



MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

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VOL. I.—NEW SERIES

NOVEMBER, 1905 TO OCTOBER, 1906

London

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED

NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1906

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MACMILLAN'S
MAGAZINE

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VOL. I - NEW SERIES

RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED,

BREAD STREET HILL, E.C., AND

BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

NOVEMBER 1907 TO OCTOBER 1908



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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

(No. 1. NEW SERIES, NOVEMBER, 1905)

THE ENEMY'S CAMP

CHAPTER I

"I'LL put the kettle on," said William, stepping off the plank that somewhat insecurely bridged the small lagoon of mud beyond the stile, "and ——," but he stopped abruptly in the middle of both sentence and progress, his eyes and mouth wide open with astonishment and his right foot slightly in advance of the left. The others, concerned with the passage, did not at first notice anything, but when they, too, had reached firm ground they had leisure to follow their friend's gaze and to share in his emotion. The frown of concentration incidental to lighting a pipe while crossing a narrow plank remained on Talbot's brow, though the match that he had just struck burned away unheeded. The Admiral's hand remained motionless on the crown of the battered straw hat that it had been settling more comfortably on the back of his head, while his face lengthened in pained displeasure.

So they might have stood for some time had not Talbot's match suddenly restored him to activity by burning his fingers. Casting the charred fragment on the ground he stamped on it viciously, and then found his tongue. "Where did he get them?" he asked, raising his eyes again to the object of scrutiny.

"I haven't an idea," returned William endeavouring, as always, to answer the question.

"Consider the lilies," said the Admiral, who belonged to a profession that enjoys its opportunities for sarcasm.

To a stranger the scene would hardly have seemed to call for a display of emotion, nor would he have found it easy to explain why indignation was so rapidly succeeding surprise in the demeanour of the three. The sun had lost something of its fierceness, and had reached that period of its decline when men

may truthfully aver that it is cooler than it was. From a pleasant angle it shone upon as fair a picture of meadow, river, and tree as may be found in the Western Midlands. On the right of the three men a steep knoll sloped up almost from the river bank. Elms crowned its summit and a great oak guarded its base. A line of willows separated it from the meadows sleeping in the sunlight beyond, while behind was the little forest of osiers through which they had come. On the left lay the river, deep and sluggish, its further bank lined with old twisted willows which marked its sinuous course away into the distance and the woods, its nearer bank fringed with thick clumps of reeds, in whose bays were white and yellow water-lilies, and with the paler green of sedges. There was no babble of gravelly shallows to disturb the restfulness of the picture. By dint of slow perpetual motion the river had worn out a little bay at the foot of the knoll, almost under the shadow of the oak-tree, and therein was lying a house-boat, misty grey in colour and almost luminous in the evening sun. At its stern was a flag-staff from which the Union Jack drooped idly.

But it was on none of these things that the friends had concentrated their attention. They had eyes for nothing but a man reclining on a canvas chair on the roof of the house-boat, obviously in a position of considerable comfort, possibly of comfort greater than was good for one who had not yet reached the prime of life ; but this of itself was hardly enough to explain the ferocity now levelled at him from three pairs of eyes. Nor was there anything noticeable in him otherwise to the casual eye. He wore a suit of dark blue, which was plainly, even in his attitude of repose, of good cut and fit ; one leg, crossed over the other, displayed a neat boot of an unostentatious brown,—that sober and gentlemanly brown of good leather carefully tended which is only attained by a man with a real sense of the niceties of dress ; a decent inch of shirt-cuff showed modestly beyond his coat-sleeve, giving a hint of the gold links that secured it, and a Panama hat with a broad brim was tilted on his face till it almost touched a tall and very white collar. The disposition of the hat suggested slumber ; but set him on his feet, and he might have appeared in the pavilion at Lord's or behind the Ditch on a fine day in July without seeming out of place on the score of apparel. Altogether he seemed a credit to the house-boat which supported him ; he gave it an air of social stability, and suggested

a blending of the graces of town and the relaxation of the country essentially gratifying to the urbane mind.

However, the men on the bank had presumably lost their urbanity of mind if they had ever possessed such a quality, for they regarded him with unmixed irritation. "I suppose," said Talbot scornfully, "he thinks this is Henley, and himself the cynosure of every eye."

"It can't be that, or he wouldn't be asleep," William objected with great justice. "It's sheer vanity."

"We have been here less than a day," said the Admiral, "and he has returned to the toga already. If we don't take steps he will no doubt dress for dinner." The Admiral's voice had that ring of decision in it that always brought an expression of studied innocence into the faces of the large unruly boys at the bottom of the Lower Sixth, and he stooped for a convenient piece of stick.

The missile struck the sleeper on the elbow and roused him to rub his eyes, push his hat back, and sit up. "Hullo!" he said, seeing his friends. "Got back? Nearly tea-time isn't it? What's the matter?" he added, as his slowly returning consciousness grasped the fact that they were considering him with disapproval.

"Why, if one may ask, have you put those things on?" asked the Admiral in his magisterial manner.

"You're in the country, you know, on the river,—camping out," explained William, kindly explicit, moved by the evident lack of comprehension in the face of the accused.

"So are we," added Talbot, "and if you think we came down here to wear collars, and look like tailor's dummies generally, you're mistaken."

The terms of the indictment were now clear and Sir Seymour Haddon (commonly known as Charles from a certain propensity to magnificence) regarded as much of himself as he could see complacently. "These things?" he said with a fine air of depreciation. "Oh, well, I had a bathe after you fellows were gone, and I thought I'd try on this new suit; it only came just before I left town, and my man packed it straight away. I think it's a very decent fit." Then he surveyed the others and laughed. "I suppose it is a bit of a contrast," he added; "but you want somebody to look decent."

The urbane mind would very probably have assented heartily to this after even a superficial study of the three. Indeed, a

glance at William alone would have settled the matter. The garments which he wore with the ease of long familiarity consisted of a cricketing shirt open at the throat, a pair of flannel trousers too short for him, and a flannel coat of a colour that was no colour but the accidental result of several. Upon his head was a white linen hat, whose brim, innocent of starch, flapped comically over a nose that had already been a little touched by the sun. The others might be described as variants of the same disreputable type, Talbot having a small advantage in an enormous grey felt hat, designed originally perhaps for some German professor, but in our unintellectual climate long since robbed of all shape and style, of everything indeed save colour and size.

"You look unmitigated ruffians," pursued Charles frankly. "All right, don't throw," he added in haste as with one consent the others began to stoop.

"Take them off then," said Talbot, in the tone of one who dictates terms.

"I'm going to," conceded the weaker party. "I'm going in again before tea." Therewith he descended the companion-ladder and disappeared within the house-boat.

"Now for the kettle," said William, and they moved on again. A little higher up the bank stood a small white bell-tent, and at its door a long trestle-table was set out with a bench on either side. A rude fire-place built of bricks with an iron grid above it served for the kitchen of the expedition, and William was soon coaxing the still smouldering embers into a flame with bits of dry stick, while the others produced food and crockery from the tent and laid them out on the table.

Talbot paused, with a loaf of bread in one hand and a pot of marmalade in the other, and spoke solemnly. "They ought to be taken away from him."

The others nodded assent, and William putting the kettle on the now crackling fire rose to his feet. "Yes," he said, "it's a distinct breach of the agreement, that every man should only bring his oldest clothes."

"We should have people coming here to look at him," Talbot remarked.

"That's what he wants," said the Admiral unkindly. At this moment a loud splash announced that the object of discussion had "gone in again," and presently his head was apparent in the distance as he swam strongly down stream.

Talbot put down the loaf and the marmalade and walked swiftly to the house-boat, crossed the plank that joined it to the shore, and went inside. Presently he emerged carrying a fat Gladstone bag, with which he returned. "I've got them," he said; "half-a-dozen white linen shirts, if you please, and no end of collars and ties. I've left him his flannels on his locker."

"What are you going to do with the bag?" asked William.

"Hide it," returned Talbot briefly; "I know a place." And without more ado he went off in the direction of the osier-bed, from which they had originally come.

"Got the courage of his convictions, *Justum ac tenacem propositi virum*," commented the Admiral when he had gone, as he ladled tea lavishly into the pot with a table-spoon.

The kettle had been boiling some time when Talbot returned, and he found the others already at tea. He nodded in answer to their questions and sat down. "No, I shan't say where I've put it," he said; "one of you might let it out by accident. He won't notice it at first probably, because he put the things back into it before he bathed and hid the bag in the kitchen. When he does, he'll be too slack to worry much. It's lucky there are no women anywhere round here." And with this unchivalrous sentiment Talbot poured himself out some tea.

"Women are not unwelcome in their proper sphere," said the Admiral, as one who concedes a point generously; "but they would be impossible for camping-out. The modern woman wants such a lot of attention, and she would insist on our shaving. That's the worst of a person like Charles, whose instinct it is to shave every day; he encourages the sex in its tyranny." The Admiral (who, by the way, was so called, not from any nautical skill above the common, but because his name was Crichton) felt his chin as he spoke; but it was still beardless. Civilisation had only released him early that morning.

Presently Charles approached. He looked somewhat languid after his swim, and even though he was now in flannels struck a note of elegance that was impressive amid these surroundings. "There's a jolly weir about a quarter of a mile down," he said. "I shall have the bottom boards out of the dinghy and toboggan down it."

"Did you see Majendie?" asked William.

Charles shook his head. "He took the boat through the

lock," he replied, "and he hadn't come back, while I was in the water." He ate some bread and butter meditatively. "Isn't there a place called Handcote somewhere near here?" he asked after a pause.

"Yes," said William who knew the district. "Why?"

"I know some people who live there," Charles explained, "people called Grove. There are two nice girls. I must go over and call, and we could have them out to tea."

The others exchanged a glance, and Talbot expressed the common thought, with sarcastic emphasis. "My dear Charles, we have not come down here to mix in the world of fashion and beauty. You can go and call if you want to, though I should have thought that in your crowded life you would have enjoyed a fortnight of freedom. But we are not going to entertain young ladies here, are we, Admiral?"

"Certainly not," said the person addressed, with decision.

"Oh well," conceded Charles, "it doesn't matter. I don't know them very well. Here's Majendie," he added as the noise of oars reached them.

The approaching dinghy soon touched the bank, and the man in it jumped out and fastened the painter to a stake. Then he hurried towards them. "Tea? Excellent," he said briskly, "just what I was longing for. The chub are beginning to rise in the mill-pool," he added turning to Talbot, who nodded.

"I'll have a go for them after tea," he replied. "Have you been far?"

"About a mile below the lock," said Majendie, "and a bit of the way up the back-water. There are some more people camping out there," he announced as he stirred the sugar in his tea.

"House-boat?" asked William.

"No, tents, three I think; I didn't go very close. They're well up the back-water on that little promontory below the weir-pool."

"Did you see any of the men?" asked the Admiral.

Majendie adjusted his eye-glasses. "No," he said slowly, "I didn't see any of the men, but I fancy I saw some parasols."

"Saw what?" said Talbot in rather a startled tone, and the others echoed the question.

"Parasols," repeated Majendie, not ill-pleased with the sensa-

tion he had created ; " two of them, a red one and a blue one ; but it doesn't follow they belonged to the tents."

Talbot shook his head gloomily. " Sure to," he said. " Where else could they come from ? It's miles from the nearest habitable place, isn't it, William ?"

" Miles," agreed that gentleman. " There's only the farm, and I doubt if there's such a thing as a parasol there ; the vicar's a bachelor. They might have come up in a boat, except that boats never get as high as this if they've got women on board."

" Damn," observed Talbot from the middle of his train of thought.

Charles who had been listening with a kindling eye made no attempt to disguise his satisfaction. " Quite a godsend," he remarked. " We must get to know them and have them to tea."

" Whom ? The parasols ?" asked the Admiral.

" Only a pretty girl would camp out with a parasol," pursued Charles ignoring him. Then a thought struck him and his eye involuntarily wandered towards the house-boat. It was a fortunate circumstance that he had brought that suit of clothes.

" They'll be an infernal nuisance," grumbled Talbot. " How can men be expected to camp out in comfort where there are a lot of women always about ?"

" They're a good distance off, that's one comfort," said William.

" And on the further bank of the back-water," Majendie put in, " so we've got two streams between us and them."

" What's a mere river to a wilful woman ?" asked Talbot indignantly.

" " Under the fountains and over the waves,"" quoted the Admiral. " But seriously, as Talbot says, it will be a real inconvenience if they come wandering about much. It is not what we had a right to expect. What did you say it was the quietest bit of river in England for ?" He looked accusingly at William.

" So it used to be," was the answer. " This is the fourth time I've been here, and I've hardly seen a soul before except the rustics."

" Pity it's got so populous in the interval," said Talbot, whose temper was evidently seriously tried by the news.

"I'll tell you what we could do," suggested Majendie, "if they make themselves too obnoxious ; we could move our quarters. I found a creek a mile down stream which would do very well."

"There's a better one still, about two miles up," said William after a little thought. "The river divides in two there, and it's right in the woods."

Charles felt it his duty to comment on this proposal. "That's all very well," he said persuasively, "but where are you going to get your provisions from? Butter and milk don't grow in the woods, and here we've got them at our very door, so to speak, to say nothing of drinking-water. You don't want to walk a mile and a half carrying buckets every morning."

"A lot of water *you* drink," said Talbot with ferocity.

"I always take water with my whisky," returned Charles with mild dignity.

"There's a good deal in what Charles says," admitted William. "At any rate I think we had better see what happens. Things may not be so bad after all, and we don't know for certain yet that the parasols do belong to the tents." The others, inclined to ease after a hard day, agreed that hasty action would be unwise, and Charles, now that his tongue had done its work, again fixed his eyes complacently on the house-boat.

Talbot caught the look and in a measure it helped to restore him to good humour. It was a fortunate circumstance that Charles no longer had his suit of clothes. Then he rose. "Any of you fellows want the boat?" he asked, and the others shook their heads. "Let's go and put a fly over the mill-pool, then," he said to Majendie. "I want to get one of those big chub, if the petticoats haven't frightened them all away." And the two were soon pulling down stream towards the lock.

"Let's go for a stroll, Admiral," said Charles innocently.

"Which way?" asked the Admiral.

Charles's gesture included the half of the compass in which lay the back-water, but he said, "Oh I don't mind ; any way you like."

"I'll wash up," said William, "and then I'll have a bathe." And so this most ungallant scene ended.

CHAPTER II

“MY dear,”—Mr. Lauriston was addressing his wife Charlotte—“did I hear you say you have brought no wine?”

“I did not consider it necessary,” returned the lady decisively; “but there are two sorts of lemonade and some lime-juice, and a kind of pink sherbet which, I am told, is very refreshing. You will be much better without stimulant for a time.”

Mr. Lauriston's face fell as he seated himself stiffly on a mackintosh, a precaution of his wife's. He was already beginning to regret his expansiveness on that evening a month ago, when, in the course of a discussion of plans for the summer, he had described to the ladies some of the holidays of his youth, and among them that halcyon fortnight which he had once spent under canvas by a river. He remembered now the thrill of half-pleasurable surprise that had run through him when Agatha, his niece, said: “How delightful! Why shouldn't we do it this summer, if we could find a very quiet place?” He remembered how the novelty of the suggestion had at first alarmed the others, but how, little by little, conversation had seemed to smooth away all difficulties, how Mrs. Lauriston had gradually yielded to the pleading of the girls, how at last they had gone to bed fully determined to carry out the scheme. He remembered, too, how he had long lain awake reviving old memories of rivers, boats, and tents, of clear starlit nights and hot cloudless days, of a time when there was not a care in the world and life's only business seemed to be to acquire health and happiness, its only anxiety a lively curiosity about the next meal; and how at last he had fallen asleep convinced that he was about to renew his youth.

This idea had endured through all the preparation for the great expedition, and he had joined in the enthusiasm as blithely as a boy. Everything had gone smoothly; he had met a man in the City who knew of the quietest nook in England, where a family might camp out for months and never see a soul. He had met another man who knew all about tents and could put him in the way of the very latest pattern, a peculiarly perfect kind that no wind could disturb, no rain penetrate, a kind with a firm wooden floor which defied the damp. He had found a useful ally in Martin, the invaluable person who looked after his

garden at Ealing, tended the pony, cleaned the boots, waited at table on occasion, and was extremely willing to join in any scheme that might be suggested to him.

The idea had survived the journey, the long drive from the station in the middle of packing-cases and goods piled high on a farmer's waggon ; it had survived the erection of the tents, at which Mr. Lauriston assisted by precept while Martin and the farmer's man did the heavy work ; it had even survived the unpacking which, it is true, was principally done by Mrs. Lauriston and Agatha, with Martin's assistance.

But since then Mr. Lauriston had had time to observe things more minutely. He agreed that the spot deserved all the praises which his City friend had bestowed on it ; there were fine trees all round, the stream at his feet flowed clear and not too deep over a gravel bed, and in that umbrageous corner the ladies could bathe unseen and, equally important, without fear of drowning ; the noise of the distant weir came pleasantly on the evening air. But there was something lacking ; something was different from what he remembered of camping out in the days of his youth. A strange feeling almost of loneliness came over him, and shaking himself a little he rose from the stone on which he had been sitting and returned to the encampment where he found the ladies ready for the evening meal. Mr. Lauriston remembered with something like a pang that it was called *supper*.

Then ensued the short dialogue recorded, and Mr. Lauriston's face fell. The prospect before him should have been enchanting. Yielding to her younger niece's importunity Aunt Charlotte had decided that, as it was so warm, they might safely sup in the open air and not in the tent that had been erected as a living and store-room. A low sun sent mild beams through the willows on their right, and touched the forks and spoons lying on the white table-cloth with points of fire. Smooth turf, the girls had decided, was a much nicer table than the wooden one in the tent, and they had spread out the viands pic-nic fashion. Aunt Charlotte had insisted on having a camp-stool, declaring that she was much too old to sit on the ground, though indeed age was a thing that she carried so lightly as to make it doubtful. Beside her reclined her niece, Cicely Neave, whose dark eyes were fixed on Mr. Lauriston in mischievous amusement. Her elder sister, Agatha, was busily cutting a loaf. The fifth of the party, a friend of the two

girls, sat gazing dreamily at the sunlit waters, prettily completing the circle.

But Mr. Lauriston regarded none of these things. His gaze was fixed on a plain tumbler which had just been filled with water. "Aunt Charlotte didn't forget the filter," said Cicely reassuringly.

"And I had it boiled, too," added Aunt Charlotte with slight self-appreciation.

"Boiled!" ejaculated Mr. Lauriston.

"It's always safest," Aunt Charlotte explained. "Probably the well is all right, but one never knows."

"You see she never forgets anything," said Cicely, whose air showed that she expected Aunt Charlotte's lord and master to express satisfaction.

"Except my wine," grumbled Mr. Lauriston, "and I had made a most careful selection."

"It was so heavy," answered his wife, "that I decided not to bring it. You will be all the better for simple fare. After a day in the City perhaps a glass of wine——"

It suddenly came upon Mr. Lauriston with the force of a revelation that he was the only man there. The femininity of his circle had never impressed itself so before. He decided to rebel. "Martin," he called. Martin came out of the store-tent. "Is there nothing to drink?"

Cicely pointed reproachfully to his glass, and as this had no effect, "There are two kinds of lemonade," she began, "and lime-juice, and——" but Mr. Lauriston ignored her for once and repeated his question.

Martin confessed to having some stout not included in Mrs. Lauriston's catalogue, and a bottle of this was set before the rebel, with the happy effect of restoring him almost to good humour. "And what have you young ladies been doing while we unpacked?" he asked more cheerfully as he carved the pie that lay before him. "Have you found some likely subjects, Miss Doris?"

The girl withdrew her dreamy eyes from the landscape and accepted the plate which he offered her. "I found some sweet cottages," she said, "all over honeysuckle and roses, and such a quaint little church, with the funniest old sexton who told me he had lived in the village man and boy for seventy-three years, and said he never wanted to go away from it. I sat

down on a bench in the porch and watched him pulling up weeds from the churchyard path. It was all so restful and simple that I began to wonder why we ever live in cities."

Mr. Lauriston hardly felt equal to a discussion of the suggested subject; instead, he asked Cicely what she had been doing. "I, too, was wondering why we did not live more alone with Nature," she answered in evasive imitation of her friend's more dreamy manner.

"That means you've been doing nothing as usual," said Agatha with sisterly sternness.

"I have been watching the fish leap in the river; I have seen the clouds——"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Agatha. "We know her, don't we, Uncle Henry? She brought her rug to this knoll directly we had had our tea, and here she's been ever since."

"And you wanted us to have supper outside," chuckled Mr. Lauriston. "So you got us to bring supper to you, eh, Cicely?"

"I didn't think there was a prettier place," she pleaded, but this was not accounted to her for merit. And Nemesis was to fall on her from Aunt Charlotte.

