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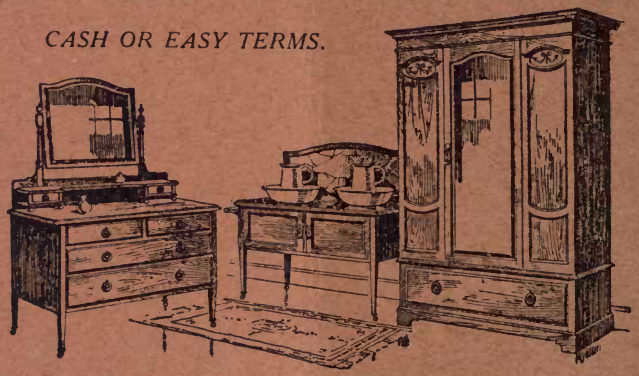

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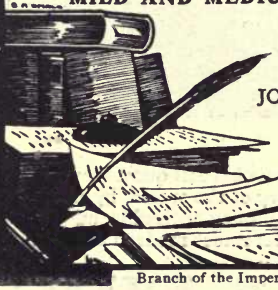

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THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1922.

OVINGTON'S BANK.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE terraced garden at Garth rested to the south and east on a sustaining wall so high that to build it to-day would tax the resources of three Squires. Unfortunately, either for defence or protection from the weather, the wall rose high on the inner side also, so that he who walked in the garden might enjoy indeed the mellow tints of the old brickwork, but had no view of the country except through certain loop-holes, gable-shaped, which pierced the wall at intervals, like the port-holes of a battleship. If the lover of landscape wanted more, he must climb half a dozen steps to a raised walk which ran along the south side. Thence he could look, as from an eyrie, on the green meadows below him, or away to the line of hills to westward, or turning about he could overlook the operations of the gardener at his feet.

More, if it rained or blew there was at the south-west corner, and entered from the raised walk, an ancient Dutch summer-house of brick, with a pyramidal roof. It had large windows and, with much at Garth that served for ornament rather than utility, it was decayed, time and damp having almost effaced its dim frescoes. But tradition hallowed it, for William of Orange, it was said, after dining in the hall at the oaken table which still bore the date 1691, had smoked his pipe and drunk his Schnapps in this summer-house; and thence had watched the roll of the bowls and the play of the bias on the turf below. For in those days the garden had been a bowling green.

There on summer evenings the Squire would still drink his port, but in winter the place was little used, tools desecrated it, and tubers took refuge in it. So when Josina began about this time to frequent it, and, as winter yielded to the first breath of spring, began to carry her work thither of an afternoon, Miss Peacock should have had her suspicions. But the good lady

saw nothing, being a busy woman. Thomas the groom did remark the fact, for idle hands make watchful eyes, but for a time he was none the wiser.

'What's young Miss doing up there?' he asked himself. 'Must be tarnation cold! And her look's fine, too! Ay, 'tis well to be them as has nought to do but traipse up and down and sniff the air!'

Naturally it did not at once occur to him that the summer-house commanded a view of the path which ran along the brook side; nor did he suppose that Miss had any purpose, when, as might happen once a week perhaps, she would leave her station at the window and in an aimless fashion wander down to the mill —and beyond it. She might be following a duck inclined to sit, or later—for turkeys will stray—be searching for a turkey's nest. She might be doing fifty things, indeed—she was sometimes so long away. But the time did come when, being by chance at the mill, Thomas saw a second figure on the path beside the water, and he laid by the knowledge for future use. He was a sly fellow, not much in favour with the other servants.

Presently there came a cold Saturday in March, a wet, windy day, when to saunter by the brook would have had too odd an air. But would it have an odd look, Josina wondered, standing before the glass in her room, if she ran across to the Cottage for ten minutes about sunset? The bank closed early on Saturdays, and men were not subject to the weather as women were. Twice she put on her bonnet, and twice she took it off and put it back in the box—she could not make up her mind. He might think that she followed him. He might think her bold. Or suppose that when they met before the others, she blushed; or that they thought the meeting strange? And, after all, he might not be there—he was no favourite with Mrs. Bourdillon, and his heart might fail him. In the end the bonnet was put away, but it is to be feared that that evening Jos was a little snappish with Miss Peacock when arraigned for some act of forgetfulness.

Had she gone she might have come off no better than Clement, who, braving all things, did go. Mrs. Bourdillon did not, indeed, say when he entered, 'What, here again?' but her manner spoke for her, and Arthur, who had arrived before his time, received the visitor with less than his usual good humour. Clement's explanation, that he had left his gun, fell flat, and so chilly were they both that he stayed but twenty minutes, then faltered an excuse, and went off with his tail between his legs.

He did not guess that he had intruded on a family difference, a trouble of some standing, which the passage of weeks had but aggravated. It turned on Ovington's offer, which Arthur, pluming himself on his success and not a little proud of his prospects, had lost no time in conveying to his mother. He had supposed that she would see the thing with his eyes, and be as much delighted. To become a partner so early, to share at his age in the rising fortunes of the house! Surely she would believe in him now, if she had never believed in him before.

But Mrs. Bourdillon had been imbued by her husband with one fixed idea—that whatever happened she must never touch her capital; that under no circumstances must she spend it, or transfer it or alienate it. That way lay ruin. No sooner, therefore, had Arthur come to that part of his story than she had taken fright; and nothing that he had been able to say, no assurance that he had been able to give, no gilded future that he had been able to paint, had sufficed to move the good woman from her position.

'Of course,' she said, looking at him piteously, for she hated to oppose him, 'I'm not saying that it does not sound nice, dear.'

'It is nice! Very nice!'

'But I'm older than you, and oh, dear, dear, I've known what disappointment is! I remember when your father thought that he had the promise of the Benthall living and we bought the drawing-room carpet, though it was blue and buff and your father did not like the colour—something to do with a fox, I remember, though to be sure a fox is red! Well, my dear,' drumming with her fingers on her lap in a placid way that maddened her listener, 'he was just as confident as you are, and after all the Bishop gave the living to his own cousin, and the money thrown clean away, and the carpet too large for any room we had, and woven of one piece so that we couldn't cut it! I'm sure that was a lesson to me that there's many a slip between the cup and the lip. Believe me, a bird in the hand——'

'But this is in the hand!' Arthur cried, restraining himself with difficulty. 'This is in the hand!'

'Well, I don't know how that may be. I never was a business woman, whatever your uncle may say when he is in his tantrums. But I do know that your father told me, nine or ten times——'

'And you've told me ten times at least!'

'Well, and I'm sure your uncle would say the same! But,

indeed, I don't know what he wouldn't say if he knew what we were thinking of!'

'The truth is, mother, you are afraid of the Squire.'

'And if I am,' plaintively, 'it is all very well for you, Arthur, who are away six days out of seven. But I'm here and he's here. And I have to listen to him. And if this money is lost—— '

'But it cannot be lost, I tell you!'

'Well, if it is lost, we shall both be beggars! Oh, dear, dear, I'm sure if your father told me once he told me a hundred times—— '

'Damn!' Arthur cried, fairly losing his temper at last. 'The truth is, mother, that my father knew nothing about money.'

At that, however, Mrs. Bourdillon began to cry and Arthur found himself obliged to drop the matter for the time. He saw, too, that he was on the wrong tack, and a few days later, under pressure of necessity, he tried another. He humbled himself, he wheedled, he cajoled; and when he had by this means got on the right side of his mother he spoke of Ovington's success.

'In a few years he will be worth a quarter of a million,' he said.

The figure flustered her. 'Why, that's—— '

'A quarter of a million,' he repeated impressively. 'And that's why I consider this the chance of my life, mother. It is such an opportunity as I shall never have again. It is within my reach now, and surely, surely,' his voice shook with the fervour of his pleading, 'you will not be the one to dash it from my lips?' He laid his hand upon her wrist. 'And ruin your son's life, mother?'

She was shaken. 'You know, if I thought it was for your good!'

'It is! It is, mother!'

'I'd do anything to make you happy, Arthur! But I don't believe,' with a sigh, 'that whatever I did your uncle would pay the money.'

'Is it his money or yours?'

'Why, of course, Arthur, I thought that you knew that it was your father's.' She was very simple, and her pride was touched.

'And now it is yours. And I suppose that some day—I hope it will be a long day, mother—it will be mine. Believe me, you've only to write to my uncle and tell him that you have decided to call it up, and he will pay it as a matter of course. Shall I write the letter for you to sign?'

Mrs. Bourdillon looked piteously at him. She was very, very

unwilling to comply, but what was she to do? Between love of him and fear of the Squire, what was she to do? Poor woman, she did not know. But he was with her, the Squire was absent, and she was about to acquiesce when a last argument occurred to her. 'But you are forgetting,' she said, 'if your uncle takes offence, and I'm sure he will, he'll come between you and Josina.'

'Well, that is his look-out.'

'Arthur! You don't mean that you've changed your mind, and you so fond of her? And the girl heir to Garth and all her father's money!'

'I say nothing about it,' Arthur declared. 'If he chooses to come between us that will be his doing, not mine.'

'But Garth!' Mrs. Bourdillon was altogether at sea. 'My dear boy, you are not thinking! Why, Lord ha' mercy on us, where would you find such another, young and pretty and all, and Garth in her pocket? Why, if it were only on Jos's account you'd be mad to quarrel with him.'

'I'm not going to quarrel with him,' Arthur replied sullenly. 'If he chooses to quarrel with me, well, she's not the only heiress in the world.'

His mother held up her hands. 'Oh dear me,' she said wearily. 'I give it up, I don't understand you. But I'm only a woman and I suppose I don't understand anything.'

He was accustomed to command and she to be guided; he saw that she was wavering, and he plied her afresh with all the arguments in his power. In the end, though not without another outburst of tears, he succeeded. He fetched the pen, he smoothed the paper, and before he handed his mother her bed-candle he had got the fateful letter written, and had even by lavishing on her unusual signs of affection brought a smile to her face. 'It will be all right, mother, you'll see,' he urged as he watched her mount the stairs. 'It will be all right! You'll see me a millionaire yet.'

And then he made a mistake which was to cost him dearly. He left the letter on the mantel-shelf. An hour later, when he had been some time in bed, he heard a door open and he sat up and listened. Even then, had he acted on the instant, it might have availed. But he hesitated, arguing down his misgivings, and it was only when he caught the sound of footsteps stealthily re-ascending that he jumped out of bed and lit a candle. He slipped downstairs, but he was too late. The letter was gone.

He went up to bed again, and though he wondered at the

queer ways of women he did not as yet doubt the issue. He would recover the letter in the morning and send it. The end would be the same.

But there he was wrong. Mrs. Bourdillon was a weak woman, but weakness has its own obstinacy, and by the morning she had reflected. The sum charged on Garth was her whole fortune, her sole support, and were it lost she would be penniless, with no one to look to except the Squire, whom she would have offended beyond forgiveness. True, Arthur laughed at the idea of loss, and he was clever. But he was young and sanguine, and before now she had heard of mothers beggared through the ill-fortune or the errors of their children. What if that should be her lot!

Nor was this the only thought which pressed upon her mind. That Arthur should marry Josina and succeed to Garth had been for years her darling scheme, and she could not, in spite of the hopes with which he had for the moment dazzled her, imagine any future for him comparable to that. But if he would marry Josina and succeed to Garth he must not offend his uncle.

So, when Arthur came down in the morning, and with assumed carelessness asked for the letter she put him off. It was Sunday. She would not discuss business on Sunday, it would not be lucky. On Monday, when, determined to stand no more nonsense, he returned to the subject, she took refuge in tears. It was cruel of him to press her so, when—when she was not well! She had not made up her mind! She did not know what she should do! She must have time. To tears there is no answer, and, angry as he was, he had to start for Aldersbury, leaving the matter unsettled, much to his disgust and alarm, for the time was running on.

And that was the beginning of a tragedy in the little house under Garthmyle. It was a struggle between strength and weakness, and weakness, as usual, took refuge in subterfuge. When Arthur came home at the end of the week his mother took care to have company, and he could not get a word with her. She had no time for business—it must wait, she said. On the next Saturday she was not well, and kept her bed, and on the Sunday met him with the same fretful plea—she would do no business on Sunday! Then, convinced at last that she had made up her mind to thwart him, he hardened his heart. He loved his mother, and to go beyond a certain point did not consort with his easy nature, but he had no option; the thing must be done if his pros-

pects were not to be wrecked. He became hard, cruel, almost brutal; threatening to leave her, threatening to take himself off altogether, harassing her week after week, in what should have been her happiest hours, with pictures of the poverty, the obscurity, the hopelessness to which she was condemning him! And, worst of all, torturing her with doubts that after all he might be right.

And still she resisted, and weak, foolish woman as she was, resisted with an obstinacy that was infinitely provoking. Meanwhile only two things supported her: her love for him, and the belief that she was defending his best interests and that some day he would thank her. She was saving him from himself. The odds were great, she was unaccustomed to oppose him, and still she withstood him. She would not sign the letter. But she suffered, and suffered terribly.

She took to bringing in guests as buffers between them, and once or twice she brought in Josina. The girl, who knew them both so well, could not fail to see that there was something wrong, that something marred the relations between mother and son. Arthur's moody brow, his silence, or his snappish answers, no less than Mrs. Bourdillon's scared manner, left no doubt of that. But she fancied that this was only another instance of the law of man's temper and woman's endurance—that law to which she knew but one exception. And if the girl hugged that exception, trembling and hoping, to her breast, if Arthur's coldness was a relief to her, if she cared little for any secret but her own, she was no more of a mystery to them than they were to her. When the door closed behind her, and, accompanied by a maid, she crossed the dark fields, she thought no more about them. The two ceased—such is the selfishness of love—to exist for her. Her thoughts were engrossed by another, by one who until lately had been a stranger, but whose figure now excluded the world from her view. Her secret monopolised her, closed her heart, blinded her eyes. Such is the law of love—at a certain stage in its growth.

Meanwhile life at the Cottage went on in this miserable fashion until April had come in and the daffodils were in full bloom in the meadows beside the river. And still Arthur could not succeed in his object, and wondering what the banker thought of the delay and his silence, was almost beside himself with chagrin. Then there came a welcome breathing space. Ovington despatched

him to London on an important and confidential mission. He was to be away rather more than a fortnight, and the relief was much even to him. To his mother it had been more, if he had not, with politic cruelty, kept from her the cause of his absence. She feared that he was about to carry out his threat and to make a home elsewhere—that this was the end, that he was going to leave her. And perhaps, she thought, she had been wrong. Perhaps, after all, she had sacrificed his love and lost his dear presence for nothing! It was a sad Easter that she passed, lonely and anxious, in the little house.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was in the third week of April that Arthur returned to Aldersbury. Ovington had not failed to let his correspondents know that the lad was no common mercantile person, but came of a county family and had connections; and Arthur had been fêted by the bank's agents and made much of by their friends. The negotiation which Ovington had entrusted to him had gone well, as all things went well at this time. His abilities had been recognised in more than one counting-house, and in the general elation and success, civilities and hospitality had been showered upon him. Mothers and daughters had exerted themselves to please the nephew—it was whispered the heir—of the Aldshire magnate; and what Arthur's letters of credit had not gained for him, his handsome face and good breeding had won. He came back, therefore, on the best of terms with himself and more in love than ever with the career which he had laid out. And, but for the money difficulty, and his mother's obstinacy, he would have seen all things in rose colour.

He returned at the moment when speculation in Aldersbury—and Aldersbury was in this but a gauge of the whole country—was approaching its fever point. The four per cent. consols, which not long before had stood at 72, were 106. The three per cents., which had been 52, had risen to 93. India stock was booming at 280, and these prices, which would have seemed incredible to a former generation, were justified by the large profits accruing from trade and seeking investment. They were, indeed, nothing beside the heights to which more speculative stocks were being hurried. For finding the interest on sound securities small in comparison with the prices at which they stood, even the prudent

looked about for undertakings giving a better return. These were at first limited, with the result that the things most in favour rose by leaps and bounds, were hourly sold at higher prices and still did not lack buyers. Shares in one mine, bought at ten pounds, changed hands at a hundred and fifty. Shares in another, on which seventy pounds had been paid, were sold at thirteen hundred. An instalment of £5 was paid on one purchase, and ten days later the stock was sold for one hundred and forty!

Under such circumstances new ventures were daily issued to meet the demand. Proposals for thirty companies came out in a week, and still there appeared to be money for all, for the banks, tempted by the prevailing prosperity, met their clients' needs and increased their issues of notes. It seemed an easy thing to borrow at seven per cent., and lay out the money at ten or fifteen, with certainty of a gain in capital. Men who had never speculated saw their neighbours grow rich, and themselves risked a hundred and doubled it, ventured two and saw themselves the possessors of six. It was like, said one, picking up money in a hat. It was like, said another, baling it up in a bucket. There seemed to be money everywhere—money for all. Peers and clergymen, shop-keepers and maiden ladies, servants even, speculated; while those who knew something of the market, and above all those who could allot shares in new ventures, were courted and flattered, drawn into corners and consulted by troops of friends.

All this came to its height at the end of April, and Arthur, sanguine and eager, laden with the latest news from Lombard Street, returned to Aldersbury to revel in it. He trod the Cop and the High Street as if he walked on air. He moved amid the excitement like a young god. His nod was confidence, his smile a promise. A few months before he had doubted. He had viewed the rising current of speculation from without, and had had his misgivings. Now the stream had caught him, and if he ever reflected that there might be rocks ahead, he flattered himself that he would be among the first to take the alarm.

The confidence which he owed to youth, the banker drew from a past of unvarying success. But the elder man did have his moments of mistrust. There were hours when he saw hazards in front, and many a time he pondered over the Bill Book, while the days on which he did not call for the Note Issues were few. But even he found it easier to go with the current, and once or

twice, so high was his opinion of Arthur's abilities, he let himself be persuaded by him. The mere bustle was exhilarating. The door of the bank that never rested, the crowded counter, the incense of the streets, the whispers where he paused, all had their intoxicating effect. The power to put a hundred pounds into a man's pocket—who can abstain from, who is not flattered by, the use of this, who can at all times close his mouth? And often one thing leads to another, and advice is the prelude to a loan.

It was above all when the railroad scheme was to the fore that the banker realised his importance. It was his, he had made it, and it was on its behalf that he was disposed to put his hand out farthest. The Board, upon Sir Charles's proposal—the fruit of a hint dropped by Ovington—had fixed the fourth market-day in April for the opening of the subscription list. Though the season was late, the ploughing would be over, the lambs in the pastures, the farmers at liberty; and as it happened the day turned out to be all that optimist could wish. The sun, rarely seen of late, shone, the public curiosity was tickled, the town was full, men in the streets quoted the tea-kettle and explained the powers of steam; and Arthur, as he forged his way through the good-tempered, white-coated throng, felt to the full his importance.

Near the door of the bank he met Purslow, and the draper seized his arm. 'One moment, sir, excuse me,' he whispered. 'I've a little more I can spare at a pinch. What do you advise, Mr. Bourdillon?'

Arthur knew that it was not in his province to advise, and he shook his head. 'You must ask Mr. Ovington,' he said.

'And he that busy that he'll snap my nose off! And you're just from London. Come, Mr. Bourdillon, just for two or three hundred pounds. A good 'un! A real good 'un! I know you know one!'

Arthur gave way. The man's wheedling tone, the sense of power, the ability to confer a favour were too much for him. He named the Antwerp Navigation Company. 'But don't stop in too long,' he added. And he snatched himself away, aware that he had overstepped his duty, but too busy to give a second thought to the matter.

Indeed, before he reached the bank he fell again, and again he gave the Antwerp Navigation; men whose balances were not on a par with their greed or who had reason to avoid the banker

found Arthur's frank eager face irresistible. As he ploughed his way through the crowd, his head on a level with the tallest, he seemed to be success itself. His careless greeting met everywhere a cheery answer, and more than one threw after him, 'There goes the old Squire's nevvy! See him? He's a clever 'un if ever there was one!' They gave him credit for knowing mysteries dark to them, yet withal they owned a link with him. He too belonged to the land. A link with him and some pride in him.'

In the parlour where the Board met he had something of the same effect. Sir Charles and Acherley had taken their seats and were talking of county matters, their backs turned on their fellows. Wolley stood before the fire, glowering at them and resenting his exclusion. Grounds sat meekly on a chair within the door. But Arthur's appearance changed all. He had a word or a smile for each. He set Grounds at his ease, he had a joke for Sir Charles and Acherley, he joined Wolley before the fire. Ovington, who had left the room for a moment, noted the change, and his heart warmed to the Secretary. 'He will do,' he told himself, as he turned to the business of the meeting.

'Come, Mr. Wolley, come, Mr. Grounds,' he said, 'pull up your chairs, if you please. It has struck twelve and the bank should be open to receive applications at half-past. I conveyed your invitation, gentlemen, to Mr. Purslow two days ago, and I am happy to tell you that he takes two hundred shares, so that over one-third of the capital will be subscribed before we go to the public. I suppose, gentlemen, you would wish him to take his seat at once?'

Sir Charles and Acherley nodded, Wolley looked sullen but said nothing, Grounds submitted. Neither he nor Wolley was over-pleased at sharing with another the honour of sitting with the gentry. But it had to be done. 'Bring him in, Bourdillon,' Ovington said.

Purslow, who was in waiting, slid into the room and took his seat, between pride and humility. 'I have reason to believe, gentlemen,' Ovington continued, 'that the capital will be subscribed within twenty-four hours. It is for you to say how long the list shall remain open.'

'Not too long,' said Sir Charles, sapiently.

'Shall I say forty-eight hours? Agreed, gentlemen? Very good. Then a notice to that effect shall be posted outside the bank at once. Will you see to that, Bourdillon?'

'And what of Mr. Griffin?' Wolley blurted out the question before Ovington could restrain him. The clothier was anxious to show Purslow that he was at home in his company.

'To be sure,' Ovington answered smoothly. 'That is the only point, gentlemen, in which my expectations have not been borne out. The interview between Mr. Griffin and myself was disappointing, but I hoped to be able to tell you to-day that we were a little more forward. Mr. Wolley, however, has handed me a letter which he has received from Garth, and it is certainly——'

'A d——d unpleasant letter,' Wolley struck in. 'The old Squire don't mince matters.' He had predicted that his landlord would not come in, and he was pleased to see his opinion confirmed. 'He says I'd better be careful, for if I and my fine railroad come to grief I need not look to him for time. By the Lord,' with unction, 'I know that, railroad or no railroad! He'd put me out as soon as look at me!'

Sir Charles shuffled his papers uncomfortably. To hear a man like Wolley discuss his landlord shocked him—he felt it a kind of treason to listen to such talk. He feared—he feared more than ever—that the caustic old Squire was thinking him a fool for mixing himself up with this business. Good Heavens, if, after all, it ended in disaster!

Acherley took it differently. He cared nothing for Griffin's opinion; he was in money difficulties and had passed far beyond that. He laughed. 'Put you out? I'll swear he would! There's no fool like an old fool! But he won't have the chance.'

'No, I think not,' Ovington said blandly. 'But his attitude presents difficulties, and I am sure that our Chairman will agree with me that if we can meet his views, it will be worth some sacrifice.'

'Can't Arthur get round him?' Acherley was the speaker.

'No,' Arthur replied, smiling. 'Perhaps if you——'

'Will you see him, Mr. Acherley?'

'Oh, I'll see him!' carelessly. 'I don't say I shall persuade him.'

'Still, we shall have done what we can to meet his views,' the banker replied. 'If we fail we must fall back—on my part most reluctantly—on the compulsory clauses. But that is looking ahead, and we need not consider it at present. I don't think that there is anything else? It is close on the half-hour. Will you see, Bourdillon, if all is ready in the bank?'

Arthur went out, leaving the door ajar. There came through the opening a murmur of voices and the noise of shuffling feet. Ovington turned over the papers before him. 'In the event of the subscriptions exceeding the sum required, what day will suit you to allot? Thursday, Sir Charles?'

'Friday would suit me better.'

'Friday be it then, if Mr. Acherley—good. On Friday at noon, gentlemen. Yes, Bourdillon?'

Arthur was smiling. He did not sit down. 'It's something of a sight,' he said. 'By Jove it is! I think you ought to see it. All of you.'

Ovington nodded, and they rose, some merely curious, others eager to show themselves in their new rôle of dignity. Arthur opened the door and stood aside. Beyond the door the cashier's desk with its green curtains formed a screen which masked their presence. Ovington separated the curtains, and Sir Charles and Acherley peeped between them. The others looked round the desk.

The space devoted to the public was full. It hummed with low voices, but above the murmur sharp sentences from time to time rang out. 'Here, don't push! It's struck, Mr. Rodd! Hand 'em out!' Then, louder than these, a lusty voice bawled, 'Here, get out o' my road! I want money for a cheque, man!'

The two clerks were at the counter, with piles of application forms before them and their eyes on the clock. Clement and Rodd stood in the background. The impassive attitude of all four contrasted strikingly with the scene beyond the counter, where eighteen or twenty persons elbowed and pushed one another, their flushed faces eloquent of the spirit of greed. For it had got about in the town that there was easy money and much money to be made out of the Railroad shares—to be made in particular by those who were first in the field. Some looked to make the money by a sale at a premium, others foresaw a profit but hardly knew how it was to come, more had heard of men who had suddenly grown rich, and fancied that this was their chance. They had but to sign a form and pay an instalment, and profit would flow in, they did not care whence. They were certain, indeed, but of one thing, that there was gain in it; and with every moment their number grew, for with every moment a newcomer forced his way, smiling, into the bank. Meantime the crowd gave good-humoured vent to their impatience. 'Let's have 'em!

Hand 'em out!' they murmured. What if there were not enough to go round?

The man with the cheque, hopelessly wedged in, protested. 'There, some one hand it on,' he cried at last. 'And pass me out the money, d—n you! And let me get out of this.'

The slip was passed from hand to hand, and 'How'll you have it, Mr. Boumphry?' Rodd asked.

'In shares!' cried a wit.

'Notes and a pound in silver,' gasped Boumphry, who thought the world had gone mad. 'And dunno get on my back, man!' to one behind him. 'I'm not a bullock! Here, how'm I to count it when I canna get——'

'A form!' cried a second wit. 'Neither can we, farmer! Come, out with 'em, gentlemen. Hullo, Mr. Purslow! That you? Ha' you turned banker?'

The draper, who had showed himself over-confidently, fell back purple with blushes. 'Certainly an odd sight,' said the banker quietly. 'It promises well, I think, Sir Charles.'

'Hanged well!' said Acherley.

Sir Charles acquiesced. 'Er, I think so,' he said. 'I certainly think so.' But he felt himself a little out of place.

The minute hand touched the half-hour, and the clerks began to distribute the papers. After watching the scene for a moment the Board separated, its members passing out modestly through the house door. They parted on the pavement, even Sir Charles unbending a little, and the saturnine Acherley chuckling to himself as visions of fools and fat premiums floated before him. It was a vision which they all shared in their different ways.

Arthur was about to join the workers in the bank when Ovington beckoned him into the dining-room 'You can be spared for a moment,' he said. 'Come in here. I want to speak to you.' He closed the door. 'I've been considering the matter I discussed with you some time ago, lad, and I think that the time has come when it should be settled. 'But you've said nothing about it, and I've been wondering if anything was wrong. If so, you had better tell me.'

'Well, sir——'

The banker was shrewd. 'Is it the money that is the trouble?'

The moment that Arthur had been anticipating and dreading was come, and he braced himself to meet it. 'I'm afraid that there has been some difficulty,' he said, 'but I think now——'

'Have you given your uncle notice?'

Arthur hesitated. If he avowed that they had not given his uncle notice, how weak, how inept he would appear in the other's eyes! A wave of exasperation shook him, as he saw the strait into which his mother's obstinacy was forcing him. The opportunity which he valued so highly, the opening on which he had staked so much—was he to forfeit them through her folly? No, a hundred times, no! He would not let her ruin him. He hesitated. Then, 'Yes, we have given it, but very late, I'm afraid. My mother had her doubts and I had to overcome them. I'm sorry, sir, that there has been this delay.'

'But the notice has been given now?'

'Yes.'

'Then in three months, as I understand——'

'The money will be ready, sir.' He spoke stoutly, the die was cast now, and he must go through with it. After all it was not his fault, but his mother's; and for the rest, if the notice was not already given it should be this very day. 'It will be ready in three months, but not earlier, I am afraid.'

Ovington reflected. 'Well,' he said, 'that must do. And we won't wait. We will sign the agreement now and it shall take effect from next Monday, the payment to be made within three months. Go through the articles'—he opened his desk and took a paper from it and gave it to Arthur—'and come in with one of the clerks at five o'clock and we will complete it.'

Arthur hardly knew what to say. 'It's uncommonly kind of you, sir!' he stammered. 'You may be sure I shall do my best to repay your kindness.'

'Well, I like you,' the banker rejoined. 'And, of course, I see my own advantage in it. So that is settled.'

Arthur went out taking the paper with him, but in the passage he paused, his face gloomy. After all it was not too late. He could go back and tell Ovington that his mother—but no, he could not risk the banker's good opinion. His mother must do it. She must do it. He was not going to see the chance of a lifetime wasted—for a silly scruple.

He moved at last, and as he went into the bank he jostled two persons who, sheltered by the cashier's desk, were watching, as the board had watched a few minutes before, the scene of excitement which the bank presented. The one was Betty, the other was Rodd, the cashier. It had occurred to Rodd that the girl

would like to view a thing so unusual, and he had slipped out and fetched her.

They faced about, startled by the contact. 'Oh, it's you!' said Betty.

'Yes,' drily. 'What are you doing here, Betty?'

'I came to see the Lottery drawn,' she retorted, making a face at him. 'Mr. Rodd fetched me. No one else thought of me.'

'Well, I should have thought that he—ain't you wanted, Rodd?' There was a new tone in his voice. 'Mr. Clement seems to have his hands full.'

Rodd's face reddened under the rebuke. For a moment he seemed about to answer, then he thought better of it. He left them and went to the counter.

'And what would you have thought?' Betty asked pertly, reverting to the sentence that he had not finished.

'Only that Rodd might be better employed—at his work. This is just the job he is fit for, giving out forms.'

'And Clement, too, I suppose? It is his job, too?'

'When he's here to do it,' with a faint sneer. 'That is not too often, Betty.'

'Well, more often of late, anyway. Do you know what Mr. Rodd says?'

'No.'

'He says that he has seen just such a crowd as this in a bank before. At Manchester seventeen years ago, when he was a boy. There was a run on the bank in which his father worked, and people fought for places as they are fighting to-day. He does not seem to think it—lucky.'

'What else does he think?' Arthur retorted with contempt. 'What other rubbish? He'd better mind his own business and do his work. He ought to know more than to say such things to you or to anyone.'

Betty stared. 'Dear me,' she replied, 'we are high and mighty to-day! Hoity toity!' And turning her shoulder on him, she became absorbed in the scene before her.

But that evening she was more than usually grave, and when her father, pouring out his fourth and last glass of port—for he was an abstemious man—told her that the partnership articles had been signed that afternoon, she nodded. 'Yes, I knew,' she said sagely.

