chemist, the precursor of the great scientific men of our day. He believed so touchingly in the chimera he pursued with such untiring zeal all his life long. Which would he discover first,—the yellow gold, so useless in his aged hands, or the elixir of immortality which would give him the time to find it, to enjoy

it for ever? We seem to see the bleared, red-rimmed old eyes peer anxiously and carefully in the crucible. Perhaps he *has* found it! He can at least try and take a draught of the unpleasant stuff; and the old limbs totter to the couch under the dried crocodile that swings among the cobwebs, to rest and wake, tired no longer, the warm blood of youth coursing through his veins! What, as he sinks in a half slumber, are his thoughts for the morrow? Bend again over his fire and his blow-pipe, choke again the day long in fumes of sulphur and arsenic—not he! Cap with feather on his head, and out into the fields where the birds are singing, or to the market-place where the girls are filling their pitchers at the fountain, as gay and gallant a youth as never he was before!

When the grey light of morning falls on the dusty parchments, on the death's head, the rows of phials and the crocodile, the old chemist, Paracelsus, or Valentine, or Roger Bacon, opens his weary eyes, and remembers! Is he young now, vigorous, buoyant, elastic? The stiff limbs rise with a greater effort than ever from the couch. Another day of work, of hopes and disillusion lies before him; the secret is not yet found, and he must begin afresh, though time flies. Soon he will not be able to work at his crucibles and alembics any more. Would it be unkind to wish that he never had awakened again, but slept for good with that hope of happiness and youth as his last thought on earth?

Another reflection suggested by this threatening "abatement of the king's coin," by making gold as plentiful as brass and leaving at the same time all its value and glory in the crucible, is whether science, with the very best intentions in the world,

may not have other and much greater disillusion in store for us. There is such a thing as the Philosopher's Stone of the twentieth century, searched for with all the zeal and fervour devoted of old to the discovery of the elixir, the making of nails of gold, or the recovery of the Holy Grail; and this alluring will-o'-the-wisp of modern times is the mysterious origin of life. We cannot stop the search by statute, as King Henry did, though we may foresee that the discovery, if ever it is made, will not add to our happiness. If anything could be worse than knowing nothing, it would be to know all. It may be true that science does not interfere with faith in things unseen; we often enough receive the assurance that the two go perfectly well together, and we are often shown another wonderful nail, half science and half religion, but the solder is unfortunately too visible. When biology and chemistry have spoken their last words, we shall be a wonderfully disillusioned race, wiser than Solomon or Solon, but deeply regretting the time when there was something left to wonder about, to have faith in, and to hope for. Fortunately that time is far off; there are a few things we do not yet know, and long may they remain unknown!

We may risk the supposition that it was the selfishness and secrecy of the old Rosicrucians that defeated their object and retarded the development of chemistry as an exact science. The word *exact* did not apply at all to their methods; nothing could be more vague and misleading than the information given by Roger Bacon to Pope Nicholas. The Pope detected the flaw perhaps, but Roger did not seem to see any incongruity whatever in yellow dew carefully bottled in a golden flask, neither did he think it strange that the peasant who drank

it turned not only into a youth, but, instead of the clumsy yokel of a youth that he was before, into a most accomplished youth. He did not write in a hurry; writing was laborious work in those days. Handsomely and with the utmost precision did the quill form the old black-letter characters; with the greatest deliberation he confided his missive to paper or parchment, never troubling his head to think how the accomplishments got into that flask or what the Pope would think of it.

The selfishness and secrecy of these old men was almost a matter of course; they each wanted the personal and material advantage of whatever they discovered, not caring much for fame, which in those days meant a very different thing from what it is now. Instead of the servants of the Postmaster-General flashing the news and the name by electricity to the uttermost ends of the earth, the myrmidons of the Inquisition would have quietly sent for the discoverer of radium, and Bombast would have stood a fair chance of being burned alive as a friend of the devil. Radium and helium would not even have been privately exhibited to some mighty patron in a dimly lit laboratory at dead of night, because the mighty patron who grudgingly parted with his gold only in hopes of getting much more in return would have been much annoyed if he received nothing but a pinch of radium as an equivalent for a thousand pounds. In the Dark Ages, when the intellects of patrons were equally darkened, this would have caused misunderstanding. If in consequence of this unsatisfactory return the patron had cut off supplies, good-by to radium for another six or eight centuries.

The astonishing rapidity with which discovery now follows dis-

covery is mainly due to the fact that all our chemists work together, as in a common laboratory, in the light of day. Every searcher, all over Europe, has his eye on his neighbour's crucible; if one of them makes a discovery he is in such haste to make it public for fear of being forestalled that no great secret could now be kept from us for twenty-four hours. If this is any comfort to people who hope to have the fingering of some sovereigns made scientifically out of some base metal, or to those for whom the subject of gold has in any form or shape a strange but natural fascination, they must nevertheless be prepared for continual disappointments. The great discovery will probably be announced over and over again, received with acclamations of wonder and delight, and discussed in endless leading articles; illustrated halfpenny papers will the next morning give pictures of the *savant* and all his instruments and tools, of his house and all that therein is, and then, unaccountably, nothing more will be heard of it. "Bye-the-bye," the man in the street will say to a friend, "you remember that gold scare? What has become of it? I never hear anything of it now." But slowly, by these repeated announcements, the public mind will be enlightened on the subject; the pros and cons will have been exhaustively discussed, and when at last the real undoubted discovery is made, it will fall flat.

This foreseen conclusion does not in the least diminish the ardour of the search, and meanwhile, as of old, many much more valuable treasures will come out of the crucible, discoveries by means of which pain and suffering may be further alleviated and reduced, a thing which gold will never do. For the sake of these incidental boons we are prepared to

consider with great equanimity the trouble in store for the bimetallists ; what they will have to do to recover the lost balance of finance is beyond our understanding.

It is really fortunate, and not so very disheartening as it otherwise would be, that science, which is bound to find the secret sooner or later, does not any more intentionally work with that object in view. When the gold comes, it will be received merely as an instalment of future knowledge, though of no more immediate value than radium is now ; as another door opening on greater and yet more marvellous discoveries. But the only way of counteracting its evil results will be to forbid the making of gold as we now forbid the making of whisky, except under restrictions and limitations. Scientific men will be allowed to do it, as they are now allowed to vivisect, only so far as humanity can be benefitted by it. Any outsider who tried it

would be treated as an " abater of the king's coin," and the name of Henry the Fourth will receive an additional glory of which he did not dream in his time, as a sovereign who could look further than his nose. We see the application of such a law foreshadowed already now in the working of the diamond-mines of South Africa. From time to time, when the output of the mines threatens to reduce the value of the precious stones, the hours of work are reduced, or the mine even closed altogether for a while. The diamonds are all there, but nobody is allowed to find them. The whole world may not by that time be sufficiently enlightened to render an application of such a law universally possible, but it is a problem that stares us in the face and it will have to be solved some day. If meanwhile the natural gold of this world were a little more equally distributed, we could look forward to that time without much concern.

THE RIVER-ROADS OF AUSTRALIA.

Most of the great highways in the Australian Bush follow as much as possible the course of some large river. The advantage of this, in a land so sparsely watered and so subject to protracted drought, is obvious at a glance.

All the year long immense mobs of cattle and sheep travel incessantly north and south, east and west, grinding the sandhills to red dust and the plains to grey powder in summer, and in the wet seasons to mud. Day after day the heavily-laden waggons creak slowly by with weary bullocks bending to the bows or lean horses toiling in the chains. At night in every bend glow the lights of the camp-fires, and the plains are a witching melody of horse and cattle bells. The long roads that follow such rivers as the Darling, the Warrego, the Macquarie, the Bogan, or the Lachlan necessarily pass through many properties, and at intervals of space varying from a mile to ten miles one comes upon the fences and gates that divide the big station paddocks. Before entering the boundary-gate of a new run the drovers are compelled by law to give notice to the land-holders, that they may send a representative to see the travellers safely through the holding, for the protection of the station-stock and the station-grass. For in most places upon the big rivers the road is unfenced on either side, the river forming one boundary from which a measure of half a mile is allowed for the drovers to spread and feed their stock on; beyond this they are not allowed to go, and it is to prevent such trespass that the squatter

sends one of his men to pilot them through his run.

To the harassed drover who has come through innumerable difficulties over perhaps hundreds of miles of dry and barren country, and finds at last good grass upon the border of this half-mile track, the man who is set to keep him within limits is a thing of evil; and many are the wordy wars between the two, often reaching to blows in which the drover, who gets plenty of practice and is used to giving and taking hard knocks in his precarious profession, is in all probability the winner.

It can easily be believed that this half-mile road, eaten down by the many thousands of trampling sheep and cattle which pass along it every week, presents, save in the very best of seasons, a barren surface to the hungry beasts; so what more natural than that the drovers should keep edging outward across the imaginary line that preserves the squatter's grass? The station-man interferes: "You are off the road, you'll have to move them in a bit," he says with varying politeness, according to his nature or his temper at the moment. The drover, who notes that his hungry sheep are making good use of their time upon the stolen grass, proceeds to engage the man's attention on other subjects, but possibly the squatter's representative is worthy of his trust and not to be bluffed out of his duty. Having repeated his request, which is again unnoticed, he whistles up his dog and sends him round the spreading flock. The drover, with the choicest oaths he

has gathered in ten years spent between the Gulf and Goulburn, spurs his horse and pursues the dog, if possible riding over it and crippling it. In a moment the overseer is off his horse and demanding satisfaction. The drover is only too glad to oblige, and with only the drover's men to see fair play some of the bitterest battles of the overland are fought and won. Generally speaking, as I have said, the drover has the best of it, for even should he chance to meet a man worthy of his mettle he has the satisfaction of knowing that his sheep meanwhile are filling themselves upon the grass with no one to interfere with them.

But many of the squatters, and still more of the squatters' men, have been drovers or have travelled with drovers in their time, and are inclined to be lenient to men engaged in an undertaking which they themselves know by bitter experience to be a harassing and trying one. These will close their eyes to the drover's little delinquencies, and even aid him in his endeavours to do justice to his hungry stock. They will show him, too, where he can get the best feed for his horses at night, even though it mean opening the fence into some well-grassed horse-paddock. The drovers, as a rule, are duly grateful for this indulgence; and the owner, overseer, or boundary-rider who thus helps them is held in kindly memory and spoken of as a White Man on all the stock-roads from Bathurst to Normanton.

The team drivers with their horses and bullocks suffer as much as the drovers from the scarcity of grass and water, and are put to many contrivances to keep their toiling beasts alive and in working condition. After sundown, when the coast is clear and there is small chance of the squatter or his men being about, the

teamsters round up the bullocks or horses, which are making a sorry pretence of feeding on the barren dusty plain, and drive them, sometimes four or five miles or further, to where they know there is good grass in a station paddock. Then stealthily breaking the wire fence, if there is no gate at hand, they put their horses in and either return to camp or else roll themselves in a blanket and sleep beside their stock. Before the first grey streak of dawn is in the sky they have taken out their dumb comrades, who have made the best use of their time, and are well on their way back to the waggons.

If, however, the squatter or his man should be first upon the scene the teamster is compelled to pay so much a head for his stock, or they are taken from him and driven to the nearest pound. So wages the ceaseless war of the squatter and the travelling bushman upon the river-road.

After the travelling stock and the teams perhaps the most noticeable frequenters of the river-road are the swagmen, those nomad denizens of the Western Bush, who carry from point to point, from bend to bend, their rolled blankets and only God knows what weight of sorrow in addition. Men with strange histories are many of these, beggars who have at one time perhaps written their names to thousand-pound cheques. Men who were princes in the golden days of Bendigo and Ballarat, or familiar figures in a far-off England which has forgotten their existence. Hopeless and futureless they tramp along the river-road through the dusty scorching days of summer, through the mud and water of flood-time, asking only for their daily pittance of meat and flour from the stations as they pass.

Some are honestly looking for work, but the greater number merely follow

the bends of the Western rivers, as the bullocks follow the ruts, working out the desolate destiny which their wasted lives have shaped for them, and careless of all considerations saving those of food and lodging.

Along the river-road runs the pathway, then, of the drover, the teamster, and the swagman, representing the human interest; across it runs the path of the birds and beasts of the Bush.

In the dry weather, when all the water-holes on the plains and in the ridges are empty, a constant stream of animals crosses to and fro from the river down the dusty trodden *pads*, or footpaths, which intersect the wheel-tracks at right angles and head away into the stony ranges.

Big mobs of sheep with lowered heads and stilted stride come slowly in, following one another with a solemnity that would be ludicrous only that everything connected with a drought in the Bush is so pitifully pathetic. Cattle come lumbering down, switching their tails incessantly at the busy flies and breaking into a clumsy trot as they smell the water. Kangaroos with their strange ungainly canter; and tall and stately, picking here and there carelessly as they walk, as though to say, "We are in no hurry, water is really no necessity to us!"; wild-pigs going down to their favourite wallow in the river-mud; shy dingos skirting the scrub as much as possible and slipping like ghosts into the river timber.

Later on, when the drought has gathered in intensity and it is only at certain deep holes at long intervals that any water is to be found in the river, the stock are often too weak to find their way to drink, and then the stockmen may be seen all day collecting them upon the plains and bringing them across the roads in little mobs and steadying them down to the

water. In these days may be seen the bogged sheep and cattle lying bound in the cruel black mud, with the crows tearing at their bleeding eyes and the eagle-hawks waiting greedy for their feast; while on the logs and the low limbs of the river trees are hung, red and ghastly, the sheepskins lately gathered from the dead.

The river-road in drought time is a cruel sight, for it is inevitably at the water that so many weak beasts meet their fate on the stations, while those which have dropped out of the drovers' mobs add their number to the victims. At the height of a drought one of the commonest and the saddest sights is the drover's cart which follows his travelling flock laden high with raw red skins; in some cases three or four extra men are employed in nothing else but skinning those sheep that have dropped out of the ranks to die.

In flood-time the scene is changed indeed. All across the half-mile road the barley grass waves green and high. Every few hundred yards or so the gullies and ditches, which in summer are beds of red sand, now stretch out from the river like silver arms. Full to the very banks many of them are ten to twenty feet deep and from ten to forty yards across, forming impenetrable barriers to traffic. The low ground further out from the river is a sea of shallow water from which all the station stock are moved at the first alarm; and woe betide the luckless drover who is caught upon the river-road by a rising flood in the Darling or the Lachlan! With incredible swiftness his flock is surrounded by the shallow water as it spreads out over the swamps, and only by prompt and vigorous measures can he escape to the higher ground upon the ranges. In such times there is no question of a half-mile road; the

drover is allowed to escape by what means he may, even to the cutting of station fences and to the camping upon station grass for a period it may be of many weeks. If the drover has saved his stock, however, he is not so badly off if he lands upon a well-grassed ridge; for all the men and dogs in the world are powerless to shift him now!

For the teamsters it is not so pleasant. Most of them drive their own teams, and time is money to them, yet there they must stay till the waters go down, should the roads be altogether impassable. However, there is running parallel with most of the large river-roads an outside or flood-road following round the higher ground at the foot of the ridges and only crossing the swamps where absolutely necessary. This road is often passable when the river-road proper is not; and here it is one may see the toiling teams, sometimes with thirty or five-and-thirty bullocks or horses hitched to a single waggon, straining their gallant hearts below the whips. Now and then a struggling horse or steer will fall, only to be flogged up again with the cruel lash, and no one but the teamsters and their God know the bitterness of that river-road when the floods are down.

The mail-coaches make a mighty effort to get through in these perilous times. Often the driver, quite alone, or with some timid passenger who is of no use to him, will flog his four horses into the flooded gullies, having first strapped his mailbags on to the top of the coach and adjured his embarrassed passenger to "Sit tight!" In a moment the horses are swimming and the big lumbering coach in imminent danger of overturning, but Mulga Teddie, or Warrego Mick, sits upright on his box playing the lash over his swimming leaders and shouting to the plunging wheelers;

and the chances are that his pluck is rewarded and his snorting team stand with scared bloodshot eyes and shaking dripping flanks upon the bank, while his passenger swears by all the gods that if he escapes with his life on this occasion he will never again travel in floodtime on a river-road. Few people know the risks of the Western mail-driver. It is his boast and his pride to "come if he can," but seldom or ever do the station or township people further up the river realise the awful dangers of that mid-night drive. Yet when Mick's coach looms up out of the darkness behind his glowing headlights he has a cheery greeting for everyone, and it is hard to believe that perhaps half a dozen times that night he has stood face to face with death.

The shearers of the back-country are constant wayfarers upon the river-road. One generally meets them in little companies of three or four, each leading his pack-horse on which are fastened the tent and blankets of his gipsy household. Independent, masterful fellows are these shearers, with the heartiest contempt for the swagman who from inclination or necessity goes a-foot. The shearers as a rule scorn to beg for their food, paying their way as they go and buying provisions at the towns and station-stores, which, as men of a fixed and remunerative trade, they can well afford to do. Yet in the few slack months between shearings many of these men, having spent their money recklessly, are glad enough to accept a squatter's charity, and some of them will work at other occupations on station or farm; but as a rule the shearer feels that his is skilled labour, and he is rather disposed to count it a loss of prestige when he is compelled to accept work alongside of those swagmen whom he has schooled himself to despise.

There are many others well known upon the river-road which are worthy of mention in passing; the hawkers, Australian, English, Chinese, or Syrian, who drive in single or double horsed waggons piled to the roof with goods of all kinds, sold generally at exorbitant prices, but welcome enough to men who are far away from towns, or whose fatal drinking habits render it indispensable to avoid a tour save at such times as they are prepared to take their regular holiday; the travelling saddlers, who in four or six-horse turn-outs travel round the stations at shearing time, and do a lively business, for in the Bush nearly every man has a horse, and consequently a saddle or harness which in due course needs repair; the Chinese gardeners who drive long distances into the bush with their fruit and vegetables; and the Syrian and other foreign hawkers who carry their goods in packs upon their backs. All these are frequently met upon the river-roads.