"Why, child," she cried, "you don't mean to say you've been lying on the damp ground with only a rug all these hours?" Cicely had to confess, though she feebly disputed the dampness. "You'll get rheumatism, my dear, or something dreadful. You must get up directly, and run and fetch a waterproof to put under the rug. Run, it will make you warm."

"Agatha packed our things and she won't like me to disturb them," objected Cicely; "and I'm quite warm already, thank you, Aunt." She fanned herself gently with a tiny pocket-handkerchief to prove that if anything she was too warm. "But," she added as a concession, "I'll put some more pepper on Uncle Henry's potatoes, if you like." However, she had to get up, whereupon Mr. Lauriston resigned his mackintosh, and Martin supplied him with a camp-stool.

It was Agatha's turn next. She, it appeared, had taken quite a long walk along a lane coming back by the river. She had seen something in the distance that looked like a house-boat.

"A house-boat?" echoed Mrs. Lauriston. "I hope it isn't anywhere near here. Did you see any people on it?"

No, Agatha did not think it was very near, though the lock and back-water made it all very confusing ; and she had not seen any people on it ; she had not given the matter much attention. Mr. Lauriston extracted the information that a field with cows in it had lain between her and nearer vision.

“ I did see a man on the other side of the river,” she admitted, “ but I shouldn't think he had anything to do with the house-boat ; he didn't look that sort of person.”

“ A man ? ” repeated Mr. Lauriston with interest, and he pressed Agatha for a description ; but beyond noticing that the stranger looked rather disreputable and was fishing, she had not studied him.

“ I trust,” said Aunt Charlotte, “ that that house-boat does not mean that there are a lot of people about. Didn't Mr. Hobbs tell you that we should be quite alone here, that it was a place where no one ever came ? ” She looked aggrieved interrogation at her husband.

Mr. Lauriston answered her that it was so. “ But perhaps Martin knows,” he added, calling to him.

Martin appeared with another bottle of stout and a cork-screw. Aunt Charlotte's eye, however, convinced him that they were not needed. “ Have you seen anything of a house-boat anywhere near here ? ” she asked.

“ Yes, ma'am,” returned Martin. “ There's one lying in the main river above the lock ; I saw it as I was fetching the milk, an' a young gentleman asleep on top of it.”

Mr. Lauriston's eye brightened involuntarily. “ What did he look like ? ” he asked.

“ Well, sir, I couldn't see 'im very plain, 'is 'at being all over 'is face, but he looked a very respectable gentleman. Very respectable 'e looked,” repeated Martin meditatively. “ It quite put me in mind of Ealing,” he added, willing to say as much good of the stranger as honesty permitted.

“ Some horrid cockney ! ” interjected Mrs. Lauriston. “ Did you see anyone else ? ”

“ Yes, ma'am, as I was comin' back, there was four or five of them a' sittin' 'avin' their tea at a trestle-table on the bank. They wasn't so respectable as the other though.” The appearance of the slumbering Charles had impressed Martin, as being the last thing that was to be expected in the wilds of the country.

Mr. Lauriston was about to say something when he caught a

glimpse of his wife's face ; it had settled into an expression of stony displeasure which convinced him that his intended remark would fall on unsympathetic ears. " It won't do at all," she said firmly. " We can't camp out within a hundred yards of a lot of young men who for all we know may be criminals in disguise on a house-boat."

" They're much farther away than that," said Mr. Lauriston, wondering inwardly what plan his wife had in her mind and how best he should combat it.

" Well, a hundred and fifty yards," conceded Aunt Charlotte. " The best plan, Henry, will be for you to go the first thing to-morrow morning and tell them to go away. It's too late to-night, I suppose," she added half regretfully.

Mr. Lauriston gasped and looked round the circle for aid ; but the faces of the young ladies also expressed alarmed horror at the idea of four or five criminals in disguise within easy reach. With the pitilessness of youth Agatha said that there was no time like the present, and would not Uncle Henry go at once ? It was not so *very* late.

" But, my dear," he protested, addressing his wife, " what earthly right——"

" It is not a question of right," said Mrs. Lauriston with dignity. " You will explain to them,—quite politely, of course—that there are ladies here who object to their presence, and I should hope their good feeling would show them what to do."

" Even if they are criminals disguised as house-boats," said Cicely, with an air of adding something to the discussion.

Mr. Lauriston looked at her for a moment, half hoping that he had found an ally. But Cicely's face was still in decorous sympathy with the atmosphere of unqualified hostility to the unknown. It seemed to him that the circle had become more feminine than ever, and a swift succession of pictures flashed before his mind's eye, pictures of Samson, Hercules, and other famous victims of female tyranny ; he was just about to add himself to the gallery when by a blessed chance Henry the Eighth intervened, and the memory of that monarch's bluff, hearty methods came to him as a happy precedent for asserting the moral dignity of man.

" My dear," he said firmly, " the thing is impossible on the face of it. You might just as well ask me to go and tell his Majesty the King that Windsor Castle is too near Ealing, and

that you would be glad if he would move it into Yorkshire." Mr. Lauriston was rather pleased with his loyal simile; he felt that he was in a sense repaying to the throne of England the debt of courage that he had just incurred. Perceiving that his words had had some small effect on Cicely he continued: "Besides, how do you know that these young men are at all undesirable? Martin said they looked very respectable."

"Only one of them," said Agatha; "and criminals very often look respectable."

"My dear child," retorted Mr. Lauriston, "what do you know about criminals?" Agatha's knowledge being limited to an ex-housemaid who had exchanged her aunt's silver spoons for whisky not destined for general use, he felt that he had marked a point.

"Whether they are criminals or not is quite beside the question," said Aunt Charlotte loftily; "and I don't care how respectable they are. But while I am in charge of these girls I am not going to run any risks. If you don't mind your nieces being insulted and pursued, you should remember that Miss Doris Yonge is our guest. She shall not be exposed to that sort of thing."

Aunt Charlotte's mind moved with such rapidity that Mr. Lauriston was on the point of yielding and joining the lamentable company of Samson and Hercules, but the brave English monarch rescued him once more, and he spoke with the firmness of a man and a householder. "My dear, it will be quite time to bring railing accusations of that sort when you perceive the slightest foundation for them. At present the insults have all been on one side. I have always made it an invariable rule in the City to treat every man as a gentleman unless he proves himself otherwise, and I shall not alter it now."

Mr. Lauriston's valour served him well: it gained him the ally for whom he had looked. Cicely added something more to the discussion. "I don't think disguised house-boats, I mean criminals would sit at a trestle-table and drink tea," she said with conviction.

"Of course not," agreed Mr. Lauriston, though it is to be feared that he looked on Cicely's remark rather as a vote of confidence in himself than as a ponderable argument in his favour. He was encouraged to proceed. "Probably, Charlotte, these young men will not be the slightest inconvenience to us. Indeed,

I should not be surprised if they were just as determined to avoid us, as you are to avoid them. Why should they come to this deserted spot unless they wanted to be quiet ? ”

“ Perhaps they'll come round and ask *us* to go away,” said Agatha, her cheeks betraying a little glow of irritation apparently provoked by his words.

Mr. Lauriston laughed ; he felt that he was winning. “ So you see, my dear,” he continued, “ that it is a hundred to one against any trouble arising out of the situation.”

Aunt Charlotte's face showed that her husband's logic had not been wasted. Moreover she felt that Cicely had deserted her and that the others were wavering. But she did not yield ; she moved back to her next trench. “ Well, *we* will move then,” she said, “ as Agatha suggests.”

“ Oh, but I didn't,” put in that young lady quickly. She thought that flight would be equal to a confession of inferiority, and said so.

Cicely, too, looked alarmed at her Aunt's suggestion. “ Aunt Charlotte ! ” she said reproachfully. “ They would laugh at us, to say nothing of all the packing.”

“ Couldn't we give it a day's trial,” suggested Doris, “ and see how we get on ? ”

“ Yes,” added Cicely, extracting a tiny insect from her pink sherbet with a spoon ; “ we could go away the next day if we met too many young men about, if we found them in our tea-cups or anything.”

“ One should never be in too great a hurry,” said Mr. Lauriston.

Aunt Charlotte saw that she was now alone, so she gave way. “ Very well,” she conceded, “ we will give it a trial. But if anything unpleasant happens, Henry, remember we move at once ; and perhaps you had better tell Martin not to hold any communication with the people on the house-boat. It might put us in a false position if one of our party were friendly with them, even though it was only Martin.”

Mr. Lauriston acquiesced in this ; after all Charlotte had been brought round to a comparatively reasonable frame of mind, and he could afford to give way in trifles.

CHAPTER III

"I SHALL take a stroll and look round," said Mr. Lauriston carefully selecting a cigar from his case. "In the afternoon we will go out in the boat if you like."

Mrs. Lauriston nodded; she was deeply immersed in those household problems which never allow a married woman to indulge in alien thought between breakfast and luncheon; the mere fact that she had exchanged a roof of slates for one of canvas did not entitle her to freedom, and Martin was not as yet the most expert of cooks, though he showed some promise. The girls had left the camp, Agatha going off to the village to make some small purchases, the other two having taken the boat, a family boat of great reputation for safety in the town from which it had been hired; Cicely had expressed a faint desire to learn the art of steering.

So till luncheon Mr. Lauriston was his own man, and he set off on his stroll with a happy feeling of irresponsibility, leaving his wife seated in the door of the store-tent busied in calculations with a note-book and a pencil. In his younger days Mr. Lauriston had served as a volunteer, and though the idea of military training then, even more than now, aimed principally at making men spring smartly up to attention, yet there had not been wanting a few colour-sergeants of revolutionary tendencies who held theories about tactics, and Mr. Lauriston had been influenced by them enough to know that if you do not want to be seen you must not stand on the sky-line; you must, in fact, hide yourself. He would doubtless have repudiated indignantly the suggestion that he wished to hide himself; but he might have admitted that it is needless to put a woman to the trouble of commenting on actions when their motive is incomprehensible to her.

To put it briefly, Mr. Lauriston intended to visit the house-boat; he felt a yearning for male society which was unknown to him in the daily life that led him regularly from Ealing to the City and back again. It may have been that in the City he met as many men as his social instincts required, and if he wanted more men he could go to his club. But he had never fully realised before how much the interest of his life depended on this casual exchange of male opinions, or how little his wife and nieces (fond though he was of them) were able to fill the blank.

They entertained him adequately and pleasantly every evening at home : he did not feel that they were in any way insufficient on Sunday ; but here, in the heart of Nature, things were different somehow, and undoubtedly he was incomplete. It may also be that the open-air life had aroused in him some of the elemental man that had so long been dormant. Mr. Lauriston felt a craving, not to swear exactly, but to be at liberty to do so if he wished, and moreover, should the wish come to him, to have a sympathetic audience.

Therefore Mr. Lauriston had made up his mind to visit the house-boat, and to that end he set out in a diametrically opposite direction. Had he taken the nearest path which led to the bridge across the back-water his wife would have seen him, and possibly have become suspicious ; but by crossing the meadow and doubling on his tracks he hoped to reach the bridge unperceived. And fortune favoured him, for on the far side of the meadow he found a gate leading into a lane whose high hedges would have concealed the approach of a battalion as readily as of one ex-volunteer. As luck would have it the lane led right up to the bridge ; but now he had before him the common military problem of having to move for a distance across the open. Before doing so he reconnoitred cautiously. Peeping warily round the corner, where the hedge ended in a few yards of railing, he surveyed the camp. There were the three tents and his wife's chair in the doorway of the middle one, but she herself was not to be seen. Now was the time, and casting hesitation to the winds he hurried across the bridge, not without more than one backward and strategic glance ; but Mrs. Lauriston did not appear, and soon he had crossed the open meadow beyond the bridge and was again screened by some bushes. After this he proceeded more leisurely as befits a man and a householder who is a volunteer no longer, contentedly puffing at his cigar. Presently he came to the lock, and crossing the light swinging bridge he took his way along the path by the flood-gates until he reached the mill. The miller stood in the doorway and wished him good morning.

"Campin', sir?" he said, and Mr. Lauriston admitted it without pride. "There's a party up there, as well," added the man pointing up stream. "Two of them was fishin' in the pool last night after the wheel stopped ; caught a proper lot of chub they did."

Mr. Lauriston expressed polite interest, and after a minute or two of general conversation asked whether he could get along the bank. The man assured him that there was a path through the osier-bed though it looked impenetrable, and thanking him Mr. Lauriston went on. The path was not so difficult to find as it looked from outside, and he soon made his way to the stile at the end of it, climbed over, crossed the rickety plank gingerly, and found himself within the lines of the rival encampment. He did not see anyone at first, but on passing the oak-tree he perceived Charles, who was lying back in his deck-chair in the shade, smoking a cigarette and superintending William's task of washing the breakfast-things in a bucket near the fireplace.

Mr. Lauriston coughed discreetly, and the others looked up. "I hope I'm not trespassing," he said, "but I was told the tow-path ran along here."

"It does, I believe," answered Charles pleasantly. "It's we who are trespassing if anybody is, though they never tow anything here so far as I can make out."

This affability of address emboldened Mr. Lauriston to proceed. "You have found a very pleasant nook for your camp," he said, looking round in diplomatic admiration.

Charles considered the stranger's neat grey flannel suit with approval, deciding that it was eminently suited to a gentleman whose figure was no longer young.

"Are you a member of the other party?" he asked with interest. Mr. Lauriston acknowledged the fact. "We must consider this as a call," Charles continued with friendly warmth. "Very good of you to look us up. My name is Haddon, and my friend here is Smith. Now what will you drink?" By this time William had produced another chair in which he invited Mr. Lauriston to seat himself. He was a little startled at Charles's use of the word *call*, for a call is a thing that is returned; however it could not be helped; it *was* a call, and he decided to yield to the geniality of the moment; leaving the future to take care of itself. So making known his name he sat down.

"We have most of the baser drinks," continued Charles hospitably. "I myself generally prefer bottled beer after breakfast, but if you'd like whisky or anything——" Mr. Lauriston hesitated for an instant, but soon consented to join Charles in a bottle of beer. Was he not renewing his youth? And in any

case there was a heartiness about this that contrasted favourably with pink sherbet ; moreover that may be done in the open air which would be fatal in the City.

So Mr. Lauriston lay back in his chair alternately puffing at his cigar and sipping the sparkling amber fluid in his glass, while Charles rattled on about the weather and the beauties of the river and other subjects of mutual interest. However, little by little he edged round to more personal matters. "Are you a large party?" he asked in a tone which to William (who had now finished his washing-up and was lying on the grass smoking a short and ancient wooden pipe) seemed too carefully indifferent.

Mr. Lauriston hesitated before he answered. He was undoubtedly in a difficult position, torn between a natural inclination to be frank with the hospitable Charles and a no less natural doubt as to Mrs. Lauriston's approval of his proceedings. So he temporised, "No, quite a small party," he said with the genial air of one who depreciates his own possessions.

"There are five of us," said Charles.

Mr. Lauriston felt a slight implication of reproach. After all there could be no harm in the mere revelation of numbers. "We are six," he returned generously ; "but one does not want to be too crowded," he added, hastening off into generalities. "That's what I always feel about London ; there are too many people."

"Yes," agreed Charles, "and they all look at one with suspicion. There's no friendliness about London ; but the moment one gets out of it the point of view changes, and everyone one meets becomes a possible friend instead of a probable enemy. Man is naturally a sociable animal, only his instincts are nipped in the bud by city life." Charles lighted a cigarette after these deep sayings, and then proceeded, encouraged by Mr. Lauriston's acquiescence. "Yes, I've often wondered at the difference the open air makes in one's way of regarding things. I think though one ought to be under canvas ; a house-boat's a bit too civilised." Charles paused invitingly, but Mr. Lauriston vouchsafed no more than a non-committal smile. "You're camping in tents, aren't you?" continued Charles. His guest's reticence compelled him to directness.

Mr. Lauriston admitted that such was the case and expressed a hope that the weather would continue fair. "A house-boat is better than canvas when it rains," he said.

Charles became chivalrously anxious about the weather at once.

“Oh, I hope it won't rain,”—he scanned the heavens perfunctorily—“but it doesn't look like it. It would quite spoil your expedition.” He paused again even more invitingly, but could only elicit some information from Mr. Lauriston about the dry character of a wind with a touch of east in it. His patience began to be exhausted, and he caught a glimpse of a discreet smile on William's amiable countenance. “You have some ladies in your party, haven't you?” he asked. “I caught sight of some parasols yesterday.” Charles was expressing himself with modest inaccuracy. He had seen no parasols, but during his stroll after tea he had perceived from afar more than one graceful form flitting about among the tents, and had been sternly rebuked by the Admiral for taking pleasure in the sight.

Mr. Lauriston tried to console himself with the thought that he would have been bound to unbosom himself sooner or later. “Yes,” he confessed, “my wife and nieces are with me.” He remembered Mrs. Lauriston's strong remarks about his responsibility for Miss Doris, so of her he said nothing.

Charles meanwhile was busy with mental arithmetic. *Nieces*,—that could not mean less than two, it might mean several. The point must be ascertained if possible. “So you are the only man,” he said in a tone of admiration.

It may be that Mr. Lauriston's meditations had made him morbidly sensitive of his position ; anyhow he fancied that there was a note of raillery in Charles's question, and suddenly felt ashamed of himself. It was quite true ; he was the only man, but he could not bring himself to confess it. Could he not equivocate harmlessly ? Why, yes, of course he could ; there was Martin. What did differences in rank matter ? A man is a man for all that. Mr. Lauriston felt a mild glow of socialistic fervour as he answered, “Oh, no. We have a,—man with us.” He tried to say *another*, but a deep-rooted respect for the exact truth checked the word on his tongue.

Charles, of course, did not know that the words *a man* were used in their basest and most technical sense, and he at once became almost jealous. “Oh !” was all he said, but his tone conveyed that the man, whoever he might be, who was thus privileged to enjoy the society of the ladies in the other camp was infinitely unworthy of that privilege.

William, who had encountered Martin in the early morning as they both were going to the farm for milk, and had exchanged

a few words with him, smiled again quietly to his pipe. "Let me get out another bottle," he said, seeing that Mr. Lauriston's glass was empty.

But the gentleman thought he must be getting back, as his party would be expecting him. "I'll stroll a bit of the way with you," said Charles with alacrity, and Mr. Lauriston could not well refuse.

So it came about that Cicely (whose well-meant efforts with the rudder-lines had fixed the boat's nose firmly in the soft bank) caught through the trees a glimpse of her uncle shaking hands with a young man in flannels on the bridge that crossed the lock. Doris, who was bravely trying to undo the work done by Cicely's steering, missed this sight. "Shove it hard, dear," said Cicely to her friend, who was pushing against the bank with the boat-hook, "while I make the rudder wobble," and she pulled the lines alternately with most surprising energy.

CHAPTER IV

AFTER parting from Mr. Lauriston, Charles felt disinclined to return to William and the camp. A stroll would undoubtedly be good for him. He felt that he could hardly cross the lock-bridge and follow the direction taken by his new friend, without some invitation more definite than his own hints of returning the call; and one does not return a call until after at least some hours, even under the most informal conditions of life. Yet there could be no impropriety in his pursuing his walk along his own bank of the river. He might see something,—a boat perhaps. This thought caused him to hesitate for a moment. Would it be wise to go back to the house-boat and put on more suitable apparel? But no; after all, he was only going to explore; exploration must always precede conquest,—if, indeed, there be anything to conquer or worth conquering, points which still remained to be cleared up to Charles's satisfaction, for, though you may form some opinion of a woman's figure from a glimpse of her three hundred yards away, you cannot be authoritative as to her face. Charles was not the man to be satisfied with conjecture, or even with moral certainty. So he returned to the

mill, and took the path behind it which followed the course of the river down stream.

Meanwhile William, whose gift for affairs amounted almost to genius, had realised from an inward sensation that a clear conscience and honest toil followed by the charms of Mr. Lauriston's conversation had sped away almost all the hours before luncheon. He set himself accordingly to the laying of the table and the extraction of a whole ox from the tin into which (so the label asserted) it had been painfully compressed. This done, he picked up an enormous metal spoon, the which he beat gong-wise upon the largest frying-pan, thus summoning any of his friends who might be within hearing to the feast. It is surprising how far a brazen clangour of this kind will travel, and in quite a short time the others appeared from different directions, with the exception of Charles, who, oblivious of time, was walking purposefully down the river bank.

"We had a visitor this morning," said William when they were all seated; "one of the other lot."

"One of the parasols?" asked Talbot suspiciously. "Is that where Charles is? Gone off with it?"

William laughed. "Yes, that's where Charles is," he said; "only it's a man, luckily."

"What sort of man?" asked Majendie.