'How, Betty? I didn't tell you. I have told no one. Did Arthur?'

'No, father, not in so many words. But I guessed it.' And during the rest of the evening she was unusually pensive.

CHAPTER IX.

Spring was late that year. It was the third week in April before the last streak of snow faded from the hills, or the showers of sleet ceased to starve the land. Morning after morning the Squire tapped his glass and looked abroad for fine weather. The barley-sowing might wait, but the oats would not wait, and at a time when there should have been abundant grass he was still carrying hay to the racks. The lambs were doing ill.

Morning after morning, with an old caped driving-coat cast about his shoulders and a shabby hunting-cap on his grey head, he would walk down to the little bridge that carried the drive over the stream. There, a gaunt high-shouldered figure, he would stand, looking morosely out over the wet fields. The distant hills were clothed in mist, the nearer heights wore light caps, down the vale the clear rain-soaked air showed sombre woods and red soil, with here and there a spiring poplar, bursting into bud, and reddening to match the furrows. 'We shall lose one in ten of the lambs,' he thought, 'and not a sound foot in the flock!'

One morning as he stood there he saw a man turn off the road and come shambling towards him. It was Pugh, the man-of-all-work at the Cottage, and in his disgust at things in general, the Squire cursed him in his mind for a lazy rascal. 'I suppose they've nothing to do,' he growled, 'that they send the rogue traipsing the roads at this hour!' Aloud, 'What do you want, my man?' he asked.

Pugh quaked under the Squire's hard eyes. 'A letter from the mistress, your honour.'

'Any answer?'

Reluctantly Pugh gave up the hope of beer with Calamy the butler. 'I'd no orders to wait, sir.'

'Then off you go! I've all the idlers here I want, my lad.'

The Squire had not his glasses with him, and he turned the letter over to no purpose. Returning to his room he could not

find them, and the delay aggravated a temper already oppressed by the weather. He shouted for his spectacles, and when Miss Peacock, hurrying nervously to his aid, suggested that they might be in the Prayer Book from which he had read the psalm that morning, he called her a fool. Eventually, it was there that they were found, on which he dismissed her with a flea in her ear. 'If you knew they were there, why did you leave them there!' he stormed. 'Silly fools women be!'

But when he had read the letter, he neither stormed nor swore. His anger was too deep. Here was folly, indeed, and worse than folly, ingratitude! After all these years, after forty years, during which he had paid them their five per cent. to the day, five per cent. secured as money could not be secured in these harum-scarum days—to demand their pound of flesh and to demand it in this fashion! Without warning, without consulting him, the head of the family! It was enough to make any man swear, and presently he did swear after the manner of the day.

'It's that young fool,' he thought. 'He's written it and she's signed it. And if they have their way in five years the money will be gone, every farthing, and the woman will come begging to me! But no, madam,' with rising passion, 'I'll see you farther before I'll pay down a penny to be frittered away by that young jackanapes! I'll go this moment and tell her what I think of her, and see if she's the impudence to face it out!'

He clapped on his hat and seized his cane. But when he had flung the door wide, pride spoke and he paused. No, he would not lower himself, he would not debate it with her. He would take no notice—that, by G—d, was what he would do. The letter should be as if it had not been written, and as to paying the money, why if they dared to go to law he would go all lengths to thwart them! He was like many in that day, violent, obstinate men who had lived all their lives among dependents and could not believe that the law, which they administered to others, applied to them. Occasionally they had a rude awakening.

But the old Squire did not lack shrewdness and even a sense of justice, which, obscured in trifles, became apparent in greater matters. These qualities came to his rescue now, and as he grew cooler his attitude changed. If the woman, silly and scatter-brained as she was, and led by the nose by that impudent son of hers—if she persisted, she should have the money, and take the consequences. The six thousand was a charge; it must be

met if she held to it. Little by little he accustomed himself to the thought. The money must be paid, and to pay it he must sell his cherished securities. He had no more than four hundred, odd—he knew the exact figure—in the bank. The rest must be raised by selling his India Stock, but he hated to think of it. And the demand, made without warning, hurt his pride.

He took his lunch, a hunch of bread and a glass of ale, standing at the sideboard in the dining-room. It was a spacious room, panelled, like most of the rooms at Garth, and the pale blue paint, which many a year earlier had been laid on the oak, was dingy and wearing off in places. His room lay behind it. On the farther side of the hall was the drawing-room, white-panelled and almost as shabby, furnished sparsely and stiffly, with spindle-legged tables, and long-backed Stuart chairs set against the wall. It opened into a dull library never used, and containing hardly a book later than Junius's letters or Burke's speeches. Above, under the sloping roofs of the attics, were chests of discarded clothes, which nowadays would furnish forth a fancy-ball, wig-boxes and queerly-shaped carriage-trunks, an old-time collection almost as curious as that which Miss Berry once viewed under the attics of the Villa Pamphili, but dusty, moth-eaten, unregarded, unvalued. Cold and bare, the house owned everywhere the pinch of the Squire's parsimony; there was nothing in it new, and little that was beautiful. But it was large and shadowy, the bedrooms smelled of lavender, the drawing-room of pot-pourri, and in summer the wind blew through it from the hay-field, and garden scents filled the lower rooms.

An hour later, having determined how he would act, the old man walked across to the Cottage. As he approached the plank-bridge which crossed the river at the foot of the garden he caught a glimpse of a petticoat on the rough lawn. He had no sooner seen it than it vanished, and he was not surprised. His face was grim as he crossed the bridge, and walking up to the side door struck on it with his cane.

She was all of a tremble when she came to him, and for that he was prepared. That did not surprise him. It was due to him. But he expected that she would excuse herself and fib and protest and shift her ground, as in his experience women always did, and pour forth a torrent of silly explanations. But Mrs. Bourdillon took him aback by doing none of these things. She was white-faced and frightened, but, strange thing in a woman,

she was dumb, or nearly dumb. Almost all she had to say or would say, almost all that he could draw from her was that it was her letter—yes, it was her letter. She repeated that several times. And she meant it? She meant what she had written? Yes, oh yes she did. Certainly she did. It was her letter.

But beyond that she had nothing to say, and at length, harshly, but not as harshly as he had intended, 'What do you mean, then,' he asked, 'to do with the money, ma'am, eh? I suppose you know that much?'

'I am putting it into the bank,' she replied, her eyes averted. 'Arthur is—going to be taken in.'

'Into the bank?' The Squire glared at her. 'Into Ovington's?'

'Yes, into Ovington's,' she answered, with the courage of despair. 'Where he will get twelve per cent. for it.' She spoke in the tone of one who repeated a lesson.

He struck the floor with his cane. 'And you think that it will be safe there? Safe, ma'am, safe?'

'I hope so,' she faltered.

'Hope so, by G—d? Hope so!' he rapped out, honestly amazed. 'And that's all! Hope so! Well, all I can say is that I hope you mayn't live to regret your folly. Twelve per cent. indeed! Twelve——'

He was going to say more, but the silly woman burst into tears and wept with such self-abandonment that she fairly silenced him. After watching her a moment, 'Well, there, there, ma'am, it's no good crying like that,' he said irritably. 'And, damme, it beats me! It beats me. If that is the way you look at it, why do you do it? Why do you do it? Of course you'll have the money. But when it's gone, don't come to me for more. And don't say I didn't warn you! There, there, ma'am!' moved by her grief, 'for heaven's sake don't go on like that! Don't—God bless me, if I live to be a hundred, if I shall ever understand women!'

He went away, routed by her tears and almost as much perplexed as he was enraged. 'If the woman feels like that about it, why does she call up the money?' he asked himself. 'Hope that it won't be lost! Hope, indeed! No, I'll never understand the silly fools. Never! Hope, indeed! But I suppose that it's that son of hers has befooled her.'

He saw, indeed, that it was Arthur who had pushed her to

do it, and his anger against him and against Ovington grew. He would take his balance from Ovington's on the very next market day. He would go back to Dean's, though it meant eating humble pie. He thought of other schemes of vengeance, yet knew that when the time came he would not act upon them.

He was in a savage mood as he crossed the stable-yard at Garth, and unluckily his eye fell upon Thomas seated on a shaft in a corner of the cart-shed. The man espied him at the same moment and hurried away a paper—it looked like a newspaper —over which he had been poring. Now, the Squire hated idleness, but he hated still more to see a newspaper in one of his men's hands. A labourer who could read was, in his opinion, a labourer spoiled, and his wrath blazed up.

'You d—d idle rascal!' he roared, shaking his cane at the man. 'That's what you do in my time, is it! Read some blackguard twopenny trash when you should be cleaning harness! Confound you, if I catch you again with a paper, you go that minute! D'you hear? D'you think that's what I pay you for?'

The worm will turn, and Thomas, who had been spelling out an inspiring speech by one Henry Hunt, did turn. 'Pay me? You pay me little enough!' he answered sullenly.

The Squire could hardly believe his ears. That one of his men should answer him!

'Ay, little enough!' the man repeated impudently. 'Beggarly pay, and 'tis time you knew it, Master.'

The Squire gasped. Thomas was a Garthmyle man, who ten years before had migrated to Lancashire. Later he had returned —some said that he had got into trouble up north. However that may be, the Squire had wanted a groom at the time, and Thomas had offered himself at low wages and been taken. The village thought that the Squire had been wrong, for Thomas had learned more tricks in Manchester than just to read the newspaper, and, always an ill-conditioned fellow, was fond of airing his learning in the ale-house.

Perhaps the Squire saw now that he had made a mistake; or perhaps he was too angry to consider the matter. 'Time I knew it?' he cried, as soon as he could recover himself. 'Why, you idle, worthless vagabond, do you think that I do not know what you're worth? Ain't you getting what I've always given?'

'That's where it be!'

'Eh!'

'That's where it be! I'm getting what you gave thirty years agone! And you soaking in money, master, and getting bigger rents and bigger profits. Ain't I to have my share of it?'

'Share of it!' the old man ejaculated, thunderstruck by an argument as new as the man's insolence. 'Share of it!'

'Why not?' Thomas knew his case desperate, and was bent on having something to repeat to the awe-struck circle at the Griffin Arms. 'Why not?'

'Why, begad?' the Squire exclaimed, staring at him. 'You're the most impudent fellow I ever set eyes on!'

'You'll see more like me before you die!' Thomas answered darkly. 'In hard times didn't we share 'em and fair clem? And now profits are up, the world's full of money, as I hear in Aldersbury, and be you to take all and us none?'

It was a revelation to the Squire. Share? Share with his men? Could there be a fool so foolish as to look at the matter thus? Labourers were labourers, and he'd always seen that they had enough in the worst times to keep soul and body together. The duty of seeing that they had as much as would do that was his; and he had always owned it and discharged it. If man, woman or child had starved in Garthmyle he would have blamed himself severely. But the notion that they should have more because times were good, the notion that aught besides the county rate of wages, softened by feudal charity, entered into the question, was a heresy as new to him as it was preposterous. 'You don't know what you are talking about,' he said, surprise diminishing his anger.

'Don't I?' the man answered, his little eyes sparkling with spite. 'Well, there's some things I know as you don't. You'd ought to go to the summer-house a bit more, master, and you'd learn. You'd ought to walk in the garden. There's goings-on and meetings and partings as you don't know, I'll go bail! But t'aint my business and I say nought. I do my work.'

'I'll find another to do it this day month,' said the Squire. 'And you'll take that for notice, my man. You'll do your duty while you're here, and if I find one of the horses sick or sorry, you'll sleep in jail. That's enough. I want no more of your talk!'

He went into the house. Things had come to a pretty pass, when one of his men could face him out like that. The sooner he made a change and saw the rogue out of Garthmyle the better!

He flung his stick into a corner and his hat on the table and damned the times. He would put the matter out of his mind.

But it would not go. The taunt the man had flung at him at the last haunted him. What did the rogue mean? And at whom was he hinting? Was Arthur working against him in his own house as well as opposing him out of doors? If so, by heaven, he would soon put an end to it! And by and by, unable to resist the temptation—but not until he had sent Thomas away on an errand—he went heavily out and into the terraced garden. He climbed to the raised walk and looked abroad, his brow gloomy.

The day had mended and the sun was trying to break through the clouds. The sheep were feeding along the brook-side below him, the lambs were running races under the hedgerows, or curling themselves up on sheltered banks. But the scene, which usually gratified him, failed to please to-day, for presently he espied a figure moving near the mill and made out that the figure was Josina's. From time to time the girl stooped. Possibly she was picking primroses.

It was the idle hour of the day, and there was no reason why she should not be taking her pleasure. But the Squire's brow grew darker as he marked her lingering steps and uncertain movements. More than once he fancied that she looked behind her, and by and by with an oath he turned, clumped down the steps, and left the garden.

He had not quite reached the mill when she saw him descending to meet her. He fancied that he read guilt in her face, and his old heart sank at the sight.

'What are you doing?' he asked, confronting her and striking the ground with his cane. 'Eh? What are you doing here, girl? Out with it! You've a tongue, I suppose?'

She looked as if she could sink into the ground, but she found her voice. 'I've been gathering—these, sir,' she faltered, holding out her basket.

'Ay, at the rate of one a minute! I've watched you. Now, listen to me. You listen to me, young woman. And take warning. If you're hanging about to meet that young fool—more fool or knave I don't know which—I'll not have it. Do you hear? I'll not have it!'

She looked at him piteously, the colour gone from her face. 'I—I don't think—I understand, sir,' she quavered.

'Oh, you understand well enough!' he retorted, his suspicions turned to certainty. 'And none of your woman's tricks with me! I've done with Master Arthur, and you've done with him too. If he comes about the place he's to be sent to the right-about. That's my order, and that's all about it. Do you hear?'

She affected to be surprised, and a little colour trickled into her cheeks. But he took this for one of her woman's wiles—they were deceivers, all of them.

'Do you mean, sir,' she stammered, 'that I am not to see Arthur?'

'You're neither to see him nor speak to him nor listen to him! There's to be an end of it. Now, are you going to obey me, girl?'

She looked as if butter would not melt in her mouth. 'Yes, sir,' she answered meekly. 'I shall obey you if those are your orders.'

He was surprised by the readiness of her assent, and he looked at her suspiciously. 'Umph!' he grunted. 'That sounds well, and it will be well for you, girl, if you keep to it. For I mean it. Let there be no mistake about that.'

'I shall do as you wish, of course, sir.'

'He's behaved badly, d—d badly! But if you are sensible I'll say no more. Only understand me, you've got to give him up.'

'Yes, sir.'

'From this day? Now, do you understand?'

'Yes, sir.'

After that he had no more to say. He required obedience, and he should have been glad to receive it. But, to tell the truth, he was a little non-plussed. Girls were silly—such was his creed—and it behoved them to be guided by their elders. If they did not suffer themselves to be guided, they must be brought into line sharply. But somewhere, far down in the old man's heart, and unacknowledged even by himself, lay an odd feeling—a feeling of something like disappointment. In his young days girls had not been so ready, so very ready, to surrender their lovers. He had even known them to fight for them. He was perplexed.

CHAPTER X.

THEY were standing on the narrow strip of sward between the wood and the stream, which the gun accident had for ever made memorable to them. The stile rose between them, but as his hands rested on hers, and his eyes dwelt unrebuked on her conscious face, the barrier was but as the equator, which divides but does not separate; the sacrifice to propriety was less than it seemed. Spring had come with a rush, the hedges were everywhere bursting into leaf. In the Thirty Acres which climbed the hill above them, the thrushes were singing their May-day song, and beside them the brook rippled and sparkled in the sunshine. All Nature rejoiced, and the pulse of youth leapt to the universal rhythm. The maiden's eyes repeated what the man's lips uttered, and for the time to love and to be loved was all in all.

'To think,' he murmured, 'that if I had not been so awkward we should not have known one another!' And, silly man, he thought this the height of wisdom.

'And the snowdrops!' She, alas, was on the same plane of sapience. 'But when—when did you first, Clem?'

'From the first moment we met! From the very first, Jos!'

'When I saw you standing here? And looking——'

'Oh, from long before that!' he declared. And his eyes challenged denial. 'From the hour when I saw you at the Race Ball in the Assembly Room—ages, ages ago!'

She savoured the thought and found it delicious, and she longed to hear it repeated. 'But you did not know me then. How could you—love me?'

'How could I not? How could I see you and not love you?' he babbled. 'How was it possible I should not? Were we not made for one another? You don't doubt that? And you,' jealously, 'when, sweet, did you first—think of me?'

Alas, she could only go back to the moment when she had tripped heart-whole round the corner of the wood, and seen him standing, solitary, wrapped in thought, a romantic figure. But though, to her shame, she could only go back to that, it thrilled her, it made her immensely happy, to think that he had loved her first, that his heart had gone out to her before she knew him, that he had chosen her even before he had spoken to her. Ay,

chosen her, little regarded as she was, and shabby, and insignificant amid the gay throng of the ballroom! She had been Cinderella then, but she had found her glass slipper now—and her Fairy Prince. And so on, and so on, with sweet and foolish repetitions.

For this was the latest of a dozen meetings, and Love had long ago challenged Love. Many an afternoon had Clement waited under the wood, and with wonder and reverence seen the maid come tripping along the green towards him. Many a time had he thought a seven-mile ride a small price to pay for the chance, the mere chance, of a meeting, for the distant glimpse of a bonnet, ay, even for the privilege of touching the pebble set for a token on the stile. So that it is to be feared that, if market days had found him more often at his desk, there had been other days, golden days and not a few, when the bank had not held him, when he had stolen away to play truant in this enchanted country. But then, how great had been the temptation, how compelling the lure, how fair the maid!

No, he had not played quite fairly with his father. But the thought of that weighed lightly on him. For this that had come to him, this love that glorified all things, even as Spring the face of Nature, that filled his mind with a thousand images, each more enchanting than the last, and inspired his imagination with a magic not its own,—this visited a man but once; whereas he would have long years in which he might redeem the time, long years in which he might warm his father's heart by an attendance at the desk that should shame Rodd himself! Ay, and he would! He would! Even the sacrifice of his own tastes, his own wishes seemed in his present mood a small surrender, and one he owed and longed to pay.

For he was in love with goodness, he longed to put himself right with all. He longed to do his duty to all, he who walked with a firmer step, who trod the soil with a conquering foot, who found new beauties in star and flower, he, so happy, so proud, so blessed!

But this being his mood, there was a burden which weighed on him, and weighed on him more heavily every day, and that was the part which he was playing towards the Squire. It had long galled him, when absent from her; of late it had begun to mar his delight in her presence. The rôle of secret lover had charmed for a time—what more shy, more elusive, more retiring

than young love? And what more secret? Fain would it shun all eyes. But he had now reached a farther stage, and being honest, and almost quixotic by nature, he could not without pain fall day by day below the ideals which his fancy set up. To-day he had come to meet Josina with a fixed resolve, and a mind wound up to the pitch of action; and presently into the fair pool of her content—yet quaking as he did so lest he should seem to hint a fault—he cast the stone.

'And now, Jos,' he said, his eyes looking bravely into hers, 'I must see your father.'

'My father!' Fear sprang into her eyes. She stiffened.

'Yes, dear,' he repeated. 'I must see your father—and speak to him. There is no other course possible.'

Colour, love, joy, all fled from her face. She shivered. 'My father!' she stammered, pale to the lips. 'Oh, it is impossible! It is impossible! You would not do it!' She would have withdrawn her hands if he had not held them. 'You cannot, cannot mean it! Have you thought what you are saying?'

'I have, indeed,' he said, sobered by her fear, and full of pity for her. 'I lay awake for hours last night thinking of it. But there is no other course, Jos, no other course—if we would be happy.'

'But, oh, you don't know him!' she cried, panic-stricken. And her voice wrung his heart. 'You don't know him! Or what he will think of me!'

'Nothing very bad,' he rejoined. But more than ever, more than before, his conscience accused him. He felt that the shame which burned her face and in a moment gave way to the pallor of fear was the measure of his guilt; and in proportion as he winced under that knowledge, and under the knowledge that it was she who must pay the heavier penalty, he took blame to himself and was strengthened in his resolve. 'Listen, Jos,' he said bravely. 'Listen! And let me tell you what I mean. And, dearest, do not tremble as you are trembling. I am not going to tell him to-day. But tell him I must some day—and soon, if we do not wish him to learn it from others.'

She shuddered. All had been so bright, so new, so joyous; and now she was to pay the price. And the price had a very terrible aspect for her. Fate, a cruel, pitiless fate, was closing upon her. She could not speak, but her eyes, her quivering lips, pleaded with him for mercy.

He had expected that, and he steeled himself, showing thereby the good metal that was in him. 'Yes,' he said firmly, 'we must, Jos. And for a better reason than that. Because if we do not, if we continue to deceive your father, he will have reason to be angry with you, but to despise me; to look upon me as a poor unmanly thing, Jos, a coward who dared not face him, a craven who dared not ask him for what he valued above all the world! Who stole it from him in the dark and behind his back! As it is he will be angry enough. He will look down upon me, and with justice. And at first he will say "No," and I fear he will separate us, and there will be no more meetings, and we may have to wait. But if we are brave, if we trust one another and are true to one another—and, alas, you will have to bear the worst—if we can bear and be strong, in the end, believe me, Jos, it will come right.'

'Never,' she cried, despairing, 'never! He will never allow it!'

'Then——'

'Oh,' she prayed, 'can we not go on as we are?'

'No, we cannot.' He was firm. 'We cannot. By and by you would discover that for yourself, and you, as well as he, would have cause to despise me. For consider, Jos, think, dear. If I do not seek you for my wife, what is before us? To what can we look forward? To what future? What end? Only to perpetual alarms, and some day, when we least expect it, to discovery—to discovery that will cover me with disgrace.'

She did not answer. She had taken her hands from him, she had taken herself from him. She leant on the stile, her face hidden. But he dared not give way, nor would he let himself be repulsed; and very tenderly he laid his hand on her shoulder. 'It is natural that you should be frightened,' he said. 'But if I, too, am frightened; if, seeing the proper course, I do not take it, how can you ever trust me or depend on me? What am I then but a coward? What is the worth of my love, Jos, if I have not the courage to ask for you?'

'But he will want to know——' her shoulders heaved in her agitation, 'he will want to know——'

'How we met? I know. And how we loved? Yes, I am afraid so. And he will be angry with you, and you will suffer, and I shall be God knows how wretched! But if I do not go to him, how much more angry will he be! And how much more ground for anger will he have! If we continue to meet it cannot long be

kept from him, and then how much worse will it be! And I, with not a word to say for myself, with no defence, no plea! I, who shall not then seem to him to be even a man.'

'But he is so—so hard!' she whispered, her face still hidden.

'I know, dear. And so firmly set in his prejudice and his pride. I know. He will think me so far below you; he hates the bank and all connected with it. He holds me a mere clerk, not one of his class, and low, dear, I know it. But'—his voice rose a tone—'I am not low, Jos, and you have discovered it. And now I must prove it to him. I must prove it. And to make a beginning, I must be no coward. I must not be afraid of him. For you, the times are past when he could ill-treat you. And he loves you.'

'He is very hard,' she murmured. It was his punishment throughout, that though his heart was wrung for her he could not bear her share of the suffering. But he dared not and he would not give way. 'He will make me give you up.'

He had thought of that and he was ready for it. 'That must depend upon you,' he said very soberly. 'For my part, dear—but my part is easy—I shall never give you up. Never! But if the trial be too sore for you who must bear the heavier burden, if you feel that our love is not worth the price you must pay, then I will never reproach you, Jos, never. If you decide on that I will not say one word against it; no, nor think one harsh thought of you. And then we need not tell him. But we must not meet again.'

She trembled; and it was natural, it was very natural, that she should tremble, being such as she was. It was an age when discipline was strict and even harsh, and she had been bred up in awe of her father, and in that absolute subjection to him of which the women about her set the example. Children were then to be seen and not heard. Girls were expected to have neither wills nor views of their own. And in her case this was not all. The Squire was a hard man. He was a man of whom all about him stood in awe, and who if he had any of the softer affections hid them under a mask of unpleasing reserve. Proud as he was of his rank and caste, he kept his daughter short of money and short of clothes. He saw her go shabby without a qualm, and penniless, and rejoiced that she could not get into mischief. If she lost a shilling on an errand or overpaid a bill, he stormed and raved at her. Had she run up a debt he would have driven

her from the room with oaths. So that if, under the dry husk, there was any kernel, any softer feeling—either for her or for the young boy who had died in his first uniform at Alexandria—she had no clue to the fact, and certainly no suspicion of it.

Nor was even this the whole. One thing was known to Josina which was not known to Clement. Garth was entailed upon her. Even the Squire could not deprive her of the estate, and in the character of his heir she wore for the old man a preciousness with which affection had nothing to do. What he might have permitted to his daughter was matter for grim conjecture. But that he would ever let his heiress, her whose hand was weighted with the rents of Garth, and with the wide lands he loved—that he would ever let her wed at her pleasure or out of her class,—this appeared to Josina of all things the most unlikely.

It was no wonder then that the girl hesitated before she answered, or that Clement's face grew grave, his heart heavy, as he waited. But he had that insight into the feelings of others which imagination alone can give, and while she wavered or seemed to waver, he felt none of the resentment which comes of wounded love. Rather he was filled with a great pity for her, a deep tenderness. For it was he who was in fault, he told himself. It was he who had made the overtures, he who had wooed and won her fancy, he who had done this. It was his selfishness, his thoughtlessness, his imprudence which had brought them to this pass, a pass whence they could neither advance without suffering nor draw back with honour. So that if she who must encounter a father's anger proved unequal to the test, if the love, which he did not doubt, was still too weak to face the ordeal, it did not lie with him to blame her—even on this day when bird and flower and leaf sang love's pæan. No, perish the thought! He would never blame her. With infinite tenderness, forgiving her beforehand, he touched her bowed head.

At that, at that touch, she looked up at last, and with a leap of the heart he read her answer in her eyes. He read there a love and a courage equal to his own; for, after all, she was her father's daughter; she too came of an old proud race. 'You shall tell him,' she said, smiling bravely through her tears. 'And I will bear what comes of it. But they shall never separate us, Clem, never, never, if you will be true to me.'

'True to you!' he cried, worshipping her, adoring her. 'Oh, Jos!'

'And love me a little always?'

'Love you? Oh, my darling!' The words choked him.

'It shall be as you say! It shall be always as you say!' She was clinging to him now. 'I will do as you tell me! I will always —oh, but you mustn't, you mustn't,' between tears and smiles, for his arms were about her now, and the poor ineffectual stile had ceased to be even an equator. 'But I must tell you. I love you more now, Clement, more, more because I can trust you. You are strong and will do what is right.'

'At your cost!' he cried, shaken to the depths—and he thought her the most wonderful, the bravest, the noblest woman in the world. 'Ah, Jos, if I could bear it for you!'

'I will bear it,' she answered. 'And it will not last. And see, I am not afraid now—or only a little! I shall think of you, and it will be nothing.'

Oh, but the birds were singing now and the brook was sparkling as it rippled over the shallows towards the deep pool.

Presently, 'When will you tell him?' she asked; and she asked it bravely, with scarce a quaver in her voice.

'As soon as I can. The sooner the better. This is Saturday. I will see him on Monday morning.'

'But isn't that—market-day?' faintly. 'Can you get away?'

'Does anything matter beside this?' he replied. 'The sooner, dear, the tooth is pulled, the better. There is only one thing I fear.'

'I think you fear nothing,' she rejoined, gazing at him with admiring eyes. 'But what is it?'

'That some one should be before us. That some one should tell him before I do. And he should think us what we are not, Jos—cowards.'

'I see,' she answered thoughtfully. 'Yes,' with a sigh. 'Then, on Monday. I shall sleep the better when it is over, even if I sleep in disgrace.'

'I know,' he said; and he saw with a pang that her colour ebbed and that her lips were quivering. But her eyes still met his and were brave, and she smiled to reassure him.

'I will not mind what comes,' she whispered, 'if only we are not parted.'

'We shall not be parted for ever,' he assured her. 'If we are true to one another, not even your father can part us—in the end.'

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN.

BY THE DEAN OF WINCHESTER.

On March 16, 1892, Edward Augustus Freeman died at Alicante. The historian of the Norman Conquest was at work to the last; in the words of the fine epitaph which his son-in-law, Sir Arthur Evans, wrote for the cross over his grave, 'Studio impulsus loca pernoscendi, Hispanico in itinere, morte correptus inopina.' He was on the track of the Sikels, for his travels were never mere pleasure tours, and in Spain he sought for knowledge which should make his 'History of Sicily' more complete. Said his successor York Powell, that brilliant antithesis to all his characteristics:

'It was not granted to him to grasp his ideal, and the soil of the Protestant graveyard of Alicante covers the dust of the greatest English historian of this century, snatched by too sudden a death from the midst of the friends, the kindred, and the labours he loved. Spain guards the sepulchres of few worthier Englishmen, though many have found death beneath her cloudless skies.'

It may well be that the twentieth century will take something from the splendour of this eulogy. Among his contemporaries there are names which have won honour among historians as great as or greater than his own. When the time comes for a final estimate—if such a time ever comes in a field where verdicts are never beyond appeal—Stubbs among the Oxford historians must surely retain a higher place; and, though his historical work was of a different kind, few will be found to challenge, among Cambridge scholars, the greatness of Lightfoot. Freeman's fame, no doubt, was dimmed by something of a reaction after his death. Men began to think of historical science differently, and to write differently. Perhaps we are not yet ready to readjust the scales. But there can be no doubt that when at last he is weighed in the balance he will not be found wanting. He was a great historian: his was a noble character.

Before his personal influence is forgotten, and his character can be recaptured only by those who never knew him in the flesh, it may be well to set down some memories of a man so eminent and so lovable.

It was thought, thirty years ago, that Freeman was a man aloof from criticism if not above it, isolated, self-centred and self-sufficient. But those who were admitted to his intimacy knew that nothing could be farther from the truth. Historically he was indebted to many helpers, though never to the extent which some of his contemporaries found satisfactory. He would ask information, and that minutely, from friends on whose learning he could rely. But others did not form his opinions or write his books for him. Personally he was a devoted husband, father, and friend. He accepted affection, and returned it, as he accepted help from those who loved him and those whom he trusted and loved.

I have still remaining from the material handed to me for use, when I was collecting the letters of Bishop Stubbs, a number of the letters which passed from one scholar to the other. Unhappily, in the last weeks of his life the Bishop destroyed almost all the letters he had received from his historical friends. But those which he wrote to Freeman, in answer very often to requests for instruction or advice, full as they are of learning, simplicity, and humour, still survive, and there are still some which were not published in 1904. I have looked them through again lately. If they do not add to our knowledge of facts, they add to our knowledge of two eminent men. Unfortunately, Stubbs at that time hardly ever dated his letters by the year, and the dates, where no definite public event is referred to, can be no more than conjectural. The letters, I think, illustrate the character of Freeman as well as that of Stubbs, and show the freedom of their friendship as well as the nature of the help which one received from the other. They illustrate Freeman's interests, the subjects he was at work on, his larger studies for 'The Norman Conquest,' his lesser and unceasing contributions to current literature. They discuss such subjects as Becket, on whom Freeman was writing an essay. May he really count as an Englishman, though his parents were Norman? He was born in London. Or, again, Anselm: who called him 'alterius orbis papa'? (I remember, by the way, being astonished that Freeman, who knew, one supposed, all about William Rufus—and one thought that that meant Anselm too—should never, as he once told me, have read, 'Cur Deus Homo.') Or Hereward ('a sort of mediaeval Jack the Giant-Killer'), where Stubbs helped Freeman with several facts and references. Or Waltham Abbey, King Harold's foundation. Or Crowland,

Peterborough, and the Fen Churches, where Stubbs says, 'I think all the authorities are lies.' And all sorts of ecclesiastical-historical matters, where Stubbs's aid was invaluable.