In the Bourke district, and away beyond it over the border to Eulo and Cunnamulla, a common sight nowadays is a long string of camels laden with wool for the railway or stores for the far back-stations. A grotesque sight they are with their long necks bobbing up and down, "like a basketful of snakes," as Mr. Kipling has graphically described it. They cover long distances in the day, and I have been shown a camel which has several times been ridden over a hundred miles in twelve hours. This is of course a riding-camel, and his pace is a fast shuffling trot; the pack-camels go much slower, about the pace of an average horse's walk. The Bush horses are, or at least used to be, very frightened of them, and at the first taint of camels on the wind would become almost unmanageable. They walk in single file, each camel

fastened by a string tied to a peg in the nose to the one immediately in front of him, and two or three Afghan drivers will manage a score or more of them. When they camp at night the saddles and loads are lifted off in one piece by three or four men, which prevents waste of time in balancing and strapping the loads afresh each day. Each camel can carry five to seven hundredweight; but owing to the awkward nature of the loads, such as bales of wool, sawn timber, and iron tanks, the poor beasts suffer cruelly from sore backs, a matter to which their drivers seem completely indifferent.

The road itself runs from point to point, cutting off the river bends which in some cases are miles across. As I have already said, the road for stock is half a mile wide, but the vehicles, where no detours are necessary owing to flooded grounds, only make use of a strip some hundred yards or so broad. This is cut up in every direction by the heavy traffic, and deep ruts bury the huge waggons to the axles; even a light buggy can only be drawn between these roadways, or in the manner called in the Bush *straddling the track*, that is to say, driving each one of the pair of horses, or each two of the four, on a separate side of one of the deep ruts. This ensures for the wheels a comparatively even surface; of course it is impossible should one be driving a single horse. Under any conditions, driving upon a river-road, either in summer dust or winter mud, is far from a pleasure; and the average bushman prefers to throw the long miles behind him on an easy hack rather than be jolted to pieces on irresponsible springs.

The scenery of these roads does not vary much, and in England would not be ranked as scenery at all. In all the districts I have

named the ground is flat and uninteresting, and one may travel many miles with no more change than is offered by the variation of sandhill and plain, of red soil and black, of scrub and open country. Some of Macquarie Bends, however, are pretty, for this is a river that runs between high, timbered banks; and the giant gum-trees and feathery river-oaks make up a pleasing foreground. Along the Darling and the Lachlan there is also heavy gum-timber, but the rivers themselves are uninteresting and unattractive, being very tortuous and, in the case of the latter, full of dead timber and fallen trees. The Lachlan and Macquarie are unnavigable, but the Darling, and of course the Murray, can be navigated for hundreds of miles, and the shrill whistle of the river-steamers is a familiar sound on the roads that run abreast of them.

It would be impossible to dismiss the subject of the river-roads without alluding to the wayside shanties and hotels which are such a familiar feature. Though dignified with the title of hotels, in most cases this is a mere travesty of the name. A great many of them were never intended to be managed for the convenience and comfort of the travelling public, but were built solely with a view to enticing the shearer or Bush labourer, passing with his wages, to come and drink himself to stupor in their dirty precincts. And

in this, I regret to say, they are too often successful. The average Bush inn is nothing but a trap for these unfortunates; the traveller who demands a night's lodging, merely because he finds himself at too great a distance from the next town or station, is not in the least welcome unless he spends his money freely in the bar on drinks for any lazy loafers who may happen to be on the premises. Drunken men are often robbed in these vile dens, and many a sober industrious fellow has been beguiled into taking a single drink which has been carefully drugged, and has had the greatest difficulty in escaping with any of his money, and indeed in some cases with his life. Of course there are many clean homely little hostels which travellers on the Western roads could name, but as a rule the Bush inns bear an unenviable reputation.

Looking back dispassionately upon dusty days and starry nights spent upon the river-roads, allowing for all their sin and sorrow, their hours of anxiety and sleepless care, I can yet say with the utmost truth that there is a charm about them for which one looks in vain in the narrow streets and roads of civilisation; and the heart of a rover turns incessantly to the ripple of the horse-bells and the gleam of the red camp-fires, to the toiling overlanders who ride with oath and jest upon the Open Road.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

CONTRABAND OF WAR.

THE Declaration of Paris of 1856 initiated a new chapter in the history of the Law of Contraband. It did so quite incidentally and without intention. The diplomatists who took occasion, at the close of the Crimean War, to promulgate at Paris a new code of naval warfare, had only in view the imposition of stricter restraints upon belligerents; they did not seek to hamper the conduct of neutrals. These restraints were such as Russia had been contending for since 1780. As the great neutral sea-faring Power of the world (for the United States were young, and Germany disunited) she chafed under the restraints and damage incurred by neutrals during the long struggle between Great Britain and France. She therefore took the lead in 1780, and again in 1800, in asserting the validity of certain great principles favourable to neutral commerce. Abandoned by the Russians themselves in practice, when belligerents, these principles seized the imagination of writers on International Law, and were powerfully and widely advocated. They might have grown into rules obligatory by the Law of Nations, but for the constant refusal of the British and United States' governments to consider them binding.

At Paris in 1856, however, they were accepted voluntarily by the nations in congress there. The motive may have been a desire to conciliate Russia, in a matter in which her sentiment and interests were concerned; but the time was favourable to a movement in favour of neutral trade and its freedom. Forty years

of peace and unprecedented commercial development had made war seem a secondary thing to business. Steam had arrived; caloric was talked about; the telegraph and the gold-fields were beginning their work of bringing the ends of the earth together. The Exhibition of 1851 had proved a temple to the glory of shop-keeping. The home-spun politics of Benjamin Franklin had found a mouthpiece in Cobden; Quakers had preached peace to Nicholas; Free Trade was a European possibility.

It was under the influence of a time like this, when it was forgotten, or disbelieved, that war can be a successful stroke of business, that the Declaration of Paris was adopted. The cardinal principle which it enunciated was one which Holland had been trying to get recognised since 1650, and which Russia had warmly taken up. It is expressed by the jingle, *Free ships, free goods*. The early practice of nations had been to seize their enemies' goods where they could get them. Sometimes they confiscated the neutral carrier as well; occasionally they went so far as to prohibit all trade with the enemy at all. It was the constant endeavour of Holland, who was the general carrier of the world, to obtain exemption from such treatment, and Holland's policy was seconded, in the course of events, by Russian opinion,—an opinion less mercantile than sentimental, it being intolerable to official Imperialism that the Emperor's State-created, State-fostered marine should be subject to foreign interference. To board a Russian ship, in

search of an enemy's goods, seemed a profanation of Russian territory. The first aim of the Armed Neutralities, and the leading innovation of the Declaration of Paris, was, accordingly, the protection of the property of belligerents when on board neutral merchant-vessels. Clearly, the new rule, *Free ships, free goods*, protected the neutrals' carrying trade; for under its operation belligerents could safely put their goods on board neutral carriers without fear of capture; and moreover, the vexatious ancillary incidents of stoppage, search, and adjudication, were gone. On the other hand, neutral property still remained safe on belligerent ships; the converse rule, *Enemy's ships, enemy's goods*, was unrecognised, and neutral goods, which could have been confiscated if lying on an enemy's wharves, were safe at sea under his flag.

The Declaration, however, has never been signed by the United States, Spain, or Mexico; and Japan and Russia can accordingly seize each other's goods on United States' ships, though they are not in the least likely to do so.

In another important direction the Declaration of 1856 restrained belligerents. Neutral commerce was frequently interrupted by the establishment of blockades. It was a temptation constantly present with belligerents to proclaim ports blockaded, and thus to deter neutrals from proceeding thither, when there was really no blockading force on the spot at all. In the early days of blockade the port blockaded was always a fortified place, and the interdiction of access to the neutral was an incident of its siege. Thus there was then no question of imaginary blockades, the fact of the siege was notorious and palpable, and no one ever thought of creating a blockade by proclamation. If it had been considered desirable to

cut off a city from intercourse by sea, the measures adopted would have taken the blunt form of prohibiting neutral traffic with the port altogether. When these sweeping prohibitions issued by a nation to neutrals, forbidding all trade with its enemy, were no longer tolerated, it became necessary to resort to blockades such as were familiar in the case of sieges. But these always needed to be backed by effective force; the practice of proclaiming a port blockaded, on the strength of sending thither an occasional frigate for conformity's sake, was never a legal one, though it was very commonly practised. The famous Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon, and the synchronous orders in Council of King George are classical examples. Immense stretches of Prussian coast, the British Islands, France, and ultimately the greater portion of the Continent, were successively proclaimed in these documents to be in a state of blockade. To this practice the Declaration of Paris definitively put a stop. It is no longer possible for the signatories to it to blockade by proclamation.

Privateering, always a source of great annoyance and loss to the neutral trader, was at the same time given up. But, with all these concessions to the neutral, nations had seriously weakened their power of hindering valuable augmentations from being made to a belligerent's power through neutral agency. In a sense, all trade with the enemy benefits him and augments his power; it gives him something he wants and has not got. But, in particular, there are certain articles, so invaluable for warlike purposes that to carry them to a belligerent seems, if it is not, a direct assistance to him in combatting his enemy. Such articles are Contraband of War.

The Declaration excepts them from

the protection afforded to an enemy's goods by the neutral flag. It would have been absurd to do otherwise, for neutral goods themselves which are contraband are not protected; but it opened a door to covert attempts by belligerents to extend the definition of contraband, so as to take back with one hand what they had conceded to neutrals with the other. The Civil War in America supplied the first instance. It was always an essential of contraband that the goods asserted to be such should be in course of direct transit to the enemy. The Northern States assumed to treat goods as contraband which were not in direct transit to their enemy, but which were, at most, intended ultimately to reach his destination. In other words, they asserted a doctrine which would have justified them in seizing, in the Irish Channel, sulphur on board a British coaster bound from Glasgow to Liverpool, and in taking the vessel to New York for adjudication, on the plea that the consignment was going to be shipped at Liverpool for Maryland or South Carolina. It is needless to say that such an extension of the theory of contraband was warmly resented. The impossible task was attempted of justifying it by invoking a supposed analogy with the principle of continuous voyages. By that principle, an illegal voyage was held to be none the less illegal because of its being divided into two halves, each legal enough by itself. For instance, a neutral's voyage from a belligerent's port to a colony of the same belligerent was illegal. It was a participation in the exclusive trade of the enemy, and amounted to an identification of the neutral with the enemy's interests. Neutrals tried to escape incurring the penalties of such voyages by interposing, between the belligerent and colonial ports, a neutral one.

Prize-courts, however, declined to be blinded by such a device, and declared the whole a single, illegal continuous voyage. But the application of these cases of continuous voyage to the case of contraband trading broke down in a crucial point. In the former set of cases the cargo was never condemned in the initial stage, or first half, of the journey. It was only after the intermediate port had been passed, and when it was obvious to everybody that the goods were now going direct to the belligerent harbour, that the voyage was impeached and the cargo seized. Nations never attempted to declare a voyage illegal merely because they guessed that it was intended to have a sequel that would make it so. Only when the ship had left the neutral port, and was obviously making for the enemy, was she attacked.

Again, for a voyage to be continuous, it had to be performed in the same vessel throughout. There was a ship called *THE WILLIAM*, which sailed on a time from the United States for Spain, with a curiously assorted cargo of sugar, cocoa, and salt fish. The fish she shipped at Marblehead in the States; the cocoa she had brought from Venezuela, and the sugar had been brought from Cuba to Marblehead in another vessel. Venezuela and Cuba were Spanish colonies, so that there was a continuous voyage of *THE WILLIAM* from Venezuela to Spain by way of the United States. But it was only the cocoa that was condemned as confiscable; neither the sugar nor the codfish had come from a Spanish colony in the same vessel. The fact is, prize-courts are, to a certain extent, rough and ready tribunals, the modern successors to "the deck of the admiral's ship." They have extraordinary powers over

foreign vessels: they have uncommon difficulties in the matter of evidence; and they are obliged to attach great weight to circumstances of mere suspicion. Their sphere of action, therefore, is restricted to plain and simple cases, and clear and positive facts are required to ground their jurisdiction. The United States' contention would have invested them with power to condemn countless cargoes of valuable goods on an inference.

If the analogy had been good, it is hardly likely that the great Admiralty judges of bygone years would have failed to discover it. They had every opportunity of doing so. There is a Prussian port called Emden, extremely convenient for slipping goods into Holland, from which country it is separated only by a shallow and sandy estuary. When Britain was at war with France and Holland, "in good King George's golden days," Emden figured largely in the courts, being, in fact, a regular smuggling centre. British ships could not trade with Holland, but they constantly took goods to Emden to be forwarded to Holland, and were constantly condemned in the Admiralty for doing so. Yet though the course of dealing was well known, and the Admiralty court was in the habit of condemning vessels of its own nation for adopting it, it did not treat it as a justification for relaxing its rule requiring an immediate belligerent destination in the case of contraband. There is not one case of a foreign ship being captured and brought before a prize-court for carrying contraband to Holland because of taking it to Emden. This of itself is conclusive that an ulterior intention to send goods on to the enemy was not sufficient to raise a case of contraband trading.

It will be fresh in the recollection of my readers, that Lord Salisbury

endeavoured to invoke the United States' doctrine in order to attack cargoes carried by the German ships BUNDESRATH and HERZOG to a Portuguese town, with an alleged ulterior destination for the Transvaal. When Germany protested, the point was not insisted on, so our hands are fortunately still free should Russia or Japan attempt promiscuous seizures on suspicion.

This is one conspicuous example of the tendency, noted above, to try to seize goods as contraband, when they became no longer seizable as enemies' property. The French had adopted the rule *Free ships, free goods*, at the time of the Crimean War; and in one or two instances they tried the same method of evading its stringency. Another example is afforded by attempts to extend the category of contraband articles. It is very strange that no question arose during the American Civil War as to whether coal was contraband. The point did arise in the very much less extensive operations at sea which characterised the Franco-Prussian War, but it was not settled. Rice, again, was asserted to be contraband in the Franco-Chinese War of 1884, and once more no conclusion was arrived at, though the British Government repudiated the French contention. No rice-laden ship ventured to put to sea.

In fact, the question of what is, or can be, contraband, has always been a much controverted one. Weapons, ammunition, and their component parts, everyone admits to be contraband. Articles which can by no reasonable possibility be useful in war (such as pianos) can never be such. But what of the great middle class, commodities, as they are called, *ancipitis usus*? There has always been a strong party in favour of excluding these altogether from the

tender mercies of a prize-court. Bynkershoek, an old writer of eminent authority, considered them exempt in all circumstances, and his view has never been without adherents to the present day, when it is certainly the dominant theory among Continental publicists, though practice is decidedly against it. Articles *prima facie* innocent have never been condemned indiscriminately; but they have, time after time, been proclaimed contraband on the pretext that they are intended to subserve warlike ends, or that they are peculiarly (though not exclusively) fitted for subserving them. Thus Sir William Scott, the Admiralty judge who, with the French Pourtales, moulded our modern prize-law a hundred years ago, condemned such innocent articles as provisions, when they were being carried to an enemy's port of naval equipment; and he condemned naval stores such as tar, pitch, and hemp, irrespective even of the character of the port. In the latter case, the strong presumption that the stores would be applied to the use of the enemy's forces was considered sufficient to outweigh their apparent harmlessness; and the principles then laid down by Scott seem to represent the received British view of the law.

The extraordinary attempts to cut off all provisions from revolutionary France, in 1793 and onwards, are well known to students of history. They were founded on a passage of Vattel, relating to the reduction of strongholds by famine, and it is universally agreed that the inference sought to be drawn from the text was inadmissible. Provisions may perhaps be contraband if carried to a fleet; they cannot be contraband on account of being carried to a nation.

This consideration is enough to dispose of the French claim of 1884, to treat rice as contraband if destined for China; but coal is a harder sub-

stance to treat. It is difficult not to be impressed by the fact that coal represents, in the modern ship, what hemp, pitch, and tar were in the days of wooden walls. Such stores were clearly thought by Sir William Scott to be too dangerous not to be treated as contraband; even if they were not destined for a dockyard, they could easily be transported thither. How much more rapid and easy would be their transit, or the transit of their modern equivalent, coal, in these days of perfected internal communications! Japan and Russia, both recognising the logic of facts, treat coal as universally contraband, and it is difficult to blame them for doing so.

The Russian Proclamation includes, as well as fuel, ship's machinery, boilers, and telegraphic material. Little fault can be found with this, but the further inclusion of "everything intended for warfare" is open to considerable objection. Logically, it may be accurate, but it is dangerously vague. It supplies no objective test of the intention, nor does it state what facts will be held sufficient to prove that the articles are meant for warfare. And the further particularisation of specific articles,—"*rice and foodstuffs, horses, beasts of burden, etc., intended for war purposes*"—is superfluous. When one has said that everything intended for warfare is contraband, it is hardly necessary to remark that horses intended for war purposes are contraband too. But perhaps "intended for warfare" is a mistranslation of words meaning "calculated to subserve warlike purposes." If not, the specifying of rice "and" foodstuffs, horses, etcetera, is pleonastic; and it becomes positively absurd, when (as is the case) these articles are stated to be contraband "if sent at the enemy's cost or order." If everything intended for warfare is contraband, horses intended for war will be

contraband whether one says so or not, and whether they are sent at the enemy's cost or order, or otherwise.

It may here be remarked that Russia was formerly singular in confiscating horses as contraband, always and in all circumstances.

Russia attempts further to settle by the Proclamation the vexed question of the supply of ships to a belligerent. The difficulty attendant on this matter lies in the ambiguity of the transaction. In one view, it is the export of an article analogous to contraband; in another, it assumes the proportions of a hostile expedition. The ALABAMA case induced Great Britain to adopt a most stringent, —perhaps an absurdly stringent—standard of conduct in dealing with vessels intended for the service of a belligerent. Her laws and neutrality proclamations practically prohibit the supply of ships to nations at war with one another, but they are not binding upon her; and if she chose to resent the seizure of unarmed and uncommissioned vessels, captured on the mere ground that they showed some indication of being built for warlike purposes, she would be entirely within her rights. This is one of Russia's projected grounds for confiscation, and it is utterly inadmissible. It would be very easy to descry, in the innocent mail-steamer, some indications of adaptability for use as a troop-ship or else as a despatch-vessel. Under the proclamation, any passenger-steamer fitted

with gun-platforms, and bound for Japan, would run serious risk of confiscation. Another ground of seizure, equally invalid, is the fact of the ship's being for sale, or for delivery to the enemy on arrival. Any cutter - yacht, or passenger-steamer, is apparently to be confiscable, if sent for sale to Japan.