"Elderly," replied William; "not a bad sort, though. Charles tried to pump him."

"About the women?" said the Admiral.

William laughed again. "Yes; but he couldn't get much out of him. He did his level best to get an introduction."

Talbot growled. "That chap will let us in for it, you mark my words."

"Charles was beastly civil," William agreed; "but Lauriston,—that's his name, I think—wasn't over pressing about a return visit. He only just admitted that there were ladies in his party, nieces and a wife,—didn't want to talk about them evidently—so Charles offered to walk back with him."

"Charles has the makings of a monomaniac," said Majendie. "In the whole course of my professional career——"

The Admiral broke in abruptly. Majendie's professional career was of but some two months' duration, and no one attached much importance to it except himself; he, however, argued, perhaps justly, that, in addition to a bedside manner, a

medical man should betray signs of an unfathomable past. So the Admiral asked, "Do you think Charles has gone over to the other camp?"

William shook his head doubtfully. "Lauriston evidently didn't want him; but Charles has social ability. He can push like a woman."

"It's odd," said Majendie, professionally interested, "how men who cultivate the society of women must always develop certain feminine characteristics. Psychological imitativeness is a subject I propose some day to study; it is an unexplored field."

"We shall have," said Talbot, who had been thinking, "Charles turning up with four or five girls to tea this afternoon."

"No," said William with certainty, "not till he's been back to look for that Gladstone bag."

"He'll be pretty mad when he finds it gone," said Majendie. "You'd better disappear for a bit, being the guilty party," he added to Talbot.

"Oh, I'm not afraid," was the heroic answer. "He's got a conscience after all, and he knows that he ought not to have brought that suit."

"He'll be annoyed all the same," said the Admiral. "Take anything else of his you like and he doesn't mind; but when you touch his personal appearance you get him on the raw."

"We'd better all stick to the same story, at any rate," said William sensibly. "Somebody might have seen a suspicious-looking individual about, who has probably burgled the houseboat."

"That won't do," said Majendie. "Charles would rouse the neighbourhood, and some innocent yokel would be dragged off to the lock-up. I know a better plan. We'll just treat the bag as a hallucination. I've come across many cases of similar hallucination in the course of my professional career. There was an out-patient at the hospital who tried to get into the theatre the other day. We asked him what he wanted to do that for, and he explained that he had reason to believe someone was secreting his motor-car in there. We told him that there was an operation going on, and that it would be impossible for him to go in. He jumped to the conclusion that they were operating on his motor-car and got quite violent about it."

"Charles will get violent, too," said William laughing.

"It's a good idea," said the Admiral; "but I shall keep

something solid between him and me while his malady is being diagnosed."

"I'm afraid," said Talbot gloomily, "the loss of his clothes won't prevent him cultivating the women; he's the smartest of us as it is. We shall have to move after all."

"Let's wait and see," said William. "I don't believe he's made their acquaintance yet. No, I'm certain he hasn't," he added as the object of discussion came in sight, looking hot and rather indignant. He had walked down the river-bank for miles and miles as it seemed to him, and had seen nothing but water, grass, trees, and a few cows and horses,—things which he might have seen equally well without leaving his comfortable chair. Instead of immediately joining the party he went to the house-boat and disappeared inside.

"Are you ready with that hallucination?" said Talbot to Majendie.

The latter nodded. "You fellows mustn't laugh," he said; "you must be surprised at first, and sympathetic afterwards. I shall probably tell him he's got a touch of sunstroke." The others promised to follow out these instructions.

Presently Charles reappeared and came towards the group thoughtfully. He took his seat in silence and seizing a bottle of beer unscrewed the stopper emphatically. Having drained his glass, he helped himself to a portion of the compressed ox and some bread. Then at last he spoke. "I suppose you think it's funny," he said in dignified irony.

The eyebrows of the other four went up simultaneously and they all looked at him with well-executed surprise. "What's the matter?" asked the Admiral.

Charles finished a leisurely mouthful before he answered. "The matter is that the sense of the humorous possessed by you people is rudimentary."

"I don't understand," returned the Admiral; "what's the joke?"

"Well, it's hardly a joke," said Charles still laboriously polite. "I take it it's only a tentative experiment in the humorous, and one which would not justify further attempts. It would hardly be good enough for the Lower Sixth."

The Admiral shook his head. "I give it up," he said retiring from the conversation.

Talbot took his place. "Who's been humorous," he asked,

"and what about? Have you invented a new pun or something which has escaped our notice?"

"No one has been humorous," said Charles calmly. "You can't expect success the first time or two of trying. Nor have I made a pun; I do not make puns." He cut another slice of compressed ox.

"I give it up, too," said Talbot.

"You might be a little clearer," suggested William. "Has Mr. Lauriston made a pun? He didn't look that sort of man."

"A pun," said Majendie, "is a thing which in the whole course of my——"

Charles broke in upon the impending reminiscence. "Exactly so," he said suavely; "pills are more in your line. But the fact is that I have mislaid my Gladstone bag. I have reason to believe that you people are not ignorant of its whereabouts, and I shall be obliged if you will let me share your knowledge." He poured out the remainder of the bottle.

"Your Gladstone bag?" echoed the Admiral blankly.

"You haven't got a Gladstone bag," said Talbot with a ring of conviction in his tones.

"I have," Charles replied, "or rather I had. I expect shortly to be in need of it, and therefore I shall be gratified by its early return." Unconsciously Charles's politeness assumed a literary complexion.

"Has he got a Gladstone bag?" Majendie enquired of William.

"No," said William with unusual firmness.

Charles turned to him. "You may remember," he said, "that yesterday afternoon I was wearing a blue suit. That suit is inside the Gladstone bag."

Majendie exchanged a quick glance with William, whose face at once assumed an expression of guileless surprise. "A blue suit?" he returned. "You haven't got a blue suit. None of us have," he added in momentary compunction.

Charles's tone became slightly weary. "Perhaps *you* can recall the circumstance," he said to the Admiral. But the Admiral could remember nothing of it.

"What have you been drinking?" asked Talbot bluntly, thinking it about time for Majendie to take the lead.

"Beer," answered Charles indicating the empty bottle beside

him ; " but one bottle does not make a drunkard, as you seem to imply. It may be that you see two bottles."

" No," said Talbot, " there is but one bottle there ; but neither does one bottle make an imaginary Gladstone bag. What did they give you at the other camp ?"

Charles ignored the question and lit a cigarette nonchalantly. His tremendous calm was not without its impressiveness. Majendie did not like the look of it ; his professional instinct awoke, and he adjusted his eyeglasses, the better to diagnose the case. " I fancy you've been overdoing it a bit, old man, haven't you ?" he said in the bedside manner. " Coming down from London one's apt to overlook the force of the sun."

" Thanks, I feel extremely fit," Charles returned unmoved. A strong determination was working within him. He was the victim of a conspiracy, but he would wreak a summary vengeance in the way that would embarrass the conspirators most. It would not be long, he knew, before the means would lie ready to his hand.

" All the same," continued Majendie persuasively, " I should take it easy this afternoon. Keep in the shade till tea-time ; then you'll feel better still. I'll give you a dose this evening."

" Much obliged to you," said Charles. " I won't overwork myself. I shall just find my Gladstone bag, and then I shall pay a call. I shall very likely bring some ladies back to tea," he said to William as he rose.

Talbot looked after him as he departed. " It'll take some finding," he observed. " If he doesn't pay his call till he's got his clothes, we shan't be worried with ladies' society much."

" He may be driven into going as he is," suggested the Admiral.

" Then there will be no way out of it," was the determined answer ; " we shall have to move to some other spot."

(To be continued.)

NELSON THE CIVILISER

THERE goes about the world the story of an old gentleman who had known the Navy in the days of Nelson and the Nile. In his latter years he was asked by the children of his family to tell them something about the heroes he had seen. "Why," said he, "the officers were barely human, and the men were fiends." The old gentleman was plainly a lover of phrases, and had perhaps learnt how to put things strongly from the naval acquaintances of his youth. Yet the Navy as he saw it was rough, and supplied him with at any rate a basis of solid fact for his lurid judgment. The Captain Corbet of the *AFRICAINE*, whose death gave rise to the legend that his crew had revenged themselves on him by refusing to fight when brought to action by a French frigate, might not unjustly be described as barely human. It would be flattery to say even so much of that Captain Pigot of the *HERMIONE* whose men avenged themselves on him like very fiends. Unhappily the dreadful story of the *HERMIONE* had a shocking sequel. The gallant Hamilton, who retook her, had in after years to appear before a court-martial, and to be found guilty by his brother captains of acts of negro ferocity. A collection of such tales, true, though they do not give the whole truth concerning the Navy, might with moderate industry be compiled from the dusty volumes in the Record Office which contain the minutes of courts-martial. We need not dwell upon them, or quote Captain Hervey of the *SUPERBE* (the possible original of Smollett's *Oakum*) to prove what cannot honestly be denied,—namely that the hard life of the sea which trained the better men to heroic endurance, brutalised the worse, till they were capable of such actions as we only hear of to-day in the criminal courts. These extremes were the exception even in the Navy of the eighteenth century; but in the world in which they were possible, and not very uncommon, there must

have been a prevailing hardness, or else they would not have been thinkable.

It may be laid down as a rule that in the sea-service of the times when crews were made up by the use of the press-gang, and by drafting prisoners from the jails, authority was exercised to the utmost, and in the hardest spirit, by the officers over the men, by the captain over the officers, by the admiral over the captains. An anonymous pamphleteer who had served under Rodney, and admired him, has told how he saw Sir George walking in solitary grandeur up and down the starboard side of his quarter-deck at St. Eustatia wearing the red ribbon of the Bath which had just been sent out to him from home, and surveying his fleet and his Dutch prizes with the haughty superiority proper to a British admiral. This solitary figure, commanding, and intensely conscious that his relation to all about him was one of superior, whose word was not to be disputed, amid inferiors who were to hear and obey, was the typical officer, admiral or captain, of the old Navy. He had no equal in his fleet or in his ship, and according to the strict social law of the service he was not to speak to a subordinate save to give an order. Human nature will not endure, at least not with impunity, the torture of solitary confinement. We have the story of one gentleman, promoted rather late in life, who endeavoured to act up to the standard always held before him when he was a lieutenant. He was by nature of a genial disposition, and the strain drove him during a long voyage with a convoy to the East Indies to the verge of madness. Admiral Mends, who had seen the survivors of this world, spoke of the strong characters formed by the separation and isolation of the old Navy; but the strength was not always wholesome, and neither was it always consistent. The man who would not treat his officers as gentlemen with whom he could safely relax, had not infrequently the misfortune to fall under the influence of toadies. Hood assures us that Rodney did, and indeed there is abundant evidence for Smollett's Mackshane. The great St. Vincent, the last of the old admirals, might be quoted as a case in point. A modest share of criticism will show any student that he was led by the nose by the obsequious Tucker into such mistakes as approving of the persecution of Sir Home Popham, who was very well able to take care of himself. And St. Vincent would serve as a useful example for anyone who wished to prove

that Fanny Burney was not far wrong when she drew Captain Mirvan, and when, on further acquaintance with naval officers, she refused to repent of him. There was a love of tormenting, a joy as of a school bully in cracking the whip, in inflicting pain, and in inspiring terror about St. Vincent which is all Captain Mirvan. When he promoted good officers and took care of the health of his men, it was solely because a good workman likes good tools, and keeps them fit for service.

It was into this society that Nelson came, bringing with him a spirit never known till then. If the question is put, what did Nelson do which was of most permanent value to the Navy? the answer might be, and in my opinion ought to be, something like this: he made it possible for the officers and men of the Navy to think of themselves as something other than instruments in the hand of the admiral; and he made it possible for the admiral, without loss of authority, to tell his subordinates that he expected them not only to obey, but to co-operate, and that he looked to see their obedience rendered with freedom and independence within their sphere. The tradition of discipline had been firmly established at the time when he hoisted his flag. There was no longer any need to insist that subordination was, according to a once common phrase, "the pivot on which the service turned." But that was the case before his day. Yet St. Vincent always "took a hatchet," as Nelson himself put it, and loved to flourish that weapon. More than intelligence was required to teach an admiral that the service he had a right to demand would be better rendered by men who could be trusted to think for themselves, and to interpret the essential meaning of their instructions.

That "something else," which was quite beyond the ken of such able men as Rodney or St. Vincent, was in the main nothing other than a predisposition to think well of all men, and a wish to earn their good will. This kindness of nature and desire for affection might have been found in a weak man, and then they would have been mischievous, if by any unhappy chance he had been placed in high command. But in Nelson they were combined with a visible and towering superiority. National partiality could hardly be foolish enough to rank him with Cæsar. There have been great captains of much more manly intellect than his; but he had some of the qualities which Savile-Benne noted as belonging to those who are "in all truth the Sons of

Venus," the men born to lead by a certain virtue which goes out of them. The Duke of Clarence, William the Fourth in after times, was raised above himself when he told Clarke and McArthur of his first meeting with Nelson, then the merest boy of a captain with lank unpowdered hair, and a dress which "added to the general quaintness of his appearance," but "irresistibly pleasing in his address, and conversation, and an enthusiasm, when speaking on professional subjects, that showed he was no common being." The Duke was not, perhaps, a man of uncommon powers of observation, but at least he shows us the wish to earn, and the capacity to secure affection, combined with the contagious fire of temperament, which made Nelson the unsurpassed leader of men that he was. His biographers, and injudicious admirers at large, may be misled by the mistaken belief that brains are the main qualification of a great commander, not sometimes, which is true, but always, which is false. Holding that erroneous faith, they may insist upon asking the world to admire his intellect, and may make the familiar and tiresome abuse of those well-worn words, tactics and strategy. His correspondence is there, to be compared with Wellington's, or Marlborough's, or Napoleon's, or for that matter Wolfe's, and to show that his strength did not lie in his intellect. Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who had served with him and knew him, and also knew Wellington and Napoleon, was wiser than the undiscerning crowd of historians when he said that of the three "Nelson was the man to love." All the witnesses of masculine sense, whom we have to appeal to, agree with Sir Pulteney Malcolm. They could see the quaintness which struck the Duke of Clarence, and were by no means blind to his weaknesses, his vanity, his fits of nerves, his insatiable appetite for flattery. Lord Minto declared that he was in many ways a baby. But there are two points upon which all agree,—that he was a superb fighter, and that he won the affection of all who ever came near him, and won it because he asked for it.

The stories of his kindness have been told by every biographer from Southey to Captain Mahan. How he climbed to the mast-head of the *BOREAS* to encourage a nervous youngster, and how he carried his middies with him into society, and held it to be his duty to introduce them to good company because they had few to look up to besides himself, we know from Mrs. Hughes, the wife of his admiral in the West Indies who came out with him as

a passenger in the frigate. We may guess that the climb up the rigging of the *BOREAS* was a solitary incident, and also remember that Nelson was at the time only six and twenty. But the "goodness of heart of our dearly beloved Hero," to quote Mrs. Hughes again, which prompted an act probably without parallel before or since on the part of any captain, remained unchanged to the end, except in the one passage of his life in which he was beyond all question utterly callous. One need hardly add that the exception was his treatment of his wife, and that it is of the kind which proves the rule. Nelson was then possessed body and soul by that passion, at once sincere and grotesque, which bound him to Emma Hamilton. He fell on the side he leaned to. But nothing ever came between him and his seamen of all ranks. During the Baltic campaign,—that is to say when the story of his domestic unhappiness was at its worst and when his mind was racked with not unmerited pain, Colonel Stewart noted that he always invited the midshipmen of the morning watch to breakfast, fed them well, and larked with them like a boy among boys. He lived with his captains as no admiral had ever done before. It was not that he merely invited them to dinner. St. Vincent had done as much as that, and had occasionally found a relief from the strain of responsibility in horse-play in the company of his inferiors. There was apt, however, to be an element of coarse, not to say cruel, practical joking in the expansions of St. Vincent's jocularities; it would have lost its savour for him if there had not been. But it was Nelson's wish that he and his captains should form "a band of brothers." The phrase as we know was his own, and if as it stands it has a slight flavour of sentimentality, we have only to translate it into the "fair fellowship of Joyeuse Garde" to put it in the proper light.

Nelson, then, desired to be liked, and that all who served under him should be moved to do their best for the love of him; and he had his wish. "You ask me," wrote Captain Duff of the *MARS*, who was killed at Trafalgar, "about Lord Nelson, and how I like him. I have already answered that question as every person must do that ever served under him. He is so good, and pleasant a man, that we all wish to do what he likes, without any kind of orders." It is at least a tenable proposition that no higher praise was ever given to a commander than these simple words of Captain Duff. One can imagine something of the same kind being said, with a touch of condescension, of a general or admiral

who was such a good fellow that his subordinates were always willing to pull him through. But nobody could condescend to the "shaker of the Baltic and the Nile." Nelson inspired his followers and put into them a passionate longing to do their very best that they might help him to glory. Their devotion was the return he received for the affection he gave. Codrington, who commanded the *ORION* at Trafalgar, had some unpleasant traits in his character. Lady Bouchier, when she compiled the biography of her father, cannot have realised what a poor figure he cut when he made querulous complaints of Collingwood's neglect of him, and had then to confess that he was quite wrong, and that the admiral had behaved very kindly towards him. But Codrington has left a testimony to Nelson as valuable as Captain Duff's. "Is Lord Nelson coming out to us again?" he wrote on the 4th September 1805. "I anxiously hope he may be; that I may once in my life see a commander-in-chief endeavouring to make a hard and disagreeable service as palatable to those serving under him as circumstances will admit of, and keeping up by his example that animation so necessary for such an occasion." "Lord Nelson," he writes on the 29th, "is arrived. A sort of general joy has been the consequence." And perhaps we have Nelson here as fully as any man ever described him,—the care for the happiness of all about him, not that they might rest on it, but that he might fire them to the utmost exertion—and on their part the "joy" in such a leader.

It would be impossible to exaggerate, and it is not easy to define, the influence which such a model must have had on the service. We know what Nelson was not called upon to do. He was not asked to make the Navy efficient; that work had been done for him during sixty years by a long succession of chiefs, beginning with Anson and ending with Jervis. It was not even to show us how to win decisive victories at sea. Nelson, again because of the hold he sought for and obtained on the affection of his service and his countrymen, has obscured his predecessors. When we look at the facts alone it is difficult to see in what essential the battle of Trafalgar differed from Camperdown. We had the larger fleet when we fought the Dutch, and also the tougher enemy, and that is really all the difference. But one thing he did which no other man ever attempted. He made the spirit of cheerful obedience honourable, and he showed admirals how to obtain the most zealous obedience, by a

method very different from Rodney's idea of keeping his officers in their place and making them do their duty. The old admirals both spoke and acted as if they assumed that men would fail, or would disobey, unless they were restrained by terror. Nelson's assumption was that everyone would do his duty, and his reliance made it seem incredible to men that they should not.

The passing away of the old brutal spirit of the Navy began in his life. To say that it was wholly his work would be to fall into the kind of mistake which is customary with his biographers, —some of whom at least show a comic incapacity to write of Horatio Nelson (an erring and in some ways a limited man), as if he were not a male admiral at all but a Dulcinea del Toboso, peerless and alone excellent. The world was growing more humane, and then, to tell the plain truth, the "breeze at Spithead" and the outbreak at the Nore had given all men in authority a lesson. They had learnt that callous neglect and unfeeling exaction will produce a revolt of the human animal, and they had in consequence begun to remove the worst grievances of the sailors. None the less, though Nelson was neither the originator, nor the sole workman of the reform, his share in it was great. He did not hesitate to say openly that his heart was with the sailors who mutinied at Spithead, because he knew their cause to be just. It was the consequence of a natural kindness of heart that he wished to be fair, and to have a happy ship, a happy fleet, about him ; and with this spirit, which was unknown to the generation before him, he showed how very possible it was for an admiral to win victories of unprecedented completeness. After his day no man could any longer assert that fear alone would keep order. The change was not made in a day or wholly in his life. When, after the conclusion of the Napoleonic War, the rule that a punishment-book should be kept was established in the Navy, it was said that flogging at once diminished by a half. Croker, who was not a sentimental man, told a young captain that the Admiralty did not like officers who had a long punishment-list ; it was the proof of their fitness for command that they could keep their ships in good order without it. And if one of them had answered that the thing could not be done, he could have been bidden to remember Nelson.

DAVID HANNAY.