In March 1866 (the University records help us here) Stubbs says, 'I am very glad Bryce is to be in the Schools as I shall be able to get to know him.' That seems to be the beginning of an historic friendship, for the two examined together. The candidates must have been alarmed in the presence of such notables. Such was my feeling indeed in 1882 when Stubbs asked me questions *viva voce*, and I was so frightened that I could not remember 'What was the usual punishment of heresy in the Middle Ages?' and began to talk of all sorts of obscure things, such as the turning out the poor heretic woman (*muliercula*, William of Newburgh calls her) into the snow, after the Council of Oxford, which Freeman in his most Freemanesque way had said was 'of a piece with the imprisonment of Antigone in the tomb and with Bishop Odo's club on the day of Senlac.'

These letters are too special in their interest for the CORNHILL; but in their minuteness they illustrate the method of the nineteenth-century historian. They show that Freeman constantly asked his friends' advice; and his books show that he constantly took it.

One letter deals at length with the question of the 'nations' at the Council of Constance, a matter on which Dr. R. L. Poole, impeccable as a mediaevalist, has written me an interesting elucidation. And that is almost the last letter which I find still unpublished. There is one written by Stubbs when he was Bishop of Chester to decline to write a book on Chester for a series of Historic Towns edited by Freeman: 'It seems to me that there is too much to learn and too much obscurity for a simple-minded man to undertake.' There is a reference also to Freeman's 'Donner und Blitzen at Oxford.' The association of these two scholars (and of their friend 'Johnny' Green) was very close. I well remember the pleasure with which Stubbs told me of the appointment of Freeman as his successor at Oxford. As everyone knows, the link that joined them was Trinity College, Oxford, where Stubbs succeeded to the Fellowship which Freeman vacated by marriage; and a long poem in which Stubbs commemorated the presidential election of 1850 seems to suggest that the writer thought his friend one of those who might well have been elected to fill Dr. Ingram's place. The juniors, he tells,

'Could not bear that Trinity
Should fall so very low:
That all the spirits famed of old
Should have so small regard
As Williams, Copeland, Freeman,
Claughton and Guillemard:
Great Guillemard the Proctor
Who once, with wisdom stor'd,
Thwarted on a religious point
The Abominable Board.'

This last allusion is, of course, to the day when the Proctors, Guillemard of Trinity and Church of Oriel, vetoed the Hebdomadal Board's proposal to require the assent given by members of the University to the Thirty-nine Articles to be made to them as taken in the sense in which 'they were both first published and were now imposed by the University.'

About that dramatic incident Freeman, who was a whole-hearted Tractarian, retained a vivid interest to the end of his life. A letter of his, written to me on April 23, 1891, when I was Senior Proctor, thus refers to it. He was speaking of the installation of the late Lord Selborne as High Steward of the University, and wrote:

'What an opportunity lost for making a really fine function. The admission of Proctors is far more impressive than that of High Steward. Yet can the High Steward hang one—unless some modern dodge has taken away his power—and the Proctors, with all my reverence for their office, can't do that. Also, the Proctors come every year, and the High Steward only now and then. Why was it not done in the Theatre—Sheldon's, not jowett's—with Merry to make a speech and Selborne to answer? Did I tell you the verses which I, with some help from Basil, now of St. David's, made on your predecessors in 1845? (See *Virginia*.)

"In those brave days our proctors
Stood firmly side by side;
They faced the Marsham fury:
They braved the Wyntery[1] pride."

[1] Mr. Freeman's note to this: '*Christian Remembrancer* wrote something like this: "Though Dr. Wynter has gone out of office, yet still χειμέρια τὰ πράγματα."' Need I add to this that Dr. Wynter was Vice-Chancellor at the crisis of the Oxford Movement, and Dr. Bullock Marsham was Warden of Merton—he still was, when I went up in 1879? Dr. Merry was Public Orator in 1891, most delightful of Latin speakers; and, of the other names, Jenkyns was Master of Balliol in 1845, and Benjamin Symonds Warden of Wadham. A learned friend who sits by me as I write says Mr. Freeman should have written χειμέρινα. And long study has not made us sure whether the word below is 'humbling' or 'thrashing'!

'To continue:

"They left the smallest Jenkyns
To howl for humbling Rome;
They sent the biggest Benjamin
With snowballed pokers home."

'I could not think of anything for "shivered fasces," so Jones suggested "snowballed pokers" (τὰς δ' ὀξίδας Κηφισοφῶν). 'Twas on a snowy day that Guillemard and Church slew that lion in that pit, and some snowballs were thrown.'

There was a theological as well as an historical link between Stubbs and Freeman. Stubbs, too, was a Tractarian at heart. He had helped Dr. Pusey in one of his innumerable literary projects, even so late as 1869, in the re-issue of the *Tractatus de veritate conceptionis Beatissimae Virginis* by Turrecremata (1437), and he spoke of the great Tractarian as 'the Master.' The friendship between them was a very pleasant thing to watch. Freeman really adored Stubbs. He thought there never was an historian like him, and never would be. He delighted to nickname himself after a certain Puritan divine, 'Knewstubbs.' He had no patience with anyone who did not admire him as much as he did himself. It was hero-worship, genuine and complete. I saw a letter of his the other day to Mr. Gladstone, in which he spoke of the delight with which he had attended the consecration of one who was once his successor (as a Fellow of Trinity) and now his predecessor (as Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford).

Stubbs was equally fond of Freeman, but he certainly had a touch of fun in his friendship. He saw the outward amusement there was in the appearance of the large, burly, bearded, happy-faced man—they called him 'The Knave of Hearts' when he was an undergraduate. He saw his brusque manner and odd exaggerations and odd, old-fashioned fads. One felt Stubbs was always smiling at Freeman, much though he loved him; while Freeman was always worshipping Stubbs. And they both had a very tender heart for J. R. Green. As for themselves, historically, Thorold Rogers summed up their relations in the well-known lines:

'See, ladling butter from alternate tubs,
Stubbs butters Freeman, Freeman butters Stubbs,'

but he wrote and apologised for what was only a 'jest on a supposed identity of opinion entertained by two distinguished writers.'

But there was nothing of the log-roller about either. They knew what was good history, and each knew that the other wrote it.

Insensibly, as one writes of Freeman, one rambles, as he did in his vivid talk, and sometimes too in his books. I suppose that if one were to hunt for his faults as a writer one would find a certain tendency to wander from the point and a still stronger habit of emphasising it too lengthily. This latter defect, if such it be, was certainly intentional. In his lighter work, as for instance his book on the United States, he meant to write as he talked: in his serious histories he was before all things determined that his readers should understand what he meant and be convinced that he was right.

And what a large field he covered. Very few people who are not professional journalists can have written so much for the newspapers and magazines as he did. The list of his reviews and 'middles' for the *Saturday*, of his reviews and articles in the *Guardian*, is enormous. The list of his writings, excluding those papers and his contributions to archæological journals, covers ten pages of his biography. And it is no exaggeration to say that all that he wrote was read by nearly everyone in England who took any interest in historical or political questions. Those subjects were knit together in his mind, because history seemed to him to be past politics, and he was keenly interested in current politics. He delighted to link his past and present heroes, and his past and present horrors too. 'A Montfort and a Gladstone,' he would say, 'a Flambard and a Beaconsfield.' There are a good many defects inseparable from this point of view; but at any rate it keeps a man always alive in his writings as well as in his books. If it made him bring down all sorts of lofty comparisons to mingle at times with the peddling parochialism which was the besetting sin of the Liberal politicians of his own age, it yet, in serious things, reached out to that splendid conception of the unity of History which was the guiding star which he followed.

In his Rede lecture at Cambridge he expressed most fully the aim of all his work, and his ideals as student and writer. The lecture is too long to epitomise; and indeed it ought to be known to all those who study history and historians. It is full of characteristic phrases which are often almost epigrammatic. One of them is that saying about what a historian ought to know—'Of some branches he must know everything, but of every branch he must know something'—not an easy achievement. But it never

wanders from the main thought: that the whole history of man is one. There is no dividing line between ancient and modern history; though I don't think Freeman would have disagreed with what I once heard Stubbs say, 'There is a broad line drawn across the history of the world by the birth of Christ.' He could see no breach in the continuity of history. Thus he loved to bind the ages together. Here is a most significant passage:

'In tracing out the long history of the true middle ages, the ages when Roman and Teutonic elements stood as yet side by side, not yet mingled together into the whole which was to spring out of their union—in treading the spots which have witnessed the deeds of Roman Cæsars and Teutonic Kings—many are the scenes which we light upon which make us feel more strongly how truly all European history is one unbroken tale. There are moments when contending elements are brought together in a wondrous sort, when strangely mingled tongues and races and states of feeling meet as it were from distant lands and ages. I will choose but one such scene out of many. Let us stand on the Akropolis of Athens on a day in the early part of the eleventh century of our aera. A change has come since the days of Periklês and even since the days of Alaric. The voice of the orator is silent in the Pnyx; the voice of the philosopher is silent in the Academy. Athênê Promachos no longer guards her city with her uplifted spear, nor do men deem that, if the Goth should again draw nigh, her living form would again scare him from her walls. But her temple is still there, as yet untouched by the hand or the cannon of Turk and Venetian, as yet unspoiled by the hand of the Scottish plunderer. It stands as holy as ever in the minds of men; it is hallowed to a worship of which Iktinos and Kallikratês never heard; yet in some sort it keeps its ancient name and use; the House of the Virgin is the House of the Virgin still. The old altars, the old images, are swept away; but altars unstained by blood have risen in their stead, and the walls of the cella blaze like Saint Sophia and Saint Vital, with the painted forms of Hebrew patriarchs, Christian martyrs, and Roman Cæsars. It is a day of triumph, not as when the walls were broken down to welcome a returning Olympic conqueror; not as when ransomed thousands pressed forth to hail the victors of Marathôn, or when their servile offspring crowded to pay their impious homage to the descending godship of Dêmêtrios. A conqueror comes to pay his worship within these ancient walls; an Emperor of the Romans comes to give thanks for the deliverance of his Empire in the Church of Saint Mary of Athens. Roman in title, Greek in speech—boasting of

his descent from the Macedonian Alexander and from the Parthian Arsakês, but sprung in truth, so men whispered, from the same Slavonic stock which had given the Empire Justinian and Belisarius —fresh from his victories over a people Turanian in blood, Slavonic in speech, and delighting to deck their Kings with the names of Hebrew prophets—Basil the Second, the Slayer of the Bulgarians, the restorer of the Byzantine power, paying his thank-offerings to God and the Panagia in the old heathen temple of democratic Athens, seems as if he had gathered all the ages and nations of the world around him, to teach by the most pointed of contrasts that the history of no age or nation can be safely fenced off from the history of its fellows. Other scenes of the same class might easily be brought together, but this one, perhaps the most striking of all, is enough. I know of no nobler subject for a picture or a poem.'

This passage is no bad illustration of the nature of his 'style.' Style, I think, was a word he abhorred; and he had little patience with people who spent time on perfecting their method of expressing themselves. Yet he did take pains himself. He did not by any means 'never blot a line.' But his desire was only to achieve clearness in the first place, and after that a dignity which should befit his subject. In two articles which I wrote in the CORNHILL some years ago I tried to choose characteristic passages from the writings of Stubbs and S. R. Gardiner. I should like to do so now with E. A. Freeman. Let me first take one of his earliest writings, the essay on St. Thomas of Canterbury, which was originally a review of J. C. Robertson's 'Becket, a Biography' (1859). This is his summing up:

'We have thus tried to deal, by the clear light of impartial historical criticism, with a man whose history has been disfigured by three centuries and a half of adoration followed by three more centuries of obloquy. The almost deified Saint Thomas, the despised Thomas Becket, appears by that light as a man of great gifts, of high and honest purpose, but whose virtues were disfigured by great defects, and who was placed in a position for which his character was unsuited. Indiscriminate adoration and indiscriminate reviling are alike out of place with so mixed a character; petty carping and sneers are yet more out of place than either. Thomas and his age are gone. He has perhaps no direct claims upon our gratitude as Englishmen; none certainly for those acts which most won him the admiration of his own day. He won the martyr's crown in contending for principles which we must all rejoice did not ultimately prevail. The Constitutions of

Clarendon are now, with the good will of all, part and parcel of our law. We do not claim a place for Thomas of Canterbury beside Alfred and Æthelstan, beside Stephen Langton and Simon de Montfort; yet, as a great and heroic Englishman, he is fully entitled to a respect more disinterested than that which we show to benefactors whose gifts we are still enjoying. Of no man of such wide-spread fame have we so few visible memorials; Northampton Castle has vanished, Canterbury Cathedral is rebuilt; a few fragments alone remain on which the eyes of Thomas can have rested. No great foundation, no splendid minster or castle, survives to bear witness to his bounty or to his skill in the arts. He lived in and for his own age. To understand him thoroughly, one must first thoroughly know what that age was. And no fair-minded man who has at once mastered the history and literature of the twelfth century, and has attained the faculty of throwing himself with a lively interest into times so alien to our own, can rise from his studies without the conviction that Thomas of Canterbury, with all his faults, is fairly entitled to a place among the worthies of whom England is proud.'

Perhaps he was not a subtle analyst of character, but he certainly tried hard to understand men as well as books, and he very often succeeded. If he idealised Godwine and Harold (one remembers the lady's account in 'The New Republic' of the historian's indignation when it was suggested that the West Saxon king's was not quite such a fine character as the Prince Consort's; and surely there is a little study of J. R. Green's attached to his 'Conquest of England,' which picks a few holes in the great Earl), he did full justice to William the Conqueror and William Rufus. And perhaps in 'The Norman Conquest' he was really at his best.

Let me give two extracts from the great battle scene in the *magnum opus*.

'The Duke now called for his harness. His coat of mail was brought forth; but in putting it on, by some accident, the forepart was turned hindmost. Many a man would have been embarrassed at the evil omen, and in truth the hearts of many of William's followers sank. But his own ready wit never failed him; he was as able to turn the accident to his advantage as when he first took seizin of the soil of Sussex. The omen, he said, was in truth a good one; as the hauberk had been turned about, so he who bore it would be turned from a Duke into a King. Now fully armed, he called for his war-horse. His noble Spanish steed, the gift of his ally King Alfonso, was brought forth. The horse

was led by the aged Walter Giffard, the Lord of Longueville, the hero of Arques and of Mortemer. He had made the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella, and he had brought the gallant beast as a worthy offering for a prince who was the mirror of knighthood. William now sprang on his horse's back, and, now ready for battle, he paused for a moment at the head of his host. His gallant equipment and bearing called forth the admiration of all around him, and a spokesman for their thoughts was found in Hamon, the Viscount of the distant Thouars. He spoke no doubt the words of all, when he said that never had such a knight been seen under heaven, and that the noble Count would become a nobler King.'

En passant, let us say of the battle itself, that the controversy begun by Mr. J. H. Round, to whom all students of mediaeval English History owe an immeasurable debt, has died down, and it may well be doubted if a certain decision can ever be arrived at. Silence: and Wace. Let us prefer silence here. And let us turn to the words which tell the end of 'the day of Senlac.'

'The blow had gone truly to its mark; but still all was not over. Harold had fallen, as his valiant brothers had fallen before him. The event too truly showed that England had fallen with the sons of Godwine; that, as ever in this age, everything turned on the life of one man, and that the one man who could have guarded and saved England was taken from her. The men who fought upon the hill of Senlac may have been too deeply occupied with the duty of the moment to look forward to the future chances of their country. But they knew at least that with their King's death that day's battle was lost. Yet even when Harold had fallen, resistance did not at once cease. As long as there was a ray of light in the heaven, as long as an English arm had strength to lift axe or javelin, the personal following of King Harold continued the unequal strife. Worn out by the strain of a long resistance, while the Normans, as assailants, seemed to draw fresh vigour from the conflict, they, the highest nobility, the most valiant soldiery of England, were slaughtered to a man. Quarter was neither given nor asked; not a man of the *comitatus* fled; not a man was taken captive. There around the fallen standard, we may call up before our eyes the valiant deaths of those few warriors of Senlac whose names we know. There fell Thurkill and Godric beside their friend and former Earl. There Ælfwig died by his royal nephew, leaving an inheritance of sorrow to the house over which he ruled. And there the East-Anglian deacon lay in death by the side of the lord whom, from his early days,

he had served so faithfully. Those alone escaped, who, smitten down by wounds were on the morrow thrown aside as dead, but who still breathed, and who in time recovered strength to seek their homes and still to serve their country. Abbot Leofric, sick and weary, made his way home to die in his own Golden Borough; and Esegar, the valiant Staller, was borne back to London, his body disabled by honourable wounds, but his heart still stout and his wit still keen to keep up resistance to the last.'

These passages show Freeman at the summit of his powers, and, with their obvious faults, they show that his memory will not endure as a master of the English tongue. It will endure as a writer of fine history, an authority on architecture and local lore. Those who do not wish to read history minutely will certainly find his most useful work in his sketches of cities, their history and architecture: 'English Towns and Districts,' 'Italian Sketches,' 'Sketches of Travel,' or 'Normandy and Maine,' 'Sketches from French Travel,' and the rest. These are certainly the most delightful and the most valuable companions anyone with historical interests can have, when visiting the districts he deals with. The descriptions are so clear. The knowledge comes so pat. Freeman's knowledge of architecture came to him as something like a passion. And in all he wrote about places his delight was in comparison. When he asked me to Somerleaze, he said of the little hill which was his favourite climb, 'It is not so good as Mongibello, but it is better than Headington.' Perhaps the most wonderful thing he ever did was the 'Sketch of the History of English Architecture' in Baedeker's 'Great Britain,' the best thing ever written on the subject, which he composed, I believe, in Scily, and without any books to help him, and there he remembered the resemblances to each place, and the differences.

Whatever may be his final place as an historian, and even now the time has hardly come to judge that, he will be remembered by all who knew him as long as they live for his originality and his 'humanity.' His 'Impressions of the United States' perhaps give the best representation of this. They are just like a rather restrained repetition of his talk. He was, I think, a good deal more like Dr. Johnson than William Morris was. He talked plain English, but when he began to write he did dress up his language a little. Here is an example:

'I was, of course, not surprised to find the ecclesiastical phrase-

ology of some of the American religious bodies differing a good deal from anything to which I was used; but an "adult gents' Bible class," which I saw announced on the door of a very respectable church in a city of which my memories are the pleasanter, was something for which I was not prepared.'

Prepared or not, I am convinced Mr. Freeman would have taken a very vigorous part in it.

Yes—vigorous. That is the word which expresses him best. All the things I remember about him have a touch of vigour in them. One day I met on his door-step at Oxford a well-dressed gentleman, who remarked that the weather was colder in Cambridge. I naturally took him for a don of the sister University, and I gave him the *pas* to the drawing-room. Hardly had I finished shaking hands with the ladies, ever kindest of hostesses and friends, when I heard Mr. Freeman's voice saying, 'Where is the Archbishop? Where is he? Show him to me! He says he has the Archbishop of Canterbury with him.' The torrent was turned aside by female intervention, and the intruder, who proved to be a tout for some kind of portrait-taking, was gently removed from the room. Vigour it was, and not malice, but a passion for exactitude, which made him denounce Froude's histories and Jowett's translations. In Congregation at Oxford he once denounced the latter in a side blow. He praised Henry Nettleship, 'a professor who professes a language which he does understand, *and does not profess a language which he does not understand.*' He was fond of describing another professor whom he honoured as 'the real Bright,' and disposing of a namesake as 'another person of the same name.' This sounded like extreme rudeness: it was only meant for candour. He always tried to give just judgments; but there were some things he did not understand. I can still see the stile, near Somerleaze, where he stopped to interject violent enquiries as to Denys l'Auxerrois. Did he ever exist? What did Pater mean? Was it a true thing? One thought of Audrey and poetry. And then he launched into unusual language himself. It was time to go back to dinner. 'Don't dress up,' he said, 'I shall not dress up.' I should have been surprised to see him 'dressed up' in the ordinary meaning of the phrase. But an archaic expression, or what he took to be such, always was a snare to him. 'Where does the frame of Eadmund lie?' he startled a professor by enquiring; and still more so a young lady when he asked her for 'Jupiter's inside';

but he only meant the inner sheets of *The Times*. Old phrases were akin to bygone persons. If he was loudly contemptuous of 'the Shelley mystery' and 'chatter about Harriet,' he would have spent hours in tracing, if he could, the history of Ikenay, mother of Henry II's son Geoffrey, and in studying the domestic habits of Henry I or Alfred the Great.

These are but disjointed memories, and I am not worthy to estimate his services to history. York Powell, Sir A. W. Ward, Lord Bryce, and many others have done this. And there are some words of the veteran friend who survived till a few weeks ago which I should like to quote. They cannot be surpassed, for a tribute to the historian and the man.

'Few men have had a genius for friendship equal to Freeman's. The names of those he cared for were continually on his lips, and their lives in his thoughts; their misfortunes touched him like his own; he was always ready to defend them, always ready to give any aid they needed. No differences of opinion affected his regard. Sensitive as he was to criticism, he received their censure on any part of his work without offence. The need he felt for knowing how they fared and for sharing his thoughts with them expressed itself in the enormous correspondence, not of business, but of pure affection, which he kept up with his many friends, and which forms—for his letters were so racy that many of them were preserved—the fullest record of his life. This warmth of feeling deserves to be dwelt on, because it explains the tendency to vehemence in controversy which brought some enmities upon him. There was an odd contrast between his fondness for describing wars and battles and that extreme aversion to militarism which made him appear to dislike the very existence of a British army and navy. So his combativeness and the zest with which he bestowed shrewd blows on those who encountered him, though due to his wholesome scorn for pretenders, and his hatred of falsehood and injustice, seemed inconsistent with the real kindliness of his nature. The kindliness, however, no one who knew him could doubt; it showed itself not only in his care for dumb creatures and for children, but in the depth and tenderness of his affections.

'Though his health had been infirm for some years before his death, his literary activity did not slacken, nor did his powers show signs of decline. There is nothing in his writings, nor in any writings of our time, more broad, clear, and forcible than many chapters of the "History of Sicily." Much of his work has effected its purpose, and will, by degrees, lose its place in the public eye. But much will live on into a more distant future, because

it has been done so thoroughly, and contains so much sound and vigorous thinking, that coming generations of historical students will need it and value it almost as our own has done.'

Those who knew Freeman will echo every word of Lord Bryce. Since I wrote them down, he too has passed away, in ripe and honoured age, the last of the great Oxford historians, the circle of half a century ago.

Thirty years have passed since Freeman died. Have they given us an historian greater than he was, or than those among whom he moved as a peer?

NEW RURAL RIDES.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND.

ONE sparkling morning several years ago, in crossing the Berwick bridge over the Tweed into Northumberland, the writer light-heartedly resolved upon a new series of rural rides, to look afresh into the face of every English county. He was allowed to announce the intention, and to record his experiences of that first day amongst the Border hills, in these pages (October 1915). But he got no further.

After exploring the old camp and parting with my delightful country boy, virtually the whole of Northumberland still lay before me, and it kept me there too long. I reached Alnwick that day, to be sure, and eventually crossed those glorious moors amidst which, tradition says, King John got bogged, as far as Rothbury in Coquetdale; but there I gave it up. Every mile of landscape had offered such seductive hindrances to my pilgrimage that I could not escape them before the full enormity of the great war was upon us, and rambles of the sort I contemplated had to be flung aside. Only now, at last, does the opportunity seem to occur of recalling my resolution and of carrying out my old wish. True, it is to a different world that we awake after these lost nightmare years; but it seems to me that the sentiment which prompted my intention in 1915 has a still deeper meaning now, and that it behoves us all to contemplate still more earnestly what I ventured at first to call the glorious heritage of our English landscape. Not only in a material sense is this assailed on every side, but the very spirit which ensures its wider appreciation, and hence its chance of preservation, instead of growing stronger, is, in country places at all events, obviously on the wane. If we are not to lose the stimulus of a natural possession which has inspired our better selves and has charmed the world so long, we must surely make some much more definite effort to strengthen the springs of national taste and reverence out of which so much of our landscape has actually grown, and which, in return, has done so much to foster the best qualities of our race. I can never forget what was related to me of a young officer on his arrival in London from the hellish turmoil three or four years ago, who, to the astonishment of his friends, turned first of all to the National

Gallery. He was not known to have any artistic propensities. 'I want to see the landscapes' was his simple apology; and in them for some time he rested.

No merely economic prosperity of the country could have inspired this. 'Admiration, hope, and love' had evidently played some subtle part in this young man, of which hitherto he himself had probably not been conscious. Better so, no doubt, if we could always make sure of getting such impressions by instinct. But it cannot be doubted that strenuous education of a very different sort not only fails to inspire but is positively sapping the sources of such emotion.

In order, therefore, to take up my pilgrimage where I had abandoned it, I went by train to Rothbury, determined to resist all the allurements of that sweet Coquet valley. It was not easy, for I alighted there shortly before sunset on one of the wondrous evenings that characterised that wonderful last year. A few gilded clouds hovered around the mountains, and a north-west breeze came stealing down the valley as clear and cool as the water babbling amongst the pebbles, and as fragrant as nothing else in this wide world can be. Having come from a much more southern county, it was like recapturing the first enchantment of spring, summer month though the calendar called it; and as I looked over the old bridge, the mysterious spirit of the scene suddenly found a voice in the cry of the sandpipers, the 'picka-diddles' of these parts, as a pair of the birds came in full chase down the stream. But resolute this time, I resisted it all. The next county of Cumberland was before me, and I went to my inn to brood over the road to it.

Early in the morning I struck across Garleigh. This forms the eastern end of the Simonside Hills, a dark, impressive stretch of heathery moorlands with fine beds of blaeberries, and plenty of cloud-berries, or noops, on the top. Abundant remains of the most ancient inhabitants, too, are still scattered about—ring- and cup-marks on the rocks, hut circles, old grave mounds, and mystic lines of stones which will carry the mind as far into the legendary world as you like to let them.

In passing them by I could not but be impressed again by the inadequate part all this fascinating local lore is allowed to play in our popular education. Nothing else can take its place in putting upon a sure and rational basis germs of imaginative culture with which every child is born. Where it may seem to

have failed in doing so, it must have been presented in the wrong way. The whole pageant of earth and sky may easily be made as dry and 'fushionless' as some of the botany and history classes we hear in progress through the open windows of village schools. It is instruction drill pure and simple of the most mechanical and arid kind. The heart of the matter is not in it. Jasper's vagabond wind on the heath was of vastly greater educational value. Each parish will have to take it up for itself, now that village clubs are becoming universal and a more genuine local life is so eagerly prayed for. What a field for the rural stage, or even the cinema. Here was I about to flit at the speed of the pickadiddles through a great tract of country, every mile or two of which would afford matter not for one short paper merely but for whole volumes, not a word of which was in the heart of one out of every hundred of its favoured inhabitants. Yet this is a county by instinct peculiarly susceptible to such impressions.

Fortunately it was a cool, overclouded morning, the wind having veered to north-east in the night, and now, therefore, blowing briskly behind me. By the time I reached Scotsgap and crossed the infant Wansbeck the heavy sky was breaking and the clouds were turning to fine white chains across the blue, whilst the sun began to play over the pastures, the woods, and nestling mansions lying between me and Hexham.

Where the road branched off to Bellingham, and that wild North Tyne valley, came a bit of grey-walled upland again, and with it a fine burst of the south-west view to the far-off Pennines, for which I was making. I was determined to set foot in Cumberland that night, and not at the nearest point by any means. I wanted to strike the county midway at Alston, under Cross Fell, by way of the Roman Wall, Haltwhistle, and the South Tyne. So some heroism was needed. Not for mere mileage, of course, but for the curlews along the lone trail of the great Wall, the flowers in the crannies of its stones, the scenes of the romantic courtship of the beloved Sir Walter at Gilsland, a few miles farther on, and fifty other things the scenery suggested in the direction of Naworth and merry Carlisle.

My purpose was achieved. I resisted everything with the exception of two little wayside inns which presented themselves just at fit resting-places, and the signs of which would in any case have invited the most inflexible wayfarer. The first was 'The Twice Brewed,' a few miles before Haltwhistle, a kind of Mumps's

Ha,' on the lonesome military road that runs beside the line of the old Roman Wall, and the other, 'The Church Style' (so spelt), down the South Tyne valley. This did not prevent my entering Cumberland at Alston an hour or so before sunset.

And a very wonderful sunset it was, sorely tempting me to continue a few miles' climb to see it from the great Pennine ridge, which hemmed us in from the west. But I desisted, and spent my time instead in exploring the quaint little grey upland town which has grown up there in the hills at a height of between nine hundred and a thousand feet. Needless to say, I regretted this as I saw the glory in the west get heightened; and regretted it still more the following morning, when an observant shepherd I met expatiated on what I had missed, a sight which had evidently impressed him profoundly as one of the memorable sights of his life, accustomed though he had been to that prospect from a boy. The man found me sitting at a point called Hartside Cross (where the Penrith road tops the watershed just north of Cross Fell) gazing at the whole county of Cumberland before me,—the great vale of Eden just below, threading what was the ancient forest of Inglewood, as it widens out after escaping the fastness of Mallerstang in Westmorland, and opening the view northwards to Carlisle and the Solway towards the sea, and inland to the wilds of Spadeadam Waste and Bewcastle Fells of 'Guy Mannering' fame, whilst the horizon south and west is gloriously broken by those towering Lake mountains which have virtually taken all Cumberland and Westmorland to themselves.

One could well fancy what this spectacle must have been at sunset the night before, in a translucent atmosphere, backed by those sunset clouds, the mere fringes of which I had seen shining above me.

> 'Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
> Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.'

Yes, it was a wonderful kingdom this land of the Cymry, latest of all to become a real part of England. Fierce adventures it had to go through, as its names and people still amply testify. Few districts afford such a supply of romantic material for those who delight in the story of place-names. Cymry, Angle, Norseman, and Dane, to say nothing of the later Scot and Norman, have left abundant evidence of their achievements.