It is a great blot on the Proclamation that it states that neutral carriers of contraband are "according to circumstances" liable to confiscation. The fact is, that they are never liable to confiscation, except in the rarest cases, all of flagrant impropriety. The belligerent is entitled to intercept the goods which were destined to help his enemy; but the trade itself is lawful, and he is not to wreak his vengeance on the trader.

It will be interesting to observe how the main points of difficulty noted above will be settled in practice. No doubt policy will dictate many compromises. France and England stand in too delicate a position to make wrangles with either belligerent over neutral rights and duties a safe employment; but Germany and the United States will be under less restraint. Their action will almost certainly settle more than one disputed point in the Law of Contraband, which is now in such a state of flux; and they will probably settle them in favour of neutral freedom.

T. BATY.

A STRAYED SOUL.

HASKELL picked up a stone from the path and hurled it with vicious intent. It struck the wall just as the ivy swayed curtain-wise to the passage of a small stealthy body; there was a scrambling of claws and a soft thud on the opposite side. He swore moodily and resumed his pacing up and down.

He tried to get back again on his track of thought. But the cat had interrupted him. It always did. It had just this knack of appearing ghostlike from nowhere in particular, always at his most absorbed moments, and reducing his mind to a mere imbecile pulp of irritation. There was something diabolical in its methods. He had never liked cats, and this particular cat he loathed. He had a man's instinctive hatred of anything that was small and slinking and furtive, that dodged and fled and kept at a distance, and gazed at him with big frightened eyes. Chance encounters had revealed to him an appeal that was insultingly human; they were eyes that no cat ought to have; set in this thin ragged body, a mere slip of soiled orange fur, they were inexpressibly abominable and out of place. He disliked them and they knew it and were afraid of him, and he hated them inconsistently for their shrinking. He could conceive of nothing more immoral than an orange cat which looked at one from a distance as this cat looked.

Other cats frequented the garden intermittently, but they never worried him in the same way. They were feline and rational. They didn't

haunt the place like an outcast ghost; they didn't follow and watch him along the walls, flit uncomfortably in the twilight, come and cry with a small human voice under his window. It was the persistent uncatlikeness of this animal that he condemned. Its manners were those of a lost soul. No cat had a right to act as it acted. It had a preposterous way of making its presence felt without sight or hearing, of forcing its personality upon him through drawn curtains and closed doors. Four times during the past week Haskell had risen restlessly during the evening, and guided by some subtle instinct had opened his study window to see, by the out-flung lamplight, a patch of yellow fur vanishing noiselessly across the lawn, and the thing was beginning to get on his nerves. He was not a fanciful man, but he began to foresee that unless providence, or a dose of strychnine, intervened, this cat would reduce him shortly to an irritable nervous wreck.

The garden was square and high-walled, overgrown with ivy and a tangle of neglected shrubs. There were spaces for flower borders, but nothing grew in them and the earth was trodden and bare. Haskell had only moved in just before the Christmas quarter, and he was waiting till Spring to have the garden put in order. Just at present he had incurred enough expense fitting up his surgery, altering the house to his liking, seeing to the hundred and one details attendant upon taking up a new practice. The house had stood empty for six months before he took

it, and the former tenants had evidently been a shiftless set. Possibly they explained the cat. People had no right to go away and leave a cat to be a nuisance to the neighbourhood. If they didn't want to take it with them they should have poisoned it.

He took a final turn round the garden before going indoors. Something under one of the grimy laurel bushes near the wall caught his eye. It was a pink saucer filled with scraps of food. Haskell's face clouded angrily. He picked the saucer up and strode into the house.

His housekeeper was in the kitchen, finishing a belated tea, as Haskell descended upon her like a whirlwind. "Look here, I will not have this cat fed! Do you understand? I've spoken about it before. This is the third time I've found food put out, against my express orders, and I won't have it!"

The housekeeper was a meek kindly-faced woman, whom he suspected of a popular tradition of spinsterhood. She looked at the saucer, then at him. "I didn't put it out, Sir."

"Well, then who did? It wouldn't come there by itself. And I won't have it; I won't have that cat encouraged round the house. I've said so time and again, and the first chance I get I'm going to poison it. Food!"

The housekeeper had been looking at the saucer curiously. She said now: "It ain't one of our saucers, Sir."

"I don't care whose it is! I won't—what do you mean?"

"It ain't one of our saucers," said the housekeeper doggedly. "We haven't got a saucer like that in the house."

"Don't talk such nonsense," said Haskell. "It couldn't have come there by itself. Someone must have

put it there, and I won't have it; I won't have the brute encouraged. Do you understand?"

"Very well, Sir," said the housekeeper. She sat looking at the saucer with reflective eyes, as though its presence fascinated her.

"I won't have it!" Haskell repeated. He turned away angrily and went into his study. Saucers didn't come into gardens by themselves. Women were all alike. As if it wasn't bad enough to have the cat round the house without feeding it. Well, anyhow—.

He settled to his work, but the problem of the saucer possessed him. It seemed that there was a conspiracy on foot to annoy him, to interfere with his comfort and defeat his authority. During the next few days he regarded the housekeeper with suspicious eyes, hoping to detect her in some tacit admission of guilt; but she went about her work serenely, as though cats and saucers had no part in the scheme of her thoughts. He had almost accepted her innocence when the saucer appeared again. This time Haskell kicked it, and it flew into pieces with the delicate shiver of rare china. One of the fragments, upturned, showed a Sevres mark.

He gathered the remnants up and took them indoors. The housekeeper heard him out stolidly. Then she said: "That ain't the same saucer."

"What do you mean?" cried Haskell furiously.

She rose and took down the original saucer from the dresser where she had put it. "It's one just like it," she said, "but it ain't the same. Here's the other one you found."

Haskell was at his wit's end. He retired in speechless impotence, but before he went he studied the saucer attentively. It too had the same mark, the tiny impress that showed it to be the kind of china which hos-

pitality does not usually bestow upon the use of stray cats. The house-keeper was right. He had no saucer like that in the house, and if he had it would have been with other accumulated treasures on his dining-room shelf. The fact added unspeakably to his annoyance.

He sat up late that night, reading. A fine February rain was falling; he could hear the patter of it against the glass. Between twelve and one he rose, re-filling his pipe, and went to the window. Something stirred and rustled, and through the soft rain-smitten darkness he could see a shadow moving against the laurel bushes. His teeth closed sharply on the pipe-stem. This affair was going to be settled. He went to the door, opened it noiselessly, and stepped out.

The rain beat down on his head as he stood listening. For a long while he could hear nothing. Then a small appealing voice reached him from the far end of the garden. "Baby, Baby, Baby! Come, Baby! Kitty, kitty, kitty!"

Haskell smiled grimly. The rain was dripping down his coat-collar and he put up his handkerchief to wipe it away, moving further back into the shadow as the voice came nearer. Soft steps approached along the wet gravel, hesitating, pausing now and then.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty! Baby—Baby!"

There was a wistful inflection in the words, a note of submission and pleading. A cat mewed,—the pianissimo mew that Haskell knew and loathed—and instantly the voice took new hopefulness. "Baby! Come, Baby!"

Haskell stood back against the wall like an assassin. As the steps drew nearer, groping, uncertain, he stepped suddenly forward and his hand closed on a slim chilled wrist in the dark. There was a struggle, a faint cry,

but Haskell's grasp was of iron. He pushed the surgery door open with his foot and dragged his captive into the light.

Then he loosened his hold and stepped back. The glare of the lamp fell on a small middle-aged woman, with a delicate nervous face, and shrinking eyes that met his like the eyes of a trapped animal. The thin old-fashioned shawl she wore had slipped back from her head, and her grey hair was strayed and disordered. She was drenched to the skin; her skirt, of black silk, hung in clinging draggled folds and the rain dripped from it to the floor. She tried to dodge past him, but Haskell closed the door and put his back against it.

"Now," he began sternly, "I should like to know what you were doing in my garden?"

"I wasn't doing anything. I was just—won't you let me go?"

"No," said Haskell brutally, "not till you tell me what you wanted."

"I came after—Baby. I didn't know you were up. I wasn't going to do any harm."

The voice was refined, like her face. It had a quiet courage too, the courage that comes with defeat. She faced him nervously, but in her nervousness there was a dignity that appealed to him. She seemed indifferent to her appearance, indifferent to her position.

"I came to—to get Baby," she went on. "I didn't know there was anyone up, or I'd have—have waited. I wasn't going to touch anything. I didn't think you'd hear me. I only came after Baby."

Her teeth were chattering with cold and nervous strain, and her slight body trembled through its wet clothing. The sternness of Haskell's face relaxed. He took hold of the frail shivering little figure and forced it gently into one of the armchairs. "Now tell me," he said, standing in

front of her. "You needn't be frightened of me; I'm not going to hurt you."

"I'm not frightened. I—"

Her teeth began to chatter again violently. Haskell looked sharply at her, then crossed the room, filled a wineglass with brandy from the cupboard and brought it over.

"Drink that," he said gently.

"I—don't want it!"

"Drink it," said Haskell, and it was the doctor who spoke. She took it with trembling submissive fingers, and he paced up and down the room till she had finished. Then he took the glass from her and pulled up a chair. The surgery lamp shone upon one of the most extraordinary interviews of its experience.

"Now, tell me," Haskell began. He spoke as if he were dealing with a child. "Who is Baby? Is Baby your cat?"

"He isn't mine. He's—Minnie's."

"And who is Minnie?"

"Minnie's dead. He was Minnie's cat and I wouldn't let her have him. I drove him out. She begged and begged and I wouldn't let her keep him. I didn't like cats. I wouldn't have him in the house. She cried about it, and I whipped her for crying. She used to go out and look for him, and I punished her for it. I locked her in the room, and now God's punished me. He took her away and I deserved it. She was—such a little thing!"

Haskell glanced at the slim clenched hand on her lap. There was no ring on it. She understood the look.

"She wasn't my child. I never had one. She was my sister's—my own sister's—and I treated her the way I did! I was cruel to her. I knew how mean I was, and I kept on. There was—Baby. He was all she'd got to play with and I wouldn't let her have him. Over and over again I

drove him out, and he'd come back again. And she—she used to cry, and I wouldn't listen. My God!" Her hands locked themselves tighter together. "She was a little bit of a thing, and when she cried it made her ill, and—I didn't care, I scolded her. I tried to break her of it, but it wasn't any use. She used to lie awake at nights and sob. I could hear her—I can hear her now. And when she was ill—. And I thought if I could get hold of Baby now and be good to him she'd understand. She would; she'd know I was sorry. But he—won't let me. I've tried and tried—"

Haskell looked at her with grey kindly eyes. "Then it was you who put the food in the garden?"

"Yes. I brought it over at night, when I thought everyone was in bed. He comes round here because the people that used to have the house fed him, when I turned him out. I've left it for him, but he won't touch it. He knows I put it there and he won't look at it."

She was silent a little, her fingers picking nervously at the fringe of the shawl as it lay across her knee. Haskell rose and paced the room again. "Don't you think," he said, coming back to her, "that if we could catch the cat and take him back to your home he'd stay with you?"

She faced him for a moment oddly, her mouth quivering. Then she bent her head down and began to sob, rocking herself to and fro. "He wouldn't, he wouldn't! He knows what I did and he won't come near me! He just stands and looks. When Minnie was ill, he knew—he came round the house and cried, and I drove him off. I wouldn't let him come near her and she—she asked for him all the time, and I wouldn't let him in and he knows it. He hates me."

"But if you—you petted him, you know," Haskell blundered. "A cat's a cat—"

Her voice dropped to an awe-stricken whisper. "Sometimes I—don't think he is a cat."

"What?"

"I don't think he is a cat," she repeated.

"But—but what—" Haskell felt that this tragi-comedy was getting beyond him.

"He's—Minnie," she said doggedly.

Haskell dropped into a chair. He was a man who always prided himself upon his grip of common-sense, but he realised that there are situations with which common-sense is powerless to grapple, and this was one of them. He looked at the little woman in the armchair. Her eyes met his despairingly out of the faded face, and their obstinacy made them for the moment almost fanatic.

"He's Minnie," she said again; "I know it."

"But—my dear lady!"

"It isn't any use. You can't tell me anything I haven't thought of for myself. It was months before I'd give in to it, but I had to. If he isn't Minnie why has he got all Minnie's ways?" she cried. "Why does he look like her and act like her? Tell me that! He never used to. He's got Minnie's eyes now. He watches me the same way she did—he's frightened of me as she was. A cat wouldn't act like that. He isn't like a cat; you know yourself he isn't if you've ever seen him. There's stranger things in this world than anyone knows, and when God wants to punish people He's got His own ways of doing it. You can't argue; I've done it myself and it's no use. He's Minnie—Minnie!"

Haskell gave it up. The little surgery with its common-place prac-

tical fittings was just then as the stage-setting to some extravagant dream. If it was ludicrous, it had also its keynote of tragedy. He felt himself confronted by something which was outside any powers of reasoning. He thought of the delicate Persian face, the uncatlike ways, the furtive human eyes, and he was ignobly silent.

* * *

The wind had risen and the rain was driving in gusts as he opened the surgery door to let her out. She paused on the threshold, her grey hair disordered about her drawn wrinkled face, her fingers clutching the shawl nervously, a small tossed waif of Autumn facing the soft vastness of the Spring night. As Haskell looked at her a pity rose in his heart deeper than the instinct of the physician. Here was no ill he could heal, no trouble he could help.

"Keep that shawl round you," he said gently. "You're wet through now. And look here, you needn't worry about Baby; I'll look after him. You mustn't come out at night like this again; you'll make yourself ill. You won't, will you? I'll see that he's all right. If he'd rather stay here he can, and I'll see that he gets fed."

"And you'll—be good to him?"

"I'll be good to him," Haskell promised gravely.

* * *

The housekeeper received such part of the story as he chose to tell her, next morning, with unemotional interest.

"Miss Pinder?" she said, "Yes, likely enough it would be her cat. I never thought of it. She lives just round the corner here. I remember there was a yellow cat I used to see out in the garden; I wouldn't wonder

if it's the same one. There were two Miss Pinders,—Judge Pinder's daughters—but only one of them married. She was the youngest, and then she died, and Miss Pinder had the little girl to live with her. I did hear she usen't to treat her very well, but I don't know. Miss Pinder got to be awful strict and old-maidish, living alone, and I suppose she wasn't used to children and didn't like the bother of them. She was a dear little soul, Minnie. I used to feel sorry for her. Miss Pinder kept her shut up a lot, in the house. And then there was measles in the village, and the child took it and died. She always was a delicate little thing; she didn't look like other children. I expect the way Miss Pinder treated her had something to do with it. She didn't know much about children."

"Did you know the child?" Haskell asked.

"I used to see her at the window. She was a pretty child, with yellow hair and big eyes, and she used to sit up there like a mouse and watch people go past. There wasn't much else to amuse her, poor little soul! I often wondered Miss Pinder didn't take to her more than she did. I guess she took her in out of duty; she didn't seem to care for her much, and the child always looked scared of her. I suppose losing her mother made her strange. There was a lot of talk when she died. They said Miss Pinder didn't give her enough to eat, but I don't know. She was a dear little thing. I don't think Miss Pinder was very kind to her."

"I see," said Haskell. He stood for a moment looking out of the window.

"Bye-the-way," he continued, "if that cat comes round here, you might as well feed it. I suppose there's always plenty? And," he drew his hands out of his pockets, "if you can coax it in, any time, and catch it, you

might let me know. I'll take it back to her."

The housekeeper glanced at him in- curiously. "Very well, Sir," she said.

* * *

Baby was not to be coaxed. He haunted the garden still, a small furtive shape, appearing and vanishing, unapproachable, elusive, an out-cast and a vagrant. He never seemed to touch the food that was put out for him. His orange fur grew dingier as time went on, his face thinner, his eyes more uncatlike than ever in their intense gaze. Haskell made one or two unsuccessful attempts to capture him, first by cajolery, then by force. There was something uncanny in Baby's persistent evasion. He kept his distance, watching Haskell's manœuvres apprehensively, and the sudden movement of a hand was enough to send him off in noiseless flight. After a time Haskell gave up his efforts. If the cat came, it came; if it didn't, it could stay away.

A few stray crocuses showed in the neglected borders, delicate green spears pushing through the trodden earth. One morning the surgery bell rang; it was a messenger from Miss Pinder. Haskell put on his hat and coat and went round.

A little frightened maidservant opened the door. Miss Pinder was ill; she had taken cold a week ago. Haskell followed her through the narrow hall and up the prim carpeted stairs. Everywhere was an atmosphere of faded gentility, of spotless tidiness and reserve; the soullessness of a house where love has never entered. It struck Haskell that no man's foot had ever trodden that well-kept stair-carpet, no man's hand ever touched the polished banister. There was a faint scent of potpourri in the air, like the echo of some dead summer, or of a summer perhaps that had never been.

Miss Pinder lay propped among pillows in a narrow bedstead. Her grey hair straggled about her face and her eyes watched his coming eagerly. Her thin cheeks had the hectic flame of high fever; exposure and nervous strain were doing their belated work.

"I'm ill, Doctor Haskell," she said, "and I don't suppose I'll get any better, but that wasn't why I sent for you. I want you to tell me about Baby."

Haskell's keen eyes travelled over the small spent form in the bed. "Oh, yes,—well, Baby's all right," he said cheerfully. "I saw him this morning."

"And you feed him every day as you said you would?" she asked. "You're sure the other cats don't get it instead? You do feed him, don't you?"

"Every day," said Haskell.

"I've been thinking lately," she went on; "I wondered whether he might come back to the house here. I thought I heard him one night and I went out, but it wasn't him. I have the scullery door left open, so that he can get in if he comes. But I don't know, since I've been ill; I'm so afraid the girl shuts it. Don't you think she might? You can't trust servants always. She's a good girl, but—I thought I heard him last night, and it worried me so! It would be dreadful if he came back and couldn't get in; he mightn't come again. I wish you'd speak to her, Doctor Haskell. Tell her it's got to be left open."

"I will."

There was an unprofessional mist in his eyes as he went downstairs. He wrote out his prescription in the prim, tidy dining-room, and before he despatched the little servant with it he had a talk with her. Miss Pinder had been very queer lately; she

seemed as if she couldn't trust to anything being done unless she saw to it herself. And she worried about her cat; she used to get up at night and go into the garden, in her dressing-gown, to call it. Since she had been ill she would call the girl two or three times in an evening, and send her outside to look. She made more fuss about that cat than if it was a child, expecting her to go to bed at night and leave the back door open!