AS OTHERS SEE IT

(A SKETCH IN OLD SERVIA)

WE sat in the Archimandrite's little room, high up in the big, white-washed monastery : the Archimandrite, dark, dignified, keen-eyed, in long black robe and crimson sash, with a gold cross on his breast ; the Montenegrin schoolmaster, a tall Vassoievich man from the Bloody Frontier ; the Montenegrin merchant, hook-nosed, with clear grey eyes, travelled and much experienced in things Balkan ; the Servian schoolmaster ; my Montenegrin guide, Marko, gay in his crimson and blue national costume,—and myself, the only non-Slavonic member of the party. Nature has ordained that betwixt the various human races there should be gulfs that cannot be fathomed and chasms that cannot be bridged ; but there is one universal law that holds good everywhere. It is always polite to offer and accept drinks. We drank to one another's good health in beer or cognac according to taste, and as we were on Turkish territory, black coffee was inevitable.

Below, in the courtyard round the white church, surged a dense and parti-coloured crowd of peasants,—folk from Bosnia, the Herzegovina, Montenegro, Servia—men, women and children, gorgeous in gala dress ; gold embroidery, silver breast-plates, coin necklaces, peacocks' feathers, bizarre and gaudy artificial flowers, made at home from snippets of Berlin wool and tissue paper, all blazed together in the sunshine. It was Troitzan Dan (Whit-Sunday), when pilgrims flock to the monastery church from all the Servian-speaking lands, and they comprise the larger part of the Balkan peninsula. The valley rang with national songs and the shrill note of the double pipe. Each sang what pleased him best, regardless of his neighbours, and the effect was more hilarious than musical. Beer and rakija flowed freely.

"The nation," said the Archimandrite, "is enjoying itself to-day ; but it is the most unfortunate in all Europe."

"That is true," said the Servian schoolmaster emphatically. "There is no nation for whom Europe has so little pity, and no nation to whom she owes more. When the Turk came into the Balkan peninsula the Serbs were the last to fall. They stood between the Turk and Europe. It was over their bodies that he made his way : when he attacked Vienna it was the Serb refugees in Hungary that helped Austria to force him back ; and of all the conquered peoples, the Serbs, led by Karageorge a hundred years ago, were the first to fight free. Europe owes the Serbs much ; they turned back the Turk."

"We were never, never taken," said Marko eagerly. He is a Njegush man, and intensely proud of the fact that of all the Balkan people the Serbs of Montenegro were never conquered and no Turk ever entered Njegush. "They asked us for poll-tax and maidens for their dirty Pashas, and we gave them powder and shot. And," he went on, turning to the Vassoievich schoolmaster, "you never paid tax either."

The Vassoievich laughed. "Till Europe allowed us to be Montenegrin after the war of 1876-77 we paid tax to nobody. We were quite wild, as the mountain Albanians are now. There were Turks between us and Montenegro then and we could not join our own people. Unluckily the gentlemen diplomatists of Berlin knew nothing at all about us ; they cut our land in half ; half the clan they freed, and the rest they handed over to the Turks. Now they wonder that there is always trouble on that frontier. The lot of our brothers under the Turk is harder than before, and we are forbidden to help them. Europe would say Montenegro was causing trouble in the Balkans and would intervene. They are disarmed and helpless."

"She knows," said Marko ; "she has been there."

I remembered very vividly the blank misery of that most unhappy corner of all the Sultan's European lands. People in England talk much about Macedonia, but the state of Macedonia is blissful compared to that of corners in Old Servia.

"It is just two years ago since I was there," said I. "How is it now, and what about the reform scheme ?"

"The reform scheme," replied the Archimandrite snapping

his fingers, "isn't worth—that. Things were bad enough before ; they are worse now. Extra money has to be raised to pay these fine foreign officers, and the taxes were already high. You were in Macedonia last year,"—he looked at me sharply—"I wonder if you know what these officers do."

"I was told," I answered cautiously, "that they ate and drank in their quarters and did not trouble themselves otherwise. Of one I heard that he knew no Balkan language and had no dragoman. Certainly the state of the country is no better."

"Of course it isn't," said the schoolmaster ; "it was never intended to be."

"The plain truth is," said the merchant, "Russia wants Constantinople and Austria Salonika ; neither wishes peace in the Balkans. Europe looks on while they intrigue one against the other, and the Serb people suffer martyrdom. That is the whole story. Now comes this terrible news about the Russian fleet. If it be true, as I fear, Russia can do nothing here. Austria thinks it is her chance. Here, where we are now, the land, though the population is entirely Serb, is recognised by Europe as Turkish, but Austria is on the doorstep with her army. She works night and day to excite a Moslem attack on the Serb Christians, works quietly and silently, and smuggles weapons in pieces into the country to arm the Moslems against us. That is how Austria works reform. When the rising begins Austria hopes for Europe's permission to march in and quiet it. When Europe says, 'Pray walk in, gentlemen,' the Turk will not dare raise a finger, and Austria will be several days' march nearer Salonika. That is the sort of reform we are taxed for."

"The wrath of God," said the Archimandrite, "has fallen upon Russia. She has forgotten her brother Slavs, and has gone out to heathen lands where she had no business. A curse has fallen upon her. That is my opinion."

"Russia," said the merchant bitterly, "does not care about her 'brother Slavs' ; she only wants Constantinople. Servia is not on the road to Constantinople, and she does not trouble about us. And Europe has lied to us and broken faith. In 1877, after five centuries of tyranny, the Turk was crushed. The Serb people hoped to be free at last. Of all, the Herzegovinians had fought most gallantly : they were heroes, the Herzegovinians, and they had won freedom ; but Europe gave them to Austria,—to Austria, of all countries ! What business has Austria in the Balkans at

all? A small, a very small part of the land only was freed, and is now Montenegrin. Europe said that Austria would arrange and set right the land for a few years only, for twenty-five years. It was hateful to the people, and they would not lay down their arms at first; but they believed that Europe would keep faith with them, and they were persuaded to do so in a luckless hour. Austria has filled her pockets well."

"Had they known," cried Marko, "that it was a lie, the Herzegovinians would have all died fighting on the mountains before they gave up a single weapon."

"The twenty-five years are past," said the schoolmaster, "and far from retiring, the Austrians are now preparing to advance. The fight last week near Bielopolje was incited by them, and meant for a beginning."

The said fight was an attack upon the Serb peasantry by Moslems, in which sixteen Christian Serbs were killed and two women carried off. The forcible abduction of Christian women is only too common in this unhappy district. The Serbs avenged themselves by firing a Moslem village, and the Moslems retorted by burning a Christian one. The rising, which looked ominous, was subdued by Nizams sent hastily to the spot. A very small spark will suffice to fire the Balkans, and the excitement was wild. In the Montenegrin village where I happened to be at the time, news came flying that the Turks were over the frontier and war inevitable. We mobilised the local force with a swiftness that was a sight to see, had our men on the border within six hours of the alarm, telegraphed for a doctor in case of casualties,—and prayed that the news was true and that the Turks would open the ball; but they did not.

"And you believe," I asked the company, "that this rising was incited by Austria?"

"We are quite certain of it," they replied.

Marko's ideas run principally on deeds of daring, and he values a man entirely according to his thews and sinews. "I don't believe the Austrian army is worth much," he said valiantly; "I don't believe it could fight the Turks. Look at the officers. What is the use of a man who goes into battle with a skinful of beer in front of him? It is a disgrace to a man to stick out in front like that. The Turks are beasts, but they are all thin and hard."

"Austria doesn't fight," said the Archimandrite. "She was well beaten by Italy and Germany. She doesn't fight now; she

gets all she wants by plotting and scheming ; she never tells the truth and Europe believes all she says. The land swarms with Austrian spies."

"So far as I have seen myself," said I, "Russia is trying to buy one half the Balkan peninsula and Austria the other. I observed a pretty definite line last year dividing the spheres they each work in."

"And that is the truth," said the merchant.

"Thank God," added the schoolmaster, "we have now in Servia a good King with a Servian heart! Had Alexander lived three more years Servia would have been Austrian. He was a traitor ; from the moment he married the woman Draga he was lost ; all Servia was in her hands, and she would sell anything and everything."

"But for the Serb people it was a misfortune," I ventured to say, "that Alexander and Draga died in the way they did. It put all Serbs in a bad position in the eyes of Europe." I did not expect anyone to agree with me, but I wanted to hear what they would say. I have haunted Serb lands now for some time, and having been all through Servia just a year before Alexander's fall had heard and seen enough to understand the nation's attitude. The reply came quickly.

"It would have been even worse for Servia had they lived. It was hideous, if you please, but it was necessary. Desperate diseases need strong remedies. It will be many years before Servia recovers from the Obrenovitch rule. Why cannot Europe understand? The court was a disgrace to all Europe. Do you know what sort of a woman Draga was?"

"Yes, yes," I replied hastily, for the Balkan man when excited is apt to call a spade something more than a spade, and I had already had a sufficiency of unpleasing anecdotes forced upon me.

"For the sake of peace and to save a revolution," said the schoolmaster, "Servia bore much ; but it would not be sold to Austria by a bad woman. Make them understand that in England. Austria planned for years and years and almost succeeded ; but not quite, thank God! Tell that in England. Now Austria is furious ; the plans of twenty-five years have failed ; the Serb nation is entirely with King Peter ; there was no revolution, as Austria hoped. Why will not England recognise our King that we have chosen, and help us against Austria? The King's position is very difficult. Austria works perpetually to

spread falsehoods against him, and she will never cease doing so. The latest thing is that a newspaper, financed by Austria and printed in Austria, has tried to create a quarrel between the two free Servian lands, Montenegro and Serbia, by circulating libels about Prince Nikola. Thank God, Prince Nikola has brains! The lies have been entirely disproved, and the plot has failed. The bitter thing to us, who are patriots, is that these tales get into European papers and are believed. Look at the land where we are now. Everyone, whether Christian or Moslem, speaks Serb only and is of Serb blood. If this piece of land between Serbia and Montenegro could only be given to us and set free, and Serbia and Montenegro made one, it would be our salvation. Serbia could export its goods freely, for Montenegro has a coast and ports. But Austria will not allow this; she wishes to strangle Serbia. Now almost all Servian trade must go through Austria and pay,—pay so heavily—it is death to Serbia. But hard as is our position, it is better now than it was. We have a King with a Servian heart, and we can hope.”

I have met those who regretted the manner of Alexander's end, but never one who regarded it as other than an event necessary for the nation's salvation, a casting out of abominations. And the crude pictures of Draga's last minutes that adorn the cottages and are inscribed, *Where would Serbia be if this Sodom and Gomorrah had been allowed to continue?* sufficiently indicate the popular point of view. Things look so different in different lights.

“They say now,” said the schoolmaster, “that a great Bulgarian propaganda is being worked in England. It will be a terrible misfortune for all the Balkan Slavs if England believes the tales of charlatans, and supports one Slav race for the destruction of the other.”

“To me,” said I, “it seems a great misfortune that Serbia and Bulgaria cannot work together.”

“It is a very great misfortune. Bulgarian chauvinism is ruining everything. Bulgaria claims all and each. A huge amount of money is spent on the propaganda.”

“I know,” said I. “Who pays?”

“God knows! But this is true. Bulgaria now is trying to work a Bulgar propaganda in Old Serbia,—Old Serbia, the heart of the Serb nation! This is too much. Montenegro schoolmasters, who are known to be good teachers, have been offered

good pay to turn Bulgar and work the propaganda in the Serb schools here. Fortunately they are good patriots and have refused to sell their nation. Bulgaria buys bishoprics of the Turks, and the bishops work only politics."

This I knew from experience to be true. I told how his Grace the Bishop of Ochrida would not even send a priest to the funeral of an unfortunate orphan whose parents had died in the late insurrection, until assured that I would pay.

"Just like the Bulgarian Church," was the comment. "Everyone knows that man, and the one at Istih is as bad."

"The Slav people of Macedonia," said the Archimandrite, "are in truth neither Serb nor Bulgar. The two races meet there and the dialect is mixed. What did you think they were?"

"When a British Consul asked me that question," said I, "I replied that if I had £50,000 a year and were free to act, most of them would soon be English."

"And by God you answered truly!" said the merchant. "These poor people only want to be freed from the Turk; anyone can buy them who has enough money. Serb and Bulgar ought to work together to free them. The violent anti-Serb propaganda, worked by Bulgaria, weakens the whole position and prevents the liberation of the land. Ferdinand of Bulgaria wants to be king of wide lands; he cares nothing at all about the Slav race; he is ready to give Serbia to Austria in order to gain his own ends; he is a *Schwab* [a contemptuous term for a German] and they are all alike, sly like cats; they plot and crawl in the dark when no one sees. Ferdinand is a fool. He would ruin the Slav people for his own advantage; but if he thinks he will reign in Constantinople he is much mistaken. He never will; he exists so long as Russia wishes; when Russia gives the word,—good-bye, Ferdinand! There will never be peace in the Balkans till a disinterested nation, that does not want territory, intervenes. Austria, Russia, and Italy only incite the people one against the other for their own purposes. The Turk must go, and the Balkans belong to the Balkan people."

"The Turk also assists in exciting racial differences," I suggested.

"No, not now: he used to; but it is all now done by the Reforming Powers. The Turk knows very well that another general war would be fatal to him. He would be only too glad

to have the land quiet ; but he is quite powerless. He cannot learn ; he never has learned. He cannot reform ; he never has reformed. Things now are entirely beyond his control. A Turk is always a Turk ; you can do nothing with him except send him back to Asia. You can send him to school, to London, or Paris, or Vienna,—I have known so many, so very many : they came back apparently civilised and with liberal ideas ; but in six months they were more Turkish than the rest. Everything European was washed off, as is paint off a woman's face in a rain-storm."

"The Moslems here," said the Vassoievich man, turning to me and laughing, "are greatly excited about you. They do not believe you are a woman. In the bazar this morning there was a report that you were either a Russian consul, or the son of Prince Nikola of Montenegro, in disguise."

"That's the fault of that cursed gendarme who came with us from the frontier," cried Marko. "He brought us by the hell of a track. The Gospodjitzza's horse fell in a mud-hole. She jumped off at once and snatched the saddle-bags to save her things from the wet, and the pig of a gendarme, instead of going to help get the horse up, stood there and cried, 'That's a man, I swear !' But the Turks dare not do anything to her ; they are afraid of the British fleet. It is extraordinary ! By God, I never knew what a great Power England is till I saw her drinking coffee with the Pasha himself, and he as polite as you please !"

Marko, till he saw this wondrous sight, had thought of Pashas only as cutters off of heads and abductors of Christian women, and he has not even yet recovered from his amazement.

As for the Pasha, a grey-bearded diplomatist, he hailed me with as much enthusiasm as did the Serbs ; for he too had a point of view which he wished explained in England and he also wanted information.

"It is a great pleasure," he said in excellent French, "to welcome an English lady here. I am a good Ottoman, and England has always been our friend in difficulty. Here, Mademoiselle, I am in a very difficult position ; you can scarcely realise how difficult ; but I try to do my duty. The land is, as of course you know, Turkish : this was decided by the Berlin Conference ; but here are the Austrians on the very doorstep, indeed inside the house. We of course govern, but their soldiers are here,

there, everywhere. And, Mademoiselle, they are not yet satisfied ; they are trying to advance."

"Are they indeed?" said I.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, I assure you. Oh what a position is mine! On one side the Servians, always plotting against us ; on the other side the savage Montenegrins ; on the third side the Austrians. I assure you it is very difficult for me."

"I can well believe it," said I.

"England however has always been our friend. I trust she will see justice done. Mademoiselle," he continued sweetly, "you have come through Montenegro. I should very much like to know what there is in Montenegro now."

"Stones and mountains, your Excellency," said I.

"Yes," said the Pasha with an expressive wave of the hand, "that I know, Mademoiselle. But—what are the Montenegrins doing just now?"

"Cultivating the land and taking their sheep to the mountains, Excellency."

"And—er—er—you find it a quiet land to travel in?"

"Perfectly," said I. "No gendarmes are required there." And the subject dropped.

Nor were the Serbs and the Pasha the only ones who had a point of view. Austria, too, was exercised as to the functions of a British subject in a district ear-marked as Austrian in future. The consul hastened to call ; so did a decorative officer in a uniform that dazzled Marko. They were both extremely affable, and inquisitive. It surprised them, they said, that an Englishwoman should travel among the Serbs ; they had not been aware England took any interest in such people. They made minute enquiries as to the extent of my wanderings. The consul had travelled pretty extensively ; that is to say he had explored the greater part of "the Austrian sphere" ; most Austrian consuls in the Balkans have. I had however out-travelled him ; he would much like particulars. I recommended him strongly to go and see for himself those most interesting places. He and the officer both said they were glad I had come, because now I could tell England how very much better the land was when regulated by Austria. They were much puzzled, however, as to the reason of my travels. "It cannot be for pleasure," said the consul ; "the life is most frightfully hard, as I know."

"Why do *you* travel then?" said I.

"Oh," said the consul, "I am very fond of travelling."

"And so am I," I replied.

Nor did either of us extract much information from the other. Both officer and consul, however, assured me of the great affection Austria bears to Great Britain, and how the nations of the world admire England's sense of justice; and repeating that my visit had afforded them great satisfaction, because I could report truly the state of affairs, they took their leave.

Thus did the oldest inhabitant the Serb, the conqueror the Turk, and the man who would fain succeed him the Austrian, tell their tales to a wandering Briton. And I said to myself: "Truly Marko is right; England is still a very important place." And, in accordance with the request of all three, I report their conversation. But I put the Serb first, for it appears to me that the right is on his side.

M. EDITH DURHAM.

Montenegro, July, 1905.

BREAD

BREAD, we are told, is the staff of life ; it should not, therefore, be a waste of our time to try to learn what is known of it, and of the wheat and flour which are to make it. And yet, although we all live more or less by bread, there is hardly any subject upon which the ordinary public are more profoundly ignorant.

According to the returns of the Board of Trade, bread and flour constitute nearly half of the labouring man's solid food, and it is therefore most important, from a national point of view, that each of these commodities should be produced, and that the public should know and ensure that they are produced, in as pure and nutritious a form as possible. It was with this aim that the Assize of Bread was instituted at an early age, and in the year 1202 a proclamation was made for regulating the quality and price of bread. Four "discreet" men were appointed to carry out the provisions of this law, and the pillory and tumbrel were the punishments awarded to those who broke or evaded it. It is to be feared that, were the Assize of Bread still in force, the modern system of flour-milling would to some extent infringe the enactments, and render some of our millers liable to its penalties.

Let us first briefly consider the growth and production of the cereal wheat, and notice some of the peculiarities attaching to it.

It is a tender annual requiring constant attention, and if left uncared for, and uncultivated, dies out. For instance, let a field be sown with wheat and then let it be neglected ; the wheat plant will grow up and shed its grain, and this may possibly survive a mild winter, but in the course of two or three years there will be no trace left of the crop, nor of the plant. Very different is this from the herbage for cattle, which grows everywhere unasked, and which covers very quickly any waste ground. Again, it is not only a tender annual, but it is remarkable for

the very wide range of latitude in which it will grow. It is cultivated in the hot plains of India; it grows in the cold of Siberia, and even within two hundred and fifty miles of Klondike. It is believed there is no other plant which is adapted to such great changes.

Wheat requires the ground to be prepared for it, thus involving an enormous amount of labour. To till even one acre with furrows twelve inches apart compels the ploughman with his plough and team to travel eight miles and a half; if the field be fifty acres in area, it entails a journey of four hundred and twenty-five miles. The grain has then to be drilled into the soil, and the field has to be rolled and harrowed. When the time of harvest arrives it has to be reaped, gathered and stored, threshed, and ground into flour. Finally it has to be baked and made into bread to gladden the heart of man. We are told that "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and this is strictly and literally true.

It is noticeable that the value of a crop of wheat depends, not only upon the quality and quantity of the grain, but also to some extent upon the crisp, bright, glassy character of the straw. The straw-hat trade of Luton and Dunstable, and other places in the neighbourhood, depends upon the fact that the straw used for plaiting is grown on adjacent chalk land. The plant has great affinity for the silica in the chalk and flints, and uses it for coating the outside of the stalk with that beautiful glass-pipe covering. And it is due to this fact that America, although she grows such enormous quantities of wheat upon her alluvial lands (having no chalk land), has to send to England for straw, through which her people consume their iced drinks, the straw being stiff and air-tight, and therefore more suitable for the purpose than their own.

The question of handling large quantities of grain in America and elsewhere is an extremely interesting one, and an effort is now being made on a large scale to introduce into other countries the system which is in operation in the United States and Canada. The subject, however, is of too technical a character to be more than very briefly referred to here.

In the United States are certain Government officials known as graders, whose business it is to value, or grade, all wheat, according to its quality, under certain numbers. A farmer bringing his grain to a railway station in the Far West obtains a

certificate for so many bushels, say of No. 1 or No. 2, and this enables him, without waiting for the transportation of his own particular wheat to New York and elsewhere, a journey occupying days and even weeks, to claim an equivalent quantity of grain of equivalent quality at a moment's notice in New York, Chicago, and other ports. By this means he is able immediately to realise the value of his crop.