It is odd that such a district has given no predominant voice

of its own to romantic literature, such as the eastern border has so abundantly done. The present writer yields to none in acknowledgment of the world's debt to Wordsworth, but he readily confesses to a regret that the spirit of that poet should so completely have overshadowed that wonderful land. By identifying its material so completely with an individual philosophy, Wordsworth has even blinded us to so much of the merely human drama of his landscape. What would we not give for a Scott or a Burns, or even a Crabbe, of those lakes and mountains? In addition to a Wordsworth, to be sure; by no means in place of him. It would not matter if authoritative writers on Wordsworth had not claimed for their author as strictly dramatic and historic truth for his characters as for his landscape. He himself candidly made no such claim—indeed, frankly disowned it. In those notes on his own works dictated by the poet, in speaking of 'Lucy Gray' he says: 'The way in which the incident was treated, and the spiritualising of the character might furnish hints for contrasting the imaginative influences which I have endeavoured to throw over common life, with Crabbe's matter-of-fact style of handling subjects of the same kind.' Yet Wordsworth's poetic characters are seriously adduced as a social and historic contrast to the peasants of other districts. This is not fair, admire the fine Cumbrian character as we will. In handling his characters Wordsworth was frankly didactic, and saw in his method one of the essential attributes of his vocation as a poet. The world, and more particularly the whole British character, is incalculably the higher for it; but why any effort to draw Wordsworth into the class of what, in our later slang, we have denominated realists? Walter Scott was a poet too, if ever there was one, and romantic enough for the best of us; but had he been philosophic, as Wordsworth, where would have been the Mause and Cuddie Headriggs, the Andrew Fairservices, and Pleydells and Dalgettys, with all our joy in that humorous and varied Scottish character?

It was largely on this account that I tried to keep the Lake district out of my survey of Cumberland altogether. It is so pre-eminent a feature that it may stand alone. Let it be taken for granted and not allowed to eclipse all the rest of the county. The same in some measure may be said of Westmorland, since the Lake district embraces also a corner of that county. But as the lakes are generally put down as a whole to Cumberland, the smaller county has not so completely lost that individuality of vale and

green fell which renders it one of the sweetest nooks our land can boast.

After a little gossip the shepherd went off over Gamblesby Fell and left me to my own thoughts again. These turned for a time to the names given on the ordnance map in my hands, and especially to the various forests there indicated. There was Knarsdale Forest in the pass by Alston behind me, Gilderdale Forest on the hills where I sat, Inglewood Forest in the Eden valley at my feet, and the King's Forest of Geltsdale a few miles to the north. When I got to a library later and could consult the books about it, I found the Victoria History of the county says that only Inglewood was really a forest, the others being, technically, chases. But Dr. Cox, in his work on Royal Forests, states that with the beginning of Edward the First's reign the term 'forest of Cumberland' gave way for the most part to the title Inglewood Forest; 'but the latter title had a more restricted signification, as the older county forest included several manors between the river Eden and the parish of Alston.' This, no doubt, explains the various names I have referred to, which would be originally but parts of one great forest embracing the whole of the county between Carlisle and Penrith.

It is of no use lawyers and other precise persons impressing upon us that a forest has nothing to do with trees. All tradition and literature inspires the popular idea.

'When shaws beene sheene, and shraddes full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
It's merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest
To heare the small birds songe.'

So sang Robin Hood and his merry outlaws in the glades of Sherwood and Barnsdale, as no doubt here also did Adam Bell, Clym o' the Clough, and William of Cloudesley under the leaves of Inglewood during any chance interval they may have had in the slaughter of the justices, sheriffs, and inhabitants generally of merry Carlisle.

No doubt any specified tract of country a few miles wide in those days would afford much woodland, or, at all events, scrub; but it is as well to remember old Manwood's legal definition of a forest as 'a certain territorie of wooddy grounds and fruitfull pastures, priviledged for wild beasts and foules of forrest, chase, and warren, to rest and abide in in the safe protection of the King

for his princely delight and pleasure.' A *forest*, strictly speaking, then, was only royal. A *chase* was the same as a forest, but held by a subject. Both were unenclosed and only defined by metes and bounds, whilst *park* was an enclosure fenced off by pales or a wall. So that in a forest might be various parks. A great part of these Cumberland forests, therefore, would be vast tracts of moorland, like the deer forests of Scotland. But the traditional character of a forest is sustained in the report that on Wragmire Moss, until 1823, was an ancient oak called the last tree of Inglewood Forest, which simply fell from old age.

In this connection, before I moved away, I remembered too what old Drayton sings of Mallerstang as 'a forest woe-begone in love with Eden's eyes'—in reference to that grim pass down in Westmorland under Wild Boar Fell, in which this lovely river Eden finds its source, and, as the poet says, 'there simply takes her leave of her sweet sister Swale.' By urging the formidable obstacles which beset her northern journey, 'the wood-nymph' would keep fair Eden all to herself.

'"O my bright lovely brook, whose name doth bear the sound
Of God's first garden-plot, th' imparadised ground,
Wherein he placed man, from whence by sin he fell.
O little blessed brook, how doth my bosom swell
With love I bear to thee, the day cannot suffice
For Malerstang to gaze upon thy beauteous eyes."
This said, the forest rub'd her rugged front the while
Clear Eden looking back, regrets her with a smile,
And simply takes her leave, to get into the main.'

Our idea of a wood-nymph, to be sure, is not usually associated with a 'rugged front'; but the woe-begone forest may well be consoled with the charge of Eden's sweet sparkling childhood for ever left to her, without which her front would be rugged indeed.

But all these were generalities. It is only in the intimacy of homely detail that one gets the real love of place. Linger for one whole day, for one whole week if possible, in one parish and so capture the very spirit of the spot. It is astonishing what any place will thus afford; and the memory of it will never fade, whilst a swift glance at a couple of hundred miles a day makes but the haziest and falsest impression. So I prepared to drop down that abrupt descent into the little villages nestling amidst the green lanes and meadows skirting the Eden valley. Their

very names are romantic—Melmerby, Gamblesby, Kirkoswald, Lazonby, Salkeld, Langwathby, and the rest. They suggest the footsteps of those ferocious Danes just as the homes of the statesmen and dalesmen of the Lake mountains testify to the great Norse colony which took possession there. But life seems to go on pleasantly enough now in the plain grey stone or whitewashed houses scattered so picturesquely about the village greens and made bright and fragrant with their cottage flowers.

None the less, in wandering on from one village to another in casual conversation I could find no knowledge of local story or of what we used to call natural history. Long Meg and her daughters, the so-called Druids' circle near Little Salkeld, is an acknowledged source of pride since it attracts visitors, but I did not happen to find anybody else who had even been particularly impressed by the sunset of the previous evening like the shepherd upon the fells. Yet the odd part is if you chance to gossip in a simple way about what you, a mere stranger, may know of the scenery and objects about you, not one in twenty of any rural inhabitants fails to betray a real interest in your talk. Casually here and there in the kingdom one finds a clergyman who has placed a table of brief chronological annals in his church, generally, to be sure, of the fabric and dedication of the church itself; but as that is naturally the historical and imaginative centre of the parish, the facts are of the greatest interest, and thus publicly displayed have, to the writer's knowledge, in more than one instance tempted an intelligent inhabitant to turn to the history of his parish. With the help of local archæological societies something of this sort could without difficulty be made almost universal, and in addition to the great local value of such facts they would interest casual visitors as well.

Indeed, anything we can do to awaken the imaginative faculties of those living in the country is of the utmost value. It gives roots to the merely mechanical habit of local attachment, and in doing so raises the whole level of happiness as well as efficiency. The country of Denmark is frequently adduced as a wonderful example of rapid growth in agricultural efficiency, and I often recall the statement of Sir Horace Plunkett, in a report on the agriculture of that nation made many years ago: that Danes of all classes unite in attributing the commercial progress of its rural inhabitants even more to the course of imaginative education than to the classes of specialised instruction.

Here positively more efficient and prosperous farmers have been evolved by a curriculum consisting largely of history and song applied to the education of adult young men and women.

The scenery and story of such a landscape as ours surely calls us to some similar effort. The people, if approached sympathetically, invite it, and these spreading village clubs and rural libraries might do much to help it on. It will be nothing short of disastrous if we devote all our efforts to revivifying country life merely through urban recreations and amusements. We must surely cling to the genius of rural life, and do our utmost to develop its imagination and sentiment in a way consistent with that individual genius if we wish to strengthen the heart and soul of the nation.

At all events, so far as I myself was concerned, I gathered the rosebuds whilst I might. I threaded wonderful lanes, full not only of wild roses but also of purple betony, foxgloves, big crane's bill, and Canterbury bells, to say nothing of the earliest harebells, the meadowsweet, bracken and other ferns. I only heard one cuckoo, for prolonged, parching sun takes from us as much as it gives. The birds never enjoy it, and we lose two or three weeks of them altogether. The little willow-wren now and then sweetly, though languidly, tripped down his scale ; but the one persistent note was the pipe of the yellowhammer, the only bird that tolerates extreme heat, and with which his modest plea seems to harmonise so well. But I rejoiced to hear a corncrake whilst I was on the bridge over the Eden at Langwathby. This bird is far less abundant than it used to be, and is more frequent in the north, I fancy, than elsewhere. Some attribute its destruction to the mowing machine, but the more silent and more stealthy scythe, I should fear, destroyed as many ; for old mowers speak of the distressing scream frequently heard when the scythe has mown off the two legs of the poor bird hidden in the long grass, as well as of many accidentally killed whilst sitting on their nests. The loss is, I suppose, more probably explained by the atrocities at migrating time, as is the case with so many other birds.

But happily a corncrake kept on 'sawing his wood' (as a little girl once put it to me) whilst I enjoyed the beautiful old bridge of red sandstone, with its recesses for foot passengers, which spans the river here in three arches. In my ignorance I fancied it was spanning the 'lang wath,' or ford, of ancient days, that being the usual meaning of the word in northern places ; but

I found later that the name here is a contraction of 'Lang Waltheof's by,' perhaps an even more suggestive and picturesque explanation.

The shepherd on the hill-top had said that he thought it likely the weather would turn to a 'helm wind,' that phenomenon peculiar to the district, and so named because of the helmet-shaped cloud capping Cross Fell which characterises it. So in the hope of seeing this I went back to Little Salkeld in order to spend the evening with Long Meg and her daughters and find shelter for the night at The Druid's Head in their neighbourhood. This I did, but was disappointed of my 'helm wind.' When I woke early in the lonesome, grey house all the sky was heavily over-clouded and a wind of some sort, to be sure, was moaning in the trees about us, in a way suggesting 'Wuthering Heights.' I soon found it to be a cold east of no uncommon sort, with possibilities of hoped-for rain, so I set my face towards Westmorland.

It was not Grasmere or Rydal that I had in view, but just that main body of the county consisting of high, wild fells, intersected by their numberless rills and valleys which gather into those lovely dales of Eden, Lune, and Kent. Mallerstang's 'Little Blessed Brook' has numberless sisters wandering amongst those mountain pastures, every one of which has matchless charms that form, perhaps, the most fascinating feature of this lovely county. Their voices, too, are their own, as those of all waters are for that matter, or so at least it seems to me. Pure fancy, I suppose, bred of association and environment; but never mind.

The point could not fairly have been debated that day, for the voices in question were hushed by the long drought. Many streams were dried up altogether, and even the Eden in its rocky bed above Kirkby Stephen could not be heard to murmur unless you were close by. I sat for some time on a block of grey mountain limestone by the ruins of Pendragon Castle on its bank and could barely hear the water. The old castle and stern landscape took me to those fierce Cliffords who were lords of the district, amongst whom, however, was the interesting figure Henry Lord Clifford, Wordsworth's good shepherd Lord, whose blood was sought by the Yorkists, and who, accordingly, passed his early life from childhood in concealment as a shepherd amongst those northern fells. For twenty-four years he was deprived of his estates and honours, but on the accession of Henry VII he was restored to them, and it is recorded that 'when called to parlia-

ment he behaved nobly and wisely ; but otherwise came seldom to London or the Court, and rather delighted to live in the country, where he repaired several of his castles which had gone to decay during the late troubles ' ; the castle of Pendragon amongst them. At an advanced age, however, he was martial enough to be entrusted with a command at Flodden.

Freeman was impatient of any old castle that he did not find in ruins, so the one beside me would have fully satisfied the historian's exacting taste. Shattered walls rise to a picturesque height with eyeless windows, and the interior of the hall is filled with fallen masonry. Grass, briars, ash, and rowan trees have got rooted in the mass, and browsing sheep can climb to the upper chambers, so that a black horned visage may suddenly surprise you as you look up to a window with thought, possibly, of that other Clifford, that notable woman, the Countess Ann. For little more than two hundred years ago would look occasionally from these windows this Baroness of Westmorland in her own right, and by marriage Countess of Pembroke, ancient claimant of women's rights, who filled in person the office of High Sheriff of Westmorland, besides playing many other masculine parts in this and her other more important strongholds. But even then it was too late. There is something pathetic in her futile zeal for the restoration of the waste places of her feudal family, and the assertion of her manorial rights. Just when her country had resolved, even by Act of Parliament, that feudalism was dead, all the piety, pride, and arrogance of her race burst out in an expiring flame in this remarkable Countess.

Pastoral calm has taken the place of feudal, as of still older violence. We look only for the pictorial side of those grim realities, and bid them add story to inspiring scenery. The latter, in such seclusion as this, goes on unchanged. Shade was already creeping into that deep valley. On either hand rose the heights in glorious limestone stages to the brows of High Seat and Wild Boar Fell, both some hundreds over two thousand feet. Black-faced sheep alone wandered over them, with cattle and horses sprinkled on the greener pastures below. The great bands of fern still stand, but soon to be cut and gathered into wonderful trails of rich brown foam as it were, beneath the slopes from which it has been raked. Above this tidal line spreads the speckless green until the grass gets thinner and finally ceases in the pallid ' scarrs ' that are backed by the deep blue sky.

All sign of promised rain had long since gone. The silence was absolute. Since the startled white-breasted dipper had fled down the stream with his metallic cry there was no bird. Even the sheep and lambs were not bleating. At last, however, came the challenge of some geese from a remote homestead ; that clarion note which travels for miles in the silence of the hills. I accepted it and turned back towards Brough so as to enter the Bishopric by way of Stainmore and the head of the Tees valley.

ALGERNON GISSING.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN the mysterious twilight of the Past,
Among dim meadows and dark-shining streams,
I went, and through oak forests, till at last
I came up to the high-walled hill of Dreams,
Thick turreted, with roofs innumerable
Of faded red, and secret windows shut
With shutters green, where stories wonderful
Were acted. Roofs, signs, rooms and oriels jut
With gaping gargoyles over the steep streets,
Cobbled with cobbles white, all up and down.
Wise, witty, quaint and ripe with diverse sweets
Are the good folk of this enchanted Town.
Some fools there are, some villains, and some sad,
'Tis true, and cripples, and poor withered jades ;
But in an honest glass, good, mad and bad,
All walk and talk here like real men and maids,
Transformed to something strange, immortal, sage,
By the wise King who set them on his Stage.

E. W.

WAVE DESART.

A SCIENTIST, a sailorman, and the owner of the steam yacht *Pocahontas*, stood over the dredging net raised from the Atlantic surges.

'What in thunder's that?'

'It seems—it is—a bottle sheathed in barnacles.'

'Been sea-bathing a good few years by the look of it. Anything inside?'

'Wal, I reckon nothin's not apt to be corked up so careful.' The sailor dealt with seals and wrappages under the barnacles. 'Here 'tis, whatever 'tis!'

Oh, Pussyfoot! Only a paper, after all!

The scientist had it like a cat a mouse. He unfolded parchment sheets gingerly.

. . . . . .

Like the red deer had I fled through tangled atherwood of hawthorn and brier down the glen with death for the hound. Four Hessians mad to kill had chased me out, and now it was for the ropebridge I was making, and it my one chance. Like a spider's thread it swung from the continent to the island-rock of Wave Desart, and troth, none but an Irish head would have the heels for it. As I sped o'er it, I turned to bid the four come on if they dared, but if I did, what but their swords flashed in the sunlight, and slowly the hempen rope-strands parted and the bridge hung down into the gulf between me on the rock-isle and my foes on the cliff.

'Then the laugh's with them,' said I to myself, 'for if they were out of that this minute, and my mother—God rest her—and the Blessed Virgin and Ireland stood in a row beckoning me over, I couldn't cross back, and the tide's on the turn, so!'

With that I sat down on the seaweeds, for fairly done I was; and drowning seemed sure, sitting or standing. Then it was I was aware of two brown eyes regarding me, and a fine young seal shook himself like a dog that had slept and made to scramble down o'er the rocks seawards. But at his first stir a bullet pinged from the cliffs, and the seal lay moaning with a bleeding flipper and his eyes asking me for his life.

'On my hand, there's no sense in you as well as myself being destroyed to pleasure those villains of Hessians!' said I, and a

second bullet spattering betune us. 'While they watch for me to drown, they're for having great sport and practice of their artillery on the creature, but here's to spoil the fun!' And with no more about it, I gripped my arms about the beast and sprang out with him into the waves heaving below.

That I'd drown easier out of sight of those wreckers was my thought, as I shook the drops out of my sight for one dying look at Ireland. But where did I find myself but at the mouth of a cavern dim and deep, and a ledge along its sides on which I made shift to scramble. In the dark that was all the light there was, two points of golden flame glimmered below, and I made them out at last for the eyes of the seal swimming and always looking up at me. So I kept on for a good Irish mile, but there the cavern narrowed to an opening through which a naked seven-year old child could scarce have squeezed, much less myself, of the full growth of twenty-one years, and broad of shoulder as the O'Flaherty men have ever been.

'Faith, the ends of the cavern and Murrough O'Flaherty rhyme!' I thought, 'and betune starving and drowning is all my choice!' But with that I felt a tug at my leg, and into the water I toppled and the seal diving with me into the depths of the world. Then we rose again, and within a stone's throw I saw a little walled town and a queer multitude of vessels in the harbour below. Galleys with tiered benches of oars and painted gods at the bows, and carracks with high poops and leathern sails, and wicked-snouted sea-serpents there were, and many more of fashions strange to me. And as I found my feet and walked up the strand, at my elbow stood a young man with the seal's eyes, and he throwing a cloak of sealskin over me and bidding me keep it about me, 'the way ye'll be made free of Wave Desart!' he said. Queer enough his speech sounded to me, for it was the old Irish of annals and minstrelsy, and at first I was bothered by it. But by good luck my old master, Terence O'Leary, had in my boy-days indoctrinated me well with a sallagh-switch into the ancient learning of Ireland as well as the Latin and Greek, and it soon began to come back to me.

'What are ye and what is this place at all?' I asked the lad. 'It can't be Heaven by reason of the sea-water about us, and it can't be Hell by the same token!'

'Heard ye never of the Town in Love with Itself?' said he.

'The town that wouldn't suffer priest nor prayer in it,' said

I, 'for it deemed itself fairer nor Paradise and its folk better than th' angels, and it wanted nothing of God save to be let alone! Sure oft in my father's castle, Dark Allie spinning by the turfs would tell us children of it and its judgment and bitter end.'

'Bitter enough, but not the end yet!' said he, with a moan in his voice. 'Oh, black hour, when I the watchman saw the Wave of Desart with the thunder of kings' chariots leap up against the walls and towers of our love and seal us into ourselves in judgment!'

'Man alive,' I cried, 'the Town in Love with Itself was drowned in the waves in the days of Blessed Columba, and so my dark nurse told us a score of times. 'Twas a thousand years ago and more, and would ye be saying yourself saw it, and you not twenty by the look of ye?'

'I was nineteen the day the Wave of Desart broke,' said he, 'and to my moan it was I first saw it!'

'And is it a man or a seal you are nowadays?' I said, 'for if it's a seal you got hardship by that bullet of the Saxons?'

'Art, a man, am I,' he answered, stretching out an arm with a green wound on it. 'Only as seals may we leave this Town of our Desire, nor, if hurt befalls us in that shape, does the soul in us home elsewhere than here.'

On that I beheld approaching folk in the garb of long and long ago, men in close-fitting *truis* (hosen) and saffron shirts and short fringed cloaks, and women with hooded kirtles and folded mantles of purple, or crimson, or green. But one girl walked apart from the rest, and by her robes of six colours she was of high rank, and she was fair as flowers. Dark green eyes she had, long and soft, and her hair in two braids of pale gold over her shoulders, and the fingernails pink on her white hands. And at the first sight of her my heart cried out that she was all the beauty the world held for me, and my heart the shrine wrought for it.

Then Art declared me to the people, though by their looks they cared little about me. She of my heart it was who in a slow sweet voice spoke the welcome word, and, 'Come, stranger, to my father's house and give him the joy of entertaining you!'

'The joy will be mine,' said I, 'only to walk by your side, and may I have a name to sing ye by?'

'Feithfailge[1] am I,' said she.

'What else could ye be,' said I, 'with those honeysuckle

[1] Celt., honeysuckle ringlets.

ringlets fragrant about the face that's a vision and a memory!' (My heart's nut, sure I wondered that the sweet colour in your two cheeks never deepened a tint at my words and the look that went with them!)

'Come!' she bade, still as the lily on the sleeping lough. And going together we came to a stone dwelling above the rest of the town, with a broad seawalk on the wall and a strong watergate. Within, in a hall as large as that of the Castle at home, a great red man sat burnishing a shield, and as host to guest greeted he me and bade servants take hot stones to heat the bath, and at after set food and drink before me, but all as if he'd never turn his head did I vanish that instant.

'What shipping at all are those curey-careys in your harbour?' said I. 'I've ne'er seen the peel (like) of them save in pictures of books. That one with the benches of oars has the air of a Roman galley!'

'She is a trader in from Phoenicia, yestreen,' said he. Tiernan son of Conall son of Nial of the Nine, his daughter had named him to me.

'Yestreen!' said I. 'And that long low black craft with the carven serpent's snout?'

''Twas myself made prize of her when pirates out from Thule swept the coast last summertide,' answered he. 'Columb the Monk my kinsman was for preaching and praying to them, but my town and I preached to them with sharp and pointed spears and the pirates had more need of prayers than we!'

'To our grief! to our grief!' said Feithfailge, and in her voice the sorrow of the sea.

Then I, when chance offered, spoke with Art.

'Sure,' said I, 'here have we the year 1798, and this MacNeill speaks of Phoenician traders and pirates out of Thule and of the Blessed Columba as his living kinsman! Is he not rightly himself?' I said, 'for if he is, then I can't be!'

'O Murrough,' said Art, 'we folk of our own Desire are sealed into a dead day, and neither sunset nor sunrise are for us. But for the good deed yourself done on me in the sealshape, we are yours for as long as ye have a mind to keep the sealskin about ye and tarry among us.'

Then I for the sake of Feithfailge—Feithfailge of the honeysuckle ringlets—dwelt in the sealed town and lived the life of a dead Ireland. To and fro I went among men practising the arts

of enamel or mosaic or jewelling-work in gold and silver and bronze, or stone carving, or forging shields strong as oak and swords and spears supple as willow and sharp as death. Women embroidering chessbags or cushions and veils, or skilled in leather-work for satchels and the like, or singing at the corn-querns, had kindness for me, and much I learned from the poets of verse-making and law and history. Troth! I'd smile to think how those, knowing nothing of Ireland, swear out of their ignorance that there's nothing to know, and that from the beginning of time and before her people were never more than scattered tribes of 'wild Irishry.'

But all the thoughts ever I thought in those days were born in chains and Feithfailge had the key. Hard it was to come by speech with her, since for all her beauty she was learned in medicine and a great doctor, comical as it is to think that a woman could be that same. But one fine day I encountered her on the seawalk of her father's house, and it was the story that a man can tell but once in his life that I made three words of for her ear.

'I love ye, and love ye, and love ye!' said I. (Feithfailge, I'm saying it yet!)

But she, lifting up the dear green eyes, smiled into mine, and the smile had as little warmth as the sunshine of yesterday.

'Is it love the dry honeysuckle, for that's what I am!' said she, standing there fresh as dew on roses. 'Withered is my heart, and cold my pulses, and all my craving is to sleep sound in blessed earth and let the soul in me free for its own country!'

Then I in a young man's passion and pain wrought with her, but for all her graciousness I felt right well that I never touched the self in the fair house of flesh. Apart as two dreamers in one bed may travel, we were, though her white hands touched my hair in the end, and 'Poor boy, be said and give over this fancy for the dry leaf that is Feithfailge!' murmured she.

'Dry or not, 'tis Feithfailge is the blossom of my desire!' said I, and went from her. And seeking Art, for comrades we two had grown, I asked him was there no chance at all of loosing the enchantment off of the girl of my heart.

'Aye, is there,' said Art, and a sudden hope looking out of the brown and gentle gaze, 'but 'tis hardly mortal would take the task on himself!' And the hope sank back from its windows.

'If it was to bring Feithfailge ease, here's one would harness himself to the world's weight!' said I.

'Then this is the year and this the season of the Ebb of the Wave of Desart!' said Art. 'Once in a hundred years at midnight it ebbs, and were a priest to say a Mass of the Dead o'er us ere the Wave came again, judgment would be at an end and our souls freed from the weary shapes. But 'twould be apt to be the priest's own Mass into the bargain, for the Wave ebbs for no more than the bare time to tell the prayers, and all the sealskins in the sea wouldn't daunt its mischief for those withstanding it!'

'And if an O'Flaherty ever takes thought of danger in a dash, he'll be the first of his breed to do that same!' said I.

Sorrow sign of the Ebb was there when I, throwing off the sealskin, took the sea with long strokes of a swimmer and Art beside me in the seal shape. The women weaving the gold threads mocked and the men travelling up and down scarce lifted heavy lids to regard the fool who'd measure himself against the Wave of Desart. Only a babe from its mother's shoulder as I went by smiled at me with the old wise eyes of it, and Feithfailge coming lifted clasped hands and said she, 'Bitter fruit is parting, but in its core are the seeds of sweet hope!' So with the luck of her look following I swam out till Art, drawing me after him, rose up and up through the waters and into the great cavern we came once more. Then since the Hessians—devil squince them!—were no more to be feared, I floated in easy to a bit of silver strand, and the seal on the surges watching with Art's eyes as long as he might.

To a certain glen between hills and sea I betook myself, where twelve Sun-Stones stand in a ring and the fairy fear is on the place. A great witch, Black Fand, in the old times trafficked her soul away there to Them there's No Naming, as oft I'd heard dark Allie narrate, and how Vevina Bawn found her senseless among the Stones and as naked as themselves. Howe'er that may be, in moonlight and sunlight alike all give it the go-by, and mighty tales there are of feet of unseen dancers printing the sod in time to tunes played where neither fiddler nor piper is to be seen. But I, parting the brambles, came into the middle of the Stones and, like a snipe, I called three times three.

'Who calls?' said a voice after that.

'One who knows!' said I.

With that a stone fallen in its place was moved aside, and out from beneath rose the best priest in Ireland, be the other who

he may, my own uncle Con, Bishop of those parts. A price instead of a mitre is on his white hair, and all who love him in Ireland and beyond in France and Rome are always beseeching him to quit out of his peril, but his word is ever '*Fohlan foh* (wait awhile) till souls have gone out of fashion in Erin!' So now, at the signal of a soul needing him, he came out of the hiding-place contrived under the Stone that had once on a time been a Druid altar of sacrifice.

'Is that yourself, Murrough?' said he. 'Sure it's drowned ye were off Wave Desart!'

Then and there I, looking him in the eyes, keen as those of an old eagle, told my tale, and no stranger nor half as strange ever told for sober truth. But Bishop Con, looking and listening, and now and again putting a question sharp as the dart of a skene (dagger), sat whisht a while after I had done, looking out to the whispering sea between the silent Stones.

'Faith, there's a sign and a sure one to show whether or no ye've had a crack on the head or the like that's delusionated ye, nephew!' he said at long last.

'What's your sign?' said I.

'The Ebb of the Wave, and that ye tell me is cast for this night!' said my uncle, rising on his feet. 'Till then, as we've Shakespeare at our back, we'll allow an odd corner of the heavens and earth to go unplumbed by our five wits, since sure none but a natural would spell supernatural to match himself!'

With that he, going back into his hole, fetched what he'd need, and set off with me through the lengthening shadows. In the dress of a shepherd he was, but the few we met knew him well enough to let on they didn't know him, though they'd kneel to him with their eyes as they passed. Poor and very poor are all in the place and the big price is on Bishop Con's head, but if it waits for an Irish hand to earn a coin of it, it'll wait till Hell grows cold.

Midnight it was, and the world asleep when we came to the Bay of Wave Desart, and I heard Bishop Con mutter '*Kyrie Eleison!*' For bare in the windy moonlight lay the raths and dwellings of the Town in Love with Itself, and the sea far out for many a mile.

So my uncle, vested for a Black Mass and holding high the Pyx, came down chanting a *Requiem æternam*, and at the first step of him into the place a cry rose up. From the doors came

men and women and children thronging him and beseeching to be dismissed to their rest. Art it was who marshalled them all on a ridge where in their day they had denied e'er a church should be built; and in their midst knelt Bishop Con in strong silence while nine waves might break. But Feithfailge coming swift drew me after her to the seawalk and signed to the watergate.

'Much ye have done, O Murrough, but more remains for ye!' she said. 'Be it yours to guard the gate while the saint frees us from the curse of our desire!'

'Guard it from what?' said I wondering.

'From the Wave!' said she with a dread in her voice. 'From the Wave!'

With that ye were gone from me, Feithfailge of the veins, and I looking on your sweet and tender grace for the last time!

Then from the ridge floated echoes of the beginnings of the Mass, and the sigh of those drinking in the words for which they had the thirst on them. But above and beyond came another sound, and I knew the tide was on the turn.

High above the harbour rose the town-wall with the watergate in the middle, strong with Irish oak and bronze. Strong enough to keep out the ships of the world it was, but I thought to myself sure the tide wouldn't trouble itself to enter by it alone, and I wondered again that Feithfailge should have set me that task. Already the sea-heralds of ripple and spray were running light-footed towards the wall and leaping up at it with summons to surrender—and the Mass no more than half out.

But away at sea came a roaring challenge, and O'Flaherty blood raced to answer it. Against the wall came a giant rush, and there's no saying how all at once I knew in myself that while the blessed words of uncreate Might and Mystery held the place, only mortal weakness could let in the might and mystery of the created sea. And 'Feithfailge!' was my shout as I stood to the gate and saw the bronze and oak of it flinch, and knew my will stronger than oak or bronze.

The sea was washing the top of the wall now, and for all I strained to hear was the Mass near out, no sound from the ridge could I perceive at all. For the Voice of challenge was at the gate and it splintering at it, and a great green swirl of waters rose and curled and hung above, and, looking up at it, my blood stocked at the centre. For, fierce and mighty, a Gaze gazed into my eyes, and the Voice shouted command without words, and a Strength

was put out against mine. Whether it was Manannan mac Lir himself come out to do battle for the captives passing from his power, I know not, but it sprang against me, and my soul stood in grips with the Soul clothed in the Wave of Desart.

Then, as though the world were smitten into silence, came a last *Requiem æternam* and a great glad sigh out over the ridge, and as wall and watergate sank into nothingness before me, I, panting, knew myself relieved from guard.

. . . . .

'Where am I at all?' said I, finding myself, as I fancied, the next instant, bedded on seaweed in a place of brown turfsmoke.