That visit was only the first of many. Miss Pinder did not get better, from want of will as much as anything. She took her medicine obediently in Haskell's presence, but he suspected her in his absence of not taking it at all. He made time on his rounds to go in to her every day for a chat. There was only one subject that absorbed her, and to that subject Haskell wisely clung, acquiring a fine facility of invention as the days went by. He talked to her unweariedly of Baby, till he became so glib in his narrations that he fancied once or twice the little frail face against the pillows regarded him suspiciously.

"You're sure it's him?" Miss Pinder insisted one morning. "There might be other yellow cats. But you'd know him, wouldn't you? You wouldn't tell me all this if it wasn't so?"

"Certainly I wouldn't," said the doctor. "He's as right as ninepence. My housekeeper saw him this morning. We'll have him quite tame by the time you're about again,—in a week or two."

"I shan't be," said the little woman. She lay and looked out at the bright Spring morning, mortality fronting immortality, her face refined as by the trial of inward fires. "I was jealous of Minnie," she went on. "I was jealous because God never

gave me any children of my own and I'd always wanted one; but He was right; I wouldn't have known how to treat them. Doctor Haskell, do you think she's ever going to forgive me?"

Haskell stammered something unintelligible, but his hand touched the burning one on the counterpane and closed on it gently.

"I think if I could get hold of Baby, once—he's so afraid of me. He won't let me come near him; but if I could get him in my arms he'd have to understand. He would, wouldn't he? I wish you could catch him; he likes you. But I don't want him frightened. Minnie always was a frightened little thing. I don't want—"

That evening Haskell spent a blasphemous hour in the garden trying to capture Baby. He summoned the housekeeper to his aid, but with no avail. They coaxed and manoeuvred; the flitting shadowy figure eluded them, the big eyes watched and avoided them through the paling twilight. But the next morning, when Haskell took his pipe outside after breakfast, a dingy yellow blur caught his eye beside the brighter gold of the crocuses in the border. Some one else had carried out his original design, and Baby's vagrancy was over. Haskell handled the little stiffened body pityingly; Baby had played the game out to a finish, and there seemed to him something of an irony in the fate which had betrayed him so ignominiously at the last. It was not surrender; even now he felt absurdly that the real Baby had evaded him, uncatlike to the end; all he held was a mere wisp of yellow fur and starved rigid bones.

That same evening Miss Pinder died. Haskell was with her in the

afternoon. She had asked him her unvarying question.

"Baby's all right," he said. "I left him asleep in the garden."

"I'm so glad," said Miss Pinder. He felt less of a brute as he saw her lean back contentedly. "I had a dream about him last night," she said. "I dreamed he came to the door and cried and—and I couldn't get the bolts undone. And I looked out through the window and it was Minnie—I could see her little bare feet. I couldn't undo the bolt. I'm—so glad." Her eyes met his with a sudden flicker of suspicion, the intuition of a mind sharpened by approaching death. "You're sure he's all right—you arn't just saying so?"

"He's all right," said Haskell gently. "Why, he—he let me stroke him, this morning."

"I wish you'd brought him over."

Haskell looked down at the floor. "I'll bring him when you're better," he said.

"I'm so glad." She was silent for a moment, her eyes straying about the room. "I'm glad he's made friends with someone. He's so,—so frightened of people. Dr. Haskell, you'll keep him, won't you? I can't trust anyone else. I want you to say you'll take care of him. It isn't much to ask, is it—just a cat? A cat isn't any trouble. You'll let him stay with you—always?"

Haskell thought of the little quiet bunch of fur. "Always," he said.

"He's such a frightened little thing. I hated to think of leaving him—people mightn't be kind; they wouldn't understand—as you do. I'm glad you'll keep him," said Miss Pinder. Then her mind seemed to wander a little. "Why—Minnie—" she said.

THIRTY YEARS AGO IN JAPAN.

OUTWARDLY there was of course a vast difference between the Japan of thirty years ago and the Japan of to-day. I am careful to say *outwardly*, for the Yamato Damashii, the soul of Japan, is exactly to-day what it was then, and what it had been for many centuries before. So it is interesting for one, who was familiar with the Island Realm in what we still like to call the good old days, to recall life in a world which may fairly be considered to have been the last stronghold of old-time romance.

Be it borne in mind that thirty years ago, although Japan had fairly started on the new road which was to lead her to her present place among the nations, feudalism had but recently been abolished. As might be expected, an institution of long centuries' growth and development although overturned was not uprooted; it left lingering traces for a long time after, so that we, who lived in the country during the years I write of, saw relics of a life which has now passed away for ever. Truly I never met a Daimio's procession on the Tocaïdo, the great Road of the Eastern Sea, nor had I ever been forced to make obeisance at the risk of a cut from a Muramasa blade as had more than one of my contemporaries; but on the occasion of the opening of the first railway in Japan (between Yokohama and Yedo) I saw representatives of all the chief feudal families in the traditional court dresses familiar to us in pictures and on fans, and several times I have seen proud, dignified old Japanese gentlemen in the streets of Yokohama, girded with their swords

despite the recent edict which forbade the public wearing of these weapons.

Many of the boys who acted as servants to us foreigners were retainers of noble families, fighting gentlemen whose vocation was gone. My own, for instance, was a Samourai of the Bizen clan, and when on high days and holidays he sallied forth from his little room in the compound behind my house, clad in stiff silk with the Bizen crest embroidered on the sleeves, it was with an air which made me feel almost as if our positions were reversed. In those days all classes except the officials adhered strictly to the old dress of Japan. It was as much the exception then to see a man wearing his hair in the European fashion, as it is now to see the shaved front of the head with the carefully tended queue lying upon it. The Government, however, red hot with Western notions, not only insisted that all officials should appear with heads like blacking-brushes, and their bodies arrayed in Western evening dress, but, in order to encourage the fashion among the country people, erected at the entrance of every considerable village a notice-board displaying tailor's patterns of coats, waistcoats, and trowsers, every stitch and every seam in its place, which I have often seen the local Pooles copying with stern exactitude into notebooks. As for a Japanese woman in European dress, such a ludicrous illustration of the utter unfitness of things was absolutely unknown among the people, although at the railway ceremony aforesaid, side by side with the stately Daimios in their historic pano-

ply were some ladies of the Imperial household in Western silks and satins.

Those were the days for curios. With the abolition of feudalism there was a general breaking up of the great old houses, resulting in the flooding of the market with such armour and swords, such bronzes, porcelain, lacquer, and embroidery as are rarely seen nowadays outside museums and private collections, but which then could be picked up at ridiculously small prices. Many of us who then lived up to the hilt, and who had neither the spare cash, nor perhaps the taste, to avail ourselves of the unique chance, very soon had good reason to regret not having done so. I remember when our Amateur Dramatic Corps required gorgeous oriental costumes for the burlesque of BLUE BEARD, all we had to do was to go down to Honcho Dori, or Curio Street, buy at absurdly cheap rates magnificently embroidered and brocaded robes which had been worn in the palaces of nobles, and have them cut, slashed, and fitted for our requirements. I have rarely seen since such robes as we spoiled, used, and cast aside on this occasion; one I did once see in a Regent Street shop was priced at fifteen guineas.

Compared with the settlement of to-day the Yokohama of thirty years ago was a mere village. We had a foreign population of at the outside three hundred, of whom only forty were ladies, so that the latter had what an American Consul's wife described as "a real elegant time," and the appearance of a new feminine face was the occasion of general remark and conjecture, for the tourist had not yet got so far from home. We formed a happy little community, with just so many mails in and out as to give us occasional spells of hard work with plenty of time for recreation in between, which, I am assured,

is not by any means the case now. During the warm months we had cricket, rowing, yachting, and canoeing, to say nothing of picnics and all manner of excursions, while shooting, paper-chases on ponies or on foot, football, and other forms of athletics made the winter pass quickly and gaily enough. Except when British or American squadrons came into harbour we were entirely dependent upon ourselves for amusement, for there was nothing to attract the visitor in the matter of hotels, our best and largest being little better than a drinking-saloon.

But the chiefest charm of the Japan of thirty years ago lay in the country outside the Settlements. Half an hour's ride sufficed to take one into the old, unsophisticated Japan which has so largely disappeared. In many of the villages so pleasantly dotted about the lovely country of mountain and valley, river and wood, the foreigner was still an object of genuine curiosity, and occasionally of suspicion and dislike. Much of my leisure time was spent in tramping about anywhere away from the beaten tracks; and more than once I penetrated to a village where a foreigner had hardly ever been seen. Often the entire community would turn out at the word passed along that a "*tojin* (an invader)" was coming; and on one occasion when, after a long day's tramp, I had retired to rest in a tea-house, having left my boots outside in deference to the universal custom, I was awakened by a subdued hubbub, and, peeping from between the paper shutters, I saw a large circle of natives passing my boots round and examining them with the liveliest curiosity.

We were strictly tied in by what was known as the Treaty Limit, a boundary line drawn round Yoko-

hama on its land sides at a distance of about thirty miles, beyond which it was impossible for foreigners to pass without special permission. The reason of this was the natives' invincible jealousy of the spread of foreign trade. Fuji-Yama, that beautiful mountain which has been the pet object of Japanese idolatry from all time, was absolutely unapproachable by foreigners; at the time of which I write, the year 1871, only one woman of any race had ever made the ascent (Lady Parkes the wife of our British Minister), and certainly not more than half a dozen foreigners.

By Fuji hangs a personal tale which I must be pardoned for telling as it affords a two-fold illustration of Japanese peculiarities at this period. After much trouble, and, I must admit, some slight misrepresentation of facts as regards the state of my health, I managed to get a permission to make the ascent, written and signed with innumerable signatures. Armed with this, and amidst the envious farewells of friends who had been vainly trying to get the same thing, I tramped the eighty miles from Yokohama, and duly arrived at Subashiri, a village at the foot of Fuji whence the ascent is best made. Having sent my permit by my boy to the local mayor for verification, I made myself comfortable at the tea-house, and turned in between the quilts early so as to make a good start next morning. In the middle of the night my boy awakened me, to explain that there was a flaw in my passport, and that I must at once return within the Treaty Limits. Knowing this to be merely an act of jealousy on the part of a foreigner-hating official, I flatly refused to move, and sent the boy back with a message to that effect. He returned saying that I might stay for the night, but that I must be off

early in the morning. I at once got up and went to the great man. My knowledge of the language was but slight: the official was either deaf or indifferent; and all I could get out of him was that my permit was irregular, and that I had to return. In vain I pointed to the innumerable seals and signatures which embellished the document. He was obdurate; I was obstinate. "Boy," I said, as we turned away, "I'm going up Fuji tomorrow." "Although he has forbidden you?" said the boy. "Yes," I replied; "I'm a Briton, and I'm not going to be,"—and so on, and so on. "Very well, Sir," said the boy quietly. "If you persist, there is only one thing for me to do"; and with his finger he made the motions of committing *hara-kiri*. I was aghast; for of course there was nothing more to be done. I knew enough of the Yamato Damashii to be aware that the boy to some extent was responsible for me, at any rate that he was held by the authorities to be so, and that he would have been as good as his word, had I persisted in my resolve. The only revenge I could take for my disappointment was at the expense of the escort of little policemen who under a sergeant had to accompany me back to the Treaty Limits. Noting that they wore brand-new, stiff European ammunition-boots instead of the usual straw sandals, I started off, walked them out of sight, and arrived at my destination for the night some hours ahead of them. One by one they limped in, bare-footed, and wearing the foreign abominations slung round their necks. It was a long time before I heard the last of my expedition to Fuji, and there were not wanting commentators who declared that the whole thing, threatened *hara-kiri* and all, was a concerted plan between my lazy boy and the village grandee.

The Tocaïdo, the great Road of the Eastern Sea, which runs from Tokio to Kioto, was then the chief artery of Japanese life. From morn to night throughout the year it was the scene of constant bustle and animation. The tea-houses which lined it were crowded, especially during the summer pilgrim-season, and to the artist and the student of native life and character it was an inexhaustible source of attraction, instruction, and amusement. Then came the railway and sealed the doom of this grand old highway, as closely associated with the past history of Japan as is the Appian Way with the past history of Rome. I revisited it four years ago, and it was with genuine sadness that I wandered along its silent, unpeopled stretches, and saw in the decayed shrines, the neglected temples, and the dilapidated, deserted houses, so faint a shadow of departed grandeur.

It was a very real delight in those bright days thirty years ago to start off on a week's exploration with a few necessaries in a knapsack, and to live awhile in what was perhaps the only unchanged corner of the old civilised world; and among my most cherished treasures are the diaries and battered sketch-books which record impressions gathered during these solitary rambles of a life, much of which has passed away for ever. Possibly in very remote corners some features of this old life may still linger; at any rate I am assured that the old-time courtesy and kindness is still the rule. Near the great Treaty Ports certain phases of Western civilisation have during the past thirty years recorded themselves in glaring characters, and I was forcibly reminded of a certain unenviable notoriety we Britons have won when in 1897 I visited a native theatre in Yokohama. As a novelty an Englishman was

introduced into the piece, and he was drunk the whole time. Strangely enough at Cordova in Spain, a year or two later, I witnessed a play of which the scene was laid during the Peninsular War; in this also two Englishmen, a soldier and a sailor, were represented who were drunk from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

Although a strong under-current of dislike, or rather suspicion and jealousy, of foreigners existed in Japan thirty years ago, I cannot recall any instance of actual assault. We soon grew accustomed to the cry of "*Tojin baka* (fool of a foreign invader)" which greeted us, and in certain districts it was advisable to be very circumspect in behaviour; but personally, although during four years I was constantly wandering about alone and unarmed, I met with nothing like rudeness, and generally with that charming courtesy which is so wrongly called politeness.

No doubt the presence of a splendid battalion of Marines in Yokohama, as well as a French force, had the moral effect of keeping the anti-foreign feeling latent. We Britons were particularly proud of these stalwart, well-behaved West Countrymen, and those who witnessed the final scene of their march through the settlement, to the strains of the famous old Devonshire song *The Blackbird*, on their way to the transport which was to carry them for ever from Japan can never forget it.

Among the native institutions which have most changed during the past thirty years is the theatre. The modern electric-lighted, European-seated *shibaya* marks progress, but the memory still turns fondly to the dim, somewhat evil-smelling old house with the arrangements of long centuries unaltered. In those days all the illumination was by lanterns, except on the stage itself, where at the side of the principal characters

two black-shrouded figures crouched, each holding a long stick at the end of which flickered a rush-light. Women were unknown on the Japanese stage then, their parts being taken, as in our Elizabethan theatre, by boys or very young men who spoke their parts in a falsetto monotone. But the people still cling to their old pieces despite the mechanical changes about the theatres themselves, and still laugh at the broad (very broad) farces, still shudder and gloat over the blood-and-thunder dramas, and enthusiastically applaud national, legendary, and romantic plays such as the immortal FORTY-SEVEN RÔNINS.

The *hara-kiri* (stupidly translated as the Happy Dispatch) is an ancient feudal and national institution which is still dying a hard death. Thirty years ago it was common enough, and I well remember Yokohama being shocked by the news that an old Samourai had performed the act in the courtyard of the temple at Benten on the very edge of the foreign settlement. Indeed, I believe the practice still occasionally is heard of, although it is no longer recognised as the only course open to a man whose honour is at stake, or who feels bound to expiate a crime.

The last public execution in Japan took place in 1873. I remember it well, for, although I have a poor taste for such performances, I heard that it was to be the last, and determined to see it. The place was an elevated square of ground close to the gaol at Tobé, commanding an exquisite panorama of the Bay of Yedo and the country beyond. Seven men were to be executed, and the fact of its being the last public exhibition of the kind attracted an enormous crowd. Of the seven criminals three were murderers, two had been convicted of arson (a heinous crime in a land where fire is a scourge second

only to earthquake), and two of robbery with violence. Two of them had been so tortured in the prison that they were carried to the place of death in baskets. On the ground five little square mounds of earth appeared, each with a little square hole in front, so that two of the doomed men would be obliged to wait while the others were being dispatched. The executioner in police uniform, carrying a sword wrapped in yellow silk, was there, together with half a dozen officials and a group of half naked coolies. After the chief official had read a long statement, which was evidently a recital of the crimes for which the condemned were to suffer, the eyes of the prisoners were bound with white paper, and five of them were led forth, each by two coolies who made them squat in Japanese fashion on the mounds of earth, and stripped down their clothes to the waist. The executioner unwrapped his weapon, and the terrible work began. Standing on the left hand side of the first prisoner, he raised his sword but a few inches in the air, and with a quick, sawing movement cut the head off, not entirely so that it fell into the hole, but so that it hung suspended by some shreds of skin. Instantly one of the attendant coolies tore it off, plastered the neck with mud, and placed it on an elevated shelf, while the other thumped the back of the fallen body till the blood rushed out into the hole, threw a coarse mat over it, and dragged it away. By the time this was done the other four men had been dispatched with the same masterful celerity, and the last two poor wretches were being led forward. The whole affair was over in less than a quarter of an hour, and the crowd dispersed, the native portion of it chatting and laughing as if they had just come from a theatre, the Europeans very

subdued and very white about the lips. A friend of mine lingered to make a sketch of the last head placed on the shelf. While he was doing so, the eyes opened, the tongue shot out of the mouth,—and he fled.

Fire was a greater and more frequent calamity in those days than it is now, for the native apparatus was of the most archaic description, and, although the Japanese firemen were plucky to foolhardiness, and cat-like in their activity, there was too much pomp and circumstance attending the procedure of a brigade to the scene of action, and its movements when there, to prevent the flames from doing pretty much as they liked. In Yokohama we were entirely dependent upon the two British and one American fire-companies, manned by us who regarded the duty among the most exciting pastimes of the winter season, especially as there was intense rivalry between us and the Americans, whose nicely painted engine with a brass eagle on the top was a source of constant amusement to us content with business-like Shand and Masons.