The wheat is transmitted in due course and is warehoused ready for shipment in grain-elevators, which are large rectangular buildings of great height, consisting of vertical bins, some of which are a hundred feet in depth. Large steamers come alongside and can be loaded with grain in bulk to the extent of three to four thousand tons in twelve hours. Endless horizontal belts of india-rubber, twenty-four to thirty-six inches in width, travelling at high speed, convey the grain from bin to ship at the rate of four hundred and fifty tons an hour on a single belt; and Jacob's ladders, which are endless vertical belts fitted with buckets, lift the grain from the basement, or from railway trucks, to the top of the granary, whence it is distributed in any direction desired, No. 1 quality going into its proper bin and other qualities into theirs.

Let us next consider the constituents of a single grain of wheat,—the seed of the wheat plant—the principal and all important ingredient in every loaf of bread. If a grain of wheat be cut in half and examined under a microscope, it will be found that beneath the outer covering which constitutes the bran and "sharps" there are two divisions. The larger one of these contains the white substance or flour, and the smaller, the germ or embryo of the future plant. It is the germ that provides in great measure the colour, the flavour, and the nourishment of the wheat. It is rich in proteid, or fat, and its presence or absence in the flour makes all the difference between bread which is palatable and nutritious and that which is tasteless and indigestible.

From the earliest ages until comparatively modern times, our ancestors had the wisdom so to grind the grain that the resulting flour contained the white substance as well as the nutritious elements of the germ. To this end they employed horizontal running stones,—the upper and nether mill-stones of the Bible. From these issued a flour, wholesome and full of nutriment, but in colour, owing to the golden tinge of the seed-germ contained

in it, not a dead white. This was the flour which for centuries went to make the good old fashioned home-made bread which our ancestors used, and which went to make our ancestors what they were.

Many of us can remember the introduction about thirty years ago of "Pure White Hungarian Flour," and how it originated the demand, first of our housekeepers and cooks, and afterwards of our working-classes, for white bread. To enable the baker to supply this very white bread to the public, it became necessary for the miller to supply the baker with white flour. This could not be achieved by the use of the old-fashioned horizontal grindstones, which by disintegrating the germ tinted the flour. It became obvious to the miller that, to produce the white flour demanded, the colouring germ must be eliminated from it, and this he has succeeded in doing most effectually. The old upper and nether stones are put on one side, and for the production of white flour steel roller-mills are substituted. These steel rollers do not crush or disintegrate the germ; their mission is to roll it out into little discs, which do not go to make the flour at all, but are sifted out from the flour by sieves of silk. The result is that the public have achieved the white or anæmic loaf, but, in doing so, they have lost the best of the nutritive element of bread. The little discs of nutriment are used for various purposes, being bought, in some cases, by certain patent bread companies, but the bulk going to feed pigs and cattle, while our children are being regaled upon the non-nutritious white loaf. The moral we can draw from it is,—“Give up the Staff of Life and eat the bacon of the pigs which have been fed upon the germ discs.”

Formerly we were perfectly satisfied with our old fashioned home-made bread, but now we have scores of different names for various breads, none of which are one whit better, and most of them many degrees worse, than the bread of old.

The following letter appeared in *THE TIMES* of August 5th, 1904 :—

SIR,—As I observe that the report of the Royal Commission on Physical Deterioration has been issued, allow me to call attention to another cause which is operating in a serious manner upon the people.

I was informed a few weeks ago by a gentleman who owns large flour mills, which produce 50,000 tons of flour annually, that the craze for white bread is being carried to such extremes that at the present moment

many of the millers are putting up expensive machinery for the purpose of actually bleaching the flour. This is being done by ozone and nitrous acid ; the object being to make an artificially white bread, and to enable grain to be used which would otherwise give a darker colour to the flour. The development of the grinding process during the last few years has been such that the old-fashioned stones have been replaced by steel rollers actuated under great pressure. The result of this is that the germ and other most nutritive constituents of the wheat are to a great extent abstracted, and the valuable character of the bread greatly reduced.

It is the opinion of many who can speak with authority on the subject that bread, instead of being as formerly the "staff of life," has become to a great degree an indigestible non-nutritive food, and that it is responsible amongst other causes for the want of bone and for the dental troubles in the children of the present generation. Some go so far as to connect it with appendicitis, and to express an opinion that the stamina of the nation is threatened.

It is doubtless true that the variety of food now obtainable in a measure compensates, in the case of those who can afford it, for this abstraction of phosphates ; but I think I am justified in stating that every medical man, if asked, will give it as his opinion that very white bread should be avoided and that "seconds" flour, now almost unprocurable, should alone be used either for bread or pastry. If the public will demand from their bakers this description of flour only, the millers will see that it is to their true interest to supply the more wholesome, the more nutritive, and by far the best flavoured material.

This letter was written after consultation with several of the leading physicians, surgeons, and chemists of London, also with dentists, millers, and bakers carrying on large businesses.

The writer recently visited some flour-mills in which one part was still using the old-fashioned stones, the other portion of the establishment being devoted to roller-grinding. The official in charge of the former said that he considered that roller-grinding and abstraction of the germ ought to be prohibited by Act of Parliament. On visiting the roller-mill, the foreman of that department, being asked what advantages accrued from roller-grinding, replied, "It makes such superior flour." To the question what he meant by superior flour, he answered, "It is much whiter." He was next asked which was the more nutritious. "That," said he, "is quite another matter." The discussion was finally clinched by the question upon which flour he fed his family, and his reply was an eloquent testimony as to the pernicious character of the entire system, for he said, "I feed them upon stone-ground flour."

Bread made from flour which contains the germ is far more

palatable and pleasant and will remain fresh for days. Such a loaf, after being kept for a fortnight, was found to be perfectly suitable for eating, for although dry on the outside, it was moist inside even after that length of time. Roller-ground flour, on the contrary, makes bread which crumbles like sawdust within a few hours, is absolutely tasteless, produces indigestion, and gives but little satisfaction in any way.

The importance of feeding the army and navy upon the most nutritious flour is a matter of national importance, and the Government should thoroughly investigate the subject, especially as the cost of the better material is no greater, and probably less, than the inferior.

It is, or rather was (for it is hoped the public are beginning to insist upon having stone-ground flour), difficult to obtain the right description of bread, and it was therefore thought possible to protect one's self and family from the evil effects by consuming brown bread; but it was discovered that brown bread, as a rule, is merely made by adding bran to the white flour.

Readers of this article should obtain a small quantity of the wheat-germ from a miller, and taste a few of the grains. No further argument will be necessary to convince them of the heinousness of the offence of abstracting this from the food of our population. It will at once bring back sweet memories of our youth, when walking through the cornfields we rubbed the ears of wheat in the palm of our hand, and enjoyed the delightful flavour of the grain. The objection has been raised that the germ renders flour rancid if kept for long; on the other hand, leading millers not only deny this, but say that flour, with the germ, will keep longer than without it.

And now on the top of all this spoiling of our bread comes this latest craze of actually bleaching the flour with chemicals and electricity in order, if possible, to get it whiter than ever. But there is another object in so doing, which is to enable inferior wheat and inferior flour, by means of a trick, to appear to the eye as of the best quality.

A most remarkable bakery exists in London which is well worthy of a visit, as it is an entirely new departure in the science of bread-making, and attention was called to it in *THE TIMES* on the 26th of last August. Wheat is brought in at one end of the building, and, after being cleaned, is ground into flour, the bran only being abstracted. The flour passes on into other

machinery and is made into dough, which is then formed into various shapes and baked into bread. The loaves are elevated by an endless belt and delivered on to the counter of the baker's shop. According to the aforesaid letter, the yield of bread-making material by this particular process is fifteen per cent. greater than by the roller system, or an increase of twenty-one loaves of four pounds each in the quantity of bread made from a quarter of wheat. In addition to this, English wheat is used in preference to foreign; the germ is retained, and the price of the bread is lower than ordinary bread. During the whole of this process it is hardly touched by hand, and the result is as stated above, that it can be sold at a lower price than the tasteless white bread of the ordinary baker, which, in consequence of the numerous siftings and fining down of the flour, is necessarily more expensive.

In conclusion, let us sum up the results of our investigation in this simple decision, that each one of us will do all in our power to combat the deterioration of our bread, and bring it back to what it was intended to be,—the Staff of Life.

Let us all, especially the working-classes, the domestic servants, the shop-keepers, and the workers in our factories, refuse to purchase this white bread; and, before purchasing at all, obtain the assurance that the bread and flour do really contain the germ, the nourishing and the most palatable portion of the wheat.

The old-fashioned flour, sometimes known as households or seconds, can still be obtained from certain mills, and, in consequence of public attention having been called to the subject, the demand is increasing. The flour-mills at Kingston-on-Thames, Dorking, Ewell, Wrexham, and some other places are still producing the proper stuff.

Finally let us recall to mind what Charles Wagner says in his interesting book *THE SIMPLE LIFE* concerning bread and wheat-fields :

By the bread that Christ broke one evening in sign of redeeming sacrifice and everlasting communion, we can say that wheat entered into its apotheosis. Nothing that concerns it is indifferent to us. What poetry in its sowing! in the black furrows, to which laborious hands are confiding the bread of the morrow . . . From the day that it comes out of the earth to the last rays of the October sun, throughout the long sleep of winter, the awakening in the spring, to the harvest in August, our anxious

attention follows the evolution of the tender green blade, destined to become the nourishment of men. In time it is a swelling sea of green, constellated with poppies and the blue cornflower. . . . In July the fields look like gold, and when the wind blows the stalks together we seem already to hear the grain running in the bushel measures. The bread sings in it in fine weather; but if the horizon darkens a shiver runs through the stalks, as in the heart of the peasant. . . . At last is the harvest, the barn, the threshers, then comes the grinding in the mill, and the kneading by bakers or housewives. The bread is on the table. Before eating it, think that it is the fruit of the labour of men, and of the Son of God. Take it in gratitude and fraternal love. Do not suffer a crumb of it to be lost. Break it willingly with those who have none. As the wind blows, as the fountain flows, as the morning brightens, so wheat grows, for all.

Much of this pretty picture unfortunately does not apply to our own land. Go through France in August, and every field and every plot of ground has its bright patch of golden corn, and the whole population are busy, men, women, and children, from early morn into the darkness of evening, gathering in the sheaves. Even at night, when the harvest moon is up, the horses and wagons can be seen, outlined against a deep indigo sky, still carrying in the lovely harvest of that country.

But cross the Channel and travel through Kent and Sussex, at one time the best wheat-land in Great Britain, and how changed is the picture! Hardly any wheat is to be seen, and what is even worse, but little employment for the men; the agricultural labourer is rapidly diminishing in numbers, and the fields yield little labour for women or children. Are we wise in thus allowing the greatest industry of our country to die out on the plea of cheap food? To save a small amount upon each loaf by importing grain from abroad, the nation sacrifices an enormous item of labour for the people, and places the country, as shown by the report recently issued by the Commission on Supply of Food in Time of War, within measurable distance of famine-priced articles of food in the event of conflict breaking out between Great Britain and some other great Power.

FRANCIS FOX.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A SOCIAL REFORMER

EVEN those who cannot feel the charm and truth of Matthew Arnold's poetry and criticism, are willing enough for the most part to admit that his work, both as a critic and as a poet, possesses elements of greatness, qualities which make for a permanence of interest, at least among those whose love of literature is at all sincere. But this is hardly the case with his social writings. Those who disagree with him in social matters, will hardly acknowledge any virtue in him beyond a certain irritating gift for mockery; his teaching is said to be radically vitiated by failure of enthusiasm, by failure of consistency, by failure of precision. His faults are distorted so as to make his truths seem very like falsehoods. Far more, therefore, than any other division of his works (except perhaps his most unfortunate religious lucubrations) Arnold's social writings demand careful thought, if any adequate judgment is to be formed on them.

This is not only required by the very nature of the subject, the well-worn commonplaces concerning the blindness of human passions remaining as true in the political world as they ever were; but the requirement is greatly enhanced by Arnold's treatment of his subject. In dealing popularly with popular themes there is needed the greatest simplicity of thought as well as the greatest simplicity of language; but his attitude is frequently by no means simple, however perspicuous his language may seem, and we cannot be surprised at the frequent misconceptions of his aims. It is not at all unnatural that he should have been called "a kid-gloved apostle of Culture," for he thought it more important to attack the cause of social disease than its symptoms, and could not consider institutions, even those to which people were deeply attached, as good except in regard to their spiritual effects on those who lived under them. His patriotism, also, was

suspected. At heart of course he was sincerely, profoundly patriotic. There is no passage in his poetry better known, or more frequently quoted, than those noble lines which he applied so aptly to the Spirit of England :

Yes, we arraign her ; but she,
 The weary Titan, with deaf
 Ears, and labour-dimmed eyes,
 Regarding neither to right
 Nor left, goes passively by,
 Staggering on to her goal ;
 Bearing on shoulders immense,
 Atlantéan, the load,
 Well-nigh not to be borne,
 Of the too vast orb of her fate.

The author of these lines was accused of preferring any country to his own. In truth, the popular mind cannot perceive the finer shades, and is apt to regard even the friendliest critic as an enemy. And perhaps, in being surprised at the misconceptions he met with, Arnold showed that he did not quite comprehend his own limitations.

His method is indeed peculiarly liable to misconstruction, especially when it is applied to social questions such as involve deep-seated animosities and all the jealousy of class and class. When we are told that a certain institution, certain measures, or certain qualities are good and desirable, we are very apt to suppose that these are meant to be universal statements, and are true wherever their object may occur. But Matthew Arnold rarely intends to convey that meaning. Every one of his judgments is relative. He constantly draws the philosophic distinction between absolute truths, which hold good for all times and places, and particular truths, which hold good only for a certain time and place. Perhaps had his philosophic training been a little more complete, he would have realised that this is not a distinction which commends itself to the popular mind ; and his failure to mark this distinction with sufficient clearness has been responsible for the greater number of misconceptions which have arisen concerning his social aims and theories.

Speaking generally, we may say that wherever Arnold writes of political or social matters, he neglects absolute truth. He makes no endeavour to formulate it ; perhaps he would have denied the possibility of formulating it. He always restricts his view to a

single case. He notes what is lacking, and endeavours to persuade us to supply the need. Criticising England, he deploras the weakness of State-action among us ; had he been a Frenchman, he would most certainly have denounced the evils of State-interference. The casual reader is perplexed to find him now praising, now condemning the same thing. It appears inconsistent ; yet in truth there is no real inconsistency, for in the first case his words apply only to the position and duties of the State in England, and in the second they would apply only to the position and duties of the State in France, the great differences between English and French society producing a corresponding difference in the necessary functions of the State in either country.

It was Arnold's object, then, to preserve in all things a just medium. Wherever he found one quality too predominant, he criticised the effects of its predominance. He was, in fact, a Trimmer, an eclectic in the political world, who endeavoured to put into practice what Ruskin so happily called, and so unhappily neglected to practise, "the true eclecticism which is moderation."

Thus, not unnaturally, he found himself a little out of harmony with every political party, and was compelled to style himself, "A Liberal of the future rather than a Liberal of the present." Belonging to no party, he was abused by the fanatics of all, and, as I have pointed out, his method lent itself to misrepresentation. Hating all predominance of single elements, he was accused of attacking every element. Going deeper than the average politician can generally go, he was accused of vagueness, impracticalness, generality. Without in the least wishing to claim him as the unique exponent of a pure political gospel,—this is not the day of enthusiasms—I think it will not be difficult to show that these estimates are based upon a false idea of his aim and method ; and that his social writings have not been fruitless, nor yet altogether lacking in clearness of vision.

What we must not seek in him is any political system. He has none, nor did he make any attempt to construct one. Whenever he recommended any line of policy, its application was confined within the narrow conditions of existing circumstances. His nearest approach to any such system is perhaps to be found in *CULTURE AND ANARCHY*, which, it will be remembered, contains the famous analysis of English society into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace. This, it has been said truly enough, is no true analysis, but a mere giving of nick-names ; but to treat it

too seriously is surely to mistake his half-irony of elaboration for the dull pedantry which he was ever disposed to mock at. Arnold is not really concerned to analyse English society; his object really is to cover with ridicule that portion of it which he regarded unfavourably. Those who have the time and the means to take an intelligent interest in serious affairs and do not, those who "know how to make money, but do not know how to live when they have made it,"—the practical elimination of such people is his real object. The actual structure of society is, from his point of view, a matter of secondary importance. His theory was that the perfect society will know how to organise itself perfectly, and that until society is perfected, no perfect organisation can be expected. In this he was at least far more right than wrong. The working of the most admirable institutions may be vitiated by the baseness or the vulgarity of the people; and the evils of the worst system of government may be wonderfully compensated by national virtue. Arnold perhaps neglected the reactive influence of institutions, but almost any contempt is deserved by those who regard political institutions as the beginning and end of a nation's life. He turned with some impatience from discussions of reform in the political world to deal with questions of greater importance, deeming it more profitable to endeavour at the improvement of society through the reform of the individual than to tinker at institutions, whatever popular success might be attached to it.

This was the meaning of that warning which he addressed to his countrymen: "You peck at the mere outside of problems; you have not got your mind at work upon them"; and hence sprang all those attacks upon machinery which abound in *CULTURE AND ANARCHY*, reminding us of a comparatively mild and well-mannered Carlyle. Statesmen, Arnold thought, "took an incomplete view of the life of the community and its needs"; they permitted, and even encouraged, people to think that they were sensibly advancing civilisation if they supported measures which gave more political liberty, or which secured a greater degree of publicity in the discussion of public affairs. Such things may be desirable; sometimes they are, sometimes they are not; each case must be decided on its merits. So he writes:

Objects which Liberal statesmen pursue now, and which are not in themselves ends of civilisation, they may possibly have to pursue still, but let them pursue them in a different spirit. . . . Every one of these objects

may be attained, and it may even be necessary to attain them, and yet, after they are attained, the imperfections of our civilisation will stand just as they did before, and the real work of Liberal statesmen will have yet to begin.

Machinery, the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill and all the rest, should be judged purely according to its spiritual influence. Will such and such regulations tend to educe a man's best self, or will they but foster the natural love of darkness and self-content? Is it for a man's spiritual welfare that he should be given absolute liberty to marry whom he pleases? Is it a matter of indifference that a liberal education should be within the reach of the middle classes? Is it an ill thing that the newspapers should publish detailed reports of divorce-suits? Such questions as these form the true criteria by which to determine ourselves to give or withhold our support of any particular measure. We must avoid being beguiled by any alluring bait in the form of general principles, such as the universal advantage of liberty or the universal advantage of publicity; and by such questions we must test each case as it arises.

But if this be so, our political action will be directed by our notions of good and evil; and it is of the highest political importance that we should possess a correct ethical ideal. "If you have not got these virtues," he wrote, "and imagine that your political liberty will pull you through without them, you will be ruined, in spite of your political liberty." Montesquieu once said: "The Greek political writers who lived amid popular government recognised no force capable of sustaining it except that of virtue. The latter-day writers only talk to us about manufactures, commerce, finance, wealth, and even luxury." As, then, we should expect, we must consider Arnold as following, along with Carlyle and Ruskin, in the tracks of the Greeks, rather than in those of modern schools of politics.

It is of course a very ancient truism that a just morality is the basis of all healthy social life. But the true ethical ideal can only be conceived by the man of well-balanced, well-developed mind; the true morality can therefore only be fitly conceived of, and indeed practised, by a mind whose aims are other than purely moral. To a lofty conception of conduct must be added the love of beauty, the love of knowledge, the love of social life; for we can agree to take as our ideal neither the hermit's, because we believe that man may find a higher life in society than

in the desert ; nor the ideal of the ignorant and uninstructed, because the intellect and its products are the most truly characteristic of man's power and works ; nor the ideal of the Philistine, because civilisation, that quality which separates us from the savage, lies so greatly in the educated sense of beauty in all its possible forms. It is essential that all these should be in mutual subordination : our sense of beauty and good manners must not lead us into unworthy actions ; and our sense of right, also, must be so subtly tempered as never to produce unlovely deeds.

The suggestion of this ideal was the aim of every one of Matthew Arnold's prose writings, and to foster this was the object which he sought with all the enthusiasm of which he was capable. But to inspire an alien mind with love of such an ideal is perhaps one of the hardest tasks. The mind which spontaneously seeks the "perfect balance" is naturally averse to any enthusiasm ; and without enthusiasm ourselves, how shall we inspire others ?

But however this may be, such was the ideal which Matthew Arnold strove all his life to establish in the hearts of his countrymen. Let us glance at the means which he took to accomplish this end and to overcome the principal difficulty in getting his ideas accepted ; and if we consider the matter calmly and without prejudice, we shall, I think, be struck with the singularly practical character of his efforts, which, so far from being vague or visionary, were all concrete and definite enough.