'Where but in Dan the Fish's cabin, agra!' said a woman holding drink to my lips. 'Washed up on the strand below ye were the night of the high tide, and if ye're ever nearer drownin' than then, the gallow'll have a good miss of ye. A terrible tide it was, and sure a graveyard somewhere got hardship by it, for a world of ancient bones and skulls were washed up along of yourself. The Lord receive them and mark them to grace, I pray!'

'What's come to them?' said I, making shift to rise myself.

'Whisper, dear,' said she, 'sure the shepherd of Souls himself laid them in blessed earth. Didn't th' angels contrive to smuggle him off cosy out of the way of the waves, for on some holy errand he'd been and his dress soaked with seawater? Sure right well I know ye for his sister's son, Masther Murrough, and 'tis he has been nursetendin' ye this while here!'

But for all my asking, Bishop Con will say nothing of that night's work.

'Where God is silent, 'tis not wise to speak!' he says. Maybe it is because the curse on the Town in Love with Itself was put on it in the days of blessed St. Columba, and Bishop Con thinks he has made too free by lifting it when Columb didn't.

So, ere I leave Ireland that's grown full of emptiness, wanting Art's fellowship and Feithfailge's dreaming grace, I've written the whole queer history and in English, for the old kindly Irish seems apt soon to be dead and gone all out. Sailing forth from Carbery I'll drop the bottle sealed in bladders overboard, and maybe someone will believe the story in it yet. Meanwhile the sea will keep it in its depths, as my heart keeps the vision and memory of Feithfailge.

Feithfailge!

K. L. Montgomery.

EDUCATION AND THE VICTORIAN MATRON.

THE recent death of Miss Emily Davies must have recalled to some of us, of the older generation, not only her own great efforts and achievements in the cause of women's education, but also the manner in which these were received and seconded by some of those mothers for the benefit of whose daughters she so ardently laboured. The Victorian matron has not yet come into her own. Possibly, when time has lent her the adequate picturesqueness, she will attract the attention of some future generation less occupied with the realisation of itself than is the present one. Who knows that the ladies of the mid nineteenth century, with their obvious charms and their no less obvious limitations, their large families, their high sense of duty, and their many activities, which are now-a-days considered so mild, may not in their turn be regarded with the same measure of interest and curiosity which we bestow upon the domestic virtues and the wonderful needlework of our great-grandmothers? Be that as it may, it is certainly well to remember what good work in helping to lay the foundation-stone of higher education was done by some of the less remarkable women of the day before our own. Wives of busy professional men they were for the most part, who brought up their families and administered their households, and faithfully performed all the duties incumbent upon them in their own sphere.

Before me lies a little heap of letters yellowed by time in Miss Emily Davies' neat handwriting. They were written between the years 1868–75, to the wife of a distinguished Headmaster, herself the mother of a large family of young daughters. The scheme for the first Ladies' College, with Miss Davies as Honorary Secretary of the Committee, was then in formation, and the recipient of these letters wrote in the winter of 1868 from her remote home in Wiltshire for particulars. Needless to say, Miss Davies was already a notable figure in academic circles. It was mainly through her efforts that the Schools Enquiry Commission in 1867 had been extended to the Girls' Schools. Five years previously she had successfully headed a movement to procure the opening of the Cambridge Local Examinations to girls, and the other Universities were following the lead. Already

she was endeavouring to procure the admission of women to the London University Degrees.

The particulars were sent, and in this first formal letter Miss Davies characteristically apologises for her brevity, as her time is 'entirely taken up with the superintendence of the London girls in the Cambridge Local Examination.' The original prospectus of the 'Proposed College for Women,' which was to be Girton, sets forth the 'increasing desire manifested by young women of the upper and middle classes to carry on their education beyond the period usually assigned to it.' It is suggested that this may be due to 'increased wealth, bringing with it increased leisure, or to the changes in domestic habits consequent upon the adaptation of machinery to domestic uses.' Sixty years ago, in days which were in some directions as spacious as in others they were narrow, the education of women was still regarded as a luxury to be indirectly procured through the medium of machinery! But whatever the cause the need was obvious, and it was proposed to meet it by the establishment of a college in a healthy locality between London and Cambridge in which 'instruction and discipline will be expressly adapted to advanced students, and the results tested by examinations of recognised authority.' The Schools Enquiry Commission had shown the inferiority of the teaching in the majority of girls' schools, and it was expected that a certain proportion of the College students 'whose fitness for the highest educational offices had been duly certified would be gradually prepared for the work of teaching,' and that thus 'a double want would be supplied and the schools be brought into close and friendly relations with a superior institution to which they may look up for guidance and encouragement.' Religious instruction in accordance with the principles of the Church of England would be given, and parents were further soothed by the assurance that especial care would be taken to guard against any infringement of the laws of health. 'A Head or Mistress, assisted by ladies of experience, will be to the students *in loco parentis* and will be responsible for the enforcement of such regulations as may be required for the maintenance of order and discipline.' The most anxious mother could scarcely ask for more careful safeguarding of a young daughter. The course was to cover three years, and £80 a year was the modest sum asked to cover board, lodging, and instruction.

On the list of the first committees the names of such notable women as Miss Anna Swanwick, Lady Eastlake, Mrs. Russell

Gurney, and others recall to us, across the gulf of two generations, the activities that were already at work among her own sex to procure the present position of women. To their contemporaries in the educational world such names would certainly have carried conviction. And in her tranquil country home among her children and her flowers, and absorbed as she was in the claims and interests of several hundred boys and masters that made up so much of her world, Miss Davies' correspondent studied this first prospectus of a College for Women—greatly interested and deeply pondering.

Probably she found in it something more vital than a mere three years' course of study, and felt some dim unrecognised disquietude concerning the morals and manners of her future granddaughters! Evidently there was some misgiving combined with the warmest appreciation, for in her reply to Miss Davies she seems to have suggested those difficulties in a grown-up girl leaving home to continue her education which would naturally occur to a matron of her day and generation. These Miss Davies answers with a conscientious care and good sense which are worth quoting.

'The difficulty you refer to is one which has constantly been on my mind, and is *the* difficulty which cannot I think be treated as a mere prejudice. On the whole, however, I hope it may be safe to leave it to be dealt with as occasions arise. You feel, I think, that those in whom the sense of duty was strong, would not let the passion for study interfere wrongly with home claims. It might be an effort to put aside the one for the other, but it would be simply a case of doing what one ought instead of what one likes, which everybody has to do sometimes.

'The real difficulty perhaps is rather to decide which *is* the duty, as in some families the most trifling and useless faddles put on the air of home duties and are considered of more importance than any possible claim of any other sort. In these cases a sound judgment is wanted, and it seems to me that wisely trained young women of twenty-one will be better fitted to decide, than girls of eighteen suddenly thrown upon themselves after the strict routine of the schoolroom. . . .

'Then as to the dulness of domestic duties as compared with study. Anyone who cares much for learning would no doubt feel this, but she would probably be less discontented and troublesome than one who was dull from the opposite cause of emptyheadedness.'

Here surely is the case stated with a fairness and honesty at which the most modern miss of the twentieth century can scarcely cavil! It must be noted in passing, however, that in spite of her breadth of mind and some knowledge of the world, the natural and legitimate claims of society on a girl's time did not apparently enter into the writer's vision. She goes on to admit that the stirring intellectual life of a college will probably awaken a craving for *more* work than homes in the country will supply where there are several daughters.

'I am afraid parents must make up their minds to as much as this, that when home life manifestly does not supply more than enough work for one, while there are two able and willing to work, *one* must be allowed to leave home and find work elsewhere. It seems to me that where the home is what it ought to be, the home ties will be strong enough to bear as much strain as this. It looks like a consciousness of weakness and unsoundness, when there is so much fear that the home ties will snap at the least pull.'

Parents have had to make up their minds to a good deal more than this since these words were penned, and it may be imagined with what interest Miss Davies must have watched the gradual emancipation of the modern girl, and the realisation of her powers and the scope which came to her with the war.

Her further argument, which has been used by the self-emancipated of all ages, that it is no greater calamity that a girl should leave home to work than that she should leave home to marry, is one which I think has never carried conviction to any wise mother of marriageable daughters, and probably never will. It certainly did not to her correspondent of this date, but none the less the latter continued to evince a very genuine interest in the growth of Girton.

In March 1869 Miss Davies writes that they are actually proposing to make a start in October. 'The great difficulty is,' she says, 'to begin at all, and we can only get over that by doing it.'

The house at Hitchin, with another house adjoining which would be available for the second year's students, was practically decided upon, and Miss Davies was much encouraged by having on her list as teachers such distinguished names as Professor Seeley, Mr. Hort, Mr. Venn, and possibly Professor Lightfoot.

'We feel it most essential to keep to a high standard of teaching from the beginning, and I am glad to say our prospects are very promising in this respect, as our students have also the intelligence and previous cultivation without which high teaching is almost thrown away.'

In May she writes that there is little doubt that they will have at least as many students as they can accommodate, and the majority are of the right material.

And now, having, as she hopes, overcome any prejudice that may be lurking in the mind of this mother of promising daughters, she feels that the moment has come to ask the practical question, 'Have you a daughter for us?' But the Victorian lady had a wonderful gift of self-preservation. While her sympathy and enthusiasm were manifested in the warmest manner in a cause which was to benefit young womanhood *in general*, her own daughters at this period simply did not come into the question! At present they were at excellent schools, and their immediate future should surely be at her own disposal. It was indeed a rare and enlightened matron in those days who did not consider that the first fruits of her girl's education should be given to furthering the business and the pleasure of her own home. What answer was sent does not appear, but whatever the difference of opinion there was certainly no cessation of intercourse between the two ladies.

In the following year, after several meetings in London, Miss Davies accepted an invitation to go down and stay with Dr. Bradley and his wife at Marlborough College. 'It would be very useful to me,' she says, 'to have some instruction in the system of keeping accounts and very pleasant to see you again, so if nothing intervenes in the meantime I shall be very glad to pay you a little visit in September.'

This was in May, and by September France was at war with Germany, and as Miss Davies says—'so much has been happening to put everything out of one's head.' That her head is none the less full of fresh educational schemes is clear, for when she writes to fix the date of her visit she says:

'I shall want to ask you a good deal about the hostel system. There is some question going on as to how far it may be desirable to adopt it in the new girls' schools which are being founded under the Endowed Schools Commission, and I do not feel I know enough about it to have an opinion.'

It was late September when she came down to Marlborough, and while quickly absorbed in the system of public school education, and in the particular study of the Bursar's department, she entered whole-heartedly into the social no less than the intellectual life of the little world which centred round the 'Lodge.' It is easy to reconstruct the scene in which the ardent, energetic little figure moved for a few days with so much pleasure to her hosts and their circle and we may believe also to herself. Three months later, on Dr. Bradley's appointment to University College, Oxford, she sent to both an expression of her fullest sympathy no less than congratulation upon the wider sphere opening before them, 'for I feel there must be so much to regret in leaving Marlborough that congratulations might be scarcely in place.'

Meantime there were long talks with her host as they walked up and down in front of the seventeenth-century building which had once been a famous coaching inn. There was much conversation with his colleagues and with those old Marlburians who had made or were making their mark in the world and were always glad to gather in this fold of the Downs and discuss all the affairs of the Universe. And there was enough to discuss in the autumn of 1870 with the news of Sedan not a fortnight old! There was more conversation in the pleasant mid-Victorian drawing-room with its family atmosphere, full of flowers from a much-loved garden and September roses peeping in at the window. Her hostess felt perhaps a little fear while she watched her charming guest interesting herself in the school-girl daughters, and wondered whether her own educational sympathies might have carried her just beyond her intentions! Her relief was almost obvious when the bright-eyed little lady turned her attention to the baby. The schoolgirls, we may feel sure, regarded this pioneer of female emancipation with the awe and delight of a generation already sowing the seeds of rebellion which were to bear fruit in the next. And behind and beyond it all was the background of forest and rolling Downs with the sheep-cropped turf and the little wild flowers that love the chalk, and the great white horse cut roughly on the side of the hill for ever pursuing his futile gallop. 'Have you a daughter for us?' The question would certainly recur, and the Victorian mother would either present once more all those difficulties which Miss Davies thought she had swept from her mind, or she would skilfully turn the talk into a rather different channel, and discuss the progress of the Public Day Schools Com-

pany, of which, at Oxford, she was presently to become a much more practical supporter. The Company was the direct outcome of the Report of the Schools' Enquiry Commission referred to above, and numbered among its most active female supporters Mrs. William Grey, Lady Stanley of Alderley, and Miss Gurney.

The Oxford High School opened in 1875 as the result of the energetic co-operation with the Council of some of the leading members of the University. There was no hesitation now on the part of the academic mothers in allowing their daughters to reap the benefit of this new and admirable venture of Higher Education. On the first roll of the school scarcely a name in the University which owned a daughter of the right age was absent. Miss Ada Benson, the late Archbishop's sister, already noted in Miss Davies' correspondence as a remarkable teacher, was appointed Head Mistress. And while Heads of Houses and Professors exerted themselves to further the interests of the High School, their wives worked no less whole-heartedly, and by intelligent kindness and hospitality welcomed the staff of assistant mistresses to their homes and encouraged valuable friendships which were to continue through life.

By this time Miss Emily Davies had established her college in the new buildings near Cambridge, and Miss Clough had opened her house which was to be Newnham within the town. Mrs. William Grey takes up the correspondence, and the education of the mothers was continued no less than that of the daughters. The walls of Prejudice were rapidly falling before the trumpet blast of female education ; but I believe it is doubtful whether the question of sending a grown-up daughter away to college was willingly contemplated until the privilege may have been demanded by the youngest of the family some ten years later. Home ties and home duties were the watchwords of the Victorians, and who can say that they were altogether wrong ?

Turning over the yellowed pages of Miss Davies' letters we wonder how many of these vigorous young women of to-day, who occasionally find time to pity their mothers for the swaddling clothes in which they imagine they were reared, realise how much of their vaunted independence and indeed of some of those qualities of which they are justly proud, they owe to such influences as that of this small dominating figure upon an intervening generation. She is more than a name. A few of them may even have caught a glimpse of her at some political gathering held in the cause of

women in fairly recent years. If so, they may remember the quaint little muslin cap, the white shawl folded about the fragile frame, and they can hardly have forgotten the clear incisive voice which could not only hold an audience whose sympathies were not with her, but also control the unbalanced enthusiasm of some of her more militant followers.

In any case it is improbable that they recognise any debt to the humbler workers in her vineyard who, through the medium of education, helped to break the chains that fettered them.

We, who were alive and young in the eighties, and have seen that glorious epoch fall into disrepute, can yet afford to ignore the devastating criticism with which it is the fashion to assail our own and a previous generation. 'Let us have a judgment unto us, let us know the things that are good.'

ROSE M. BRADLEY.

BY ANY STEALTH.

BY ALBERT G. LATHAM.

In one of those characteristic passages which our Anglo-Saxon pride, so apt to measure everything by its own ell-wand, would ungrudgingly admit to the first rank of literary nobility by dubbing it 'quite Shakespearian,' Cervantes makes Sancho Panza utter his unforgettable rhapsody on sleep.

'Full well I know,' says Sancho, 'that while I sleep fear vexes me not nor hope, nor toil nor glory. A blessing upon the man who first invented sleep! It wrappeth a man round like a mantle, thoughts and all. It is meat that dispelleth hunger, water that slaketh thirst, fire that warmeth cold, cold that allayeth heat; in one word, it is a coin of universal currency that purchaseth every commodity; the weight in the scale-pan that eveneth the clown with the king, the simple with the sage. There is about sleep but one thing that is evil as I have heard say, and that is that it resembleth death; inasmuch as between him that is dead and him that sleepeth there is hardly a pin to choose.'

Well and wisely said! And yet is there one thing therein wherewith I am fain to quarrel:

It wrappeth a man round like a mantle, thoughts and all!

Doth it indeed so, honest Sancho? Thy thoughts haply it may—plain, homespun thoughts; honest, simple-hearted, horny-handed thoughts, so to say; smacking of the freshly turned soil, blown upon by all the winds of heaven, baked from morn to dewy eve by the torrid sun of La Mancha. It may readily be conceived that they have seldom kept thee awake o' nights. *Duerme tu que naciste para dormir!* Sleep then thou that wert born to sleep! 'Happy low, lie down!'

But I should like to hear thy master on the subject, good fustian! I should like to hear what that mirror of chivalry, that crack-brained dreamer of dreams, that *enfant perdu* of forlorn hopes and high-souled undertaker of unachievable undertakings, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, would have to say to thy *thoughts and all*!

And here I take up and open at a venture the faithful record of the life and adventures of the *ingenioso hidalgo*, and for a moment

I am minded to credit the efficacy of the ancient *sortes Virgilianae*, for lo! believe me, dear reader, not by any fiction of the literary artist but in very fact, the propitious genius of Chance makes my eye first to alight on this passage:

'O blessed thou above all them that dwell upon the face of the earth, seeing that neither envying nor being envied thou sleepest with tranquil mind, neither pursued of enchanters nor assailed by enchantments. Sleep! I say again, and a hundred times will say, sleep! neither enchained in perpetual vigil by zeal for thy lady-love, nor awakened by thoughts of how thou shalt pay the debts thou owest, or provide bread for the morrow for thy little and needy family. Ambition disquieteth thee not nor doth the vain pomp of the world torment thee. *Duerme el criado y está velando el señor*, the servant sleepeth while the master goeth waking.'

Sleep then, honest Sancho, thou whose anxieties do not extend beyond the care of thine ass! But we, we are pursued of enchanters and assailed by enchantments. Since the world awakened out of its mediæval slumber, deny it who will and laugh at them how we may, the strain of the Quixotes hath marvellously multiplied and ramified amongst us. Which of us hath not a dash of it in his blood?

Thoughts and all, dost thou say? Marry, they are an unruly brood, these thoughts; restless urchins, whom it is ill tucking away beneath that same blanket of sleep. They will not lie still abed. They will ever be protruding from the coverlet, now at this corner, now at that, a knee, an elbow, a shoulder. Aye, and get them but once well tucked away, it is odds but the brats will still be heaving up the blanket in those whimsical protuberances we call dreams.

There is, to be sure, such a thing as soothing-syrup. For my part, I bless my stars that not for me did Nature plant that corner of her herb-garden wherein men pluck poppy and mandragore, not for me does the alchemist compound his drowsy drugs. Treacherous and encroaching ministers, insidious enslavers, though there be who artlessly deem that they retain their liberty, taking opium on Mondays, chlorodyne on Tuesdays, bromide on Wednesdays, and so throughout the week, with for each day its own allotted sleep-compeller, so that they do not *form any habit*. Self-deluded slaves, as if to serve a never-ending succession of masters were not slavery more than enough!

I pour forth no such libation to the somnipotent goddess. But I blame not them that do. I have never been stretched on the nettle-bed of remorse, or at least—for I would not be pharisaic—my nettles have never been very pungent. I have not murdered Sleep. Neither have I known the fretting worm of an inconsolable grief, nor ever—at least since the days when light-hearted youth and an unimpeded vista of hope enabled me to make a jest of it—the carking care of poverty. Haply I too may yet come upon some slumber-scaring phantom at a turn of the road, and like so many of my luckless fellows be fain to purchase sleep by the phial. But not yet has this befallen me.

And yet at times I too, even humble I, have like our greatest been an unheard suer at the shrine of Sleep. I have besought her through the livelong night to

> 'weigh my eyelids down,
> And steep my senses in forgetfulness,'

until what time I have heard, not indeed the small birds' melodies,

> 'first uttered from my orchard trees,
> And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry,'

for I am a hapless town-dweller, but the first sparrow twittering from my chimney-tops, and the unmelodious rattling of the first milk-cart in the cobbled street below. And so I have become an adept in the forms of worship that are welcome at her shrine.

From different devotees she will have a different ritual. In her service there is no fixed liturgy—each worshipper must devise his own. Some have thought to take her by fraud—to forge a draft upon her indulgence, in the hope that in a moment of absent-mindedness she might be cozened into honouring the counterfeit. It is a familiar device. You simulate all the physical and mental states that herald approaching slumber—the rhythmic breathing, the relaxed muscles, the twilight vagueness of the consciousness. But alas! despite all the pomp and pride of herald and of pursuivant, the Queen herself only too often fails in the pageant. It is no such easy matter to throw dust in the eyes of Sleep!

Our Wordsworth was amongst those whose thoughts were at times too turbulent to suffer themselves to be cosily wrapped round in the mantle of sleep. Yet never poet indited more coaxing sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow than he to the coy divinity.

His form of ritual too have I tried.

'A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one, the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring.'

I have thought of all by turns, yet Sleep could I not win by any stealth. For I cannot command these mental images of sight and sound to obey my will. No sooner set a-going than they get out of hand. The first half-dozen sheep or so trot docilely one after another, and then they fly asunder and scatter in confusion over the pasture, as if the sheep-dog were plunging past them, barking and snapping fiercely at their woolly flanks.

In vain do I round them up in imagination and start them off again. They will not be shepherded to amble past in Indian file. They are off again at every scare.

Nor am I more successful with the *sound of rain and bees murmuring*. The rain will not patter monotonously down on leaves and grass. It begins to play a merry polka in the water butt, it passes into a jig, and then insolently breaks out into the riotous licence of a ragtime. And the murmuring bees give place to swarms of torturing shrill-voiced gnats.

But I have found the offerings which the goddess will graciously deign to accept at my hands, and seldom now do I turn from her altar with rejected vows.

And thus it is that I pay her worship.

I set myself—in fancy—in some extremest solitude, surrounded with all such circumstances as can deepen the sense of isolation.

It is a lonely cottage on a wild waste moorland. I permit myself one glance from the doorway over the acres of sunlit heather, that I may the better realise how remote I am from all human companionship. But it is at my peril that I dally there. That same whimsical perverseness of imagination which puts to rout my flock of silly sheep, which distorts my music of falling rain into polka and jig and ragtime, would soon send me some distracting visitor—robber, gipsy or tramp—and then farewell sleep!

So I make haste to close the door upon myself before any such untoward incident befalls, and conjure up a mighty storm of wind and rain, or better still of wind and snow, which sweeps the moorland clear of all life for miles around.

My cot is solidly built—it had need be or my wayward fancy, under pretext of the storm, would bring it clattering down about my ears, and all my work would be in vain. But it is solidly

built, low, with stone walls three feet thick and stone slabs for roof, well able to defy the worst storm which even my riotous fancy could call up to thwart my designs; and the wind breaks upon it and roars past it on either side even as the waves divide against some rocky headland jutting far out into the sea.

I have of course taken care to have good bolts on my stout oaken door and to shoot them well home into their sockets deep in the stone, or mutinous fancy, lying in wait to take me at unawares, would suborn a gust of wind to burst open the door, and in a moment pandemonium would reign in my peaceful asylum.

Within I am furnished with all reasonable creature comforts, for reasonable creature comforts you must have, would you woo sleep with success. Men have been known to sleep upon the rack, you tell me? Never! To swoon, perhaps, but not to sleep. For Sleep, the ethereal goddess who being greatly entreated bathes with fragrant nepenthe the aching temples of the Quixotes of the world, not her lumpish sister whose toward arms meet half-way the rustic advances of the Sancho Panzas—Sleep the Seraph, not Sleep the Lubber—is as dainty as the fairy princess of the fable; there must be no crumple in the rose-leaves amongst which she couches.

And so I am furnished with all reasonable creature comforts. A red peat fire glows upon the hearth—the even glow of peat is indispensable, for puckish fancy would see her vantage in a fire of wood or coal, would call me back to wakefulness from the very brink of sleep with some sudden salvo of crackling or spirt of flame, or haply would prompt some redhot coal to shoot wantonly forth from the fire and set my cottage in a blaze. Picture such a calamity, in such a place, on such a night! The mere thought of it would scare away sleep from such a doughty sleeper as Sancho Panza himself.

A good honest peat fire then, with even rosy glow, and before it a leathern arm-chair, where I shall shortly seat me with a favourite book when all my arrangements are perfected.

I am victualled as for a siege, for this storm—I tell myself—may last for days, and a glance at the window, past which the heavy snowflakes are giddily whirled and drifted, assures me that I shall certainly be cut off from all communion with my kind; whom, this seeming churlishness notwithstanding, I protest I love with all my heart. But I want to SLEEP.

I take careful stock, one by one, of my store of provisions. Pray do not think me a glutton, but this is all-important. I must be beforehand with fancy, tricksy elf, or by and by she will fall to hinting that I am snowed up without food and like to die of hunger; and who could sleep in such a plight?

So I forestall that imp of mischief and make sure that everything is in order. I hang a portly ham from the rafter, I set a bowl of cream-coloured eggs in the dairy, side by side with the stately Stilton and the bowl of crudded cream they match so well in colour. I haul into the cosy room, where it will be securely entrenched against the frost, a stout sack whose knobbly outlines bespeak potatoes. I have crusty loaves, blushing a rich warm brown from the hot embrace of the oven, and a keg of creamy butter wherewith to anoint them. And be sure the more delicate dainties are not forgotten.

Oh no, I shall assuredly not starve. I dwell with tranquillising complacency upon my larder, the sight of which would make the heart of honest Sancho laugh within his bosom, even as at the wedding-feast of the wealthy Camacho.

I even take an inventory of my few simple articles of furniture, setting each in its place, good solid pieces of oak that cannot skip about as do my rebellious sheep. For my fancy plays fair. She only deals in the intrinsically probable. No fear, for example, of her letting loose upon me ghosts and hobgoblins! Besides, the wanton knows I don't believe in them. And short of them what loophole have I left for the intrusion of any disquieting influence into the fortress I have contrived for myself?

All this, then, I elaborate piece by piece, growing deliciously drowsier the while.

I set a little table (on four good substantial legs, mind you! Skittish fancy would make light work of toppling over one of your gimcrack one-legged tables, and as I am about to set a lamp upon it, it behoves me to be wary. I would not even trust the hussy with a tripod!)

It is a long room—for I must have the sense of space, or I shall stifle—so long that the shadows cluster thick in the end of it remote from the fire. As I have said, my fancy does not deal in the supernatural. If yours does, you would do well to order differently your dream-temple of sleep.

Behold me then at last, settling down with a sigh of comfort in my leathern arm-chair with my favourite book. I do not read

it. I gaze into the glowing heart of my peat fire and tell myself how that here I am, in the core of calm at the centre of this white and wind-swept waste, behind the staunch bulwarks of my stone walls, with the feathered shafts of heaven hurtling criss-cross in all directions between me and the outer world, with nothing to claim me, wanting nothing, hoping nothing, fearing nothing. What is there left me but to sleep ?

And the reluctant divinity condescends to accept my worship, consents to dwell in the temple I have builded for her, and brooding over me with the ineffable gesture of a mother brooding over her babe, graciously enfolds me in her beneficent mantle, thoughts and all, thoughts and all !

A blessing, aye a thousand blessings on the man who first invented sleep !

IN A COLLEGE GARDEN.

THE blue tit turned a somersault on the topmost twig of the hawthorn tree, and came to rest again in an upright position. Then he wrinkled up his crest in a fury, and started to curse volubly.

Six yards away an open window in the Don's rooms looked out upon the College garden. On the stone ledge outside the window there was a bird tray, projecting out over the gravel path thirty feet below. Above the tray there hung a cocoanut, suspended from a short wooden bar which was fastened into the crumbling ancient mullion of the window. Out of the round orifice which was cut in one side of the cocoanut there projected an olive green tail, slightly quivering. The blue tit gazed at the tail, and his language was unrestrained.

There was a sudden flash of blue in the sunlight, as of a kingfisher painted in weak water-colours, and a second blue tit lit on the twig hard by her angry mate.

'Did you ever see the like?' chattered the first bird, restlessly jerking his tiny body up and down with movements nearly as quick as a robin's. 'For five minutes past there has been that accursed greenfinch blocking up our hole. Of all greedy swine! And see the state he leaves the hemp-seed in when he does at last condescend to go. Just a mass of shells strewn all over the bottom of our special nut! It is quite impossible to pick out a whole one when you are in a hurry. And I never myself like to stay *very* long on the rim of the hole there.'

'Nor do I,' said the second tit, wrinkling her blue crest in sympathy. 'How that pair of coal tits has the face to get right inside the nut I can't imagine. Foolhardiness, I call it.'

'Of course,' continued the first tit, paying no regard to the other, 'we can't all eat the same way, not even we tits, who at least have *some* gentlemanly manners. There is our big cousin Tom yonder, though why he should be splitting our ears with that piercing call of his now, beats me. The starlings aren't paying the least heed to it. Have you noticed carefully how Tom goes to work with a hemp-seed? Planks it in between his claws, and then down comes his beak on it like a sledge hammer every time. You can hear him twenty yards away. "A handsome fellow,"

I heard a human say yesterday. Maybe—but rather rough and dangerous to my thinking. Plucky? Well, he does hammer his seeds on top of the bar yonder. You can see it shaking each time he hits it. Altogether too near the window for my taste! But that isn't our way of eating. We don't make that noise over it. Worry it, I say, worry, worry, shake, worry, and off comes the husk in a trice, quite decently, without any fuss. Tom is a bit vulgar at his meals, I think. But, anyway, he leaves the way clear for us while he's hitting his seed. No guzzling, guzzling all the while and blocking up the hole.'

The tail of the greenfinch emphasised the tit's remark by a quiver of quite extraordinary ecstasy. Its head and body remained buried far inside the unseen interior of the cocoanut.

Both tits took a short wavery flight from the hawthorn to the acacia tree in centre of the garden. Then back they came, one hard after the other, and gazed helplessly at the nut.

'The pig!' resumed the speaker. 'Can't anything be done to stop it? Why can't he stay down there on the ground? His cousin the chaffinch is always there, herding it with those coarse common sparrows. Never once a year even comes up to the tray here. Knows his place, I say. Why can't Greeny do the same? These hemp-seeds aren't meant for him, I know for a fact. I heard the human say so. And there is nothing else going this morning. I finished up every morsel of fat on that chop bone yesterday.'

'Yes, dear, *I* know that,' murmured the female tit. 'But I got a whiff or two of the smell. Delicious!'

A glare from her consort sent her in hurried flight down the garden with a sharp sideways swerve at the end of it to elude any pursuer. The other bird turned to his querulous grumbling again.

'Yonder swine is much the worst of that half-dozen of greenfinches. But the whole lot of them are just fat, swollen, lumbering, clumsy, sleek, oily, vicious monsters of birds. "Gold and green flashes," said my human, too! That doesn't help us to get a hemp-seed. And I thought we were finally rid of him yesterday. Yet look, just look, at that tail!'

The tail, rapidly by practice becoming prehensile, took a downward movement along the rough rind of the cocoanut; then balanced up into its place again, and went on quivering joyously.

The plumpest of coal tits came flying to a twig just beneath her cousin. She too looked longingly towards the cocoanut, and her white cheeks shook with an equal wrath.

'Rid of him?' she cried. 'Why? What happened?' Her sudden coming scared the blue tit badly. He crouched down, flattening his head, like a cat about to pounce. In that attitude he looked mean, cunning, miserly, suspicious, old.

'Why, what *is* the matter?' cried the coal tit. 'How jumpy you are to-day! Did you wake up earlier than usual this morning?'