Two fires among many stand out prominently in my recollection. One was at the Yoshi-Wara, or Girls' Quarter of the native town, then situated on an island surrounded by a moat, and connected by bridges with the main town. A fire among Japanese houses takes a very little time to cover an acre of buildings, and so in this case, almost before the solemn, never-to-be-forgotten boom of the *hansho*, or fire-bell, had proclaimed the news to the midnight world, the whole quarter was in a blaze, and a mad rush was made by the hundred girls for the bridges. Many got over in safety, but before we could rattle our engines along the narrow streets as fast as shouting coolies could drag them to the scene of action, many

others in their desperation had jumped into the moats and were drowned. I have heard that more than half lost their lives in this way, but the true number was never published by the authorities whose policy, naturally, was to minimise the catastrophe as much as possible. We were powerless to do anything as the bridges were burned, and could therefore only look on at the awful sight. The second memorable fire was that which consumed the Pacific Mail paddle-wheel steamer AMERICA in Yokohama harbour on the night of her arrival from San Francisco. There was on board a large number of Chinese coolies, returning to their native land after a successful sojourn in the States, and bringing their savings with them in the shape of hard dollars as was their custom. Numbers of these poor wretches at the first alarm of fire, slung their dollars round them and jumped overboard, the result naturally being that most of them sank. An incident, peculiarly ludicrous when looked at by the light of the present day, occurred after the fire had to some extent been got under. In order to prevent the huge flaming mass from drifting among the crowd of ships and junks, a Japanese gunboat was ordered to sink it with shot. Japan was then the veriest tyro in that science of naval warfare in which she has since acquired so much fame, and the story runs that although the target was a stationary 6,000-ton ship, the gunboat fired for half an hour not only without hitting it at all, but with much more danger to the other ships lying behind it than if the blazing hulk had been let loose among them. Finally the wreck saved them further trouble by settling down of her own accord; and for years after she lay with her funnel above water, a constant danger to

navigation which it was nobody's business to remove.

As there was no gas in the Settlement of those days, locomotion after nightfall was in utter darkness, of which the numerous *rônins*, or feudal serving-men, being not slow to take advantage, a revolver was a necessary part of personal equipment for diners-out and other wayfarers. There was, it is true, a police force, and not an inefficient one, but the only arm carried by its members was a stick of the size, shape, and weight of the old Japanese *katana*, or long sword. At first they had been armed with the British truncheon, but, being chiefly composed of discharged swordsmen, they had petitioned to be allowed to carry something more resembling the weapon to which they had been accustomed, and their prayer was granted. They were supplemented (one could hardly say aided) by the watchmen employed by the various houses of business, who, in order to give all ill-intentioned prowlers the clearest possible notion of their whereabouts, sauntered about the compounds clattering together two pieces of wood, thus creating a din which went on throughout the night, and rendered sleep to the unaccustomed an impossibility.

In one great matter the changes of thirty years have wrought a vast improvement. The Yokohama of to-day is a social centre. Besides having a large society of its own, it is during certain seasons of the year a veritable Clapham Junction of travellers and visitors, the result being a constant series of dances, dinners, and evening entertainments of one kind or another.

Thirty years ago there was little or no society, and in consequence the young men who formed the bulk of the foreign population were thrown entirely upon their own resources, with the result that there was an amount of gambling and deep drinking quite unknown nowadays.

But perhaps the most remarkable change of all is in the position occupied by the Japanese themselves. Thirty years ago they were docile, almost fearful pupils in Western ways. The Chinamen, who were supreme in the lower departments of all business-houses, treated them like dogs, and too many young Europeans were prone to do the same. The Japanese merchant, tradesman, petty official, policeman, boatman, *jinricksha* man, and boy outwardly at any rate behaved towards the meanest European or American as towards a superior. There was a great deal of hectoring and bullying, and even chastisement, which was borne almost meekly by the native who was feeling his way, as it were, in the dark, and trusting to the guidance of the "enlightened" foreigner. Now it is all changed. The pupil has ranged himself alongside his masters. One ancient bully has been brought to his knees: the bulkiest representative of Western power has been challenged and is being grappled with on even terms; and the Japanese of to-day considers himself the equal in many respects, and the superior in not a few, of any of the foreign Powers to whom during so many years he has bowed in obedience.

H. F. ABELL.

THE BOER WAR THROUGH GERMAN GLASSES.¹

MOLTKE, when organising the Great General Staff and training it to be the brain of the Prussian Army, took care to make provision for the sustenance of the brain and through it of the whole body. He found the military literature available not very suitable to his purpose. It was full of abstruse theory, and the great principles of war were for the most part obscured by detail. The military student of those days had, with great labour, to sift what was of value to himself and to his time from a mass of facts interesting only at the moment they were written. The ordinary soldier has neither time nor inclination to be a profound student. He in most cases has chosen his profession because he loves an active life. When he studies he wishes his facts to be put plainly before him and the lesson from them clearly and concisely deduced. Moltke knew that modern war requires to be scientifically studied, and he also knew the men he wished to study it. He therefore added to his Great General Staff an historical section, which he kept under his personal supervision. This section was charged in the first instance with accurately recording the military events that placed the German Empire at the head of the Armed Powers of the Continent. It had also to deduce from those events lessons for the practical training of the

Army. "Fools say that they learn from their own experience, I have always contrived to get my experience at the expense of others," was a favourite saying of Bismarck's, and the principle contained in these words has always guided the training of the modern German Army. It has reached its present position in Europe because its leaders have learnt from the experience of their fathers and grandfathers and from that of the men with whom their fathers and grandfathers fought. Under Moltke's supervision a school of sound military criticism was established, which still survives its founder. The Historical Section gradually grew until it was divided into two parts. One of these was charged with the study of what, in these progressive days, may be called ancient military history, the great campaigns to the end of the Napoleonic Era. The other had to deal with modern war. During thirty years of peace the latter has to some extent exhausted the possibilities of the two great campaigns which united Germany, and it has lately turned its attention to the experiences of other nations in recent wars. One result of this new departure is a critical account of our own South African War, which the General Staff is bringing out in a series of small volumes.

The first of these dealt with the events of the "Black Week," Stormberg, Magersfontein, and Colenso. The second, with which I am now concerned, carries on the story from Lord Roberts's arrival in South Africa to the entry into Bloemfontein.

¹ KRIEGSGESCHICHTLICHE EINSCHRIFFTEN HERAUSGEGEBEN VOM GROSSEN GENERALSTABE, HEFT 33 (2). *Operationen unter Lord Roberts bis zur Einnahme von Bloemfontein.*

Moltke well knew that few things are easier or less valuable than irresponsible criticism of military operations. The most successful general, it has been well said, is he who makes the fewest mistakes. Moltke therefore laid it down as a principle to be observed in his school of military criticism that whenever any operation of war was condemned or praised the reasons should be stated, and in the former case what was thought the right course of action clearly explained. This principle the General Staff still act on, and they are in consequence bringing out a series of great value to us Englishmen. The two volumes which have as yet appeared are thoroughly moderate and courteous in tone. Being expressly designed to place at the service of the German Army the experiences of the most recent campaigns, the series does not naturally devote more space to the narrative of the events than is necessary to a clear understanding of the lessons deduced from them. But short as the narrative is, it is the most accurate account which has yet appeared. It contains a good deal which will be new to Englishmen, for it is based to a great extent on the reports of German military attachés which have not been published, and the General Staff have also obtained much from the German subjects who fought with the Boers and from other combatants in the enemy's ranks.

This second volume deals with the period when everything went well with us. As the General Staff puts it :

Within the short space of one month the tide of war was completely changed in favour of the English. In the Western theatre of war Kimberley had been relieved, the enemy's main force in that quarter had laid down its arms, while his troops collected for the defence of the capital of the Free State had been utterly scattered. Bloemfontein had been taken without a blow. The passages over the

Orange River and the railway to Bloemfontein were in the possession of the English. In the Eastern theatre of war Ladysmith had been relieved and the Natal army under General Buller was making a triumphant advance.

This was the only period during what may be called the regular part of the war when we had constant hard fighting and were almost uniformly successful. The training of our Army is being reorganised, and the experiences of this period are perhaps more than any other influencing the reorganisation.

We are a little apt to take it for granted that where we were successful we were right, and where we failed we were wrong. In this book we are shown where we might have done better in our successes and how much of them we owed to the enemy's shortcomings. It is therefore of special importance at this moment that a book, coming from the first school of military thought in Europe, should be known not only to English soldiers but to the English civilian as well.

The General Staff first deal with the organisation of the force destined for the relief of Kimberley and the advance on Bloemfontein. It will be remembered that Lord Roberts undertook this immediately on his arrival in South Africa. The whole system of supply and transport was remodelled. A new Infantry Division was formed, the Cavalry Division was completed, the Mounted Infantry was much increased and organised into new formations, with a number of Colonial Mounted Corps, which were for the most part specially raised. Great stress is laid on the skill with which this reorganisation was carried out, and the secrecy and rapidity with which the force was concentrated along the railway south of Modder River station; this reorganisation they consider particu-

larly worthy of the attention of the German Army. Some few years ago they would probably have said that the fact that it was necessary to remodel the force, in the presence of the enemy, was evidence of defective management; but within recent times the *Welt Politik* of the German Empire has led to Colonial complications, which have brought in their train the small Colonial wars to which we are so accustomed. The whole organisation of the German Army, for war in Europe, is worked out with mathematical precision; when war begins the work of the organiser ceases. In 1870, a few days after the mobilisation of the German Army had been ordered, a friend of Moltke, who was anxious to see him on important private business, called upon him, in some trepidation of mind, expecting to find him overwhelmed with work. He was shown into Moltke's study and found him lying on a sofa reading a French novel. "You could not have come at a better time, my dear fellow," was his welcome. "My work ended when mobilisation was ordered. I begin again when we move to the front." But the German Army is beginning to learn that this precision is not so easy in preparations for Colonial campaigns. They have found that much reliance has to be placed upon the organising capacity of the men on the spot. It is curious that, while the best brains of our army have never yet been able satisfactorily to deal with the accumulation of tradition and red-tape which beset our peace organisation, our officers, as a class, have always shown remarkable organising capacity, under the most untoward conditions, in our small wars. The General Staff points to this reorganisation and to the ease and rapidity with which the loss, caused by De Wet's capture of the

great convoy at Waterval Drift, was made good, as an example of what can be done by men of energy and decision, and direct the attention of their officers to the invaluable experience which our small wars have given us.

The comments on Lord Roberts's plan of campaign are of great interest. It is agreed that he was right to make the relief of Kimberley the first step in the advance on Bloemfontein; but they do not altogether agree with the way in which the relief was carried out. It will be remembered that a comparatively small Boer force was actually besieging Kimberley; and that a very much larger force under Cronje was fronting Lord Metheun in the Magersfontein position, and was covering the siege. Lord Roberts's plan was to move with great secrecy and rapidity round Cronje's left flank, and to send the Cavalry Division into Kimberley. French and the cavalry got into Kimberley, but Cronje and the besieging force made good their retreat; the former being run to ground, some days later, at Paardeberg after a pursuit which called for the greatest exertions from the whole army. The General Staff maintain that Lord Roberts's dispositions were designed to manœuvre Cronje out of his position; they say that there was no object in sending troops into Kimberley itself. The information which they have obtained from Boer sources leads them to the conclusion that the siege of Kimberley was never seriously pressed.

The four months' siege of Kimberley, which has been made so much of in the Press, was rather a feint than a serious operation of war. All that the Boers really effected was to cut the water supply, and prevent communication with the outside. Filtered surface water from the mines replaced the regular supply.

The damage which the great bombardment caused the town was so small that an eye-witness reports he had to look about very carefully to see any traces of it.

It is maintained that the English public had formed an exaggerated idea of the necessity for the relief of Kimberley and that this reacted upon the Commander-in-Chief. The General Staff consider that Lord Roberts's object should have been to defeat the covering force under Cronje, and this they say would have brought with it the relief of Kimberley. Had this been Lord Roberts's intention the battle of Paardeberg might have been fought two days earlier, somewhere about the east end of the Magersfontein position. General French's dash on Kimberley and the pursuit of Cronje, with the consequent exhaustion of the horses which had such a serious effect upon the subsequent operations, might have been avoided. "The intention of the Commander-in-Chief merely to manœuvre Cronje out of his position is not in accordance with modern principles of war." The General Staff hold that Lord Roberts's system throughout the whole campaign was to manœuvre rather than to fight, and that his object was to gain his ends without incurring great losses. They make the same point in discussing his refusal to renew the attack after the first day's battle at Paardeberg.

The English methods of conducting the war were chiefly responsible for its length. They endeavoured to obtain decisive victories without serious loss. The first law of war is that the lives of soldiers must be sacrificed without hesitation when the necessity arises. To this law general and soldier alike must submit. . . . After the fruitless, though not exceptionally costly, attacks at Paardeberg, we see pervading all ranks of the English Army a desire to

avoid attack and the consequent losses. This later bore evil fruit, and the steady avoidance of delivering anything like a decisive blow against the Boers was without doubt an essential reason for the duration of the war.

The General Staff might have made their case even stronger than they have. Answering a question in the House of Commons on March 3rd Mr. Arnold Foster stated that the number of warrant officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who were killed or died of wounds during the war was 6,863; the number who died from disease was 12,733, and of these deaths 7,807 were due to enteric fever. Now at Paardeberg, during the battle of February 18th, a great number of Cronje's trek oxen and horses were killed; their bodies lay rotting in the laager or along the river banks for the next few days. On the 23rd and 24th the Modder suddenly rose owing to heavy rain. Many of the bodies were washed down the stream, still more were thrown into the river by the Boers, who seized this opportunity to get rid of the putrid corpses, which were making the laager a very pest-hole. Many of them stuck in the bushes along the banks below the laager. A large part of the force besieging Cronje drew its drinking water from this point. I do not think there is any question that the great epidemic of enteric, which followed on our entry into Bloemfontein, was due to our men having had to drink this foul water. Whether Lord Roberts was right or not in refusing to renew the attack on Cronje's laager, there can be little doubt that his decision did not result in saving life.

But to turn from plans of campaign to the actual operations. General French's cavalry by clever manœuvring and rapid marching seized the passages of the Modder at Klip Drift

on February 13th, two days after leaving the railway. French felt himself obliged to wait for infantry support before making a further movement on Kimberley. The infantry were accordingly pushed up to him as rapidly as possible, which meant sheer dogged marching, often under a burning sun over almost waterless veldt, with an occasional halt of a few hours for food, and with little or no time for sleep. The Sixth Division marched from Waterval Drift on the night of the 13th and 14th, had at Wegdraai a few hours' rest, much disturbed by hostile patrols from Jacobsdaal, and then, pushing on under a drenching rain, joined French at Klip Drift in the early hours of the 15th, having covered twenty-eight miles in little more than twenty-four hours. Those who witnessed the splendid endurance of our infantry, on that occasion, rank this performance not much below the more showy and brilliant achievement of the cavalry next day. The Germans warmly praise the marching powers of our infantry, commenting particularly on the almost complete absence of stragglers, which they say is a clear evidence of the spirit and discipline of the force. Nor do they fail to note the cheery readiness of our men to work and fight under privation. This testimony will doubtless surprise many German readers, the German being brought up to believe that compulsory service is not only a necessity but a blessing, and that under it alone can the highest soldierly qualities be developed. They are accustomed to stigmatise our men as "mercenaries," and while they have never been able to deny their fighting qualities, say that they cannot endure, but must have high feeding and soft living. It is satisfactory to find this libel disproved in German. No infantry ever marched better or endured more

cheerfully than the men who left the Kimberley railway on February 11th and 12th and entered Bloemfontein on March 13th and 14th.

The Sixth Division having freed French, the latter early on February 15th moved out to the relief of Kimberley. The brilliant manner in which he burst through the Boer lines is so well told that I cannot do better than translate the German.

The Cavalry Division assembled about 8 a.m. near Klip Drift, after the Sixth Division had taken over the semi-circular position between the two drifts. Patrols soon succeeded in determining the strength and extent of the enemy's position, for the Boers, contrary to their usual custom, opened fire at long range. Some 800 or 900 of the enemy with three Krupp guns were holding the kopjes north of Klip Drift, in a semicircle about two miles and three-quarters in extent. In the centre of their position was a saddle some 1,000 yards broad connecting two kopjes; this was unoccupied, but was under an effective cross-fire from the kopjes on its flanks. After receiving reports General French ordered all his seven Horse Artillery batteries into action on the heights on the north banks, while two Field Artillery batteries and two heavy 12-pounder naval guns from the Sixth Division added their fire. His intention was to break through the centre of the enemy's position and cross the saddle supported by overwhelming artillery fire. Shortly after 9 a.m. French called his three Brigadiers to him and informed them of his plan. He ordered the 3rd Brigade with its two Horse Artillery batteries to charge across the saddle in the direction of Kimberley. The 2nd Brigade was to follow in support, while the 1st Brigade with the five remaining Horse Artillery batteries, which were ordered to continue firing till the last moment, was to follow in the third line. The 1st and 2nd Brigades deployed at once. The mass of horsemen pressed forward at a steady gallop and were soon hidden in huge clouds of dust. French rode at the head of the 2nd Brigade. The Sixth Division in rear were spectators of a wonderful scene. It was a moment of breathless anxiety. Would not the bold venture end in the utter

destruction of that gallant mass of cavalry? Yet ere the spectators had fully taken in the situation the movement had succeeded. When the clouds of dust raised by more than 6,000 horses had blown aside, the three Brigades were seen reforming 200 yards on the other side of the enemy's position. The road to Kimberley was open. The actual loss was only 11 killed and wounded. This is explained by the great rapidity of the movement, and by the fact that the enemy was completely surprised. The mass of horsemen pressing forward at a rapid pace so impressed the Boer riflemen that some of them actually fled before the cavalry were within effective range, while those who stood their ground shot too high in their excitement. The effective preparation and support of the artillery also contributed materially to the success of the charge. A Boer who was present says—"The fire of the English artillery was so effective that we could hardly raise our heads to shoot."—This charge is one of the most noteworthy events of the campaign. It was the first and last time in the whole war that a large mass of cavalry was launched against infantry. Its brilliant success makes the participation of large masses of cavalry in battle, even when opposed to modern rifles, appear anything but a senseless enterprise. It must, however, be admitted that to gallop through the space between two thin lines of skirmishers is quite a different matter to riding through infantry formed in many successive lines.