The least concrete and definite are of course his counsels of moderation in all things. To offer an ideal to men, and to persuade them to seek it, may no doubt be considered as a very indirect means of treating social and political problems. Yet if the writer be sincere and effectual, we must hesitate before we declare it to be the least fruitful. Even if we admit the writer to be the necessary product of antecedent circumstances, the mere result of the forces of heredity and environment, he still may have a deep reactive influence on the men of his generation. The man may be powerless unless the circumstances of his time should offer an occasion, but it will always lie with him to improve the occasion. Rousseau needed, no doubt, the especial circumstances of the eighteenth century to procure the occasion for preaching his gospel of universal equality ; but Rousseau

was himself needed to preach that gospel to such effect. It is the same with Arnold's efforts to correct our angularity, to induce us to take a broader view of problems,—they were not universally successful. He did not find us a nation of Philistines and leave us a nation of Solons and Lyncurguses; but he did tend very strongly to modify public opinion in a healthy direction, without in the least awakening any enthusiasm dangerous to the due pursuit of his ideal. If we are not quite so distressingly Philistine as we were, the change is, in part at least, owing to him and to his criticisms of us.

One method, then, was the inculcation of the spirit of moderation which we find scattered up and down his writings, urged sometimes with irony and sometimes with direct insistence. But to preach is useless unless our audience is wakeful. What if it be drowsy and disinclined to listen? Then our most biting irony and most convincing argument must be wasted unless somehow people can be awakened. The people, Arnold reasoned, are very drowsy; they must be taught to take an interest in these things which belong unto their peace; they must first be educated to it. Here his work was profoundly and evidently fruitful; and the future system of public education, to which we are doubtfully groping our way through the present chaotic condition of affairs, will be seen to have sprung from the interest which he did so much to create.

The working classes were, and are still, in a most deplorable intellectual condition; the mass of the middle classes were, and are still, though to a less degree, in the same plight. What was and is supremely needed is a greater equality of intellectual conditions; but we must see to it that the equality shall be on a high, not a low level.

It is one of Arnold's great merits that he was among the first to see this clearly and to state it persuasively. He writes thus of primary education:

So many other influences tell upon these [the upper and middle] classes that the influence of a public education has not the same relative importance in their case as in that of the common people, on whom it is the only great civilising agency directly at work—[but he is also convinced] that nothing can be done effectively to raise this class except through the agency of a transformed middle-class.

Accordingly it is to secondary education that he devotes much of his time and thought.

I think I am gradually making an impression about public secondary schools [he wrote in 1879]. This reform interests me as the first practicable of those great democratic reforms to which we must, I believe, one day come. And they call me a bad Liberal, or no Liberal at all!

Education alone could awaken the middle classes to a sense of their narrowness and vulgarity, and initiate them to a wider, less unlovely life.

Public schools for the middle classes [he writes elsewhere] are not a panacea for all our ills. No, but they are the indispensable preliminary to our real improvement on almost all the lines where as a nation we now move with embarrassment.

The middle class education of the day was undeniably evil. Even so unprejudiced a witness as Mill speaks of "the disgracefully low existing state of education" among the middle class. At more than one country grammar-school, where the appointment of a master was for life and he received a fixed stipend, pupils were deliberately driven away, in order that he might advance his post to the rank of a sinecure. What instruction there was, was neither liberal nor enlightened, and too often, as Arnold delighted to remind his readers, resembled that of Mr. Creakle at Salem House. To us it seems almost impossible that this should be anything but a caricature of an exceptional case. Caricature it was, of course, but unhappily the case seems to have been the rule rather than the exception among the private schools at which the lower middle class was universally educated. To Arnold, bent upon the reformation of the Philistine, the needful course of action was obvious. These breeding-dens of Bottles and Company must be destroyed. As to the improvement of the public mind of England, "For my part," he writes, "I see no way so promising of setting about it as the abolishment of Mr. Creakle and Salem House."

But it is evident that if you take away one method of education, you must replace it by another. At the time when Arnold's mind was deeply concerned with the problem, he was sent on a commission to report on French educational systems. There he found just what he wanted. As in England, the richer classes had their especial schools, expensive and highly organised, where of course the instruction was as excellent as the enlightenment of the day could make it. But what struck Arnold as so highly admirable and worthy of imitation was the existence of

large secondary schools, where the instruction was as liberal and enlightened as in the private schools existing for the wealthy, but at a cost not greater than any section of the middle class could well meet. The result has been that in France there is no upper class of culture, but only one of luxury. The Frenchman of the middle meets the Frenchman of the upper class with no necessary sense of inferiority in culture. They are brought up, as Arnold well observed, on the same intellectual plane. In England they were not so brought up. Whatever we may think about the present state of affairs, in Arnold's day the middle-class Englishman had but the narrowest outlook upon the things of the mind. He had no culture; and, in meeting with the cultured, he was therefore in a conscious and debasing position of inferiority.

This, then, was Arnold's substitute for the evil system of the English private school. It should be provided with a rival which would either exterminate it, or compel it to reform itself. This rival was to be found in the State secondary school, where the instruction could be equal to that of the best English public schools, and given by men well qualified to teach, but at an expense which should not be prohibitive. Such a school could only be provided by the State. The independent system of popular enterprise and British energy, unchecked and unstimulated by possible rivals, had been tried and had ended in Mr. Creakle. The good sense of the people had not proved equal to the test of choosing between a cheap worthless substitute for education, and the real though more expensive thing. The reason was obvious; they were not, and in the circumstances could not be, adequate judges in educational matters. But if the State should establish model schools, where the teaching was to be as efficient as possible, where the education was to be real and not a sham, but where the expense was to be no greater than it had been at Mr. Creakle's,—as indeed was possible so long as mere commercial success was not the sole aim of the establishment—then the good sense of the country might reasonably be expected to show itself by perceiving the advantage of the one and the evil of the other.

In this matter, then, the intervention of the State was undeniably salutary; and in other matters also governmental restraint seemed to Arnold needful for the national welfare. The working classes, he thought, were losing all respect for law; the

other classes seemed without sufficient energy to uphold the authority of order. There were unchecked disorders and unpunished riots. We seemed to be making "doing as we like" our ideal, a most noxious ideal. According to him, the spirit of individualism was far too predominant. Here he marked the beginning of the reaction against the individualism of Mill and the *laissez-aller* school. Mill, it will be remembered, regarded democracy as dangerous to liberty; Arnold, on the other hand, regarded over-much liberty as dangerous to democracy.

The difficulty for democracy [he wrote] is to find and keep high ideals. The individuals who compose it are, the bulk of them, persons who need to follow an ideal, not to set one; and one ideal of greatness, high feeling, and fine culture, which an aristocracy once supplied to them, they lose by the very fact of ceasing to be a lower order and becoming a democracy.

Later opinion has followed Arnold rather than Mill. Everywhere we see a strongly marked tendency making for more complete control of the people by the delegates of the State. In Parliament the Executive is escaping from the control of the Legislature; in commerce everything is being made the object of governmental regulation. But Arnold was probably justified in regarding any danger from this direction as remote. As he wrote to a Frenchman, M. Fontanes, in 1878:

I suppose your thoughts, in France, must turn a good deal upon the over-meddling of the State, and upon the need of developing more the action of individuals. With us the danger has, I am convinced, been the other way. The State has not enough shown a spirit of initiative, and individuals have too much thought that it sufficed if they acted with entire liberty, and if nobody had any business to control them. . . . Therefore I have always wished to make the State the organ of the best self and highest reason of the community, rather than reduce the State to insignificance, and to cultivate, in fact, the American ideal.

But, it may be asked, is there not some inconsistency here? Did not Matthew Arnold write, "Faith in machinery is our besetting danger"? And is he not now falling into that danger and preaching our salvation by this very machinery? The objection is scarcely fair. What Arnold made war on was a blind faith in machinery; what he recommended was the use of machinery to produce a beneficent spiritual result.

Our dangers [he had well written] are from a surfeit of clap-trap, due to the false notion that liberty and publicity are not only valuable for the use to be made of them, but are goods in themselves, nay, are the *summum bonum*.

Such were the means that Arnold took to bring his ideal home to the English people,—directly, by satirising their deficiencies, indirectly, by persuading them to the use of a machinery which would help to correct their deficiencies. And his aim was the improvement of English civilisation, “to make civilisation pervasive and general.” Our great fault was, as he noted very justly, our incompleteness.

They have all a certain refinement [he had written of the Italians] which they call civilisation, but a nation is really civilised by acquiring the qualities it by nature is wanting in ; and the Italians are no more civilised by virtue of their refinement alone than we are civilised by virtue of our energy alone.

Accordingly, he was constantly holding up foreign nations, such as the French and the Prussians, as models for our imitation, not because he admired them more, but because there was no danger of our falling into their especial faults, while we might learn to imitate their especial virtues, and so complete our own. He did not wish us to be “the café-haunting, dominoes-playing Frenchman,” but rather some third thing, neither the Frenchmen nor our present selves. He could truly write of himself :

That England may run well in the race is my deepest desire ; and to stimulate her, and to make her feel how many clogs she wears and how much she has to do in order to run in it as her genius gives her the power to run, is the object of all I do.

These were, I think, the chief ideas and the essential motives which underlay the social writings of Matthew Arnold. It remains to enquire what may be their value, and what may be Arnold's position as a writer on social topics. In the first place, that value evidently is not scientific ; it does not depend upon the amount of demonstrated truth contained in these writings. They will never, perhaps, be studied by the political philosopher, at least as contributions to political science. But no one will deny that they had an immediate, positive effect ; it is shown by the evident modification of public opinion in the direction of the really essential part of his teaching. They must then always have a historical value, as significant of the evolution of social thought.

They have also in a high degree the virtue of form. We must make deductions for irritating tricks and repetitions ; and undoubtedly we may read him until we get very tired of his constant references to the “dissidence of dissent” and “the

deceased wife's sister." But when all such allowances have been made, a large residue still remains, and, just as the Homeric lectures offer a singularly felicitous example of literary criticism, so also FRIENDSHIP'S GARLAND is a delightful model of political satire; such essays as DEMOCRACY or EQUALITY, equally luminous and moderate, are models of good style and urbanity. Models like these are never otiose in the political world.

His actual position is a little complex. He had, as we have seen, no system of political thought; but this is little to his discredit. Burke had none either; and Arnold, as well as he, had, in Mr. Morley's words, no love of "the unreal necessities of mere abstract logic." The Apostle of Culture could not away with the stringent schemes deduced from the hypothesis of the natural rights of man, saying roundly, "I do not believe in any natural rights; I do not believe in a natural right, in each of a man's children, to his or her equal share in the father's property," and so forth. Nor was the individualistic system any more to his taste. We have seen how he regarded an overgrown individualism as one of the most evil features of English society. If we would place him, it must not be among the system-mongers, almost blessed in a "philosophy with principles derivative, subordinate and explanatory," which one of Arnold's critics derided him, not too happily, with failing to supply. Nor was he any apologist for the existent. But he approached life and its problems from the standpoint of the ideal; his interest was not scientific, to explain, but practical and moral, to attract life nearer to that ideal. As a social thinker, then, he must be placed with Carlyle and Ruskin. But how great a distance separates him from them, a distance produced by different talents, different ideals, different conceptions of the state and needs of England!

This last is not a little remarkable. Carlyle and Ruskin regarded the English as given over to all manner of abominations. Arnold's criticism was, that we were too exclusively moral, that we "Hebraised" too much. One can hardly compare the genius of Carlyle and Ruskin with (what cannot be called more than) the talent of Arnold; but here perhaps the practical superiority of talent over genius best shows itself. Matthew Arnold had nothing of the tragic magnificence of sentiment which characterised the great Victorian prophets, but his virtues were commonplace and effective. His work offers us nothing of the glorious and passionate failing to accomplish the impossible; but

if he had not the divine enthusiasm of Carlyle, perhaps he could see more clearly what was immediately before his eyes ; if he had not the gift of rhetoric which so often wrapt Ruskin away into the unknown heights of the empyrean, yet both in the remedies which he proposed and his mode of getting them accepted, he was vastly more successful.

Indeed Carlyle and Ruskin lost influence from the very loftiness of their spirits. Their dreams of a regenerated England suffered from being impractical, and became ineffectual. They were sometimes blinded by their enthusiasm, and so were betrayed into evident exaggeration and mere assertion, denying and affirming absolutely, with something of a child's pertinacity and recklessness. Their power suffered from it, and their teaching tended thereby to become ineffectual and discredited. Perhaps they may be repaid by influence when other names have been forgotten ; perhaps lesser men have of necessity to confine themselves to more worldly and more impeccable sentiments if they would exercise any influence at all, even on their contemporaries ; but however that may be, is one not right in thinking that Matthew Arnold was more effectual than they ? For one thing, his ideal was definite, precise, comprehensible. We can understand it, and strive to reach it with no too violent contest to carry on against our ordinary worldly duties. Thus we are influenced by him, and owe him sincere gratitude for his teaching and example every time that we attempt to judge of social matters with a disinterested mind, neglecting the narrowness of class. A future generation also will owe him gratitude when it shall have profited to the full by our errors and efforts in the education of our people.

I do not profess to be a politician [he wrote of himself], but simply one of a class of disinterested observers, who, with no organised and embodied set of supporters to please, set themselves to observe honestly and to report faithfully the state and prospects of our civilisation.

Perhaps on the whole we may take his own words as our final judgment. When we have allowed for the disturbing influences of his prejudices, he remains, we feel, a studiously trustworthy guide, who disguises his desire to revolutionise us under the less alarming cloak of completing us ; in social matters, a little limited, perhaps, but within those limits eminently wise and profitable.

H. HERBERT DODWELL.

HAS THE BRITISH SOLDIER DETERIORATED?

THE war between Russia and Japan has opened the eyes of the blind. We have learned that war is still war, that we cannot win victories if we will not fight, and that those who fight must be prepared to accept their share of losses. A man indeed proves himself a good general if he fully attains his object at the least possible sacrifice of the lives of his own men; but no object is well chosen unless the attainment of it entails for the enemy the utmost loss that the available means permit to be inflicted upon him. Consequently, it is a mark, and a very clear one too, of a bad general to fail to hit his hardest at the enemy out of any squeamish regard for the lives of the officers and men under his own orders. Some British generals are highly thought of upon account of the dauntless courage with which they have continually exposed their own persons in the foreground of the fight; but a general's proper place is where he can best direct the operations in progress, and in order to do this he must be where he can see, at one and the same moment, the manœuvres of his own troops and also of the enemy's. In the firing-line a commander cannot see his own men without interrupting his observation of their opponents, and thus risking a failure to detect some very important movement. No exhibition of personal prowess in the fight itself can compensate for failure as an organiser of victory. To be cool, calculating, and utterly impervious at the time to any feelings of compassion for friends or foes, are essential qualifications for command in the field. As in an army the moral is to the physical as three to one, so in the general commanding, moral courage is the essential element and physical courage merely a desirable accessory. Personal courage fell short of real heroism in the cases of perhaps 05 per cent. of the officers of all ranks and corps who led troops under fire in South Africa; but moral cowardice, evinced by failure to attempt, or to carry through to

the bitter end, the utmost that might appear to be feasible, can be discerned in the proceedings of probably 80 per cent. of the seniors and 10 per cent. of the juniors. Why was this? The explanation is perfectly simple. It had been decided by the "experts" inhabiting the purlieus of Fleet Street, or acting as war-correspondents at the front, that a bloody victory stamped a general as wanting in skill, and a bloody defeat as utterly incompetent. What the "experts" wrote in the newspapers the British public readily believed, with the result that many generals and others who were personally as brave soldiers as any that have fought anywhere in the world since its creation, were gradually reduced to being moral cowards. Malplaquet, Albuera, Badajoz, Waterloo, and Inkerman were forgotten, and the nation that had bred such soldiers in the past (and still had the like of them, though knowing it not), foolishly believed the vain ignorant creatures who proclaimed that omelettes can be made without breaking eggs.

Tactically, the Boer War began well. Penn Symons at Talana, and French at Elandsplaagte, did not fear to engage their troops in straightforward fights by which the enemy was not merely manœuvred out of, but roughly hurled with loss from his positions; in both cases there was the proper co-operation of frontal and flank attacks,—both meaning business and doing it. The gallant and capable Methuen similarly fought at Belmont, Enslin, and Modder River, with the deliberate intention to chance receiving hurts in the hope of hurting the enemy more. Flank attacks he could not combine with the frontal, because the means were absent and the circumstances impossible. At Enslin, the undaunted Marines, pressing onward in spite of losses amounting to over 44 per cent., carried the kopje before them, thus proving once more that British soldiers will fight to-day as they have ever done, if only they are allowed. Lord Methuen became unpopular in Fleet Street, because he did not make war with the gloves on; other generals took fright lest they also might fall into disrepute, and henceforward our operations became, generally speaking, chicken-hearted. The chariness to risk lives displayed by the senior officers spread downwards, until the men themselves came to take for granted that they were not "meant." Captain Fournier, of the French General Staff, has pithily summed up the whole matter to this effect: "The reason why the British suffered defeats in the early stages of the war is that they made frontal

attacks unsupported by turning movements ; and the reason why, in the later stages, they obtained no decisive results, is that they made turning movements unsupported by frontal attacks." *Voilà tout!*—there is the entire explanation in a nutshell.

Our Army is now, as it was in 1899, very ill-trained, because it is not allowed to improve itself, but has to do the best it can on little more ground than was at its disposal when armed with Brown Bess. The incompetence of many of our generals results from the fact that they themselves have not in earlier days been trained by the only efficient process,—training their own men regimentally. But the fighting qualities of all ranks, from general to bugler, are as good as ever,—that is to say, as good as, if not better than those of the Japanese or of any others that the world has known. It was moral, not physical fear that brought about the too frequent failure of offensive and defensive operations in South Africa ; and for the disgraceful nature of many surrenders it is Fleet Street and the public, not the Army, that deserve to be blamed. The regimental officers and men are as good to-day as when "eighteen hundred unwounded men, the survivors of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on that fatal hill." But let us turn from the comparatively awful carnage of Albuera and the like, to an incident in South Africa.

On October 30th, 1901, at half-past four o'clock in the morning, the Boers surprised the camp of Colonel Kekewich's column at Moedwil, but were beaten off after a rough fight. A detached post in the picquet-line, furnished by H Company of the Derbyshire Regiment, consisted of twelve men under Sergeant Chambers. The Boers, being close up, called upon the party to surrender. Sergeant Chambers shouted back, "Go to hell!" and to his men he cried, "Stick it!" The words caught the men's fancy ; and as there fell one after another of the gallant little band, the call was repeated,——"Stick it!" When the post was eventually relieved, the enemy having been generally beaten back, there were found of those glorious thirteen but four survivors, of whom but one was unwounded. Can there be found in history a case of more splendid devotion ? For another example there may be mentioned what was known as the Light Infantry Funeral near Grobelaar's Kloof, February 21st, 1900, when the Somersetshire Light Infantry during five long hours held the position they had been ordered to occupy, and when

ordered to retire, their task accomplished, carried with them the whole of their ninety-seven killed and wounded, and, while still under shell-fire, buried their dead comrades in the extended order in which they had so often drilled, but had then for the first time fought in earnest. It was that battalion's first action in South Africa, and neither then nor afterwards did any officer or man, fighting in its ranks, fall dead or alive into the hands of the enemy. Many months later a small detachment of the same battalion was sorely tried on convoy duty (as others had been and were yet to be), but Quartermaster Moran, as THE LONDON GAZETTE tells us, "Fell in the cooks and invalids, attacked and drove off the enemy," a portion of whom were making for a position which in their hands would have been a source of danger. Needless is it to remind British readers of the heroism displayed by those devoted Irishmen at Pieters Hill, where the losses amounted practically to extermination; of the majestic, but costly, advance of the Gordons at Diamond Hill; of the dashing courage of the Welsh and Essex Regiments at Driefontein; or of the stern onslaught of the undismayed and invincible Devons at Waggon Hill. All these cases are familiar, and they are more pleasant to remember than certain other incidents commonly described as *regrettable*. Granting that moral cowardice or professional incompetence resulted in sundry disasters of which we have good reason to feel ashamed, let not the evidence in the opposite direction be ignored.

The British soldier, be he officer, non-commissioned officer, or private, is as courageous as ever; but the Army is no longer what it was in the days of Moore and Wellington,—the best trained army in the world. Ground that a hundred years ago sufficed for the battle-training of a brigade is now insufficient for a single company, and hence our falling-off. Mere courage cannot enable a man to accomplish that which he knows not how to set about. On the question of courage we need be under no anxiety; but if we would render ourselves capable of making war successfully, we should do well to train our Army and to control our Press. The first operation will not suffice without the second. Our daily newspapers are a greater danger than any foreign foe, however formidable, because the writers in them are usually indiscreet as well as ignorant.