'My regular time,' replied the blue tit, recovering himself and looking perky again. 'Half an hour before sunrise, unless fog and frost make me ten minutes or so later. I always take an extra five minutes after Robin gives the wake-call. He goes to sleep ten minutes after me, too. I can't think how he does with so little sleep. But your manners, my friend, are just too vulgar for words. Your eating is as noisy as Tom's, and you come down on a fellow like a chestnut falling from the big tree yonder—his way, too.'

'Come,' said the coal tit impatiently, 'you chatter too much. What was it happened to Greeny there yesterday?'

'You know that dark black cave through the window there,' began the blue tit. 'Well, yesterday there were all six of those finches busy round our tray. That didn't matter so much. I had finished my morning feed before they came. So there they were, gormandising and fighting like fury. And that fellow there——'

Suddenly out of the nut emerged the head and shoulders of the greenfinch, fragments of hemp-seed and shell clinging to his blunt and ugly bill. He leered round at the couple of tits provocatively, wiped his beak, and again buried his head deep in the hole. Then once again only the sound of busy shell cracking came faintly from the interior.

'That piggiest of pigs there,' resumed the blue tit still more angrily, 'got chivied right through the window. What's inside the cave, I don't know. Some big human, I think. An awful risk that tray is, really. My great uncle went through one day, and never came back. Why can't they keep the window shut? My heart is in my beak every time I go for a crumb, when I see it open. And there's my silly wife—comes up behind me sometimes when I am on the tray with such a rush that the odds are I get driven inside myself one of these days.'

'Carry on with the yarn, will you!' snapped the coal tit.

'Well, as I was saying,' prosed on the other, 'that yellowy-green hog went slap through the open window into the dark. Then I heard a thump or two on the inside of those other windows there,

which were shut. Then one mighty thump, and nothing more for a bit.'

The coal tit took an extra hop of excitement. 'And then?' she queried.

'Then presently,' went on the blue tit impressively, 'the human's hand came out through the window, and put that fellow on the tray, and shut the window. I went a bit nearer to look. There he was lying on the tray like a log, opening and shutting that ugly eye of his sixteen dozen to the minute. And didn't he reek? Funny kind of scent, too. Made one feel quite dizzy. And a drop of something hanging from his beak.'

The blue tit was not unnaturally puzzled. Whisky, used in the attempt to revive a stunned bird, was not part of his diet. The human's experiment was beyond the range of the bird's ideas.

'But the fellow picked up and went off in a few minutes,' continued the blue tit regretfully. 'And when I asked him last evening how he felt and if his head was aching, he said he had a trifle of a stiff neck, but it would wear off after a good feed. Good feed! Look at him, now, the hog!'

Again the faint sound of cracking shells came from the inside of the cocoanut.

'Here goes!' said the coal tit suddenly.

A quick short flight landed her on top of the nut. Quietly she slid down the outside rind until she clung there just above the hole and the protruding quivering tail.

The blue tit looked on in shaking amazement.

Down came the coal tit's sharp beak in one fierce hard dig just at the point where the tail disappeared into the cocoanut. All the vengeance and power of a hungry indignant small bird lay behind that one single irresistible stroke.

Out in a violent hurry came the greenfinch, surprised, hurt, scared, and flew protesting with shrill cries of anguish and alarm at top speed to the far end of the garden. The coal tit disappeared promptly inside the hole, emerged again in triumph with a seed, perched on the edge of the tray, and hammered the seed open.

The blue tit gave three hops of ecstasy, and then darted himself to the tray. On the garden path thirty feet below, the usual pack of dirty quarrelsome plebeian sparrows looked up curiously. Fragments of precious food, enough for a sparrow to fight over, again began to fall upon their heads.

'Something out of the common going on up above there,

chirruped the pack leader. 'I wish the whole tray would come down. When shall we get our rights, we workers down here?'

He dealt a vicious blow at a younger bird, who had recklessly come within reach, and continued:

'The luxuries up above there! I don't so much care myself for that round, hard hemp-seed. It is very awkward to get a grip of it in one's bill. The tits may crack it for us up there as much as they like, if they could be made to drop the kernels down to us afterwards. But there is always soft white bread there, and lovely fat. And once a week there is a whole horde of noisy choir-boys inside that room. I see them rushing over from the chapel yonder and up the stairs. Little use in a horde of boys, say I. But at least some one of them does put out rich yellow cake crumbs on the tray. Then why can't that miserable youngster throw 'em right out down to where we are waiting—that's what I should like to know. We sparrows are three times the number of tits and robins all together. We do all the garden work. We are the real world's workers. Of course we daren't venture up on the tray there. That boy knows that, too, confound him! Why don't we get our rights?'

A crumb fell from above. A rival sparrow raced for it. There was a brief fierce struggle, and the discomfited bird flew, leaving his tail behind.

'Yes, our rights,' panted the leader, a little hot and dishevelled, but triumphant. 'All the food ought to be down here on the path.'

There was a sudden rush, a glimpse of whirling brown fur and shining claws. A knot of scared sparrows flew up chattering into the lilac bush. The pack leader was no longer among them.

'Plenty of food on the path,' chuckled the College cat.

BERNARD W. HENDERSON.

AN INTERIOR.

THE mirror, framed in its tasteless overmantel of stained wood with curly scaffoldings for knicknacks on either side, reflected more than Charles Le Pic's face and his new waistcoat; it reflected a completely Victorian sitting-room, an incongruous home for a young artist rather ahead of his time. After a fruitless hunt for a regular studio he had come across Pennington Crescent in Camden Town. Its rather mournful airiness had taken his fancy, and luck had led him straight to Mrs. Quin's door; Martha, Mrs. Quin and the Quin interior had decided him immediately. They all had character.

Martha was forbidding enough to frighten the unenterprising. When she opened the door—a limping, lop-sided old woman, with her mouth askew, the left eye closed and a surly glare of aversion in the right—she said 'What d'ye want?' in a gruff bass voice that would have scared the boldest beggar. But Charles Le Pic had not been brought up in Paris for nothing. He knew the *concierge*, and here was a perfect specimen of the type. With an exaggerated politeness he had inquired for rooms, possibly an empty room to use as a studio. With her skinny claw still tight over the door-handle Martha had growled: 'Ye aren't an artist?'

'Yes, and I want a room to paint in,' he had answered. Martha had opened the door wider. 'Ye can come in,' she had said, 'I'll ask the mistress': and pointing sharply to a chair in the narrow hall, 'Ye can sit there.' Whereupon she had closed the door and lurched towards a room at the end of the passage. Out of this, in a few moments, had issued a great wave of flesh, its upper part squeezed into a tight bodice of stuff the colour of liquorice powder. Its downward pleats, from chin to waist, described a rich sinusoidal curve, whose extreme projection seemed architecturally to demand a flying buttress for its support. One or two gaping buttonholes bore witness to the stresses on that portentous fabric. The face that surmounted it, being immune from all the discomforts of restriction, flowed freely: it had no contours, no outlines, but merged vastly in its background. It had a cheerful colour, however; and there was a twinkle in its eyes, a jauntiness in its frizzy hair, and a possibility of laughter in its lips, pursed

though these had been into the conventional expression of a mimsy politeness. In a being so enormous and so unsuitably clothed as Mrs. Quin there was something not earthly: she had the air of some minor fleshly deity, some mother of Bacchantes, superannuated from Silenus' train to confine her heroic expansiveness in the trammels of mortality. No ordinary landlady ever wore such triumphant serenity upon her brow. Care and worry had worked no lines there, as if the solid buckler of her flesh had warded off all their weapons. The cairngorm brooch on her bosom heaved slowly and regularly up and down, like a tiny boat becalmed in an oily Atlantic swell. She would have figured for the artist as the supreme type of *la patronne*, save that no naughty leeriness lurked in her eye, but only a frank paganism. 'She's a bad old thing,' he had said to himself with an internal smile which, no doubt, had translated itself engagingly into his features, as he repeated his inquiries to Mrs. Quin, Martha, Caliban-like, having lumbered grimly down the kitchen stairs.

Mrs. Quin, he felt, had taken to him from the first indulgent exchange of glances. It pleased her æsthetic sense that he was dark and half French, while her practical instincts were reassured by his being half English with English references. She had known many foreign gentlemen in her time, but they were undependable-like: when it came to business, give her an Englishman. 'Well now, sir,' she had said, 'I have rooms vacant, and I was saying to meself only this morning it was about time I found another lodger. They've been empty a month, but it seemed so heartless-like to let again with me last lodger hardly cold in his grave, as you might say. Nothing infectious, only pneumonia, but it took him off in two days, poor fellow. Been with me five years, a Mr. Latta he was, did writing or something. A nice funeral it was too, with lots of carriages: quite an eeclaw in the neighbour'ood. He was a quiet one and no mistake; always regular in his ways and never out after eleven. Not that I hold with being s'quiet as all that. A bit of fun now and then does you good, I say, and I've had some fun in me time.' Mrs. Quin's spreading smile had seemed to embrace a panoroma of humorous reminiscences, mediæval in breadth. 'As I used to say to him sometimes, "Lor, Mr. Latta," I said, "don't you *ever* go out for a lark?" But he wasn't one for larks, bless you, with hot water to his meals and a hot-water bottle to his bed. Cold-blooded, that's what he was, like a fish, and his hands—you might as well shake half a pound of raw sausages.

Well, he's gone anyhow, and I dessay he's warm enough now. I used to tell him, chaffing-like, on a frosty morning, "Make the best of it now, Mr. Latta, we'll be wishing for a little touch of frost when we're down below." I was always one for looking on the bright side.' Mrs. Quin's perorations were always marked by a raising of the eyebrows and tilting upwards of the chin, a faint imitation of the comedian's expression when he wants a laugh.

'And now I'll show you the rooms,' she had gone on, stretching out a podgy arm to the banisters and pivoting on it. As she went up the narrow staircase she presented him a back which triumphantly advertised the tensile properties of our British woollens. Whalebone and wool held her in above the waist, taut and round as the rind of a Cheddar cheese. The nether effect could have been best imitated by draping a brown blanket over an ottoman. 'They're on the first floor. I don't know if they'll suit you': she had paused a moment for breath on the half landing. 'I've had artists here before, and I'm used to their ways if they get used to mine. Give and take's my motto.' She went on talking as she mounted the second flight. 'There's two things I can't put up with, having me furniture moved about and serving a lot of meals. Now there's this room at the back here, unfurnished, and the furnished sitting-room in the front that poor Mr. Latta used to have. You can have the back room for your painting—it looks north with a nice big winder—there's a good gas stove with a ring to it, and you can make yourself a cup of tea there and anything else *you* like. Martha'd clean it out once a week for you. But you'd have to behave yourself in the sitting-room. I can't have any tea-garden larks in there. Look, isn't it a sweet little room? And that was all me poor old mother's furniture: she worked the antimacassars herself.' Here Mrs. Quin had sighed with resignation. 'I should have been living in it meself, if I could afford it. When me husband was alive, we had no need for lodgers. This was me boodwaw, and here I used to sit of an afternoon reading a nice tale, waiting for Quin to come home to his tea. We always had tea in here, it kept him up to the mark. Some men get careless-like in their homes, *you* know, but I used to tell him: "None of your shirt sleeves and sloppiness in here, *if* you please. Downstairs I say nothing, but in the boodwaw genteel you must be." And very nice and genteel he was too, when he hadn't got one of his headaches. Mr. Adams, who used to keep the Fox and Ducks round the corner, used to say Quin had such an attitude. I got

s'fond of this room, I never wanted to go out, except to the music-hall of a Saturday night. What's the use of trapesing about the dirty streets when you've a nice room of your own to sit in, I never did see. Lots of fine Sunday afternoons we had here, with the sun shining in so cheerful through the windows, and the bottled Bass and port wine on the table, real mahogany it is. I always polished it myself and never put a cloth on it. You wouldn't go making a mess of paint on a table like that, now, would you, sir ? '

'I am very careful with other people's things, madam,' Charles Le Pic had gravely replied ; 'and I see the room has been beautifully kept. You are lucky, at all events, to have had such careful lodgers.'

'Oh, I can tell, bless you,' she returned heartily. 'When you've served in a bar for two years you get an eye for character. I've been able to pick and choose, for Quin had the sense to put his aunt's legacy by, so when he went off with the apoplexy the night after the Diamond Jubilee I wasn't left quite on the rocks. None of your sloppy folk with yesterday's beard and buttons off their shirts for me, thank you. A man who can't look after himself and keep himself genteel isn't the one for *this* room, I can tell you. It's my one little hobby, tidiness about the house ; and I could see you were a tidy one, if you'll excuse me, sir, by the way you tie your tie. Oh, I've learned a thing or two about men, but s'long as they behave nicely and don't make a mess of my furniture, I'm not one to interfere.'

Mrs. Quin had spoken as if she were referring to pet animals, and, placing her hand jauntily on her jutting hip, she beamingly added : 'I'm free-minded, I am. I ask no questions. Poking me nose into other folk's affairs isn't my way. You can do what you like here, say what you like and think what you like. We're all sinners, some worse than others : but I say, let's do it genteel and comfortable. I've been comfortable all me life, and that's all I ask of gentlemen : pay regular and give no trouble.'

Charles Le Pic had closed, and settled down in this original abode which combined the easy liberty of a studio with the rigid charms of some Victorian lodging in Bournemouth, frequented year after year by an elderly lady with asthma. Though the sitting-room was hideous, there was a precision in its hideousness and an innocence in its bland rejection of all appeal to the sensuous imagination which made it, for the artist, both convincing and inviolable. True to his pact, he treated it with a respect that

delighted Mrs. Quin, recognising that half-hearted touches introduced by an alien vision would disturb its completeness as an unconscious work of art. The wallpaper, designed from some fabulous dull green tropical cabbage on a dun ground, perfectly matched the grim lumpishness of the veneered sideboard and the sham saddle-bag upholstery of the chairs and sofa. Heavy lace curtains drawn right across the two French windows proclaimed respectability to the outer world; and the pot of aspidistra on its crocheted mat breathed a propriety as depressing but as brittle as its own wilting leaves. Not one object did Charles Le Pic attempt to remove from the mantelpiece covered in red plush with a ball fringe, or from the scaffoldings on either side of the mirror—not one of the photographs of vacuous Britons in baggy trousers or flounced dresses, not one of what Mrs. Quin called 'me pretty vawses' painted with a profusion of roses, not the beakers of ruby glass which stood one at each corner of the mantelpiece, with their pendent cascades of prisms that jangled plaintively when a breeze blew in. The ormolu clock, silent as the tomb under its dome of glass and marking five minutes to six with mournful finality, rose majestically as ever from the line of dust round its black marble plinth, and, on the wall, Millais' apparently one-legged Highlander continued undisturbed an eternal embrace to his wife and bairns. The antimacassars, compact of wool in red and blue lozenges, hung over the backs of the two armchairs, and the footstool, covered with a brilliant nosegay in beadwork, had been drawn from its corner and planted by the artist, as the supreme *clou*, right in the middle of the black hairy hearthrug, rich in twenty years of coal dust. Over all, from the centre of the sideboard, a bust of the old Queen, diademmed and Garter-ribboned, threw a glance of stony approbation. This was her England, all snug and heavy, over which she reigned for sixty years.

It was an ideal morning in May. A light breeze wandering in from the Crescent moved the ruby prisms to sad melody. No ideas for successful composition presented themselves to Charles Le Pic who, after vague reflection, stretched himself and turned to fetch a bottle of stout and a tumbler from the sideboard. The bust of Victoria did not seem to disapprove. A Victorian drink, he mused, as he poured out the brown liquid with its creamy foam: 'decidedly I am Victorian this morning.' 'Yes, my dear old lady,' he remarked to the bust, 'economically, imperially, Georgianism may be a fine thing, but artistically it is decadence.

In the days when you reigned over England painting could be taken seriously. Ruskin lectured passionately about Turner, there was a moral thrill in Burne-Jones, and young men were sent on pilgrimages to Italy so that the shoots of their minds might grow in Botticellian curves. Now painting is either a new sensation or it is nothing. There are no moral thrills, and nobody cares a damn about an artist's purpose. That is why I am an English man and a French painter. There are thrills in France yet, and serious purposes ; not purely moral ones, of course, for we French have no morals fenced off from the rest of life like a cathedral close, but real thrills and purposes all the same. And when serious French painters come and show their pictures over here, fine ladies painted like chorus girls come and say : " Oh what fun " or " what rot," as if it was all a turn at a music-hall. They infect the artists with their frivolity, and *they* become sensationalists too, just ballet-dancers with paint-brushes. Give me the Victorian spirit which took things in deadly earnest, anathematised Darwin, and was profoundly shocked by Whistler.'

He took the bust and placed it carefully in the middle of the mahogany table and then, stepping back to the mantelpiece, he raised his glass with mock reverence. ' Your Majesty, I drink your royal health.' As he replaced his glass upon the mantelpiece, the reflection of the whole room struck him anew. Rushing hastily into the adjoining room, he fetched a sketching block and a paintbox and, still facing the mirror, began eagerly to paint.

And that was the inspiration of what is now one of his most famous pictures. The large canvas called ' An Interior ' hangs in the Luxembourg Gallery, and is justly reckoned the finest example of Le Pic's early style. But nobody has ever explained what induced so modern a painter to choose a subject so incongruous. It was the close of a train of reflection and a sudden trick of light. Hardly anybody knows that in the face of the bust there is a distinct likeness of Mrs. Quin.

ORLO WILLIAMS.

MALAYAN HUNTING.

BY C. S. DURST.

I HAVE often wondered who the Dotch Alang was, and why he gave his name to that particular bend of the river. Did he live there, before the tin-hunters came and defiled the river to their uses? or was he the over-lord of those kampongs? Tanjong 'Toh Alang is not a very impressive place to look at. The road to it runs for seven long miles from Batu Gajah, and it leads to nowhere save to Tanjong 'Toh Alang, there is nothing beyond. Tanjong 'Toh Alang is the end of all things, with its one double row of houses made of ataps, the dried leaf of the ground palm. Its shops are owned by a Chinese carpenter and a shoemaker, and there are various general stores, of which the chief merchandise is brightly coloured sarongs and tinned salmon. There is also at the end of the street a mean little Malay shop, outside of which, under the pent-house, are arranged glasses of blood-red syrup, sticky and sickly to the taste, a few bananas, some betel-nut, chillis and sugar-cane—sugar-cane that it is joy to chew after a hot, hard day's work. At one side is the police station, where live half a dozen Sikh policemen; and at the bend of the road, before one reaches the village, lies the rest-house, where stop any chance Europeans that may come to the place.

Tanjong 'Toh Alang lives only by reason of the Chinese miners who fossick out tin from various clearings in the surrounding forest. To these mines lead the many tracks and paths that branch off from the far end of the village; strange winding little paths some of them, that are as dark as tunnels, bored through an undergrowth so thick that it stands like a wall on either side and meets overhead in a tangle of branches. The true forest, the rimba, has been cut down here, and in its place there have grown thickets of shrubs and young trees. Easily is one lost in the maze of tracks, winding and branching, scarcely wide enough for two men to pass without touching, so twisted that one often cannot see five yards ahead. Such are the paths round Tanjong 'Toh Alang and such is the country for small game.

The daintiest, the prettiest of all the jungle deer is the plandok, the mouse deer, but little larger than a rabbit; so daintily he moves that scarcely a leaf is disturbed by his tread. His nose is like velvet, with little quivering nostrils that sniff for scent of danger.

But in such thickets surely he were safe, surely his little eyes, his little nose would give him warning, before the savage, that is man, could kill. True, were man a thing of eyes and ears only, but man is more. In jungle warfare there is no swift and open attack; it is a game of stealth, of stalking and creeping, of waiting and watching, of smelling and hearing; and man has lost these powers, but he has gained what is more—cunning. Now see the cunning of man.

Of all the jungle folk the little plandok is the most inquisitive. The foolish little plandok, the veriest little Paul Pry of the jungle, his inquisitiveness is his undoing, and this the man knows. See him then with a faithful follower and his gun go forth after the day's work and plunge into that wilderness of paths. They reach a place where the thicket is less dense and one may see ten or fifteen yards.

The Malay has cut and whittled a twig from a certain tree, and from another he has plucked a large flat leaf. They squat down, the two of them, in front of a tall tree trunk, the man behind with his gun, the Malay in front. He scrapes a smooth patch on the ground, lays the leaf down on it and starts to ketok—to strike the leaf with the twig; the first stroke is loud, then follow others softer and softer, more rapid and more rapid, till they fade into silence. Again and again it is done, and lo there is a movement in the bushes. Oh, foolish little plandok, is your inquisitiveness so great that you must see? Slowly, imperceptibly the gun moves, the Malay ketoks once more; suddenly there is a shot. The savage has gained his food; species must prey upon species, for such is the law of life. Oh, foolish little plandok, such is the reward of your questioning!

But it is not always so. Often and often the good angel that guards the little plandok warns him of danger, and he scuttles away silently save for the snap of a broken twig to tell the savage of his escape. Then must the savage return empty-handed to his camp, unless by chance a jungle fowl crosses his path.

It is strange that this ketok, this noise, should be so attractive to these little animals. An explanation other than their inquisi-

tiveness has been given, but it is almost too sad to repeat; that the plandok calls her husband to her by stamping with her tiny feet on a hollow tree and he comes running to her side. But this can scarcely be true, for tigers have been known to come to the ketok, and it is wise to keep one barrel loaded with ball.

A story was told once by an old Malay of how he went to ketok alone. For some time nothing came. He beat for the last time in despair and suddenly the branches parted and he saw the head and shoulders of a bear—a little honey bear, the friend of all the world, the which it is a crime to slay. He sat down with all the deliberation of his every movement, and looked down his long nose at the man, rolling his head from side to side. The man stared back too surprised to move. What did the bear see to interest him so? Did he know that this thing before him was man, in whose right hand was life or death? What did he know of man? Had he seen man before, or was man to him but a chimera painted by his mother to frighten him? What thoughts were there in his slow brain, as he sat there and lolled his head from side to side? Had we no menageries, no picture-books, what would we know of bears and tigers? For some perhaps a fleeting glimpse once in a lifetime. To this bear his curiosity was at last being satisfied. Here was man.

So they sat and stared; then slowly, with deliberation, the bear got up. The boughs swung to again, where he had been, and he was not.

AUNT HANNAH'S AUNT HANNAH.

THAT is how I always thought of her—as Aunt Hannah's Aunt Hannah—and it seemed to put her far back among old-fashioned things and to make her match with the old house and garden and with the shadow-graphs on the wall, for surely my auntie's aunt must be pretty far away! And yet she was curiously young to me, often just another girl to play with, in spite of the braided hair and out-of-date clothes.

I suppose I went first to the house at Great Ruthby—my father's home—as an infant of four months, and afterwards from time to time—mostly summer-time—as I grew into girlhood. It must have been mostly early summer-time because my memories of Great Ruthby are memories of meadows deep in buttercups, of the wonderful gold and green of them, and of the beast grazing there, deep red Devon beast and sometimes 'patchy' cows. I have memories of chestnut and may in bloom, with the scent of them coming in at our open doors and windows.

If I were asked for the one outstanding memory, the chief impression of Ruthby, I should say: 'An open door, an old lady in a black dress and very clear white cap'—my dear Grannie—she had very bright eyes and a merry laugh full of welcome to 'the dear child,' and her old hands were always either busy or restless.

That is the chief one, but a child has many early memories, little ghosts of recollections dealing mainly with things to eat and smells and sounds: the cocks and hens were responsible for some of the latter and also for the new-laidest of eggs. Ruthby stands out in my childish mind as the place where I could always have 'an egg to my tea' just by pretending to be hungrier than I really was. In that house no one ever replied 'We haven't got any eggs,' as they sometimes did elsewhere!

One memory is of an angry mother—a mother tried no doubt to the last straw stage, and justly incensed by what one of the maids called 'a spoiled little faggot'—I overheard her and resented it deeply. Grannie and aunties conspired in the spoiling frequently, with the result, as on this night, of a cross mother at bedtime.

She was a quick-tempered mother whose displeasure was short-lived, but terrible while it lasted. I remember lifting my small voice in protest: 'I'm only a little girl, I'm only four.' As a matter of fact I was only three and a half. I remember my mother's

face then—the quick softening and the shame on it—but she put me to bed in silence and without a kiss. She never knew that *I* knew she crept back in the dark to kiss me when I was asleep as she thought, perhaps I *had* been asleep until a hot tear woke me. I heard her say—'I'm only four,' and then she stole away again. I know now that she often thought herself over harsh, too severe, and that she was sometimes harder to me than she wanted to be, so desperately afraid was she of 'spoiling.'

My first acquaintance with Aunt Hannah's Aunt Hannah was made at another bedtime four years later—how many memories seem to be of bedtimes! My mother had settled me in bed in the room she shared with me, a pleasant room, high up, with two windows; it had pale blue walls, and all along one side were family portraits in shadow-graph of my father's people—one-sided likenesses, I used to call them. There were a father and mother and their children, and the husbands and wives belonging or accruing to them in the course of time. The father had his hat on—an old beaver—and he wore top-boots, and had a waistcoat outline which left no doubt as to his identity as the head of the family. That is a very distinct memory, the pale blue room and the shadow portraits.

Mother thought she had completed the ritual of my evening toilet and was leaving me snug in bed, teeth brushed and prayers said, my glass of water poured out, and blinds drawn, when she was arrested on the threshold:

'Mother, who are those Black People?'

I used to think of things to ask her at the very last moment just to keep her in the room a little longer. As a rule she saw through the ruse and would leave me, remarking that I was a 'baggage,' but to-night I had her. Mother never could resist anything old-fashioned or out of the ordinary, and certainly the Black People could claim that distinction: she had pondered over them many times. To-night she came back into the Blue Room and told me who they were as far as she knew them, but there was one she could not put a name to.

'That one is Grannie when she was young,'—a 'black' of a slender girl with ringlets—I could not believe it was my Grannie—'but I don't know who this is, I will ask Aunt Hannah.' So, artfully, she escaped to that delightful downstairs life of supper and late hours, one of the many privileges of grown-ups, and which is full of mystery and charm to small people shut away in bed who may not share it except on rare late-up nights.

I fell asleep, the Black People fading away in the soft evening light and mingling with my dreams. Such queer people they seemed to me, very prim and precise, with outlines too correct, and very neat little hands and small pointed feet which did not look as if they could support the weight of their bodies. The ladies all appeared to walk on tiptoe.

The glories of those suppers my mother went down to I learned at second-hand then, and in later days enjoyed. There were many farm-house dainties and the foods and fruits peculiar to the seasons. No one would think how good lamb-tail pie is until he had tasted it. Rook pie too and pigeon pie figured on the bill of fare, and there were beastings when a cow had calved, but that I never took to. Nowhere could there be a more excellent *cuisine*—why is there no embracing English word which means the same thing? People rave and rail at English cookery, but it must be because they have never met with the right sort. When good it is hard to beat.

Better roast fowls with richer bread-sauce, cauliflowers and asparagus with more melting melted butter you could not find. The fruitiest of fruit puddings were there, and never was pastry lighter or home-cured ham more delicious—the hams were a speciality.

After supper on that first night of Great-Aunt Hannah—mother said it was lamb-tail pie and ham, and there were beastings and jam tarts—they were knitting and reading by lamplight, and Aunt Constance was looking through some accounts which were in an old work-box, when she came upon a little pocket diary and memorandum book. 'Perhaps you would like to look at this, Agatha,' said she, and she handed it to my mother. 'It belonged to mother's sister, my Aunt Hannah.'

My mother was soon deep in the little book, which she found interesting, as she did all old things, and she soon discovered that the neat methodical girl who had kept the little book was the unknown girl among the Black People upstairs.

'How strange,' she said to my aunties, 'Elisabeth is very curious about the shadow portraits, and this Hannah is the one I could not identify for her to-night. Can you tell me about her? Poor little girl, she seems to have been a very careful, painstaking person, and a little lonely at school, I should think.'

'We don't know much about her beyond what is in the book,' said Aunt Hannah. 'Mother could have told you, but——'

My dear Grannie had been dead two years at this time: she was

the little Betsy of the diary who passed away in the old house after a long busy life, leaving children in whose hearts she is for ever a lovely tender memory. Strange to think she was once little Betsy.

'May I take the book and show it to Elisabeth?' mother asked, as she took her candlestick that night.

I have the little book now; it is a record of calm days, of the simple happenings of a girl's uneventful life at home and at school—mostly at school—put down with great care and neatness in fine old writing without blots or smudges. I gathered that little Hannah had been happier at home and had had less need to chronicle daily events, duties, and expenses; much of the book is given to finance, her pocket-money had to be accounted for, or she thought it had, having the frugal mind of the Innes family. Mother showed it to me next day. 'This belonged to one of the Black People, dear, the one we didn't know, she was your Great-Aunt Hannah.'

Mother read most of it to me in the sleepy afternoon time that follows early dinner. We sat in the sunlit pale blue room and made the acquaintance through little Hannah's diary of the Black People on the wall. There were 'Father and Mother—my dear mother and my dear Betsy—and two half-brothers Ashley and John.' There was an account of the setting out to school in the autumn, regrets for apples and walnuts left behind in the orchard, the stifled pangs of home-sickness, and the dread that assailed her as she turned from the home door that all might not be the same when she came back—that familiar dread. But Hannah was a woman in the making, it behoved her to assume the virtue that she had not, to put the best face on things, in fine to dissemble—a lesson the little woman learns early—so, smiling bravely through her tears, she mounted the coach and was borne away to Rosewell. Doubtless a well-filled box of goodies helped to solace her at the other end, where also was the excitement of meeting the girls old and new, friends and un-friends—I do not suppose Hannah had foes, she was too gentle for strife and controversy, but I can well imagine her in a certain aloofness from those with whom she did not draw, who had not her complete approval.

Between the recorded dates of the arrival of 'my box,' which contained I suppose her washing, besides home comforts and comfits, there are many entries which show that Hannah had a sweet tooth: 'Oranges 3*d.*, Barley sugar 4*d.*,' and so on. An entry which is less understandable is 'Missionaries 10*d.*'—there is nothing to show that missionaries were not comestible, except that one knows Hannah

was not a cannibal; further examination discloses—'Missionary box 1*s.* 2*d.*,' which clears the matter up. Hannah had a strong leaning to missionaries, or a strong sense of duty and self-denial, for missionaries appear almost as often as oranges and barley-sugar. I believe they were used to even things up, and that when she had indulged in sweeties she felt bound to placate a pricking conscience by sacrifice to the missionaries. A number of presents are also acknowledged and memoranda made for giving of others as—'Keepsake from Mary Sharman on my birthday, 6*d.*' Hannah had thrifty habits evidently, and though without doubt she would have agreed that it is more blessed to give than to receive, she quite clearly considered it foolish in giving to exceed the value of what she had received.

'From Ellen Judd, pincushion (small)—Have finished my bead mat and shall give her that on her birthday—was not decided what to do with it.'