French reached Kimberley without further trouble. That same night Cronje broke up his laager and began his retreat on Bloemfontein, moving under cover of darkness across the front of the Sixth Division. From the heights of Klip Drift on the morning of the 16th, General Kelly Kenny saw the long column of dust raised by Cronje's waggons. Guessing what had happened he at once launched his Division in that ding-dong pursuit which ended, two days later, at Paardeberg. Lord Kitchener, who was with the Division, directed French to hurry back from Kimberley to head off Cronje at Koodoosrand

Drift, and ordered a concentration of the remainder of the force at the same place. French received the news of Cronje's movement on the night of the 16th. His Division had been scattered in the pursuit of the besieging force, and he had at hand only the 2nd Brigade, two Horse Artillery batteries, and a couple of detached squadrons, scarcely more than 1,000 men. With this small force he hurried southwards. Meanwhile Cronje, whose march had been delayed by the pertinacity with which the Sixth Division clung to his rear, made a great effort to shake off the pursuit by a forced march on the night of February 16th and 17th. At 8 a.m. on the 17th the exhaustion of his cattle compelled him to halt at Wolveskraal Drift a few miles east of Paardeberg. He, however, flattered himself that by his efforts he had eluded pursuit.

Cronje resumed his march about mid-day. He intended to cross the Modder at Koodoosrand and Wolveskraal Drifts. His first waggons were just approaching the last-named ford, when suddenly several shells burst close to them. The greatest confusion ensued. The heights at Cameelfontein north of the drift appeared to be crowned by a long line of artillery. There was a wild rush for cover. Cronje held it impossible to continue the march. He believed that the English infantry had already caught him up. Having received information that the Cavalry Division had been engaged the day before in a series of exhausting skirmishes 18 miles north of Kimberley, he considered it absolutely impossible that they could have reached the Modder. Yet it was the untiring French who by his energy had brought the impossible to pass.

For the remainder of the day French, with his handful of troopers, held Cronje, who at this time outnumbered him by about six to one, by a skilful use of dismounted fire imposing upon Cronje the belief that

he was in presence of an immensely superior force of infantry. The Boers gave up all idea of retirement, and busied themselves with strengthening their position. Thus next day they were hemmed in by the infantry who were hurrying up. This was one of French's greatest achievements throughout the war, and though it has not as yet attracted in England all the attention it deserves, it has been fully appreciated by the Germans. It is probably the finest example since the days of Stuart and Forrest of what dismounted cavalry well handled can do, and shows us what we may expect when our cavalry are armed with a good rifle and trained to use it.

The question whether Lord Kitchener was right in attacking the Boers on February 18th has been hotly debated. The opinions expressed by the General Staff on this point, and on Lord Kitchener's leadership, are worth hearing.

Cronje's fate seemed sealed. It was only a question whether it were better to attack him at once, or to be content with a blockade, and to leave it to time, hunger, and bombardment to compel the Boers to surrender. Lord Kitchener had good reason for attacking at once. It was well known that a number of strong Boer detachments were hurrying up from Bloemfontein and the Orange River to Cronje's assistance. Their arrival might have negated all the results hitherto gained. The situation therefore called for immediate action. The English had learnt by bitter experience that the Boers were so skilled in rapidly strengthening positions, that to leave them time was to increase greatly the difficulties of attack. While the Boer trenches were still weak, it appeared possible to overcome their resistance without heavy loss, the more so as the available information about the enemy led to the belief that great depression reigned in their ranks and that their power of resistance had been much reduced by the untiring pursuit of the previous days. Lastly the early capture of the large number of waggons, and of

the stores of supplies in the enemy's possession, appeared of the greatest importance to the rapid and successful prosecution of the advance on Bloemfontein, in view of the deficiency of transport and the threatening attitude of the supply question. On these grounds the decision of the Chief of the Staff to attack at once, with the superior force he had at hand, appears to us thoroughly justified. The manner in which this decision was carried out was not, however, fortunate. The battle of Paardeberg on February 18th shows no signs of leadership or of tactical combination. Three separate actions were fought which were carried out without any connection at different points and at different times. The attack required careful preparation, as Lord Kitchener had here to deal with an enemy already in a well-entrenched position. Instead of an attack conducted according to a uniform plan, the battle was nothing but a number of isolated attempts to storm the enemy's position without any proper artillery support. Single brigades, and even battalions, were put into the fight one after the other, and this is the real reason of the failure. The mobile enemy was enabled to move his strength from the less threatened parts of the battlefield to the decisive spots and to meet every attack in force. These mistakes may be explained in various ways, but they were chiefly due to the fact that Lord Kitchener altogether underestimated his opponent's power of resistance. In his opinion it only required an energetic advance and attack to make the Boers lay down their arms. When he was reconnoitring the Boer position in the early morning, he turned to the officers who accompanied him, and, drawing his watch from his pocket, exclaimed—"Gentlemen, it is now 6.30, at 10 o'clock we shall be in possession of the enemy's laager, and at 10.30 I will send off General French and the cavalry to Bloemfontein." When it became apparent that it would be a really difficult matter to overcome the enemy's resistance, Lord Kitchener began to act hastily. Still influenced by the one idea, to get possession of the enemy's laager as quickly as possible, he threw his battalions one after the other into the fight and eventually sacrificed Colonel Hannay and his gallant men. The Chief of the Staff wanted to command each unit, down to the battalions, himself, and addressed his orders direct to them

over the heads of the Divisional Generals. Like the majority of the senior officers of the English Army, he had had, as he himself has admitted, no practice in controlling large bodies of troops. The experience he had gained in the Soudan campaigns was of no value under the different conditions of the Boer War. Even born soldiers, with a natural aptitude for leading, among whom the former Chief of the Staff in South Africa must be reckoned, require practice in the handling of large masses of troops to enable them to appreciate the friction and difficulties inseparable therefrom. That the operations had in the end such a fortunate issue is due less to the manner in which they were conceived and carried out, than to the faults committed by the enemy. General Cronje was a brave soldier, but was in no way fitted for his high position, as the Boers themselves afterwards recognised when too late. The state of affairs which existed in the Boer army was such as is only possible in a militia force; the bitter experiences that the Boers went through are a lesson and a warning to all advocates of such a system.

The events of the battle of February 18th are generally well known, with the exception of the story of "the sacrifice of Colonel Hannay and his gallant men." As told by the General Staff it is certainly a notable incident in the battle. Colonel Hannay was in command of a considerable force of Mounted Infantry and had accompanied the Sixth Division during the pursuit of Cronje.

While the Sixth Division were deploying for attack on the south bank, Colonel Hannay was advancing on both sides of the river against the Boers, who held the small watercourses east of the laager. The advance here was not pressed and the Mounted Infantry were engaged at long range, because, in accordance with Lord Kitchener's orders they were to advance in conjunction with two battalions of the 18th Brigade, the Essex and the Welsh. As the afternoon drew on, and there were no signs of these battalions, Colonel Hannay sent a galloper to inform Lord Kitchener that he considered it impossible to attack with the

Mounted Infantry alone, as this would only lead to a useless sacrifice of life. This report reached Lord Kitchener about 1.30 p.m. at a time when he was much annoyed by the want of success of the attack of the Sixth Division. He had an explicit order sent to Colonel Hannay directing him immediately to attack the laager in any circumstances, if necessary with the Mounted Infantry alone, let the attack cost what it might. Colonel Hannay thereupon ordered Lieut.-Colonel De Lisle to advance to the attack with the Mounted Infantry actually engaged. He himself collected from 50 to 60 men behind the firing line, and made them mount. With this small band he then rode through his own firing line to the Boer trenches; while yet some 300 yards from the enemy his horse was shot under him, he got up and hurried after his men on foot, till he fell, pierced by many bullets, scarcely 200 yards from the enemy's position. Only two men of that gallant band got back, the remainder were either killed or wounded, several, including Hannay's adjutant, were taken prisoners because their horses though wounded were yet able to carry them into the enemy's lines. The charge of this handful of horsemen, though it is a brilliant testimony to the gallantry of the troops, could in itself have no decisive result, yet it enabled the firing line to get within 350 yards of the enemy, as the fire of the Boers was during the charge directed chiefly against the mounted men.

The story of this charge has long been current among soldiers in various forms. How far the actual details given by the General Staff are correct it is impossible to say, as they do not name their authorities. If their account be the true one, we can only hope that a Tennyson will be found to give it the fame it deserves.

When Lord Roberts arrived on February 19th he decided to invest Cronje and not to renew the attack. From that day till the 27th the army watched, with ever increasing wonder, the stubborn resistance opposed to us by the enemy in his loathsome position. When at last on the 27th the surrender came there

was little enthusiasm. It had happened about midday on the 19th that Cronje, either from deliberate cunning or from a simple misunderstanding, conveyed to Lord Kitchener the impression that he meant to surrender unconditionally. The news of the surrender was officially announced to the troops, who, still hot with the previous day's battle, broke into wild enthusiasm. But on the 27th the one feeling of admiration for the gallant men, who had faced odds so long in such a hopeless position overpowered any feeling of triumph. Englishmen who that day saw the kindly respect with which the youngest private treated the prisoners will ever be proud to belong to the race. As the line of ragged uncouth farmers filed past the guard of honour, drawn up to pay them a compliment they did not understand, many a private handed over a share of his sorry half-ration, or a pipeful of the little store of tobacco he had small hope of being able to replenish. The General Staff pay a handsome but well-deserved tribute to the behaviour of our men, which it is to be hoped will be read and marked by those who calumniated us during the war.

The surrender of the Boers was carried out without any contretemps in a thoroughly dignified manner. Lord Roberts greeted the gallant Cronje with the words, "You have made a brave defence, sir," and invited him to partake of refreshment in his tent. The troops followed the good example set by the Commander-in-Chief, and vied with each other in providing food and drink for the half-starved prisoners. All gave willingly of the little they had, and the prisoners were treated with every consideration. A German officer who fought with the Boers and was taken prisoner at Paardeberg states: "The treatment we received from the English officers and soldiers was in every way kindly and humane. Not only the officers but the Tommies too behaved to the prisoners as thorough gentlemen."

In face of the many falsehoods about the English methods of warfare, which have been published throughout the world by an ill-informed Press, it appears to be our duty, as historians who value the truth, to emphasise the fact, which is established by our knowledge of the actual circumstances, that the English methods of warfare were always thoroughly chivalrous and humane, so long as any regularly organised commandos remained in the field, as indeed were those of the Boers themselves. Later on, when the defective organisation and bad discipline of the Boer militia caused the commandos to break up, those Boers who remained in the field fought for the most part as irregulars. The difficulty of distinguishing between a regularly organised force and an armed populace naturally embittered the much-trying English troops, and made the severity of the measures adopted not only excusable but necessary.

There is not much that is new to be said about the wild Boer flight on March 7th from Poplar Grove. The comments on the battle of Driefontein, which took place three days later on March 10th, are, however, original and valuable. Lord Roberts, having apparently made up his mind that the Boers did not intend to stand between Poplar Grove and the immediate neighbourhood of Bloemfontein, issued an order on March 9th regulating the advance of the army for the next four days, and directing it to move in three columns on a wide front. As it turned out, the infantry of the left column under General Kelly Kenny became seriously engaged on the first day, and it was at once necessary to modify the original order for the advance. The General Staff criticise these dispositions adversely.

The preconceived idea of the improbability of the enemy making a serious stand, which prevailed at English Headquarters, had nothing to justify it. It was, however, as so easily happens in war, obstinately persisted in, and might

have led to disastrous consequences. Had the Sixth Division, whose victory was in doubt till the last moment, been beaten, the great distance of the centre column from the battlefield would have made it impossible to restore the fortunes of the day. The orders framed by the English Headquarters regulating the advance for four days ahead, without allowing for the timely concentration of the army to either flank, can only be explained by this false assumption of the enemy's intentions. These orders directed the future movements of the army without sufficiently taking into consideration what the enemy could do, and in no small degree added to General Kelly Kenny's difficulties in the direction of the action.

Six thousand Boers with sixteen guns under Delarey, De Wet, and Philip Botha, were in position across the march of the left column, and were determined to stand to save the capital of the Free State. This force was discovered at Abraham's Kraal by the cavalry early on the morning of March 10th. General Kelly Kenny with the Sixth Division was ordered to bend to the right to avoid the kopjes at that place, whereupon the Boers, seeing this movement, rapidly changed position to the kopjes north of Driefontein, where they were again across his line of march. The cavalry reported the enemy to be retiring, and not until his advance-guard had been some time under fire did General Kelly Kenny discover that all the information he had received was false, and that the enemy meant to fight. He then at once made his dispositions for what turned out to be one of the most brilliant infantry actions in the war. The way in which artillery and infantry co-operated, and the nicety with which the final assault was timed, appeal to the connoisseurs who write this book.

They draw a sharp contrast between the systematic procedure at Driefontein and the slipshod methods of Paardeberg.

The attack in this action was carried out on essentially different principles from those acted on at Paardeberg. Whereas in the latter action the force was broken up into isolated and disconnected detachments, the attack at Driefontein was connectedly and simultaneously carried out against front and flank. General Kelly Kenny after a careful personal reconnaissance arrived at a more correct appreciation of the situation than that which prevailed at Headquarters. That in the absence of any directions from superior authority he should have taken upon himself the control of the action, with a ready assumption of initiative, deserves the more recognition, because in attacking he was deliberately going against the view prevalent on the Headquarters Staff. He well knew that there was little confidence in Headquarters in the success of an attack. Lord Roberts had that very day expressed his desire to avoid a serious engagement. The strength and energy of the attack of the Sixth Division gave the Boers their first real lesson in the superiority of English arms. By this victory their power of resistance was first completely broken, and the gates of the capital of the Free State were opened to the English. Without this decisive success, which had such disastrous consequences for the Boers, the situation of the British Army after its entry into Bloemfontein would have been much more difficult than it actually was, for a few effective commandos still in the field would have been sufficient to place the English in a very serious position, by raiding their communications. The anniversary of Driefontein will always be a red letter day for the Sixth Division and its gallant Commander.

Three days later Lord Roberts entered Bloemfontein, and with this the volume closes.

PARTICEPS.

ALFRED AINGER.

ABOUT the middle of last Michaelmas term the Master of the Temple paid to us at Cambridge what we then little thought would prove a farewell visit. Its immediate occasion was the delivery at Newnham of one of those detached lectures in which he excelled,—his subject being the LYRICAL BALLADS (one of the landmarks so to speak of his literary faith) whose origin and growth he had some thirteen years ago traced in a paper, masterly in its way, contributed by him to the volumes of this magazine. I could not attend the lecture, but we had some talk before and after his discourse on topics connected with its theme, and there was no cankering rust to be noticed on his usual brightness of mind. The serious illness from which he had not many months before recovered had, to be sure, left certain physical traces; and he incidentally spoke of the necessity of sooner or later relinquishing part of his clerical work. But he seemed in the main quite himself during the brief period of his stay; and once more I enjoyed the delight of living with him for a day or two, as we had

lived full many a year.
So well, I cannot tell how.

Almost immediately, however, after his return to town, we heard of the peremptory advice which imposed upon him complete rest as the only possible preventive of a danger previously at the most half-suspected. We continued to hope for the best, though "our fears our hopes belied." We heard that at Christmas-time he en-

tered not once, but twice, the historic sanctuary from which his name will never be dissociated, and that once he even ministered at its altar. Not long afterwards we were gladdened by the news that the loving care of those to whom he owed the chief happiness of his later years was tending him in that second home in the Midlands which had become so dear to him. Alas, it was here that, in accordance with his own desire, he was laid to rest during the February storms. One or two of us remain who knew and loved him already in that brief May-term of life into which it is not very easy even for those surrounded by the movement and aspirations of youth to dream themselves back again,—one or two who remember him, fragile and eager as he continued to the last, but before his locks were in "silver slips," and before an always innocent exuberance had to accept restraints which an inborn tact prevented from seeming unnatural. And I suppose it is because I happen to be one of those few that I find myself trying to put on paper something of what I know, or remember, of Alfred Ainger. My hand is, in some ways at least, too stiff or too tired to perform such a task with adequacy; but I cannot quite bring myself to forego the opportunity of seeking to express the sense of his rare gifts, and of what, notwithstanding many hindrances, he accomplished with them, which has had its part in the affection I have borne him since we were young together.

Of Ainger's early days we never

heard very much. That his family was of French descent was in his case, as in Garrick's, almost proved by his personality without any need of appealing to the evidence of name; and when two Spitalfields weavers who shared it with him came all the way to Hampstead to appeal to their joint Huguenot ancestry, he readily owned the obvious impeachment. His mother he lost when he was quite young; from his father, an architect who attained to professional reputation, he had a few good stories showing that there was an element of heredity in his humour. I think that he shared this gift, and his love of literature, with the sister by whose side he had been brought up, and of whom he must have thought when picturing Charles and Mary Lamb over their *TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE*. The earlier part of his school education Ainger received at a private school in Maida Vale, kept by Dr. King and his daughter Louisa (afterwards Mrs. Menzies). I cannot say whether it was under their sympathetic guidance, or even earlier, that he became familiar with that standard anthology of *ELEGANT EXTRACTS* which he was so fond of praising, though later generations lift eyebrows at the name; but it was certainly under the influence of these excellent teachers, as he often told me, that he acquired that habit of constant resort to the best literature by which the lives of men and women are ennobled more surely than by the accidents of birth and state. More than one well-known man of letters sent their sons to this preparatory school; and as it happened, one of Ainger's fellow-pupils was the eldest son of Charles Dickens. It was thus that the boy was brought into the most delightful personal contact with the great author,—in some ways almost equally "inimitable" as an actor and a stage-manager—and

became a votary of his genius for life. And it was thus also that there was awakened in him that love of the stage which is not to be shaken off when it has once taken hold of a responsive nature like his. The period of our *Historia Historionica* with which the days of our youth coincided was one in which the English stage was rich with many varieties of humour, some of them original in the highest degree, others most subtly compounded. How marvellously Ainger could reproduce the essential qualities of all,—the innocent drollery of Keeley, the unctuous fun of Buckstone, the dry twinkle of Compton, Alfred Wigan's delicate refinement, Charles Mathews's sublime imperturbability, and Robson's hurricane of grotesque passion! Tragedians, too, of whom Charles Kean was then the chief, were among the puppets in his bag. Nothing could have been more extraordinary than Ainger's mimetic power, which took a far wider range than the imitation of particular parts or persons, and which in later days made listeners to his readings *know* that they were in the company of The O'Mulligan, or of Sludge the Medium, or of Sir John Falstaff himself. Ainger remained a friend of the stage to the very last,—but not of all that he found, or rather that he left unsought, there. His eclecticism was by no means illiberal, but it was unmistakable in its decisiveness, and he shrank from what was meretricious as instinctively as he shunned what was coarse.