A. W. A. POLLOCK,
Lt.-Colonel.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THE EMPIRE

THE visit of the King and Queen to Harrow on the 30th of last June (the day appointed for the commemoration of his Majesty's birthday in the United Kingdom) has added a new link to the chain of associations that bind the hearts of Harrovians to the past, present, and future of their school. "We have rejoiced," declared the King, "in the continued prosperity of this ancient foundation, which has given, and no doubt will give many famous men to the service of the State." And, in good truth, as he stood there, supported by the gracious presence of Queen Alexandra, his eye must have rested on Harrovians who have rendered service in every department of the State. Lords and Commons, the Cabinet, the Admiralty and the Navy, the War Office and the Army, the Home Civil Service and the Foreign Office, India and the Colonies had sent representatives of a class and succession of men who had helped to lay the foundations of the Empire his Majesty had inherited, and who had in their turn largely built upon them. The oldest Harrovian in the room entered the school in 1825, and with brief interruption of continuity those present had passed on through the Victorian era, from term to term, from master to master, from boy to boy, the inspiring traditions of the place.

But I leave to others the picturesque and emotional episodes of the day. My desire is to consider by what practical methods Harrovians of the future may be taught to maintain the traditions of the school, and take their part in the development and the advance of the Empire.

Gibbon, in appreciating the general advantages of our public-school system in his day, as being best adapted to the genius and constitution of the English people, observed that our seminaries of learning do not exactly correspond with the

precept of a Spartan king, that the child should be instructed in the arts that would be useful to the man, inasmuch as a finished scholar might emerge from the head of Westminster or Eton in total ignorance of the business and conversation of English gentlemen in the latter end of the eighteenth century. Half a century later, as I can testify, there had been no material change in the system.

The question naturally suggests itself how such a condition of things can have contributed famous men to the service of the State. To find a reply we must consider the origin of the system known as a classical education.

So far back as we can see through the dimness of antiquity which constitutes the horizon of political knowledge we find the history of the world to be a narrative of the birth and decay of empires ; and infinite ingenuity has been expended on the question whether their decay arises from causes that can be averted, and the operation of forces that can be modified, or whether their life is limited by inevitable cyclic laws analogous to those which control the life of the individual. But in the history of the past twice and twice only has a nation set itself the task of extending its civilisation beyond its own territorial limits to the discovered boundaries of the world, and to these nations we may limit our view. Those who have made a special study of the social condition of Greece, believe that the population of Athens, taken as a whole, was as superior to us as we are to Australian savages. In sculpture, in architecture, in poetry and philosophy Greece reached a summit of perfection which no community has since attained. Over the coasts of the Mediterranean, to the limits of her world, she carried her civilisation until she learnt and taught the lesson that arts and letters are the ornament and crown rather than the stable foundation of empire. This was well understood by Rome, when as a conquering and ruling power she took up the work of diffusing Greek civilisation through the world that fell under her dominion. The foundation of the Roman Empire was laid in militarism carried to its logical conclusion,—every citizen a soldier. On this foundation rested a civil government elaborated to put into practice, in justice and administration, the ideals of Greek political philosophy. The arts and letters of Greece became the crown of the edifice.

It does not fall within my purpose to discuss the causes of the

decline and fall of the Roman Empire, but in considering the relations of these events to the empire of Britain we must not overlook the adoption of Christianity as a main contributory cause. The learning of Rome and the genius of Greece failed to find an agency of conciliation between militarism and the growth of the principles of Christianity. But Rome did not fall before she had so firmly established her language, her laws, and the religion of her adoption, that they became an integral part of the succession which devolved to her heirs,—the segregated States of Europe that formed the units of medieval Imperialism. As the languages and dialects of these States had no vocabulary to express the ideas of the laws, learning, and religion of Rome, the Latin language remained the language of the educated and the governing classes in the medieval States, in each of which there came to establish itself a university or corporation of learning. To these universities there flocked from every part of Europe students prepared to undergo hardships which would now be regarded as intolerable in order that they might sit at the feet of some great master. It followed that Latin became the vehicle of communication between scholars and of the transmission of learning, more especially in respect of the study of Greek poetry and philosophy in their original tongue.

Thus it was that in the universities of England Latin became a necessity, and Greek something more than a luxury of learning ; and as it has ever been the tendency of English public-schools to prepare boys rather for the universities than for the world, there came to be established the system recognised as a classical education.

But during the nineteenth century the use of the Latin language was gradually displaced by the development of the chief national languages of Europe, in such a way as to make them adequate vehicles not only for the old learning, but also for the expression of every conception of human thought in that new domain of learning which we generalise under the designation of science. Latin therefore ceased to be the medium of communication in the learned world, and the vulgar tongue became the key of popular knowledge and the instrument of religious, political, and social liberty.

In considering the question of the adequacy of a classical education in the old public-school system of England we must remember that the great public-schools, and in particular Eton

and Harrow, have for generations been the schools of the governing class. And it is not easy even for those who had experience of it to realise how complete was the severance, during the early Victorian era, between the governing class and the classes whose industry supplied the material needs of mankind. The former devoted itself to the establishment and working of a political system, to the protection of life and property, the adjustment of personal rights, and the promotion of religion. The domain of its operations included Parliament, the Navy and the Army, the administrative departments of Government (including the Home and Foreign Offices, the Indian and Colonial services) the Administration of Justice in all its branches, and the Church; and the control of this domain of human activity carried with it a practically exclusive privilege and monopoly of patronage in the appointment of every office of State and Church. The education of the families of the governing class with a view to their qualification to hold these appointments was the foundation of the old public-school system, and its range of exercise was naturally limited to the studies and training held to be appropriate to the purpose.

Within the last fifty years, however, economic causes have completely changed the structure of society, displaced the old governing class, which in England as on the Continent was the landed gentry, and profoundly modified the relations of social life. All these changes may be traced to the operation of the now established faith that, the principles of law and order having been once accepted, national prosperity depends mainly on the development of national resources, and to the consequent transfer of wealth and power from the governing class to the classes by whose industry the economic necessities of mankind are supplied. The effect of these transmutations on the public-schools has been great, and among all the material and social changes of the period none perhaps has been more powerful than the abolition of patronage, and the extended use of the instrument of competitive examinations for admission into the service of the State. While only an insignificant fraction of public-school boys can now look forward to appointments in the public service, the professions are overcrowded, and probably not ten per cent. of the boys who still proceed as of old to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge can hope to earn a living by their degrees.

The Bishop of Rochester has recently declared that one of the

saddest things to be seen in Australia is the number of well-educated men, sons of the clergy and of professional men, not a few of them of high birth and connection, in a state of destitution. And this is not necessarily due to any moral failure, but because their education has never taught them to look the realities of life in the face, to think out what they are going to do, to feel the necessity of fitting themselves for the work of the world. In almost every part of our Empire public-school boys and university men may be found in the same perilous condition. And yet, if it were only realised, the Empire has for every one of them a useful, appropriate, and honourable place. Think only what it is, this Empire of ours, and what it needs. It has an area of approximately eleven and a half millions of square miles, over one fifth of the surface of the globe, including every climate of the temperate and tropical zones, productive of every article of food and material for manufacture that can contribute to the happiness of mankind, and inhabited by an infinite variety of races adapted to their environment by the process of ages. Its needs are, in the temperate zones more people, and everywhere more capital and intelligence to develop its resources. Canada alone has an area thirty times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of about one-sixth and with millions of untilled acres calling for labour, while Australia and other self-governing colonies are in the same position. The vast area of our tropical possessions has unlimited resources in food and raw material, upon the development of which the fortunes and fate of the Empire largely depend. As regards the government of this Empire we have now passed from the Roman conception of an outwardly composed unity of government and religion to the conception of an inner unity compatible with outward variations in government, religion, social institutions, and manners. We make no attempt to impose upon races social institutions or creeds to which they are by their nature, history, and inherited pride in the traditions of their past hostile or invincibly opposed. The unity we aim at is a unity of interests in the interaction between humanity and its environment, or in other words, in the development of national resources by units of the Empire in accordance with methods appropriate to their environment, and free interchange of their products. During the nineteenth century the transformations effected by science in the surroundings of the physical life of every unit of the Empire

have introduced a factor of social consolidation by mutual interests which renders worthless all theories upon the duration of the British Empire by analogies drawn from the duration of others.

The successful development of the resources of any part of the Empire depends on an accurate knowledge of the phenomena of the environment and of the laws of Nature controlling them; and the development of the faculty of acquiring this knowledge we call a scientific education, embracing research and the application of the results of research to the uses of humanity. It is an urgent problem of the day, how to combine with the social and other advantages of the public-school system an adequate measure of scientific education. Sir Richard Jebb, as President of the Educational Science Section of the British Association, discussed recently the relative claims of literature and science on the higher education in South Africa, and the educational needs of South Africa are in principle the same as the needs of the Empire generally. I could not, however, help thinking that, whatever may have been the interest of this academic discourse and the charm of its style, the most instructive object-lesson on the imperial importance of scientific education ever exhibited to the world was the inauguration a few days later of the Victoria Falls bridge of the Cape to Cairo railway.

If we accept the doctrine that the true foundation of imperial policy is the association of the component parts of the Empire in the development of their natural resources, and the mutually profitable exchange of products between regions and peoples of different capacities, we shall easily realise that the conditions essential to the success of such a policy offer a field for the employment of men educated in every branch of applied science. The wants of the Empire in the domain of scientific education, and the problem of linking English with Colonial education, have been very fully discussed during the last two years, and it would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of the Allied Colonial Universities Conference held at Burlington House in July, 1903, the object of the Conference being to establish relations between the principal teaching universities of the Empire which will secure that special or local advantages for study and research be made accessible to students from all parts of the King's dominions. Mr. Bryce struck the key-note of the Conference in dwelling on the importance of developing the

practical applications of physical science, and on the need of nations to keep abreast with others in their productive capacity. He urged, therefore, that it is equally vital for the United Kingdom and for the Colonies that we should lay a scientific foundation for every branch of industry, and that every practical art should be rooted in scientific enquiry, in theory, and in research. It is certain that to a practical recognition of the truth of this doctrine is due the rapid advance of the United States of America, of Germany, and, perhaps above all, of Japan, in the spheres of administration, industry, and social progress. The out-standing fact made clear at the Conference is that the self-governing Colonies have established universities of various faculties, but devoting special attention to the application of science to agriculture, to forestry or mineralogy, to engineering or other branches of study bearing on the development of the local resources of the Colonial territory in which the university has been established. It is believed that the encouragement thus given to special branches of study will strengthen particular faculties in such a way as to attract students as students were attracted in the Middle Ages from Oxford to Paris, from Paris to Bologna or Padua or elsewhere by the fame of some great master of a special branch of the learning of the age. The result of the Conference was the appointment of a Council of representatives of British and Colonial universities to promote the co-ordination of higher studies throughout the Empire, the specialisation of study, the establishment, at different points, of centres of special advantage in particular branches of research available for students in every part of the Empire. In the course of the Conference the Principal of the University of Birmingham declared that, while in the highest university education we can hold our own, public-school education is in a very bad way, and that the appalling ignorance of the man in the street on any scientific matter is discreditable to this country. It concerns us, therefore, to consider how our public-schools may be made ancillary to the scheme contemplated by the Conference, and so find an appropriate place in the Imperial system.

An interesting and certainly important, if somewhat discordant, episode of the Conference was the speech of the Prime Minister at the dinner given to the delegates. While expressing himself dissatisfied with the classical ideal of secondary education, he asserted his belief that science would never be

found a good medium for conveying education to boys, "who do not care a farthing about the world they live in except so far as it is concerned with the cricket-ground, or the football-field, or the river." And going further, he declared that he had never been able to see how we are to ensure a supply of teachers who have time to keep themselves abreast with the ever-changing aspects of modern science, and do the most important work an English schoolmaster has to do in influencing a house, and impressing moral and intellectual characteristics on those committed to his charge. It was natural that Lord Kelvin should express his dissent from Mr. Balfour's view, a dissent which was evidently anticipated. But if Mr. Balfour's estimate of the character of the English public-school boy is correct, surely a more formidable indictment against the system under which he is reared was never presented. For generations the complaint of Ascham, of Milton, of Locke, of Gibbon was that the public-schools failed to fit us for the world. Of late years commission after commission, and committee after committee, has reiterated the complaint, and with unanimous consent they have urged that the only way to fit boys for the world is to interest them in it by training them to observe the phenomena of the universe, and to enquire into the natural laws that control them. As regards Mr. Balfour's view that it is impossible for the teaching of science to be combined with an adequate discharge of the duties of a house-master, the logical issue seems to be that if the duties of the teacher and house-master are really incompatible they must be dissociated.

My interest in the future of Harrow has led me to seek information as to what is being done there in the way of practical measures to adapt the education of the boys to the demands of the Empire on its sons. Through the courtesy of the headmaster, Dr. Wood, and the sympathy of Mr. Townsend Warner and Mr. Vassall I have been able to satisfy myself that much is being done and wisely done. Mr. Warner has allowed me to make use of a paper he will shortly publish on the working of the Modern Side at Harrow as an educational experiment. The Modern Side was founded by Mr. Edward Bowen in 1869, and Mr. Warner traces it from its origin, through the later changes forced upon it by circumstances, to its present aims and workings. The exigencies of space prevent me from entering into the details of the experiment, even

if such an account were appropriate to my present purpose. The chief difficulty with which the system has had to contend is the prestige of a successful classical career, still so powerful that many preparatory schools never undertake the function of training boys for the Modern Side, while others dislike and discourage it. For the same reason the Modern Side has failed to attract the most clever boys, with the consequence that it was long looked upon as a refuge for the dull and idle. And Mr. Warner thinks that the Modern Side "cannot quite expect to compete successfully for the brilliant boys, any more than the engineer branch of the Navy can prove as attractive as the executive." However, the experiment does show some satisfactory and important results ; and it is satisfactory to learn that in spite of the prestige of the Classical Side the Modern Side has been able to preserve itself from any social disfavour.

But the best argument in justification of the system seems to be the steadily increasing growth of the Modern Side. It commenced in 1869 with three forms, containing in all twenty-seven boys all taught by one master, Mr. Bowen himself. In 1904 it contained two hundred and thirty-two boys or a little over forty per cent. of the whole school, so that at the present rate of growth it will before long equal the strength of the Classical Side. I should add that these numbers are independent of the Army class, and also that the Modern Side is not self-contained in the sense of having a separate staff. It has been thought that any attempt to group Modern Side boys together and apart under separate masters and tutors would be unwise. Thus it is that the science work of the whole school comes under Mr. Vassall, to whom I am indebted for an account of the system. He attributes its efficiency and success to Mr. Ashford, formerly head-master of the Royal Naval College, Osborne, now promoted to a similar post at Dartmouth, who organised the system in 1895, up to which time apparently little had been done. The science work of the lower school is of a kinder-garten method, and is compulsory on all boys whether on the Classical or Modern Side above one of the lower forms ; in the upper school admission to the science classes is by selection. In this way three advantages are gained. All the boys admitted are keen on the work, and the dead-weight of boys with no ability for it having to take up science as a forced subject is avoided ; the competition for admission is found valuable, the value attached to things at a

public-school being measured generally by difficulty of attainment ; lastly the fear of being dropped out of the science divisions is found a sufficient substitute for punishment, a result from which the inference seems to me of particular importance. In the upper school about seventy boys out of two hundred and twenty work at science, and the proportion of time given to it out of a week's work of about thirty-six hours is five hours a week on the Classical Side and seven hours on the Modern Side. This is exclusive of the Army class, in which the study of science is regulated solely by a constantly changing War Office schedule.

A main feature of the system is that every boy taught science alike in the lower and upper schools has to do a fair proportion of practical work ; and it is satisfactory to note that while in 1893 only some forty boys did such work in the laboratory, the number during the last term was two hundred and eighty-three. The impetus to practical work was given by Mr. Ashford, and I understand that his example at Harrow has been followed at Eton, Winchester, Charterhouse, Repton, and other public-schools, most of them borrowing and adapting his system and courses. But while they are all being supplied with adequate laboratory accommodation, Harrow is still limited to the insufficient accommodation of the two laboratories built nearly forty years ago. It may reasonably be hoped that the Governors of the school, now that the land-purchase scheme has been completed, and notwithstanding it, will, either by funds at their disposal or by an appeal to old Harrovians, provide the £2,000 necessary for a proper laboratory and equipment.

So far I have dealt only with the intellectual side of Harrow life ; and if I have limited myself to the teaching of science it is not because I underrate the place of foreign languages, history, and art in the studies of the Modern Side. I have purposely detached myself for the moment from all other considerations to dwell on the requirements of the self-contained Empire as furnishing an objective of practically unlimited scope for the work of our public-schools. It remains for me to say a word on the athletic sports which exercise so great an influence on the physical development of the boys, and the moral and social character of the school. The undue importance attached to success in cricket or football has led to an altogether exaggerated idea of the value of these games in the development of manly qualities. It is difficult to see what physical

advantages can be derived by those who sit still and watch others exerting themselves. It is beginning now to be realised that, in so far as the physical development of our school-boys is an asset of the Empire, its value can be materially increased by diverting some of their energies from games into the path of ordered exercises which would fit them in a great emergency to do real service to the State. "What harm," THE TIMES has recently urged, "what harm would it do the classes from which officers are drawn so to modify their education and their amusements as to make them embryo officers? Drill for everybody, familiarity with a rifle for everybody, and higher education as applied to war for all who possess superior intelligence, would do nothing but good all round." Certainly if a fraction of the interest taken in games could be diverted to rifle-shooting and the duties of the cadet corps the national physique and the country would find appreciable benefit. And so far as Harrow is concerned the movement would merely be a return to the principle of encouraging the national pastime of archery, which in the early history of the school played almost as important a part as cricket does now. Already the rifle-corps numbers about two hundred and fifty members, and at the triennial Harrow dinner held a few days after the visit of the King, Dr. Wood announced that arrangements were being made to train every boy in the school to handle a rifle. The announcement was received with lively satisfaction, as was, of course, the news of the success of the school at Bisley on the following day. I may add that during the South African War Harrow gave proof of a patriotism very superior to the vicarious patriotism of the music-halls by sending four hundred old boys to service in the field.

And so, while realising that, if much is being done, very much still remains to be done, I take courage to hope that the ancient foundation of Harrow may find an appropriate place in the Empire, and continue to give in the future, as it has given in the past, famous men to the service of the State.

CHARLES BRUCE.

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THE ENEMYS' CAMP

CHAPTER V

"AND what has Cicely been doing with herself?" asked Mr. Lauriston. "Been existing gracefully, I suppose," he continued as his niece did not immediately respond to his invitation to narrate her doings.

Cicely smiled. Many people exist; it is given to few to exist gracefully, and surely no more should be exacted from these favoured ones. She, at least, considered it superfluous to do more; so much her smile expressed. "But I think you must do something this afternoon," said her uncle.

Such persistence aroused a lazy suspicion in Cicely's mind. At lunch they had discussed a sketch of Doris's, and Agatha's expedition to the village undertaken on behalf of the commissariat. Aunt Charlotte had her domestic experiences to recount and related various culinary incidents, somewhat abstruse to the lay mind perhaps, but, if rightly understood, evidently to the discredit of Martin. Then they all demanded to know the direction of Mr. Lauriston's walk; but Mr. Lauriston's strategy did not desert him even in the council-chamber. A flank attack can be itself out-flanked, and after murmuring something about lanes, hedges, and primroses (amended hurriedly to honeysuckle in deference to the season of the year), he had opened his batteries on Cicely, an entirely unprovoked diversion which, however, served his turn.

"Yes, she must certainly do something this afternoon," assented Agatha.

"I'll help to wash up," suggested the victim; "after tea," she added thoughtfully.

"That won't take long," observed Aunt Charlotte.

"It's Cicely who's going to do it," Mr. Lauriston reminded them.

"And tea is a long way off," said Agatha.

Miss Yonge came to her friend's rescue. "You might come and sketch with me," she said; "I'm going to do such a lovely old cottage."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be very lovely when I'd done it," demurred Cicely; "unless you let me copy yours," she added in a complimentary tone.

Mr. Lauriston unkindly suggested that tracing-paper would hardly be of much service in the reproduction of a painting. Now it had been darkly rumoured that the use of this medium as applied to copying the masterpieces of the eminent Vere Foster had gained the younger Miss Neave the second drawing-prize at school, which she had generously resigned to another. Her generosity had been better understood by her drawing-mistress when she was promoted to copying real flower-pots. As she still resented any allusion to this ignominious discovery, she was moved to exclaim, "I wouldn't mind fishing, of course."

"Fishing!" they all exclaimed. "Wherever did you learn to fish?"