The triumph of completing a long and tedious work—a pair of net curtains—'for my dear mother' is recorded. I have seen a pair of net curtains in the sere and yellow protecting red currant bushes from the ravages of birds in the old garden. I wonder whether they were those worked by the patient little fingers over eighty years ago.

A grand excitement was the designing and starting of a new sampler under the supervision of Miss Simpson, who was something of an artist. Two samplers hang in the Plant Room at Ruthby, the little room at the head of the stairs; one of them bears her name, and is a wonderful fine piece of work, done like most of Hannah's work for her mother or Betsy. It shows the old house and some marvellous animals, which on closer examination turn out to be domestic and farmyard creatures, with here and there an exotic in the shape of a stag or a strange foreign-looking bird. There is a pump well and a stiff maiden drawing water, and a man carrying two pails—of milk presumably—from a yoke on his shoulders, a cow browses near, there are trees, flowers, and a flight of birds, and the improving verse without which no sampler is complete:

'Fragrant the Rose is but it quickly fades,
The violets sweet but quickly past their prime.
White lilies hang their heads and soon decay,
And whiter snow in minutes melts away:
Such and so withering are our earthly joys
Which Time or Nature speedily destroys.'

Mother's soft voice in the quiet room sent me drowsing to sleep and dreams. The lowing of cows coming home to the milking woke me and I found I was holding the little book. I had been with Aunt Hannah's Aunt Hannah; we had been girls together for two hours and I knew far more about her than anyone else. When they came to call me to tea I was still reading the book and finding in it many things I had seen in my dream. After that day I seldom asked for details of Hannah—I had my own way of finding out; I had only to take the little book and go to some quiet corner and Hannah and I communed.

Mother talked of her, sometimes to me, sometimes to one of the aunties, who would say: 'I don't know, Agatha, we know so little of her.' Then I would smile, thinking how much I knew and how much more I meant to find out. They let me keep the diary while we stayed at Great Ruthby, but I was not allowed to take it home with me, so it was only there that I had my unseen playmate.

I think Hannah and her pathetic little journal had gripped my mother's fancy almost as much as they had mine. I heard her one day say to auntie, 'One feels sorry for the little lonely girl away from home and her dear ones; people tell us that children are happier at school; I doubt it, and it depends on the child. We have no record of how it affected Hannah or what pangs of loneliness and home-sickness she endured, stayed though they might be by oranges and barley-sugar or offerings to the foreign missions. A child has a right to its home and to the love of father and mother; "kind but firm" schoolmistresses however wise and superior cannot take their place. I think a good day school and home life by far and away the best for the child.'

This was very comforting to me whose occasional insubordinations and naughtinesses were generally met by threats of boarding-school—threats always productive of a return to the paths of righteousness! Aunt Hannah remarked that she thought the other Hannah 'had not minded much—was perhaps not an over-sensitive child and did not take things to heart so much as some.'

I did not *think*, I knew, for in my communings with long-ago Hannah I had, myself in bed at night, and left in the twilight, seen a lonely little maid, her bed shaken with sobs, her pillow wet with tears, and that haunting thought forming words on her trembling lips: 'Oh! will it be the same when I go home again?' I had seen her in the morning waiting breathless to see whether there might be a letter from home, a letter so precious that it was some-

times kept all day before it was read. It was plainly seen from the journal how great was the joy brought by 'a letter this morning from my dear mother, all well at home and Betsy growing quite clever with her needle. They had killed a pig. No pork-pie for me.'

This last sounds rueful. It was the custom at home at pig-killing to make a batch of pork-pies and send them round to the neighbours, who returned the compliment when it came to their time for pig-killing. In a county famous for its pork-pies there were none to beat those that came from The Willows at Ruthby: small wonder if little Hannah longed for the flesh-pots. Once, indeed, there is an entry which tells that 'my box arrived and to my joy there was a pork-pie!' The joy was short-lived. Miss Simpson did not consider pork a suitable diet for the young, so the pie was sent home again. 'To send the lovely pie away which would be spoilt with so much travelling—I would not have minded so much if they had eaten it themselves.' A pathetic entry this!

When I contrast the boarding-schools of that time with their primly ordered indoor life, their tasks and samplers and back-boards, with the jolly open-air life of the school-girl of to-day, a life of attractive study, learning made alluring, games, guilds, and varied interests, I pity anew the demure little maidens who became our great-aunts and grandmothers.

There are brighter notes in the book, telling of holiday times, when little Hannah came to her own again, when her home belonged to her and she to it. One such joyful home-coming is chronicled—in the spring-time—it must have been for Easter holidays. For some reason the coach was before its time and Hannah's arrival not just then expected. She loved to surprise them if possible, so this blustering day she made the driver leave her box in the yard and she stole in by the back way, tiptoeing to the kitchen door, where she took them quite unawares.

She found the floor under water, sustaining a vigorous brooming at the hands of a sturdy wench in pattens, who had lifted little Betsy on to the great dresser out of reach of the flood, where she sat gurgling with delight, her bright eyes sparkling and her merry laugh ringing out as the water swished below her. At sight of Hannah she forgot prudence and wet floors and jumped down, hurling herself upon the beloved big sister.

It being a time of joyful reunion the maid in pattens was fain to hold her tongue, but she hustled the pair on to dry land, calling for their mother, and Hannah set off through the house on her

voyage of reassurance to find whether, verily, the home was the home she had last left.

The big kitchen was a pleasant place, with its windows looking on the orchard and the bright fire gleaming on pewter dishes and brass candlesticks. There were pleasant odours of food preparing and the smell of stored fruit. On ironing days a hot steamy smell predominated, and a laden 'horse' tottering under its weight of snowy linen monopolised the fireplace. A later generation has taken the pewter and brass and put them on the walls of hall and staircase to their great adorning, but the fine old kitchen is the poorer: it looks bare without its great dishes and its candlesticks and gallipots, pestles and mortars.

Hannah enjoyed her home—the recurring seasons, or what school permitted her to see of them, and the work and play belonging to them. There were early chickens and the anxious care of them, sick or motherless lambs to be nursed or hand-reared, and, later, sheep-washing and shearing. Sometimes there came a day which troubled Hannah's tender heart, when lambs came in for some minor farmyard operation or treatment, and temporarily bereaved mothers would bleat plaintively in the orchard the day long. In the orchard too the sheep-shearing took place, under the great walnut tree. In her day Hannah had wondered, even as I did, at the prodigious thirst and tremendous appetites of the shearers.

Hay-making came next, when huge lunches and teas had to be prepared and carried to the men. In view of those desperate thirsts they were supplied with ale in 'bottles' of oak. I should have called them barrels. They were just like little casks with hoops of iron binding them, but provided with handles by which to carry them, and each branded with the farmer's initials. I found one in the wool-room and had it cleaned and polished to take to the field! I have it now, though it no longer goes hay-making.

Hannah had one too, it seemed; here is a summer entry—'June 27. The hay all cut, what lovely days we have in the fields, and food *is* good out of doors—better than at Miss Simpson's. I had my little bottle full of oatmeal water—and a hunk of pork-pie.' Oh, Hannah! 'When Betsy and I were tired and hot we went to sleep under the hedge.' Buttermilk also was a hay-field drink, though not for men; rich buttermilk with little knobs of butter floating in it; you cannot get it now, because all the milk is separated and the cream salted and the delicious buttermilk spoiled.

The sheep-washing was a picturesque affair which took place in

May ; it was a pretty sight under the clear high sky, with all around the bright freshness of field and wood. The wash-brook flowed down Hannah Hill, as I found to my delight that portion of the land is called ; why, I have never been able to find out, though I like to think it was named after a still earlier Hannah and formed a part of her dowry. I was glad it had Great-Aunt Hannah's name, and glad to think that she had stood there watching the operations at the wash-brook, and doubtless wondering, as I did, how they could get the sheep clean by just pounding them about in cold water. The washing is accompanied by much noise as the sheep are pushed into the water from the bank and caught and pummelled by the man in the cask, and then let loose to find their way out with a great bleating and baa-ing. When the sun has dried the wool it is amazing what a change there is in the colour, in spite of there having been no hot water ! I have put down all those details of Great Ruthby because, although there were more than eighty years between Great-Aunt Hannah's childhood and mine, the routine of life in that quiet village was much the same in my day as it had been in hers. The flavour of life was contributed to by the same things though not by all the same things. The passage of eighty years has led to some developments doubtless, but certainly to many degeneracies, remembering that one sees that the old country life has lost something of its richness.

Gone are the cheese-making and bee-keeping and many other arts and crafts discarded in our day. The old garden remains, providing work of fruit-picking and preserving which keeps the housekeeper busy through the summer to-day as long ago. Great-grandmothers and aunts were worried by the fruit and the picking of it just as we are, and by the heat and the gnats and the despair of keeping the birds from the currants in spite of old curtains, scarecrows, and many inventions. Hannah says : ' July 14. Such a day in the garden. The rasps are ripe and we have been picking them. It was very hot, but there is no jam like raspberry so I did not mind.'

In her day as in mine women came to ' strip ' the feathers ; patient old women past the stress of working life, or, it might be, a little simple, they were pleased, for good meals and a small remuneration, to spend long days in the pleasant kitchen placidly snipping at the everlasting feathers. I tried it sometimes myself, but found the floating down too ticklish to my nose. All the beds at Ruthby were feather beds ; many generations of simple women must have sat in that kitchen plying scissors on feathers that we might sleep soft and warm.

After I 'found' Aunt Hannah's Aunt Hannah, so to speak, I was never lonely any more: she became a companion to me: the incomplete record of her childhood and girlhood in the old home was the basis for what became to me a delightful occupation, the imagining of the little girl of eighty years ago, her tearful departure for school, her joyous home-comings. Long days I spent in her company, and I did not feel myself an only lonely child any more. Bedtime found me alone with my make-believe, with my ghostly playmate. The door closed, and mother gone, I was left in the soft dusk or in winter darkness with the clocks on the stairs and little Hannah for company.

The big grandfather clock just outside my room, which threatened before it struck, was an ancient dignified timepiece with a ponderous tick-tock in contrast to the fussy ticking of the cuckoo on the lower landing. Both clocks struck the hours, and frequently together, so one was not bored even if wakeful, and *I* had always Hannah's companionship as well. In the daytime if I went with my Aunt Hannah to feed the chickens or look up eggs, I went as Hannah Innes, or *with* her in a wide cotton gown sprigged with pink, low neck and short sleeves, a girl with meek eyes and braided hair, sandals on her slender feet. If I had an errand to the village shop for *my* dear mother, I went as Great-Aunt Hannah, and delighted to expend my pocket money upon oranges and barley-sugar —missionaries I was never keen upon! Her umbrella was still in existence—one of the earliest of its species, I fancy, a large and heavy affair with a substantial crook for a handle and ribs of whalebone. Her name and address, 'Hannah Innes, Great Ruthby,' were neatly embroidered on the cover. A cumbrous implement it was for a small girl, very different from the frivolous trifles of to-day, but a possession in which she had taken great pride. I found it with many other treasures in the wool-room at the top of the house. One day when it rained and I wanted to go to the village, Aunt Hannah met me coming downstairs with the old umbrella and would have taken it from me, but a few well-spent tears—my usual weapon in combats with the aunts—resulted in my being allowed to make the journey under its spreading shade.

Hay-time found me as Great-Aunt Hannah repairing to the field with the oak iron-bound 'bottle' containing liquid refreshment—harmless as to strength and character, but full to me of the old-time flavour.

Sundays in the plain old chapel were rendered less dreary when I went as the girl of long ago, and sat out solid sermons beguiling

the time by peopling the sacred edifice with the forms of other days clad in their old-world raiment. Great was my delight one Sabbath to find another link with Aunt Hannah's Aunt Hannah. The preacher had just given out the text—that particularly sounding and arresting one—'Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?' It is a lovely text for a dry hot Sunday, and I loved the rolling of the r's on a Welsh tongue. I was preparing to enjoy what follows as much as possible when I was spirited away once more to bygone times by discovering in a corner of the pew the letters 'H. I.' scratched on the seat. Satan, it would appear, was active in those days as in these.

Hannah's doll was still in existence. The old wool-room of which I have spoken was a place of treasure—a grand place on a rainy day. There was a great oak chest there which had formerly been used for storing bacon—it was known as 'the bacon chest'—but in my time was full of disused oddments suitable for dressing-up, and many were the forgotten things which I extracted from its depths. There one day I found the old doll. She was a wondrously beautiful person in my eyes; she had a cloth body and a beautiful wax head with real hair in ringlets—dark brown ringlets; her eyes were dark and her face a fine oval and daintily tinted. Her dress was of white muslin hooped and flounced, and trimmed with narrow stiff white satin ribbon and bunches of white flowers; her cloak was of fine scarlet cloth. I used to think that Hannah must have missed her terribly when she went to school, but I imagined 'my dear sister Betsy' caring for her tenderly, and, as far as possible, filling the absent mother's place.

There was also a delightful tea-set of fine china, white and gold, green-sprigged, that the long-ago child had used for dolls' parties. Once I found a 'ladies' companion' and a tatting set, but these were of later years, belonging to Hannah the growing-up young lady; no doubt they accompanied her when she went out to tea. There are many entries in the little book dealing with the mild festivities of the village: 'Went to drink tea at the Henry Ashleys'—John was just in from market, I wore my striped muslin and lute-string bonnet.' Another day it would be—'The Ashleys took tea with us to-day, Mary was showing me a new stitch when John came—he just looked in on his way home. I was glad I had on my pink, he told me once I looked like a pale rose in pink.'

Another record says: 'Jane Territt was married to-day. A great number of folk in church. John Ashley looking very well and very good about helping everyone. They said once he wanted

Mary but I don't believe it or why should he seem so cheerful to-day and why should he walk home with *me*, and hold my hand at the gate ? ' Hannah, truly, was growing up !

With school-days the record closes, beyond them the little book did not go, and I could not learn much of her besides, for the quiet life had been a short one. Housekeeping, plain sewing, and the painstaking artistry of the samplers and needlework pictures filled her days. Some of those pictures are wonderful to me : there is one in the drawing-room, of silk in neutral shades, a landscape, a marvel of fine work, it looks like an etching : another in coloured wools is a classic subject, whose opulent lines and luscious colouring are suggestive of Rubens. Some drawings and paintings too, done with infinite pains, adorn the old house.

The secrets of the pantry and still-room had all to be mastered by the well-brought-up maiden, and I remember some wonders of careful darning done long ago by a little girl which were shown to me to shame me in my untidy thriftless ways. I am afraid I pitied her more than I envied her, and thought she must have injured her tender eyes at the too-well-done work.

It troubled me that for the time after that covered by the diary I could not re-create Hannah, could not re-construct her life even in after years, when I had passed the short span of her days. From the time I shut the little book which her hands had made her life was a closed book to me, except in so far as I could image it in the mind's eye—that even sheltered life in happy surroundings in the quiet village, Hannah never went beyond it.

Her growing interest in John Ashley shown in the last pages of her journal ended in marriage one June day in the old chapel. I was glad her day of triumph had been a June day—the crown of the year and the crown of her woman's life—when the high green grass of the meadows was still full of the gold of buttercups, and the air was sweet with the scent of the bean-fields.

A short married life with John—one year it was—one hopes a happy year—and then for the gentle Hannah, his ' pale rose,' the story is ended. Her name is on the blue slate stone in the churchyard that slopes to the westering sun, ' Hannah, beloved wife of John Ashley,' and after many years his name was cut there also.

About the little book always there is a faint sweet scent which might well be the fragrance of a pale rose that faded early, leaving only that to keep her memory.

SENGA.

CHRONICLES OF 'CORNHILL.'

BEING A FRIDAY EVENING DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION ON JUNE 3, 1921.

DR. JOHNSON uttered many true sayings about human nature. Among the rest he was quite right when he laid it down as a rule that even anonymous writers want to be paid well for writing well. Naturally, this does not imply that every writer is ready to sell his literary birthright for a mess of pottage, or to devote his powers to producing those triumphs of contemporaneous popularity which have been neatly labelled as 'not literature, but will sell.' The implication is that good writing is hard work, and good writers do not care to work for nothing, nor to do bad work. Nor are they alone in these sentiments. Strange as it may appear to some disappointed authors and a public that receives their complaints with a credulous ear and a scandal-scenting nose, there exist publishers also who, while sharing the same laudable desire to be paid for their work, yet are too proud to associate their name with anything that cannot fairly rank as literature. Such a publisher was George Smith, for over half a century head of the house of Smith, Elder, to whom indeed the toils of publishing were, so to say, something of a relaxation among the vaster cares and responsibilities of his great East India business; its risks a minor hazard in his concerns, offering the delight of a speculative field where he could back his own judgment with no fear of irreparable disaster if he lost, and a more than business pleasure if he won. For over and above the keen business man's speculative instinct, judiciously ridden on the snaffle by Prudence, literature and art had early cast a charm upon him, although he was himself neither artist nor writer: a charm most strongly felt in personal intercourse with writers and artists among his friends, and, I may add, with medical men, who are in fact artists in practice if men of science in theory.

This personal intercourse with writing folk began early. While he was still in his teens, and before he had started his precocious career as the boy-publisher, his father had begun publishing, on behalf of old Mr. Ruskin, the works of the budding genius, John

Ruskin. This was the beginning of a close friendship and constant visits to the Ruskins' house, where George Smith was thrilled by the eloquence and imagination of young John, and touched by the devotion—sometimes pushed to a humorous extreme—of his admiring parents. Moreover, the elder Ruskin was something of an artist himself. In youth he had studied under Nasmyth, and after joining the famous firm of sherry importers of whom it was said, 'Domecq supplied the sherry, Telford the capital, and Ruskin the brains,' he kept up his connection with art and artists. At his house George Smith came to know Richmond and Millais, destined long afterwards to draw for the CORNHILL; Burne-Jones and Alexander Munro the sculptor, and among these also he found life-long friends.

A number of other literary friendships he owed to Thomas Powell, connected with Chapman Brothers, the publishers, and one of the proprietors of the recently started *New Quarterly*. These friends he met either at Powell's house at Peckham, or at the Museum Club, to which Powell introduced him. Among them were Leigh Hunt, as fascinating in talk as he was unpractical in real life, for whom Smith published several books, and G. A. Sala, Bohemian of the Bohemians, who used to keep his oak sported for fear of duns, but had a secret code with his friends, according to which they announced their pacific arrival by dropping a penny noisily through the slit of the letter-box in the door. It was at Powell's house, too, that George Smith made the acquaintance of Robert Browning, whose life-long friend as well as publisher he was to become.

The publication of 'Jane Eyre,' which gave the young publisher of five-and-twenty a romantic reputation for literary flair and for generous business methods, led to the acquaintance with Thackeray, for Charlotte Brontë, then visiting the Smiths in London, was eager to meet the man who was her literary hero, and George Smith effected the meeting by boldly asking him to dinner.

Thackeray as a writer had long been one of George Smith's admirations. Indeed, the first outburst of admiration nearly landed him in serious trouble. As a lad in his father's office he was sent to a *Coffee House Sale*, as it was called, when, according to the fashion of the time, the publisher asked the booksellers to a middle-day dinner, not yet refined into 'lunch,' before offering his stock on special terms to the trade. The boy's duty was to mark down in his catalogue the amounts realised. This duty he

performed conscientiously until Thackeray's 'Paris Sketchbook' was handed round for inspection. The boy opened it; his eye fell on the sketch of Mr. Deuceace, and he began to read, forgetful of time and place till the sale ended and he came suddenly to earth to find half his catalogue still unmarked. Happily a friend supplied the needed information; disaster was averted, but the spell remained. And when the opportunity of publishing for Thackeray came, the business relation, as in so many cases, became but one side of a very real and deep friendship.

All these things took place in the decade following the year 1840, half before he came of age, half after that date. The CORNHILL was first thought of early in 1859, when George Smith, in Dante's phrase, had barely reached the mid point of the path of life. At this time the publishing business enjoyed a rising reputation, and the firm's East India business was recovering from the upheaval of the Mutiny. George Smith was struck by an idea which promised to unite successfully two strands of popular interest: one, the novel by a great novelist, issued in monthly parts, as Dickens, for example, had been publishing his works for years past; the other, the magazine with short stories, poems, essays, and articles on subjects of general interest, all written by first-class writers, and illustrated with a couple of woodcuts from drawings by first-rate artists. Combine the two; and publish at a shilling—the price of the monthly instalment of the novel alone,—the new magazine of such quality and such promise should attract a double contingent of readers. To descend to material particulars: during the first four years the payments for literary matter averaged £8000 a year, one single number, that for August 1862, costing no less than £1183. Add to this nearly £1100 a year for illustrations. The watchword of the magazine was to give of the best, and therefore to spare no cost in getting the best. Contributions were paid for on a scale till then unprecedented; the highest payments being 12 guineas a page to Thackeray, and £583 a part to George Eliot for 'Romola.'

The great novelist whose name was to float the enterprise at the start was at hand in Thackeray, now a long-established friend as well as business client. He had no hesitation in accepting the offer to write a novel in twelve parts at £350 a part. The next question was to find an editor who should combine literary reputation with organising capacity. But to find one was not an easy task. Tom Hughes—I had almost called him Tom Brown—

was first approached, but he was too closely bound up with the fortunes of another publishing house. Others were sought unsuccessfully. Finally another of George Smith's brilliant ideas flashed across him. Why not ask Thackeray to be editor as well as to contribute the serial? Any writer would feel it an honour to write under his aegis, and if, as his publisher knew, Thackeray was not a good man of affairs, let the publisher himself stand by his side and manage all the prosaic transactions, the staff-work and commissariat, so to say, of the enterprise, which form the indispensable basis of success, however brilliant the literary plan of campaign and the bodyguard of writers.

The onus of business matters being thus lifted from the editor's shoulders, Thackeray accepted the position with enthusiasm, and exerted all his powers in furtherance of the great scheme. One more safeguard, however, was laid down by the far-seeing proprietor. Knowing well his friend's character, his occasional whimsicality, his warmth of heart which made it difficult for him to say No when his sympathies were played upon and induced him to take infinite pains with the many kind letters designed to soften the blow of rejection—knowing this, he reserved a right of veto over all and any acceptances. Such a relation would have been impossible between most men; but Thackeray's nature was so generous, and George Smith's regard for him so sincere, that no misunderstanding ever arose between them. In this connexion George Smith records a story.

'I used [he writes] to drive round to his house in Onslow Square nearly every morning, and we discussed manuscripts and subjects together. One morning he handed me a MS. and said, "I hope, Smith, you won't exercise your veto on that." I asked "Why? Is it in your opinion so very good?" "No," he answered, "I can't say it is really good. But it is written by such a pretty woman! She has such lovely eyes and such a sweet voice."

'To my more prosaic nature these did not seem to be quite adequate reasons for accepting an article for the CORNHILL. I read the MS. and, not being under the glamour of the writer's beauty, I said to Thackeray the next morning, "This will never do for us." "Very well," said he, with a sigh, "I am very sorry." Before I left—and, I supposed, to show he was not offended with my obstinacy—he asked me to dine with him on a given day. When the dinner came off he sent me down with the writer of the condemned MS., and a most agreeable evening I passed.

'Next time we met he asked in a tone of triumph, "What do

you say *now* about that article, my young friend?" I replied that I preferred the writer to the article. If it were a question of putting the *writer* into the CORNHILL I might yield. But this being impossible, the article was sent back.'

The next and indeed momentous point to settle was the name of the magazine. The world was familiar with magazines named after their publishers. There was *Blackwood's*, the original *Maga*; there were *Colburn's Magazine* and *Chambers's Journal*, and *Fraser's*, to name no more, while *Macmillan's*, generated by the same wave of opportunity that had suggested the CORNHILL, was in fact launched a couple of months earlier than the CORNHILL. But the name of Smith, Elder did not lend itself to such a title. Names of cities had lent dignity to the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Westminster*; Thackeray pushed the notion a step further. The storehouse and office of the magazine lay in Cornhill; let it be named after its local habitation, a name 'with a sound of jollity and abundance in it.' So CORNHILL it was called, not without sarcastic remarks from journalists of the day, who asked if it were consistent with the dignity of literature to label a magazine with the name of a street. We should be having next a *Smithfield Review* or a *Leadenhall Market Magazine*. But whether the dignity of literature has suffered or not, this nomenclature came to stay; one magazine after another has been proud to proclaim its association with some historic point of London, from Temple Bar and Belgravia to St. Paul's and the Strand.

The cover was designed at Sir Henry Cole's suggestion by Godfrey Sykes, then a promising art student in the newly established schools at South Kensington, other specimens of whose work are to be found in the interior decorations of South Kensington Museum. The salient feature of it is the four medallions, boldly printed in black on the familiar orange ground, round about the oblong central panel. There is a fine breadth, a simplicity and vigour in the figures of the ploughman, the sower, the reaper, and the thresher, representing the seasons of the year. To modern eyes, perhaps, the subsidiary decorations which fill the space round medallions and central panel, though admirably balanced, are over-elaborate in detail, and by their elaboration fail to show up forcibly enough the smaller panels that bear the date of the issue and the name of the magazine itself, matters certainly of much practical importance. As a work of art it won universal admiration in 1860, and if to-day we are critical of its subsidiary parts and of

its adaptation to practical purposes, we are still conscious of the great beauty of its chief features, as well as its historical and traditional charm.

The first number is dated January 1, 1860, but was actually issued before the preceding Christmas Day. The unprecedented sum of £5000 had been spent on advertising it; its aims were set forth in the form of a letter from Thackeray to G. H. Lewes, a miniature essay on what such a magazine should be. Expectation was on tiptoe; the public rushed to get hold of a magazine headed by one of the Great Twin Brethren of literature and supported by a galaxy of first-rate writers, some avowing their names, others shrouded by the mysterious and provocative veil of anonymity. George Smith had looked for success, but the début of the CORNHILL doubled his estimate. Printed and reprinted, the first number reached the unprecedented circulation of 120,000. George Smith, with his customary openhandedness, promptly doubled Thackeray's salary as editor. Thackeray could not contain his enthusiasm; his spirits boiled over, and to escape the excitement of London he dashed over to Paris to stay a few days with his American friend, J. T. Fields, who left an amusing description of the visit.

'"London," Thackeray exclaimed, "is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residences. Good Heavens, where will this tremendous circulation stop? Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts? If the worst comes to the worst, New York also may fall into my clutches, and only the Rocky Mountains may be able to stop my progress." His spirits during those days were colossal, though he declared he could not sleep for counting up his subscribers. He could hardly be restrained from rushing into the jewellers' shops and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and "other trifles," as he called them, "for," said he, "how can I spend the princely income which Smith allows me for editing the CORNHILL, unless I begin instantly somewhere?" If he saw a group of three or four persons talking together in an excited way, after the manner of that then *riant* Parisian people, he would whisper to Fields with immense gesticulation: "There, there, you see the news has reached Paris, and perhaps the number has gone up since my last accounts from London!"'

Such was the genial delight of one who to the end kept the heart of a child.

It may be frankly avowed that this first flood of popular success

was not maintained, though the magazine redeemed the promises with which it set out, and which were neatly summed up in a verse of Father Prout's Inaugural Ode :—

> 'With Fudge, or Blarney, or the Thames on fire
> Treat not thy buyer ;
> But proffer good material—
> A genuine Cereal,
> Value for twelve pence, and not dear at twenty,
> Such wit replenishes thy Horn of Plenty.'

Curiosity for the new thing had impelled many to buy who found that the bulk of the material was, to borrow a modern Americanism, too highbrow for their real taste. Moreover, the early death of Thackeray himself on Christmas Eve 1863, following his retirement from the editor's chair in May 1862, deprived the magazine of one of its leading attractions. Then arose what Mrs. Browning had early foreseen when she warned the proprietor against the competition of other magazines eagerly set on foot to share in the field of such success. The literary interest which might have supported one magazine was dispersed among many. And this competition continued and expanded year after year, until with the vast growth of an uncritical reading public addicted to melodramatic fiction and openmouthed consumption of the exaggerated and marvellous, a fresh order of magazines, deliberately ephemeral in character—deliberately giving the go-by to literature as such—in their turn devoured the earlier competitors of the CORNHILL. That the CORNHILL itself survived the years of stress is due to the devotion of George Smith's successors to his creation, and the ideals it represented. According to these ideals, it was to be a literary magazine not in the sense of merely discussing literary subjects, criticising books old and new, re-estimating authors, unearthing literary antiquities ; but in the sense of treating each subject, of telling each story with the manifold responsiveness of thought to feeling and of word to thought which differentiates literature from that which is not literature. Being neither a journal nor a review, the CORNHILL stood aside from current politics, book-reviewing, ephemeral topics, the clash of controversial opinion as such, along with theology. In all else it looked for form as well as substance, for warmth as well as light, for an atmosphere of human feeling embracing and pervading the matter. Essays might teach, but they should not be didactic ; descriptions

must not be a catalogue of experiences, but must be projected anew through living facets of a personality. 'Reading,' says Bacon, 'maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.' The CORNHILL essay finds its type from the first in Thackeray's 'Roundabout Papers,' where the essayist, moved by some thought of his own that will strike an answering chord in the hearts of his hearers, discourses on it with the seemingly unstudied ease of the good talker, backed by the fullness of much reading, and expressed with the writer's power of producing exactly the effect he desires. These, as Leslie Stephen said, are 'models of the essay which, without aiming at profundity, gives the charm of the graceful and tender conversation of a great writer,' and whether dealing with such general themes or with more specific subjects, the long line of CORNHILL essayists is lit by many shining names, from Matthew Arnold and Leslie Stephen, by way of Robert Louis Stevenson to Thackeray's daughter, and H. C. Beeching—to name, not the living, but those who have passed away from us.

The essay, then, has always been one of the cardinal features of the CORNHILL. The other was the serial. Both began with Thackeray, and both have continued in unbroken descent to the present time. We may be told in these days of speed and hustle, that to dole out a long story at monthly intervals is a mere relic of effete tradition, that the appearance of continuity it lends to the magazine is illusory, and that it pampers the author at the expense of the impatient reader. This opinion shall be left to the mercies of the still existent serial lovers who write begging for two serials instead of one. Were our ancestors more patient than ourselves, waiting month by month for instalments of thrilling fiction, whereas we allow spells of digestion only to slices of more solid fare such as Universal Histories? Or were they, perhaps, patient only of necessity in the days of the three-volume novel, taking their monthly instalments as the nearest substitute for the cheaper editions of modern days? Be this as it may, let it be admitted that the serial is the oldest tradition of the CORNHILL. Save for an occasional interval of a month or two, between the end of one and the beginning of another, it has been steadily maintained; indeed, for many years two serials were running simultaneously, and sometimes they were overlapped by a third.

Looking back at old numbers of the CORNHILL, it is remarkable to see what an array of first-class novelists contributed to its pages. Some had already achieved fame, like Thackeray himself, and

Trollope, and George Eliot, and Wilkie Collins; others like Lady Ritchie from her very first effort, and like Stevenson, and Thomas Hardy, Stanley Weyman, Conan Doyle and Merriman found the CORNHILL their chief stepping-stone to popular appreciation. Here are Mrs. Gaskell, George Macdonald, and George Meredith, Charles Lever and Charles Reade, William Black, and R. D. Blackmore, Mrs. Oliphant and Henry James; here is the sombre genius of George Gissing, the fun of F. Anstey, and George A. Birmingham, whose pseudonym conveys a jest in its very initials; here are Anthony Hope, A. E. W. Mason, and H. A. Vachell, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Lady Clifford (Mrs. de la Pasture), and the author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden,' to name no more; in short, five out of six have been novelists of the front rank.