From school Ainger went on to King's College, where consciously or unconsciously he was to become subject to new influences. His studentship at King's fell in a time to which he must have looked back with a painful interest after he had to enter more deeply than we can suppose him to have done at college into the theolo-

gical teaching of Frederick Denison Maurice, who about this time was subjected to an inquisitional process with a highly arbitrary ending. Though Ainger was no theologian by disposition and not very much of one in after days by habit, his mind was singularly well adapted for assimilating to itself what was both broadest and deepest in the principles of this potent religious teacher; nor can there be any doubt whatever as to the degree in which both his indignation and his sympathy were stirred by the proceedings that "turned good Professor Maurice out."

When in 1856 Ainger entered at Trinity Hall, he seems to have had some thoughts of the Bar, and he certainly read law with a tutor, now one of the veterans of the University. But his physical strength was wholly unequal to any such career, and though he obtained a scholarship at his college, he could not have kept up the effort requisite for distinction in a Tripos, any more than he could have striven for success in the sports of the field or the river. Thus the chief interests of his life still centred in his love of pure literature. Nor was fate unkind to him in his choice of a college, even from this point of view, apart from the congenial preferments of which his connexion with it was in one sense the final cause. Trinity Hall was then already under the guidance of a tutor justly famed for his knowledge of men, but deep down in whose nature there also abode a genuine love of the best books. Ainger, who in later days was frequently Dr. Henry Latham's guest at his Lodge or in his country-house off the Trumpington Road, loved and revered him to the last, and when I fetched him away from Southacre shortly before the Master's death, he was full of praises of the octogenarian's wit and wisdom. At Trinity Hall, too, another fellow was then in

residence, who afterwards became one of the most distinguished citizens of the world of letters which is at this time mourning his loss. Sir Leslie Stephen's *LIFE OF FAWCETT* gives an incomparable picture of the Trinity Hall of those days; and Fawcett, though not himself of a literary turn, delighted in Ainger, and when the great calamity of his brave life befell him, found something better than a diversion in the reading of his silver-voiced younger friend. Fawcett had probably first made his acquaintance through another fellow of the college, the George Atkinson who during the whole of Ainger's life remained one of the staunchest and most intimate of his friends. Among his fellow-undergraduates at Trinity Hall were our common friend Mowbray Donne, who has inherited from his gifted father, not to speak of remoter ancestors, a vein of true literary feeling, and another life-long friend of Ainger's, Horace Smith, "the man who wrote the *SIRENS*," a charming poet as well as a genuine wit. And the periphrasis reminds me that it must have been the launching of one of those university magazines, which to quote Ainger's own words, in each successive generation of undergraduates "come like shadows and in a year or two depart," which first brought us together. This particular enterprise was conducted to a premature end by the fearless Haweis, —fearless even before the satire of the author of *THE BEAR*, in comparison with which all academic wit of later generations has for his contemporaries an unaccountable insipidity. But Ainger was at no time of his life, not even in adolescence, particularly fond of rushing into print; and it was the love of reading rather than of writing that brought us together in our rooms or in our walks, or in the hospitable drawing-room of Mr. Alexander Mac-

millan, of whom, and of whose whole family, Ainger became and remained the cherished friend.

In the Lent term of 1860 Ainger took his degree. He had by this time entirely given up the notion of the Bar, and he certainly never thought (fewer young men ran the always serious risk than now) of making a profession of literature. He may have lacked certain powers which would have been necessary for the purpose; but had it been otherwise, he was not one who mistook facility of expression for gift of style, or who looked upon style itself as independent of the matter which nourishes it. This was a characteristic very notable in a writer whom it is usual, and certainly just, to extol for the charm of his style, but who very rarely wrote unless he had something to say, and rarely failed to think of what this something was before he thought how he would say it. Many a time have I heard him descant in private as well as in public on the simple but much neglected principle implied in this practice: *materia alit*. In his delightful paper on Nether Stowey¹ there is an admirable passage developing the truth "that all true eloquence is inherent in the thought expressed"; and in one of his latest public deliverances at Bristol,—the lecture on *Poetæ mediocres*,² which conceals some very pointed teaching beneath its playfulness—he does not shrink from applying a test which so many of the tribe and its followers are wont to spurn as unspeakably commonplace, but which in point of fact is the cardinal test of the highest criticism: "Is the thing said by the new poet in itself worth saying?"

Before the end of 1860 Ainger

¹ Printed in this Magazine for February, 1889.

² Printed in this Magazine for December, 1894.

was ordained, and immediately entered upon a curacy, which he held for four years, at Alrewas near Lichfield, under the Rev. R. K. Haslehurst, the brother-in-law of the Fellow of Trinity Hall to whose friendship for him I have already made reference.³ He could not but come to recognise here before long that the work of a country clergyman was not a sphere of activity for which he was naturally fitted. Already his sermons as a curate were too finely touched for the ears to which they were addressed; and though he could not fail, with something of Crabbe's insight, to be aware of both the pathetic and the humorous sides of the rustic life around him, he saw more quickly than Crabbe that he was not likely to influence it effectively. I much doubt whether parochial work of any kind would have really suited him, though at a later date he took a step in this direction, which he quickly retraced. Perhaps a London parish might have fitted him better than any other, being, as he was, a Londoner by birth and breeding, and never altogether content out of town. For the same reason, he was never a great traveller, though I have spent pleasant days with him both in Florence, in the company of the younger Macmillans, and at Paris, under the fascinations of the *Comédie Française*. Scotland, where many houses were always open to him, was in his later years his favourite holiday haunt.

But in the discursiveness of these remembrances I have left him still at Alrewas. Singularly susceptible

³ As to Ainger's life at Alrewas I have been favoured by some most interesting reminiscences, of which I have been allowed to make free use, by the late Mr. Haslehurst's brother-in-law, the Ven. H. F. Bather, Archdeacon of Ludlow, for whom Ainger always entertained a deep regard.

throughout his life as he was to the influence of domestic surroundings, and rarely revealing the depths of his nature except under the sunshine of female friendship, it was here that the beautiful responsiveness which was his supreme charm was first fully evoked. At the Vicarage he was treated as a friend of the house, and many of his friends were in their turn made welcome—

Their only title that they came with
him.

The line is adapted from an idyll, *THE SCHOLAR'S DAY-DREAM*, published in 1868 by one of these friends, Alsager Hay Hill, and conceived and executed under the influence of Tennyson,—an influence which possessed Ainger himself through most of his life. The poem therefore remains a fit memorial of early friendships,—easily identified by those who remember “their fellow-students by the Cam”—and more especially of the good Vicar of Alrewas, and of her who, until her too early death in 1865, was the guiding-star of his home. As those who knew her best agree, she must have been a lady of rare charm and high spirituality; to Ainger she was most assuredly a very true friend, and throughout the long silence of the years remaining to him a consecrated remembrance.

From Alrewas, in 1864, Ainger followed the good friend who had introduced him thither, to Sheffield, as an assistant-master in the Collegiate School. I make no doubt that some at least of the boys in that seminary (where I found him spending very happy days among cherished friends) owed to him the impulse derivable from the kind of literary teaching which in after days at Bristol, where the presence of his friend Professor Rowley allowed him to speak with freedom, he distinguished from that

more generally in vogue, and which may be differentiated from the latter as arousing rather than killing interest. He has summarised his notions on the subject, which *mutatis mutandis* he was not afraid to carry out wherever he was called upon to teach or lecture—at the Crystal Palace where his ally (Sir) George Grove had captured him as an assistant, and afterwards even in the august surroundings of the Royal Institution itself—in the preface to his anthology of *TENNYSON FOR THE YOUNG*. “It is hoped that this little volume may be found acceptable in the school-room, as well as in the hours of leisure and recreation”; *but*, “it is distinctly not intended as a school-book, nor as an indirect instrument of studying grammar, the English language, or the Lives of the Poets.”

The course of Ainger's life, which I am accompanying by a somewhat devious commentary, was finally determined on lines singularly harmonising with his special gifts and tastes, and destined to bring into the light of common day some of his choicest qualities, when in 1866 he was appointed to the Readership of the Temple. A kindly influence, connected both with his Cambridge college and with the nominating Society of the Inner Temple, was at work in his favour; nor were the Benchers likely to be shocked, as was a member of a West End congregation to which he preached shortly before his appointment, with the appearance in the pulpit of “so old a man.” For my part, I subscribe to the opinion that there was little outward difference, except in a shade or so of the hair and a lower bend of the back, between the Master of 1900 and the undergraduate of 1860. I can remember how we celebrated the appointment of the new Reader on a summer evening at

Richmond, and how Fawcett toasted the prosperity of our friend who had secured a better prize than falls to the lot of many, a position in every way congenial to himself.

The duties on which he proceeded to enter were made doubly pleasant to him by the associations which henceforth continuously grew up between him and the Temple, and which linked themselves with some of the names most cherished by him in the history of English letters; and by the warm personal feeling which in the course of time came to attach him to the Master's house. Till 1869 the Mastership was filled by Archdeacon Robinson, whose meditations, according to Sir George Rose as reported by Ainger, were always in the *Via Sacra*, and who, had he fulfilled the prophecy of the same great wit of the Temple, would have left it by Mitre Court. But his successor, Dr. Vaughan,—strenuous even in retirement, and endowed with an unequalled flow of exquisite topical eloquence—was immediately and enduringly attracted to the Reader, who always spoke of him with the warmest appreciation and affection. There was, however, a further bond of union with the Temple and its cherished church which the future was steadily to strengthen; and this was the musical element in the services that had now become the central interest of his life. Once more he was fortunate, both in finding so distinguished a musician as Dr. Hopkins in office as organist of the Temple, and afterwards in the appointment of his successor. Ainger's friend, Dr. H. Walford Davies who was thus officially associated with him during the last period of his Mastership, has most kindly communicated to me some reminiscences of his musical interests and predilections, of which unfortunately I can reprint here only a part.

Though his musical sympathies [Dr. Davies writes] were wide, he was always and essentially a lover of melody, and that of a very definite type. The tunes that seemed to please him most were such as were restful and yet ardent. It was his unailing habit to sing his instrumental favourites,—and they seemed countless—to curious but appropriate syllables of his own invention, marking the typical *crescendo* by some appreciative gesture and generally ending with the exclamation "Ah, beautiful!" or with a smile. His strong love for his own kind of melody, his constancy to all his favourites from early Beethoven and Schubert days at the Crystal Palace Concerts, and a retentive memory had earned for him a reputation—in which he seemed to take a certain pleasure—of being able to quote all the "sound subjects" that were ever written. His love of Schubert can scarcely have been less devoted than that which he cherished towards any musician or poet besides Shakespeare. . . . His sympathetic interest in the music at the Temple Church was, as may readily be guessed, great and constant. Before he left the Master's House, never to return, he scanned, eagerly as ever, the service-list for January and counted up what he should miss, expressing regret that he should not hear Bach's music. He had the deepest regard for S. S. Wesley and invariably asked for certain of his most beautiful anthems, especially for the simple "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," which was sung at the Temple Memorial Service on February 12th last. . . . One rare quality in his appreciation of Church music must be specially noted. He seemed to honour it as an integral part of the worship, and not as a dispensable or ornamental adjunct. More than once his sermons have been deliberately chosen to amplify or enforce the teaching or feeling of the anthem; and he loved to hear a strain of music after his sermon that should agree with its spirit. . . . On the other hand, he deprecated the taint of performance,—and never more powerfully than in one of his last sermons preached at St. Paul's Cathedral to a great assembly of Church choirs, in which he declared that where Church music became an end in itself, there idolatry began.

Dr. Davies has also sent the follow-

ing verses which he has been kindly allowed to transmit to me for publication, and which were written by Ainger when he visited the Schumann festival at Bonn, a celebration of which Madame Joachim's singing of Schumann's SONNTAG AM RHEIN was one of the most touching incidents :

AT THE GRAVE OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.
August 17th, 1873.

WHEN the soul, with sorrow laden,
Hears no answer to its moan
In the jocund voice of Haydn,
Or Mozart's pellucid tone ;—

When our Schubert's magic lyre
Fails to lead us at its will,
And the deeps of our desire
E'en Beethoven cannot still !—

When the mists that bound things
human
We have sought to pierce in vain,—
Then we turn to thee, oh Schumann !
Bid thee sing to us our pain.

For there's rapture in thy sadness,
And such joy in thy despond ;
And thy drifting clouds of madness
Cannot hide the blue beyond.

Thy revolt can teach endurance ;
And the spirit sore oppressed
In thy fears can find assurance,
In thy restlessness its rest.

From thy bitter draw we sweetness
And a peace from out thy strife,
And a vision of completeness
Broods above thy maimed life.

Then no funeral thoughts be ours,
Take these funeral wreaths away,
Leave the grass to God's own flowers
And the glory of the day.

For, oh pilgrim-friends who wander
To this lonely artist-shrine,
It is Sunday—and see, yonder,
Flows the blue unchanging Rhine !

Bonn, August, 1873.

After Ainger had become officially connected with the Temple, he established himself for a time in Tanfield Court ; but the ladies who occasion-

ally presided over his afternoon tea-cups were right in judging him unsuited to that bachelor life in chambers which some of us found so much to our taste. Fortunately, not very long after his appointment, he was able to set up house at Hampstead (hardly a stone's throw from the famed Judges' Walk), where loving care gradually made for him a delightful home. On these kindly northern heights some of the very happiest years of his life were spent ; here he enjoyed a society which has contrived to preserve something of the literary flavour of the past, and to evince its self-respect by means of antiquarian gatherings, and a literary Annual of its own. To this last Ainger was a faithful contributor ; and, unless I mistake, the very last thing printed by him was a paper on GEORGE CRABBE IN HAMPSTEAD that appeared in its columns. An earlier contribution to the same serial records his intimacy with another Hampstead celebrity,— a man of genius who never allowed success to run away with self-knowledge—the late George du Maurier. At Hampstead he remained for some years, even after, in 1887, his now established reputation as a preacher, together with his literary eminence and personal popularity, led to his nomination as a Canon of Bristol. His acceptance of the Lord Chancellor's offer led to his periodical domestication in what he soon knew to be one of the kindest and most hospitable of English cities.

In these latitudes, then, the best part of Ainger's working-life was spent. For it was a working-life, though I have heard wonderment expressed that he should not have preferred the bliss of something busier. Those who best knew him, and the value of him, often repeated to one another that a life such as his would not have been wasted even

had its only monument been the affection of his friends,—even of his friends of a day; that to have sweetened and lightened life for so many of us, to have made us less impatient of the apparent dulness of existence, and to have quickened our insight into the half-ignored bounty of the Giver of all, was in itself a result worth reaching. But neither would Ainger's own sense of humour have regarded such a tribute as altogether satisfactory, nor could those who judge him by his actual accomplishment call it just. The limits of his strength, and a fastidiousness of taste which was as much a second nature to him as was his occasional elation of spirit, taught him self-restraint, but idleness was not at all in his way; he strove after excellence, and he achieved it.

As a preacher, and as an occasional lecturer or speaker, he had in his favour a voice and delivery which will long linger as a tradition even among those who were only occasionally brought under the charm. Those who have often heard him preach, and constantly listened to his reading of every kind of good literature,—sacred and solemn, subtle and simple, from the Bible to Shakespeare, from Shakespeare to Browning, from Browning to Dickens, from Dickens to Outram's Lyrics (was not the ANNUITY long our special family treat?) know that the matter had as much to do with the effect as the manner; that no one ever misunderstood a word or a cadence because the reader was always master of what he read. And in a sense this applied to his preaching, the power of which grew with his own intellectual and moral advance. The simplicity and directness of his *TEMPLE SERMONS*, published when he was about thirty-four years of age, together with their manifest design of addressing themselves to

the ethical side of religious questions and to their bearing upon the duties of practical life, show in what directions he was to excel in the pulpit. But there can be no doubt that his power as a preacher grew in a very remarkable degree and would in all probability have grown still further, as the wisdom born of piety which his sermons more and more frequently revealed became their predominating note. His Temple audiences were well suited by his matter no less than by his manner; for it is not always vigour of demonstration or subtleness of argument which trained intellects seek as their spiritual nourishment; and Ainger was not so much a stirring or convincing preacher, as one whose eloquence sprang from and refreshed the soul. Pure in its source, often lighted up with liveliest humour, at times fired by a fine scorn of what is common and mean, it was loveliest when it lost itself in the pathos of perfect humility. Thus it came to pass that though his diction was always refined, and though much of the light and shade of his style, and much of the poetic illustration which was without a trace of effort woven into its texture, could only instinctively be appreciated by large popular audiences, he never, at Bristol or elsewhere, seemed to be preaching above the heads of his hearers,—a very sure test of true eloquence.

As a lecturer on literary subjects, —at least in his occasional lectures, for I really know nothing about such systematic courses as he may have delivered—he was invariably delightful, being an expert in the art of letting himself go, without going a step too far. Latterly, when his established reputation, together with the irresistible attraction of his manner, might be relied on to prepossess an audience in his favour, he thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity

of freedom thus granted to him, but his sure tact prevented him from ever abusing it. He was never tempted into more than the semblance of a paradox, and never swerved from the side of good feeling and the charity which thinketh no evil. He had an address on WIT AND HUMOUR, which might perhaps in severer times have hardly served as a standard lecture for a Scottish rhetoric class, and was not historically exhaustive in the genesis of Euphuism, but in which the most systematic of professors could have found more suggestive illustrations than were dreamt of in his philosophy, and which to those who enjoyed it for its own sake was *merum sal*. Ainger was never more irresistible than when he stood behind his reading-desk, his white head just lifted above it, and his eyes slyly watching his audience for a second or so after some palpable hit.

Of literary work proper he produced comparatively little, but hardly anything,—it may be said without hesitation—that was not of incontestable excellence. For forty years or thereabouts the columns of this Magazine were always open to him, but there are often gaps of years between his contributions, and (whether he wrote in his own name, under the felicitous alias of *Doubleday*, or anonymously) he never wrote without personal knowledge of his subject, or special familiarity with it. The best of the literary papers deal with Charles Lamb, with Coleridge and Wordsworth, and with Tennyson. It is curious, but characteristic, that he should have printed so little about Shakespeare, whom he handled daily and nightly; there were, I think, some timely papers by him on Shakespeare's learning in *THE PILOT*, a journal very congenial to Ainger; but he did not care for commentary laid on with the trowel, and had an

edition of Shakespeare by him ever become an accomplished fact, he would not have stood between the poet and the sunlight. The enquiry into the origin of Coleridge's ODE TO WORDSWORTH and the charming essay entitled *NETHER STOWEY*, already mentioned, deserve reprinting, should occasion ever offer, as valuable contributions to literary history; a third paper of special interest is that on *THE DEATH OF TENNYSON*, which skilfully elaborates the present significance of the poem *MERLIN AND THE GLEAM*, printed three years before the poet's decease. Ainger, as is well known, was chosen to write the notice of Tennyson in *THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY*; but though the article is adequate and judicious, it is not perhaps as clear-cut as might have been expected.

But though Tennyson's influence upon Ainger was enhanced by the impression made on him by the poet's personality, his devotion to Wordsworth and Coleridge remained unsurpassed, and included all who were near and dear to them. Thus he must in any case have come to occupy himself specially with Charles Lamb, even had not their common association with the Temple formed a unique kind of link between them. In any case it must, in view of Ainger's most characteristic gifts and qualities, be allowed that fortunate, as he says, Charles Lamb had already been in his "verbal describers," the most congenial of them was awaiting the choicest of our English humourists. The extraordinary success of Ainger's *CHARLES LAMB* (when first published in the *English Men of Letters' Series*, edited by Mr. John Morley) may no doubt be ascribed to a combination of causes,—and primarily no doubt to the right relation in which the tragic interest of his private history was here for the first time placed to the

humorous sides of his life and character. But it must further be allowed that rarely has a biographer better suited form to matter, and more successfully avoided the twin rocks of compression and redundancy. Very naturally, and I think on the whole very justly, so admirable a result was as a rule attributed to the close contact of sympathy between the author and his theme; for though the differences between Lamb and his biographer were as a matter of fact far more numerous than the resemblances, these latter lay above all in the sovereign spontaneity of their humour, in their instinctive love of what was best in our national literature, and in the harmony between their critical judgments and their moral sympathies. In the successive volume of Ainger's edition of Lamb's works and letters this intimacy of mind between editor and writer seems continuously to deepen; and in this respect at least these delightful books are never likely to be superseded.

The second English writer with whose name Ainger has permanently linked his own is Hood, who had himself many affinities with Lamb and was deeply attached to him in life. Among the many melancholy incidents of Hood's own career not the least melancholy was the chilling indifference shown by the public to his first and last volume of serious verse, on which it was not till many years later,—shortly before his premature death—that those last lyrics followed by which, as Ainger says, Hood “lives and will live in the hearts of his countrymen.” Unluckily for himself, he and those he loved had to live by a different kind of production; but he was in his turn fortunate in meeting with a critical biographer thoroughly in his element when analysing the wit and humour which in Hood at least are indifferently blended.

Especially good is the commentary which will long continue to be quoted on Hood's mastery (a more developed one than even Lamb's) of the pun, which became “an element in his fancy, his humour, his ethical teaching, even his pathos.” Ainger himself was always fascinated by excellence in this as in other forms of wit; and it has consequently depressed his friends very much to see him described by well-meaning chroniclers as an inveterate punster,—a misconception of his ways which is almost tragically hopeless.

The last English classic of whom Ainger published a special study was Crabbe, of whom only last year he contributed an admirable critical life to the new series of the English Men of Letters. I read the sheets of this little volume as they passed through the press, and familiar as I was with Ainger's writings was greatly struck by the maturity of judgment which the book exhibits. Crabbe's name has been much before the public of late, owing to many causes, among them perhaps the judicious and sympathetic praise of Edward FitzGerald, the master-critic who, but for Mr. Aldis Wright, would never have been brought to honour. According to custom in our world of letters, an almost sectarian spirit has in consequence possessed itself of some among Crabbe's admirers; and these have refused to be satisfied with Ainger's judgment of their favourite, because, while rendering justice to his high qualities, it does not refuse to recognise his limits as a poet. The single-minded truthfulness and the deep-rooted humanity of Crabbe's poetic genius stand forth with perfect clearness in this admirable biography; while the weaknesses of the man are touched with tenderness as if by the hand of a friend.

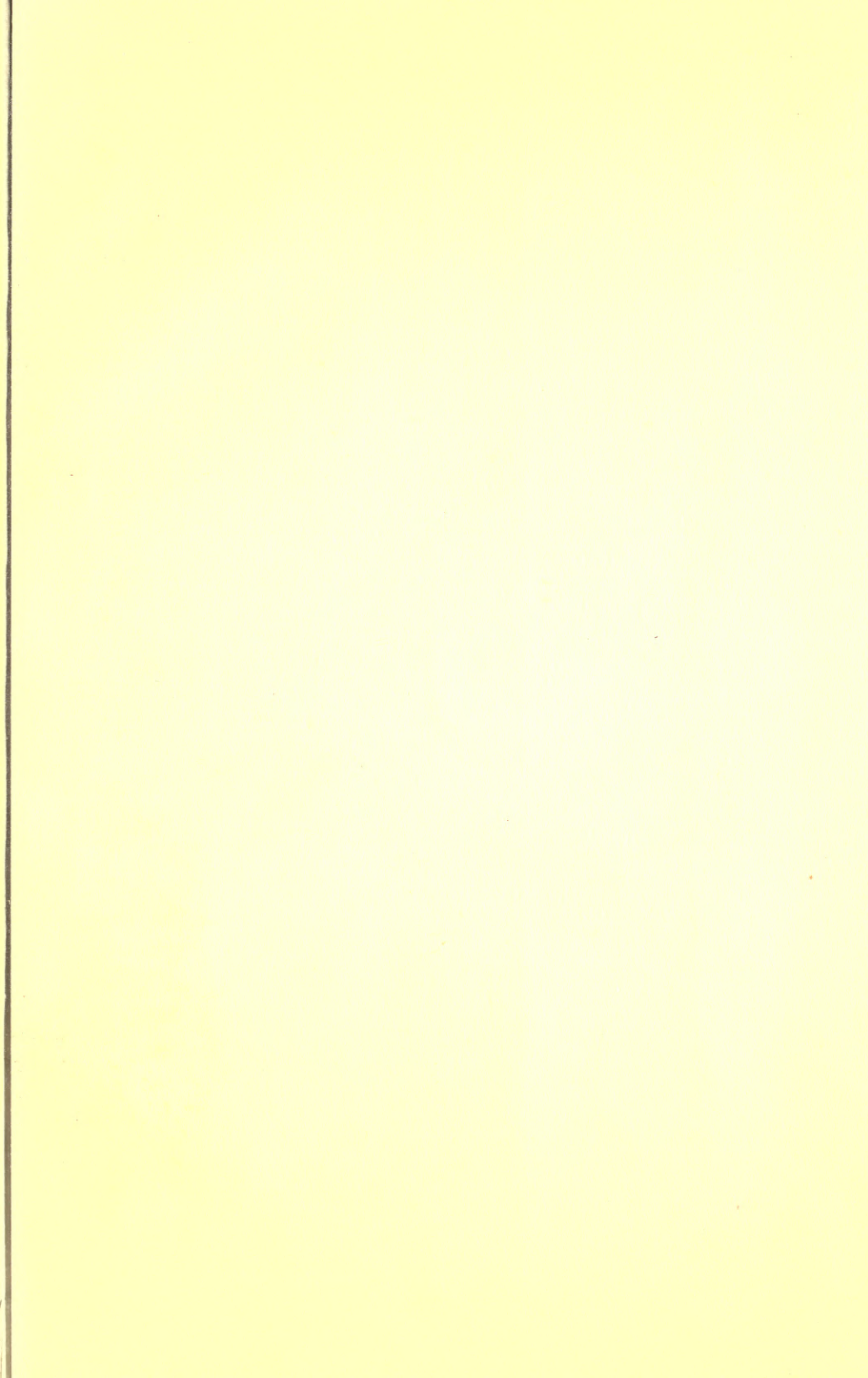
I have in these notes anticipated

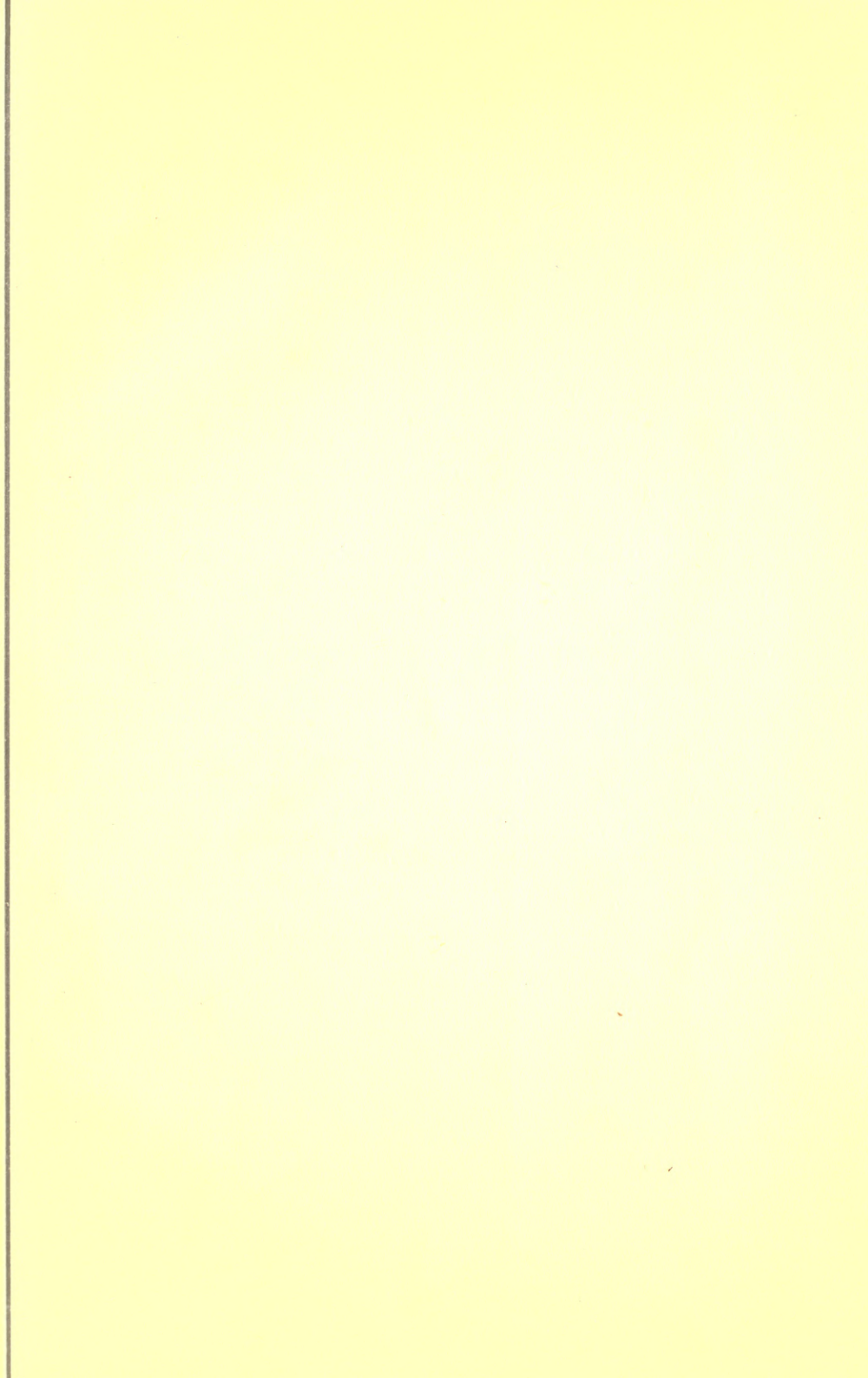
the sequence of events in Ainger's public career. In 1894, a few months after he had resigned his Readership, Lord Rosebery, in a letter which enhanced the compliment implied in the offer contained in it, informed Canon Ainger that he had recommended him to the Crown for appointment to the Mastership of the Temple vacant by the Dean of Llandaff's death. As not long afterwards the Master was named Chaplain to the Queen, and was retained in this office by his present Majesty, Ainger was in his later years full of honours. But on the social side of his life in these years I need not touch; he was able gracefully to dispense the hospitalities of the Master's house; but as has already been said it was in the sanctuary close by that his life really centred, nor will any name in the long list of Masters be more fitly remembered there than his so long as the sacred strains he loved and the divine truths that found in him so eloquent and so loyal a messenger find listeners in the Temple Church.

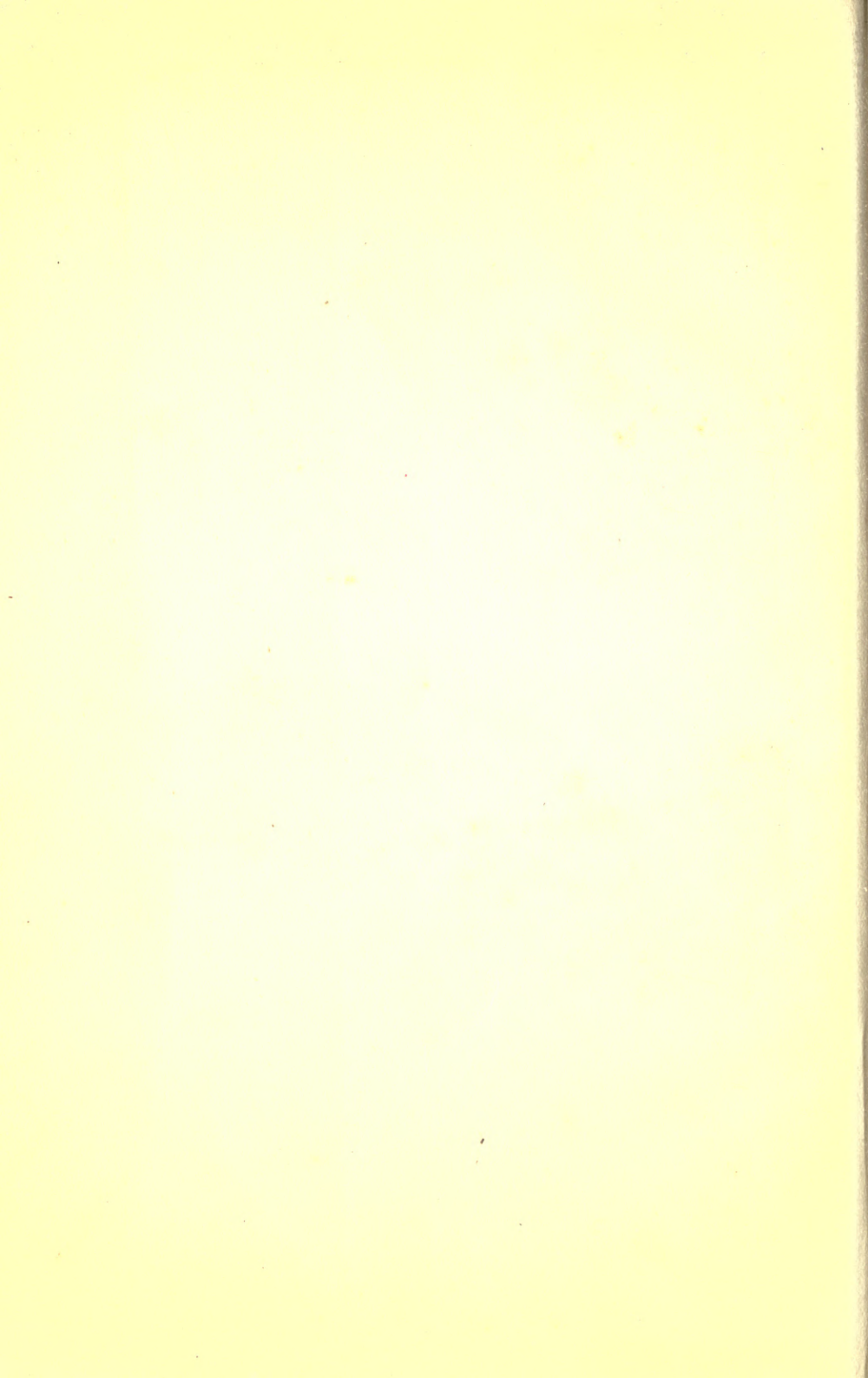
And now he has gone from us. His mere personality, though of all the personalities familiar to us of this generation it was the most original and unique, must gradually be forgotten, or pass from reminiscence into tradition. "Who," as a contemporary wrote of Charles Lamb, "shall describe his countenance, catch its quivering sweetness?" Who, again, shall describe the whole manner of the man, charged as it was with mental electricity, which caught every spark of fresh fancy or fun, and flashed back a scintillation of its own?

To describe these would be not only to reproduce the outward manner, instinct with perpetual motion and a rich changefulness like that of the sea, but to go some way towards indicating the texture of the mind,—delicate, sensitive, with an inborn repugnance to whatsoever was gross, stale, impure, to whatsoever was unreal and insincere and untouched by the piety which, in Chaucer's words, looks on high and thanks God for all. In Ainger, as he said of Charles Lamb, his humour was part and parcel of his character; but with Lamb's biographer, even more distinctively than with Lamb himself, his taste, in the fullest sense of the term, was absolutely inseparable from the humour with which it was associated. Ainger cites a saying of FitzGerald's that "taste is the feminine of genius"; and adds that, like its male companion, it must always be the heritage of the few. One may perhaps venture on the further addition that those to whom true taste appeals, even when united to true humour, are in their turn really a small minority, and that the multitude is attracted by an individuality like Ainger's more on account of what is accidental than of what is essential in it. In any case if a successful attempt is to be made to write of him as he was, it must be made, in his own fashion, not only with commanding insight but with loving care. We, who were his contemporaries, may cheerfully leave this task to some member of the younger generation, who prized him as we did ourselves, though the loss of him cannot make such a gap in their lives as it leaves in ours.

A. W. WARD.







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Macmillan's magazine

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