Leaving fiction, let us note among the general articles one or two features of the CORNHILL which have marked it from its earliest days. Anne Thackeray's pathetic sketch, 'Little Scholars,' is the forerunner of many articles which treat the problems of social betterment, down to the latest schemes for making life happier, as tried in other countries and possible to apply in England.

Science, too, is constantly set forth in a form easily understanded of the people, and linking its abstractions with other branches of life and thought, first by G. H. Lewes and the astronomer Richard Proctor, then by Grant Allen, and notably by W. A. Shenstone, the only public school master of the day who was also F.R.S., whose articles formed the basis of his admirable textbooks, 'The New Physics' and 'The New Chemistry.'

Let me note also the miniature biographies. They belong especially to the latest period of the magazine, personal sketches of a writer by a fellow writer and a sympathetic friend, a recent example of which is the memorial sketch of Lady Ritchie by her friend, alas, with us no more, Howard Overing Sturgis.

The rule at present is for articles to be signed; the exception that they should be anonymous. In the earlier days of the CORNHILL it was the reverse. Signatures appear only in the case of eminent poets, deceased writers, such as the Brontës, and later, one or two novelists and specialists. The change took place after the editorship of James Payn, who held that so revolutionary a measure ought not to be undertaken lightly or inadvisedly. We understand the rule of anonymity better in the case of a newspaper or a Review which impersonates a point of view and confronts the world like a Memnon statue that seems to speak with its own

lips, though the words that issue from them are the words of its unseen hierophants. It is strange to us that the story, the sketch from life abroad or at home, the literary study, all so personal in their point of view, should be thus impersonal. Even Thackeray signs but one of his contributions; was this because his share in the magazine was so well known? Or did he, like Leslie Stephen, prefer an editorial anonymity where an editor might display his name too often? And of those who in subsequent years come to be named, at least half are unknown to-day to any but the makers of dictionaries of literature. Even Matthew Arnold is anonymous on two occasions, and Anthony Trollope's name does not appear at all with his first novel, 'Framley Parsonage,' and indeed only on the last instalment of 'The Small House at Allington.'

Such anonymity occasionally leads to odd episodes. One correspondent begs to be told whether 'Framley Parsonage' is written by Anthony Trollope or by someone imitating his style, and if so, whether a lady or a gentleman. A bet depends on the answer. Stranger still is the fact that a young lady in the West country posed to her friends and relatives as the anonymous author. Her positive assertion seemed very strange to a relative of hers living near London, who knew that the book was universally attributed to Trollope. He wrote to the editor, asking whether one so young and inexperienced could possibly be the writer. The upshot was an interview, the most painful that ever fell to that courteous diplomatist George Smith, in which he had to tell the girl's father that she had deceived him.

Before proceeding with the literary history of the CORNHILL, I may perhaps be permitted to tell one or two anecdotes from its affairs. There is the pleasing story of the unconventional way in which business was sometimes done. George Smith retail, with gusto how Trollope once came to him to arrange for a new serial.

'I told him my terms [he writes] but he demurred to my offer of £2000, saying that he had hoped for £3000. I shook my head. "Well," he replied, "let us toss for that other £1000." "Do you wish to ruin me?" said I. "If my banker were to hear of my tossing authors for their copyrights he would certainly close my account. And what about my clerks? I should certainly demoralise them if they suspected me of such a thing." We ultimately came to an agreement on my terms, which were sufficiently liberal. But I felt uncomfortable—I felt mean—I had

refused a challenge. To relieve my mind I said, "Now that is settled, if you will come over the way to my club, where we can have a little room to ourselves for five minutes, I will toss you for £1000 with pleasure." Mr. Trollope did not accept the offer.'

Thackeray tells in one of his 'Roundabout Papers' about those lacerating 'thorns in the editor's cushion' which finally rendered his position unendurable, the penniless governess who prays acceptance of her entirely valueless MS. because she is the sole support of her widowed mother and orphan brothers and sisters, and so forth and so forth; in comparatively recent years a not wholly dissimilar plea was allowed, though in a better case. A certain contributor had sent in quite a good short story; but there was a good stock of short stories on hand, and this was sent back. The author returned with a special plea; he had had a misunderstanding with the lady of his heart; this tale set the circumstances of their quarrel in their true and pardonable light. To publish it was the only way in which he could get her ear for an explanation; if the story was really not too bad would the editor relent? Well, the story was not unworthy of CORNHILL, the editor's heart relented; and not long afterwards came a jubilant letter and a slice of wedding cake.

To return to more serious history. The CORNHILL has passed through three stages. The first lasted till the end of Leslie Stephen's editorship in 1883. It followed the general lines already described. It was always illustrated. Many of the beautiful woodcuts after Millais and Leighton and Frederick Walker were republished in the CORNHILL GALLERY in 1863, and connoisseurs of wood engraving have always set great store by the wealth of artistry bestowed upon the CORNHILL, not only by these draughtsmen, but by Pinwell and Burton, Leslie and Sandys, Herkomer and Marcus Stone, Frank Dicksee, Mrs. Allingham, and last, but not least, du Maurier.

But already the competition of other magazines, the limited audience for one literary magazine among many, had made themselves felt. James Payn, who now succeeded to the editorial chair, was himself a successful novelist, with a keen eye for a telling story. Following his plan the magazine took a more popular form. Fiction, whether as serial or short story, was to predominate. The strictly literary element was to be reduced in quantity while its high quality was maintained. Everywhere the picturesque touch should be insisted on. At the same time the price was reduced from a shilling to the more popular sixpence. The change

worked well for a considerable time, though it was impossible to keep up the illustrations, which, after three years, were abandoned, for once more a new competition came into play. The process block swept away the woodcut, and in its cheaper developments became one of the chief engines for the wide dispersal of the latest series of magazines, making the same appeal to the eye as the text made to the sense. And thus, although Payn was very successful in discovering new writers of excellent fiction, his experiment gradually found itself floating on an ebb tide, and on his retirement in 1896 the CORNHILL entered on its third stage by returning to the price of a shilling, increasing the number of its pages, and resuming the older and larger proportion of literary and general articles, even while as a rule keeping two serials running together.

During the war there was a long struggle with the increased cost of production. This was met by reducing the number of pages of the magazine. At the same time its circulation increased greatly. In addition to the rest, a large order was placed for distribution among the armies on active service, where it was much sought after, and many, it is interesting to know from one's personal experience, drew solace and refreshment of heart from the words and thoughts they found in it. In peace, it seems, the reign of popular sensationalism spreads widest; in war, it is challenged by the yet cruder sensationalism of reality, and a larger proportion of the public turn away to a finer art and a clearer atmosphere. The inference suggested by the experience of the CORNHILL, inspiring on one side, is disquieting on another. Does the return to peace imply a permanent lowering of literary appreciation among the multitude? I will not prophesy, not being a cheerful Dean; let it be enough if I commend this point to observation.

Let me now turn to a very personal chapter of CORNHILL history, the relation of the editor or proprietor of the magazine to his contributors, and the personality of the successive editors. In the early days of the CORNHILL, writers of every kind, including many who may nowadays be gibbeted as eminently Victorian, were far more unconventional and Bohemian in their social ways than their latter-day critics, who strike an onlooker as a trifle self-conscious in their reactions. It was not only the Leigh Hunts and George Augustus Salas of the 'forties and 'fifties who lived life fitfully, talking, writing, borrowing, supping, tumbling in and out of debt in careless abandonment to the mood of the day and the moment; even the votaries of science in the early Victorian

era, though they lived laborious days, did not scorn convivial delights of the supper and song order. How different from the accepted view of men of science and their customs, how different from the current doctrine of Early Victorianism, are the doings of the lively Red Lion Club, which dined together at the meetings of that learned assembly, the British Association. There was no elaboration of luxury; a plain but jovial dinner was followed by tobacco, songs, impromptu speeches and verses. The gifted Edward Forbes was the club bard; his humorous verses were sometimes illustrated by his friends; the 'British Cuvier,' at a more solemn club, even, smokes his cigar and sings his song 'like a brick,' and this at a time when smoking in public was still a trifle dashing and reckless. And the assembled Red Lions, when they wished to express applause, solemnly got up and wagged one coat tail, to the amusement and admiration of their foreign guests.

Thackeray, who had lived much in these irresponsible circles both of students and of literary free-lances, never lost a streak of this careless Bohemianism. When literary business had to be transacted with George Smith, it never could be so well done, he averred, as after a capital dinner at Greenwich, animated by a bottle of his favourite brown hock at 15*s.* a bottle.

These genial meetings were the germ, no doubt, of the dinners to a gathering of contributors which took place from time to time. These CORNHILL dinners do not constitute a parallel to the weekly *Punch* dinners. The latter consisted of the *Punch* staff; they were preliminaries to the work of making up the next number; the former originally took place every month at George Smith's house, but afterwards were held at no regular interval, and their object was amenity, not business. They formed a pleasant means whereby George Smith, the 'onlie begetter' and for many years half editor of the CORNHILL, kept up with old contributors, made acquaintance with the new, and brought old and new into touch with one another in a manner which made for the personal continuity of the CORNHILL tradition. As the founder of the CORNHILL began, so his successors followed, and there are many who share not too distant memories of the perfection of those gatherings at Green Street and elsewhere, with congenial guests, old lions as well as new, whose very names carried an echo of the CORNHILL, and a host skilful to blend the divers elements among his guests and to draw out the best of each.

The only contemporary reference to these dinners is to be found

in a Roundabout Paper, 'On Screens in Dining Rooms,' a strong but dignified rebuke to Edmund Yates, in later days the cynical owner of *The World*, who was at feud with Thackeray, and made a spiteful attack upon the CORNHILL, Thackeray's magazine, and its proprietor, Thackeray's friend, using a garbled story of what took place on one of these private occasions.

Thackeray left a deeper mark upon the CORNHILL than the shortness of his editorship might suggest. During the two and a half years that he was editor, and the year and a half that followed, his long novels and his many essays gave concrete form to a great part of the original programme laid down in conjunction with George Smith, and stood firm as an exemplar to his successors. His ally and fellow worker in shaping and carrying out this programme remained to watch over the fortunes of the CORNHILL for nearly forty years, and passed on his ideas and his enthusiasms unimpaired to his successor, while Thackeray's own son-in-law, Leslie Stephen, was editor for a decade or more. It is not too much to say that the first impulse at the heart of the CORNHILL continued essentially through the years, and that the form and pressure of this first impulse are still to be discerned in its later progress.

When Thackeray resigned, and for the brief remainder of his too short life secured freedom from the troublesome thorns that distracted his peace of mind in his otherwise triumphant venture, the editorship, like the great offices of State on certain occasions, was put in commission for a time. With G. H. Lewes, first Frederick Greenwood, then Dutton Cook successively joined George Smith on an editorial committee with a four years' interlude of sole editorship by the hard-working Greenwood, until he transferred his energies to editing George Smith's new venture, the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Finally, in 1871, Leslie Stephen was appointed editor, and George Smith was content to rest from active participation in the work, leaving the entire management to Stephen.

But although George Smith in his reminiscences speaks modestly of a 'commission' of managers during this period, he seems to have been the main directing power himself, 'the Carnot of our Recent Great Victories,' as Thackeray had called him, whether the name of editor was conferred on another or not, and it was through him and his personal relations with authors that many of the important contributions were secured, from Anthony Trollope and Mrs Gaskell to Charles Lever and George Meredith.

To this period belong two great names which stirred the CORNHILL circle deeply, Ruskin and Matthew Arnold. Ruskin in 1860 contributed the opening chapters of 'Unto this Last,' with its inversion of the current political economy, saying that the end of social science is not the production of wealth, but its distribution. Political Economy no doubt had followed a correct scientific method in isolating a principle and working it out to its logical conclusions; the popular mistake lay in the implication that this principle, how to produce at least cost, is the only principle to be considered. So loud was the clamour raised against these heretical, these revolutionary doctrines, often obscured as they were by paradoxical flights and lack of technical knowledge, that the CORNHILL was constrained to stop the series after the fourth number, and Ruskin wrote no more for the CORNHILL. Thus he illustrated the dictum that the goodness of a cause is not to be judged by the value of the advocacy employed.

Far more fruitful in intellectual results and in the prestige brought to the magazine were Matthew Arnold's contributions to the CORNHILL, which extended from 1860 to 1879. Arnold gave nearly all his important work to the public in the pages of the CORNHILL, for there, as he sagely remarked, he gained not only the best pay, but the widest audience. In the first ten years of its existence he gave it a sheaf of brilliant literary essays such as those on Heine and Eugénie de Guérin; he gave it also those wider-reaching studies which, familiar under the titles of 'Culture and Anarchy,' 'St. Paul and Protestantism,' 'Literature and Dogma,' did so much to bring light and expansion to English literary and religious thought.

Leslie Stephen was editor from 1871 to 1883, when, just as Greenwood had gone to edit Smith's second venture, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, so Stephen went to edit his other great undertaking, the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' Leslie Stephen, who was an old contributor to the magazine, helped largely by his own pen to make his editorship the palmiest period of the literary essay, though, fearing, perhaps, to give his audience 'too much Stephen,' his own essays were mostly unsigned, and occasionally even published over imaginary initials. Above all, his knowledge, his clarity and that logical self-restraint of expression which seems to declare his intellectual kinship with his favourite eighteenth century, found fullest play in his 'Hours in a Library.' And while the fiction kept up its quality, Stephen gathered round him a company

of other brilliant essayists to join his greater contemporary, Matthew Arnold, who remained an occasional contributor.

There were Sir Sidney Colvin and Mr. Edmund Gosse, whom we may congratulate to-day as carrying the same spirit into other spheres; there were—to name but a few more of the best remembered from a long list—John Addington Symonds and Andrew Lang, Edward Dowden, and the versatile Grant Allen and Robert Louis Stevenson, whose new blazon of R.L.S., following the familiar initials L.S., did not stand for 'the Real Leslie Stephen'—so the editor confided to a friend—but for 'a young Scot whom Colvin has discovered.' And although one essay at least of R.L.S. was rejected, L.S. deserved well of his readers and of the whole world of English letters by giving them the greater part of 'Virginibus Puerisque,' and of 'Familiar Studies of Men and Books.' In the preface to the latter, Stevenson records his debt of thanks to the CORNHILL: 'I was received there in the very best society, and under the eye of the very best of editors.'

But admirable as this class of literature was, it appealed through all those years to a diminishing audience. The English classics and the English classical subjects were not popular; studies in the ancient classics turned away more readers. As the sagacious James Payn remarked at a later date, the classical essay must be avoided at all costs. It became more obvious every year that, 'unlike Dr. Johnson's young waterman who was willing to "give what he had" to learn about the Golden Fleece, the British public would not give twopence to hear about the Athenian Fleet,' and Payn, Leslie Stephen's successor, aimed, as has been said, to make the CORNHILL more of a repository of good fiction.

Payn stands out as a picturesque character in his position as editor. It was not only that he was a skilful writer of essays and of stirring fiction, with a keen eye for a telling situation and well-woven plot, but his bright personal geniality, which set at nought suffering and ill-health, his unselfish friendship, his delight in discovering new talent and helping beginners, won him universal affection as well as respect. My friend, Mr. Stanley Weyman, will forgive me for quoting from a letter of his to Reginald Smith, written after Payn's death:

'I owed very much to the stimulus given me by Payn when he sat in that room of yours. Indeed, but for his encouragement I doubt if I should have had the pluck to venture on any prolonged work. And I know that many others ought to say the same.'

In that same room at Waterloo Place where, as a friend put it, he smoked innumerable pipes and wrote innumerable novels, first as Reader to the firm, from 1875, when, at Leslie Stephen's suggestion, he succeeded Smith Williams, the 'discoverer' of Charlotte Brontë, and then as editor of the CORNHILL for thirteen years, from 1883, he in his turn picked out and brought forward such writers after his own heart as Mr. Stanley Weyman, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Henry Seton Merriman, Sir H. Rider Haggard, and F. Anstey.

Payn's handwriting was proverbial, rivalling the bad eminence accorded to Dean Stanley's. The story goes that he once rejected an article, but received a jubilant call from his contributor, who had read the rejection as an acceptance. When he produced the letter as proof positive, Payn himself was unable to decipher it, and so was constrained to accept the interpretation put upon it. This is not quite such a tall story as might appear, for Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne has preserved an equally unintelligible letter of Payn's. As in this case the MS. was not returned he hoped for the best; finally its appearance in print settled the true interpretation of the hieroglyphics.

To James Payn succeeded Mr. St. Loe Strachey, who threw himself with his customary vigour into the task of reorganisation which had been determined upon, bringing back the CORNHILL to very much its original type, only without illustrations. Those whom curiosity impels to turn over back numbers of the magazine will perhaps notice the sign manual of one whose patriotism burns so brightly in the calendar that each month recalls the dates of our nation's memorable victories. But his hand was not long at the helm; a couple of years later he joined the *Spectator*, and his place was taken by Reginald Smith.

Now began the longest period of a single editorship. It lasted almost eighteen years, and till the last days of his life one of the main objects of his unceasing energies was to maintain the ancient prestige of the literary inheritance which had passed into his keeping; to apply under modern conditions the original traditions of giving of the best in the best form, and ensuring cleanness as well as clearness of thought. Another tradition left by his father-in-law, his genial hospitality and love of his fellow men rendered easy of fulfilment. It was all but invariably true that when through his business he gained a client, he made a life-long friend. He was adviser, friend, and helper in personal or business matters,

and in business, where his own interests were concerned, endlessly scrupulous that the other man should be considered first, and every doubtful point be read in his favour. Towards a client his position was that, he felt, of both partner and trustee, and honour was his most everyday companion.

There must be many who possess an indelible memory of the first time they came to see him in his spacious room at Waterloo Place; how, venturing with natural trepidation into an editor's sanctum, they found something a little formidable for the first few minutes in his towering figure, his strongly cut features, his first formality of manner. But they soon found that the penetrating eyes behind his glasses, once satisfied with what they saw, were full of friendly light; that the first formal manner concealed a gracious and inviting power of sympathy, a frankness and a trust which were never so happy as when able to expend themselves on a friend's behalf. Men felt that he saw life singly and tried to see it whole; it was not long before they turned to him in friendship and trust, knowing that he would not fail them at need. His own tastes and education, his many friendships dating from Eton and King's, his previous career as a working barrister, conspired to give him a very practical knowledge of men and things and books, and his suggestions and counsel on the MSS. he read were often of solid service to his writing friends. Thus, constantly looking round to secure good writers alike of fiction and on general subjects, he made the CORNHILL, as personified in himself, a centre of attraction for writers and lovers of good writing, joining to literary appreciation the direct force of personal magnetism. It came to pass that, as these writers and friends used sometimes to confide to their editor, they always felt they wrote their best if they knew it was for the CORNHILL.

Reginald Smith not only drew closer the ties with Merriman and Mr. Stanley Weyman—still, I am proud to say, a steadfast contributor—which had been initiated under James Payn, but gathered into his friendship a new circle of writers. Among these let me name two only, who, alas! have recently passed away. To both Lady Ritchie and Mrs. Humphry Ward he was for twenty years or more a zealous guardian of their interests, trying, as he often put it, to be a buffer between them and business worries, so as to leave their genius free play in its proper sphere. To both he became, so to say, a friend by inheritance. Mrs. Ward was by comparison a recent friend of his father-in-law, who had begun his long friendship with her with the publication of 'Robert Elsmere'

but a few years before Reginald Smith joined the firm. The first link with Lady Ritchie dated from the period before the founding of the CORNHILL. Now, the oldest surviving ally of the CORNHILL opened a new chapter in the history of that alliance, exquisitely renewing with a younger generation her own and her father's happy intimacy with its founder.

The sustained quality of the essayists whom he invited to write in his pages, often suggesting their themes, is easily judged by recalling some of the larger series. The 'Private Diarist' has already been mentioned. Add the 'Etchingham Letters,' 'A Londoner's Logbook,' and 'Alms for Oblivion.' Add also the 'Blackstick Papers' of Lady Ritchie, who in the CORNHILL for nearly sixty years continued with feminine grace the Thackerayan touch, undimmed by the passage of time. It was Reginald Smith also whose discernment, noting the special quality in the work of his old schoolfellow and fag, Mr. A. C. Benson, set him to writing those meditative essays and reflections which have found an echo in so many hearts.

Again, in a contrasted sphere, it was he who 'discovered' Dr. W. H. Fitchett, and brought into being those 'Fights for the Flag' and 'Deeds that Won the Empire' which have so long stirred the blood of our youth, and, incidentally, crystallised the nascent patriotism of young Australia.

In order to cast the CORNHILL net the wider in search of literary topics and the best writers on them, Reginald Smith instituted for many years a small consultative council which, from the board round which it originally sat, was called the Oval Table Meeting. It met once a month except in holiday times, and to it were invited two or three literary friends of practical experience, who brought suggestions that had occurred to them for discussion with the editor and his lieutenant. Pleasant hours were these, the afternoon's suggestions branching out into good talk, as might be expected when the circle from time to time included Sir E. T. Cook and Sir Sidney Low, Canon Beeching and A. C. Benson; while once or twice it happened that some literary friend of the house was calling at the moment, and was invited to join the conclave for the nonce. Here, for example, were hatched the plans of various series, from Science to Household Budgets, and, later, of the literary competition, a series of examination papers on famous authors under the ominous name of 'At the Sign of the Plough,' with which the CORNHILL titillated its ambitious

readers and sometimes distracted its examiners and editor in final adjudication.

In Reginald Smith's time also fell two CORNHILL celebrations, the Jubilee of the magazine and the Thackeray Centenary, the one in 1910, the other in 1911. Space forbids me to dwell upon these, or on the personal touch in their commemoration, which linked the CORNHILL with its earliest beginnings through the living words and gracious presence of Lady Ritchie and of Mrs. George Smith herself.

Looking back over sixty-two years of CORNHILL history, the question may be asked, as E. T. Cook asked it in his article in our Jubilee number, whether there is any common touch in the 750 numbers of CORNHILL which makes a unity of essence amid the diversity of matter. Corporations, we are told emphatically, have no souls. After much debate, it has been conceded that a newspaper may have a rudiment of a soul in cases where proprietor and editor have maintained a definite policy conformable to a definite outlook on the passing flux of events. This is something at least. But can as much be said of a magazine which is confessedly a miscellany—which does not lay itself out to discuss politics directly, nor religion—which gathers its writers not from one camp only, but speaks through mouthpieces of inspiration as diverse as Leslie Stephen and J. A. Symonds, as Fitzjames Stephen and Matthew Arnold—which mingles a thousand traveller's impressions from the journey of existence with fiction that at its most serious is an imaginative criticism of life, and at its least, an escape from the trammels of everyday life? So questions E. T. Cook. And his answer? Among the bewildering diversities of its miscellaneous material that almost defy a synthesis, he confesses that on a general retrospect he seems to have a clear impression of a certain unity.

'The note [he says] of the CORNHILL is the literary note, in the widest sense of the term; its soul is the spirit of that humane culture, as Matthew Arnold describes it in the pages, reprinted from the CORNHILL, of "Culture and Anarchy." . . . The form in which this spirit has most particularly expressed itself in the pages of the CORNHILL is the essay—not necessarily the essay on literary subjects, but the essay which, whatever its subject, treats it in the temper of humane letters.'

And this, he adds, is 'the Thackeray touch,' which has never forsaken the CORNHILL.

Herein, then, lies the secret of the tradition which the CORNHILL has received from its literary ancestors, and trusts to hand down to its literary descendants. In the art of letters as in the art of life, form holds equal place with substance. Acting on the law of economy of effort, life has won not only effectiveness but balance and beauty in its ten times ten thousand exquisite adaptations to fundamental forces, indeed forestalling every principle of our modern machinery. Literature is the tool of thought, the weapon of feeling, and in tool or weapon perfection of form excludes clumsiness and excesses that are equally ugly and ineffective. What we call style enriches the thought and clarifies the feeling which it unites. And if, as Buffon said, style is the man himself, the impersonal presented through the personal sum of feeling, experience and reflection, then it is the cumulative choice of work endued with this quality that produces the CORNHILL'S characteristic spirit of humane letters. To preserve this spirit is our tradition and our endeavour; to let it perish would be treachery to the present as well as to the past. There could be no redemption in any world of letters for the man who could destroy that soul.

LEONARD HUXLEY.

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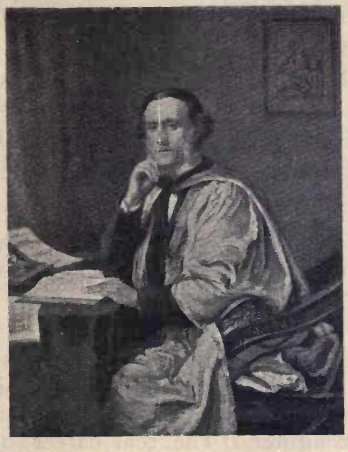
BOOK - NOTES

SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD, the author of "Studies and Memories," is again delighting readers with his new



SIR WM. STERNDALE BENNETT

volume, INTERLUDES, which discourses generally upon music. In view of the tremendous "push" that is now being given by British artists to English compositions this work should achieve success. Sir Charles has already proved himself a musician of the first order and can wield his baton as effectively as his pen.

IN the very near future Mr. Murray will publish two volumes of LORD BYRON'S CORRESPONDENCE, of which he happens also to be editor. These letters were left him under the will of the late Lady Dorchester, a daughter of Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse), one of Byron's literary executors, and now appear in print for the first time. This correspondence covers the period of Byron's life from his Cambridge days to his residence abroad after the separation, and is chiefly concerned with the poet's meteoric career of five years in London Society. All lovers of Byron will appreciate the interest and importance of this work (2 vols., 25s. net).

IT is interesting to note that Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher, the popular biographer of Dr. Warre, was himself educated at Eton, and was also an Assistant-Master at the great School. The actual knowledge of "the ground" has, therefore, helped Mr. Fletcher to make the Biography of the famous Headmaster more personally interesting than otherwise it might have been (21s. net).

IN concluding his HISTORY OF THE 74TH (YEOMANRY) DIVISION Major C. H. Dudley Ward, D.S.O., M.C., writes as follows: "On read-

FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALLENBY, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

ing through the mass of papers which constitute the records of the 74th Division, one sums up the character of the Division with the words, tenacity, determination, willing sacrifice, cheerful disposition—these are great qualities. The difficulties overcome by the infantry, artillery, engineers, service corps, and medical staff are of such a nature as to strike amazement. The patience, the ingenuity and skill, the tireless energy, the indomitable spirit and courageous gallantry excite the profoundest emotion. Many people will no doubt conclude with a sense of sadness, maybe with horror of the evils of war, and will determine, by every means in their power, to combat a repetition of those horrors, but—what else could we have done?"

THE rugged exterior—sometimes a mask covering a quick wit or kind heart, though often as well a long memory for injuries received—of the Yorkshire moorlander or moorpout, is well depicted by "A Yorkshire Doctor" in his book, MY MOORLAND PATIENTS. He has made a close, lifelong study of their curious traditions, characteristics, superstitions, and practices, and as a doctor has been able to gain their confidence and learn what no outsider, or any one who has not courage and tact, ever could learn. The book is full of genial humour, with a touch of the tragedy inseparable from these dark moors.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for April will contain among other contributions the customary instalment of OVINGTON'S BANK, by Stanley J. Weyman.

The first set of LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL, by E. L. Grant Watson, will introduce to readers of THE CORNHILL an interpreter of Nature possessed of rare insight into her workings and unusual power of expressing the vital sympathy which can exist between the procession of life and the spirit of the lover of Nature.

In CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION Mr. G. B. Shaw amusingly depicts the imaginary career of a wonderful prizefighter. The real career of a remarkable pugilist a hundred years ago is told by Mr. Bernard Darwin in THE THREE FIGHTS OF MR. JOHN GULLY, who from being champion of the ring became M.P. for Doncaster.

JONAH, by Sir Alfred Hopkinson, K.C., is a sketch from experience, showing how the often derided story of the ancient prophet can be handled critically yet appreciatively for the behoof of intelligent children.

LIVINGSTONE, Stanley, Cook, Grant, Scott—these are but a few of the Sons of Britain who have given their lives for their country

A Yak—His Girghiz Rider

in the exploration of unknown lands. Capt. L. V. S. Blacker, Q.V.O., through his recent efforts has heaped additional laurels on himself and the Motherland. He tells in his book, On Secret Patrol in High Asia, of his journey of 9,000 miles with but a handful of Pathan and Punjabi soldiers into the unexplored districts of Asia. Three years isolation from civilisation! He also tells of how the Prussian put into action his dream of a return to the days of his forbears, Attila and Chingiz Khan, and how Enver Pasha planned to launch, in 1918, 200,000 Mongols into the fertile plains of Hind. It is really an extraordinary book.

IN the Preface to his Parliamentary Reminiscences and Reflections, 1886-1906, Lord George Hamilton writes: "The kindly reception by the public of the first half of my Parliamentary Reminiscences induces me to complete them. The period under review is full of incidents affecting the career and reputation of public celebrities. The fact that I was in the ring of politics during the whole of this period gave me exceptional opportunities of examining and gauging the veracity of legends which have sprung up and wound themselves round the names of certain distinguished men of this epoch . . . "

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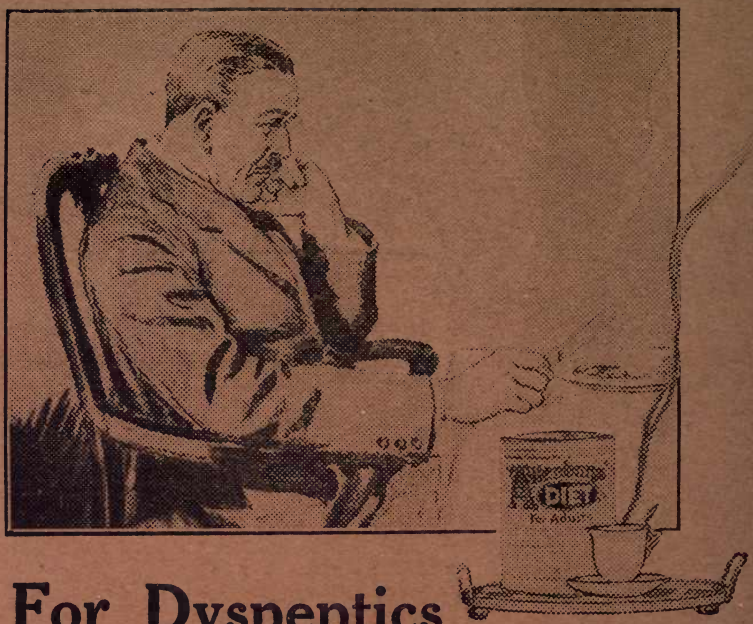

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