"Oh, I'm quite good at it," she said cheerfully. "At least I used to be; I'm a little out of practice now. There's nothing like fishing," she added with a touch of enthusiasm. "To land a—a twenty-pound trout is quite exciting." Fortunately, there was no expert present to challenge the attributes of the only fish whose name Cicely could remember.

"Why didn't you tell us, and we would have brought a rod for you?" said her uncle. "I dare say though——," he checked himself abruptly. He had been about to remark that the house-boat contained a varied assortment of rods, and that he could no doubt borrow one for her there. Mr. Lauriston gasped; he had been on the brink of a revelation; the mystery of his morning walk had almost been self-betrayed.

"What did you say, dear?" asked his wife unsuspectingly.

"I thought Martin might have one, perhaps," he replied; "but it is not very likely." Cicely shared that opinion; otherwise she would not have been so eloquent. Martin, however, was summoned. Yes; he had a rod that would suit Miss Cicely nicely, and he hurried off to get it with pride.

"How delightful of him!" she exclaimed with creditable

promptitude. Her sister laughed; to the trained ear Cicely's tone lacked conviction.

Before Martin returned the others separated. Mrs. Lauriston could not long detach herself from her duties, and Agatha and Doris started for the lovely old cottage. Mr. Lauriston sat down by his younger niece and began to smoke. "I think you're very mean, Uncle Henry," she said presently.

"Mean?" echoed Mr. Lauriston, a little guiltily.

"Yes, very; after all I've done for you," she insisted.

"So you really have been doing something," he said with fine gaiety.

"I've been holding my tongue," she answered darkly. Mr. Lauriston softened an ungallant commonplace. "You turned the conversation on to me because you didn't want them to know where you went."

"I only went for a walk," answered Mr. Lauriston stoutly.

Cicely was not to be put off. "Are they nice men?" she asked.

"Yes—whom do you mean?" he amended quickly.

"The other party, of course. Where else should you have been? You know you were dying for a man to talk to, weren't you, Uncle Henry?"

Mr. Lauriston attempted polite evasion; but he was as successful as his niece had been in professing joy about the impending rod.

"You may as well confess, Uncle Henry," she laughed. "I won't betray you," she added melodramatically. "Whom did you see, and how many, and what are they like?"

"I only saw two," said Mr. Lauriston, yielding; "the useful and the ornamental members, I should say. They seem pleasant, hospitable young fellows." His eye wandered involuntarily to the tin of pink sherbet on the tablecloth.

"Was that the ornamental one I saw you shake hands with?" asked Cicely.

Mr. Lauriston understood now. "Where were you?" he asked.

"Oh, I was in the boat down there." Cicely waved her hand vaguely. "Doris had run it into the bank," she explained, with a sublime disregard of history. "Was it the ornamental one?" she persisted after her explanation.

Mr. Lauriston conceded the point. Cicely's "Oh" was no great tribute to the magnificent Charles.

"But how did you see?" enquired Mr. Lauriston. He was piqued at the failure of his strategy, but like an ex-volunteer resolved to learn by his mistakes.

"Through the trees," she explained. "Doris was very energetic, and she rowed so hard that when I pulled the wrong string, or something, the boat ran itself right into the mud. So I was taking a rest when you came. Poor boy, he looked quite disappointed when you wouldn't bring him any further. Did he want some more men to talk to as well?"

The fortunate arrival of Martin with the rod saved Mr. Lauriston from further cross-examination. Cicely looked round, but Aunt Charlotte was still within view. As there was no escape, she accepted the inevitable.

"Thank you, Martin," she said, eyeing the offering doubtfully. "It's—it's rather short, isn't it? Which—which end do I hold?"

"It's got to be put up, miss," said Martin tolerantly: he had not heard Cicely's enthusiastic tribute to the twenty-pound trout; "and then you hold it by the thick end."

"Don't get your feet wet," called Aunt Charlotte from the distance, "and don't walk in the damp grass, and be very careful not to fall in."

Cicely consented to observe these instructions heartily enough.

"You'll have to catch some fish now," laughed her uncle, preparing to take his afternoon nap. "There's no help for it, Cicely."

She prepared to move with deliberation, by indicating certain cushions and other necessaries it would be well for her to have. Then she walked slowly towards the boat, which was moored a few yards lower down; it was just out of sight and in a shady corner.

But Martin was firm. "You won't catch anything there, miss. It isn't a good place. I'd best row you round to the mill-pool."

"You'll fetch me back, Martin, before tea?"

Martin relieved her anxiety on this point, and after enquiring minutely whether he had brought the rug and the cushions and the novels and the chocolates, she got into the boat.

"You won't need to steer, miss," said Martin prudently, taking the sculls, and sighing her satisfaction she settled herself comfortably in the stern, enjoying the easy motion as he pulled down the back-water, which was well shaded with over-hanging

willows, round into the main stream and up towards the mill and the lock.

At the lower corner of the pool the stream from the mill-wheel eddied back under the roots of a clump of willows. Martin sounded the depth with a scull and announced that this was a likely spot for perch; "and you will be nicely shaded, miss," he added, bringing the boat in to the bank.

"Have you got everything I want?" asked Miss Cicely when she had landed safely. The everything was disembarked and arranged,—the rug, four cushions, a parasol, three novels, and the box of chocolates. These were disposed in a hollow between two trees which formed a kind of natural chair sheltered from view by some bushes higher up the sloping bank. Cicely sank into her nest comfortably, ate a chocolate, and thanked Martin prettily. She had evidently got all she required for her fishing.

Martin, however, knew his duty. "Here's the rod, miss," he said presently when he had put it together. "I've baited the hook." Cicely regarded it with disfavour; people always reminded her of things, as though she had a bad memory. However, she acquiesced and held the rod, as Martin suggested, by the thick end. "And here's the basket, miss," continued Martin, "and here's the tin of worms."

"Worms!" exclaimed Cicely shrinking away. "Are they *alive*?" His reply afforded her no satisfaction. "Does the lid fit quite tightly?" she demanded. "Then put it inside the basket, and put the basket over there"; she pointed to a spot some yards away.

"But," objected Martin, "you may want another bait, if the fish takes this one."

Cicely allowed her line, which had been dangling in the air, to fall hurriedly into the water. "I'm sure the worms would be happier in the tin than on a hook, wouldn't they?" she asked. Martin confessed that it was probable. "I'll leave them there then, please," she ordained.

"But if you want another——" he protested.

"One will be quite enough, thank you," she said decisively.

Martin obeyed, and put the basket down in the spot selected. Then he gave her some directions as to watching the float (to which he called her attention) for signs of a bite, and again promising to bring the boat back for her before tea-time he left her.

For some little time Cicely angled on, dutifully holding the rod straight out in front of her and watching the fat red float as it circled round and round in the eddy. Presently, however, she began to feel uncomfortable; the rod seemed heavy and clumsy, and she could not hold it in the orthodox attitude of attention and lean back against her cushions at one and the same time; it seemed rather aimless to wait and hold it and do nothing. However, a projecting twig offered a convenient prop, and the butt could be rested on the ground.

Then she ate another chocolate, and looked thoughtfully at the three novels. Why had she brought *three*, she wondered; she could not read them all at once, and it was too hot to make up one's mind which one should begin with. No, she would not read just yet. A big blue dragon-fly flew past her with a vicious hum of wings, and she felt some slight alarm. Did dragon-flies sting, or bite, or anything? But the insect went off down stream, and she ate another chocolate to celebrate his departure.

Then, yielding to the influences of the summer afternoon, she leaned back against the cushions reposefully, with her eyes fixed on the blue heat-haze far beyond the river.

CHAPTER VI

"STRIKE," said an imperious masculine voice.

Cicely looked up dreamily. Her attention had been roused by the unaccountable behaviour of her red float which for the past few seconds had been bobbing about curiously, had then hastened along the surface of the water (against the stream as she wisely noted), and had finally disappeared into the depths. She was far too comfortable to disturb herself about the matter, which indeed she would not have noticed at all had not something come and buzzed near her, in a manner that suggested the dreaded dragon-fly, and compelled a measure of wakefulness as a precaution. She had just been lazily reflecting that Martin would be sorry to lose his nice red float, and that she was sorry because he would be sorry, but after all she could not help it if it chose to behave like that. Then her train of thought was interrupted as we have narrated.

"Strike whom?" she enquired politely of the invisible someone.

The answer was effective, if hardly anticipated. The rod was snatched up suddenly and bent to the rush of a heavy fish.

Cicely sat up; the situation promised to be interesting. There was a decision about the methods of this someone that made her wide awake at once. As for some seconds he was entirely engrossed in playing the fish she was able to have a good look at him, and profited by the opportunity. She dismissed his attire briefly as inelegant but not inappropriate. She noted that he was tall, young, with strong features and firm mouth, that his hair was dark and straight, that he had not shaved that morning (a circumstance that occurred to the someone later), and that he was generally of a masterful appearance.

But despite this drawback her verdict was favourable, and Talbot (for Talbot it was, very much moved by that instinct of the angler which cannot endure to see a good rise or bite missed,) was fortunate, though he knew it not, in the manner of his introduction. To exist gracefully, it may be repeated, is given to but few even of the favoured sex. The mere man who can succeed in commanding instant admiration by simply seating himself in an armchair and diffusing an atmosphere of excellence is a being of distinguished rarity, and seldom beloved by his rivals. Most of us, to display ourselves to the best advantage, must needs be doing something. And here Talbot was generally unlucky. At cricket, while Charles could play forward and get bowled with captivating grace, Talbot, who was the kind of cricketer known as a useful scorer, spoiled his chances hopelessly by the exaggerated vehemence of his sweeping hits to leg. At football Majendie, as half-back, could evade his adversaries in a way that held spectators breathless; for him the reporter culled the choicest flowers of an exotic vocabulary, but passed unnoticed the mighty strivings of Talbot in the scrimmage. At lawn-tennis the Admiral served into the net with a careless ease that charmed the feminine eye, while Talbot pounded away at the lady with a visage of paralysing ferocity and generally moved his partner to complain that he poached. At billiards,—but why prolong the tale? William may have been less fortunate; he was an expert skater—a bad accomplishment as his chances were limited, but at least he was inoffensive at other sports. Talbot always did best in an unforgivable manner.

At fishing, however, he found himself. His eye grew keen, his lips set; his whole being quickened to alert, purposeful action.

Cicely became quite interested, if a little puzzled, at his manœuvres with the rod, recognising them as mysteries beyond her comprehension. Finally the fish, which proved to be a large perch, was landed triumphantly in Talbot's net.

"Always strike as soon as the float has gone well under," he said, as he lifted the fish out of the water. "It would have been a sin to lose a perch like this. You don't get them in this river every day over two pounds. What on earth you were about I——" he stopped suddenly. So far he had not had time to realise his companion, but now he suddenly found to his confusion that he was addressing a very pretty stranger in a way that only a certain amount of intimacy could excuse. "I mean—— I should say——" he amended hurriedly, "I must congratulate you on your luck," so saying he laid the perch down beside her, raised his hat and made as if to depart. Doubtless this must be one of the anathematised intruders. Well, he would go away at once, though he confessed to himself that she seemed less of a nuisance than he had imagined.

But Cicely stopped him. "Thank you so much for catching it," she said edging away from the still lively fish. "But what am I to do with it? It flops about so."

Talbot could hardly do less than assist beauty in such distress. He took the fish and tapped it smartly on the head with the handle of his landing-net. "It won't flop long," he assured her. "Shall I put it in your basket?"

"Yes, please do," said Cicely gratefully. "Oh, and do be careful," she added tragically; "there is a tin there with live worms in it."

Talbot suppressed a smile, but showed no alarm at this startling intelligence. He laid the fish in the basket on a layer of long grass, and again meditated retreat. But in stooping down he had stolen a second glance at Cicely. He wavered; after all there was no harm in being polite, and he had some amends to make in that respect. "Shall I bait the hook again?" he suggested.

"Oh, has it swallowed the worm?" she said. "How horrid! I'm sure I shan't be able to eat it. No, don't," she said as he took out the tin; "they'll escape and crawl about."

"You seem rather afraid of the wild worm," he said smiling openly now, his hand on the lid.

"I don't want it baited," insisted Cicely.

"Don't you want to catch any more fish then?" he enquired in surprise.

"Won't one be enough?" she asked hopefully. "How many fish ought one to catch in an afternoon?"

"It depends on the weather, the river, the angler, and the fish," he returned oracularly. "For myself I haven't caught anything yet since lunch."

"Won't your friends laugh at you?" she asked.

"They will be most sympathetic," he answered.

"I'm sure you'll like that, so I won't give you my fish," she said; "mine wouldn't, you see. If I'd come back without anything they'd have said I'd gone to sleep, or something. Oh, what did you say it was you'd caught for me,—a trout?"

Now it might reasonably have been supposed that such ignorance would have roused Talbot's indignation, or at best his contempt; to confess one's inability to distinguish a trout from a perch should surely be a grave offence in the estimation of an angler. But to give offence it is necessary to be offensive, and those to whom it is given to exist gracefully seldom possess a gift vouchsafed to so many of their fellow-creatures. It is to be feared that Talbot felt neither indignation nor contempt; if he did his generosity so overcame them that he merely corrected her without comment.

"A perch," repeated Cicely after him; "I must try to remember that. You are quite sure?" she asked, mischievously enjoying his embarrassment.

This seemed a challenge to display knowledge, and there are few desires so overmastering as the impulse to impart information. Encyclopædias and penny weekly papers flourish by supplying people with odd facts to impart. Talbot could not resist the universal impulse, and in a moment he found himself discoursing on the perch in a manner that Izaak himself might have admitted to be "excellent good."

Cicely listened and smiled. She never wanted to impart information, but she could be inflicted with it at all times. She had been told how many five-pound-notes reach from Mount Everest to the edge of Saturn's rings, and the knowledge had not troubled her. Cookery recipes had been taught her by friends who read ladies' papers, and no one's digestion had ever suffered, or even been threatened, in consequence. Mrs. Lauriston had read to her the statistics of crime in alcoholic and

non-alcoholic districts, and she had poured out her uncle's glass of port without a tremor. Agatha asserted that she never listened. Certainly with her the imparted fact found its long home, and if, as her sister said, it went in at one ear to come out at the other, she surely deserved more esteem than other auditors with whom the ear serves but as a road to the mouth. Besides, it was a very pretty ear.

This time, however, Cicely was making an exception. She did listen, she questioned, she appeared to be trying to remember. She followed the perch from its earliest youth to its last home in the fishing-basket, and then she asked for its Latin name.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Talbot in sudden confusion.

"The Latin name, I said," Cicely calmly repeated. "Do please remember it."

It is difficult to be suddenly dignified on a river-bank at the moment when one becomes aware that one is unshaven. Talbot thought she was making game of him and attempted the impossible. He delivered himself of the ponderous appellation; "*Perca fluviatilis*," he said stiffly.

She made him repeat it. "Thank you so much" she smiled; "it's really very nice of you. I mean it," she added, looking up at him.

Talbot forgot his suspicion, and, without knowing how it came about, found himself sitting down on the grass facing her and ready for conversation. Two rods dangled an unbaited hook and a bedraggled fly in the water, but he had forgotten them.

"You see," continued Cicely, "I've never fished before in my life. Now that's a dreadful confession, isn't it?"

Talbot assured her that it was all the more meritorious of her to be beginning now, assured her of it, too, with a promptitude surprising in that, at the moment of utterance, he became a renegade from all his beliefs and had to reconstruct his theories of existence before he replied. For years he had maintained that, for all he cared, women might invade the bar, the benches, the faculty, and either university, but he must insist that his favourite sport should be kept free from feminine intrusion. Now he had met Cicely; and a serried array of arguments in favour of the sex, hitherto unsuspected, presented themselves and led on by perhaps the most powerful of them, herself, put to the rout all his old theories and took him prisoner. Of course women could not be admitted into the brotherhood without tuition, and

who more fitted?—at this point her confession had produced a speedy recantation. But such internal revolutions made foreign policy difficult. He awaited her further confidence.

“However,” Cicely went on, “I had to do it this afternoon, and I don’t like it at all. But it’s your fault really, so it’s only fair you should have done it for me”: she enunciated this instance of poetic justice calmly.

“My fault?” echoed the bewildered Talbot in tones of perplexed contrition.

“Not yours personally,” Cicely explained; “the house-boat’s. You’re one of them, aren’t you?”

Talbot admitted it. Did his conscience smite him for his strictures on the camp but two hours past? It is to be feared that he was rather considering whether he could not aid and abet Charles in returning Mr. Lauriston’s call. “But how have we compelled you to turn fish——” he hesitated; *fish-woman* did not seem polite nor *fisher-woman* appropriate—“to turn angler,—*médecin malgré lui.*”

“Well, Uncle Henry called on you,” she said, “because he got tired of us.”

“Impossible,” said Talbot gallantly.

“Didn’t Mr.—Mr.—I forget his name—tell you? He called this morning. He did indeed,” Cicely assured him with innocent solemnity.

“I had heard it,” returned Talbot curtly, disdaining to explain his compliment.

“And he didn’t want Aunt Charlotte to know it,—she doesn’t like houseboats—and so when they wanted to know at lunch what he had been doing, he turned the conversation on me and made me the victim. So I was set to catch things with a worm; otherwise I should have had to paint pictures or go for a walk.”

“I see,” said Talbot a trifle vaguely. Though he was beginning to appreciate Cicely’s power of existing gracefully, he had not the knowledge essential to a proper understanding of her explanation. “Will they set you to do it again?” he asked in a hopeful tone.

Cicely gave the point her best consideration. “Is that a really large perch?” she asked.

“Yes, quite a large perch,” he averred.

“I’d better make you take it then,” she decided. Talbot

protested that it was fairly hers, and refused firmly to accept it.

"They will make me fish again," she sighed with beautiful resignation. "Uncle Henry's very fond of fish, and he'll eat it and want more. And then they'll find me out."

Talbot looked a question; she was getting hard to follow. "I told them I knew fishing," she explained, "and they wouldn't believe me. It was to escape painting. You sit on an uncomfortable stool,—at least Doris does—in the middle of a field with a lot of gnats and small boys round you; and the gnats sting you and get in your paints, and the boys are rude, and you get hot and red and try not to listen, and the brushes dab themselves into the wrong paints, and the curate doesn't come."

"The curate?" repeated Talbot mystified.

"He's the only man in the country, ever," Cicely explained airily, "and you must have a man to drive them away—besides, he knows their names. So I thought I'd sit down and fish,—sit down properly—so I said I'd fish. And I know all about perch now." She made him a little bow of thanks.

"This is abetting a deception," said Talbot righteously. "But your time will come. Suppose you catch some other fish next time, and they ask you what it is; will you send for the curate to tell you?"

"I shan't catch another fish," returned Cicely with decision; "it's too much trouble."

"Not even if it only gives you as much trouble as this one?" he suggested.

"I expect it must be getting on for tea-time," she observed. "Can you see if Martin is coming with the boat?"

Talbot could not see. He remembered that Charles had mentioned another man with the Lauriston party; he remembered, too, that he had expended some sympathy on the unhappy condition of the one man amid a bevy of females. Now he feared that he had wasted good sentiment on an altogether undeserving person.

"It must be time for him," Cicely persisted.

He perceived that it was time for himself to go. "This is a good spot for perch; your friend has an angler's eye," he said.

"My friend?" Cicely saw his mistake. She did not enlighten

him. "I suppose," she said carelessly, "I had better go on fishing for perch, hadn't I? Then I shan't have to be taught any more names."

"You'll have to learn how to get them out," retorted Talbot more than a little piqued.

"Perhaps I shall have to send for the curate after all," she conceded.

"This district is more populous than some," he suggested; "there is certain to be a man about here to-morrow afternoon."

"I daresay I shan't fish to-morrow," she returned. "Perhaps the perch will disagree with Uncle Henry. So I needn't bother about it till then, need I?"

Talbot saw that she had said all she was going to say. He raised his apology for a hat, acutely conscious of his chin the while. "Good-afternoon, Miss Lauriston," he said; "I hope the perch won't disagree with your uncle."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Talbot. I hope so too," she agreed dutifully; "I should feel so guilty, shouldn't I?"

Talbot wondered if she meant anything more, but got no clue. That she knew his name alarmed him; Haddon must have described him to her uncle, and if she had recognised him from that,—he shuddered inwardly. In point of fact, his name was plainly engraved on a plate affixed to his creel, as he thankfully remembered afterwards. He lingered a moment, but she said no more. Then, with another bow, he went off towards the mill, taking his rod and observing that his chub-fly was entangled in a piece of weed which had floated down upon it during their talk. This served to recall him to the object of his coming forth, and also to remind him of the oft emphasised discrepancy that exists between intention and fulfilment, between precept and practice. He laughed a little guiltily as he reflected that the man who was returning to camp now was very different from the man who had left it an hour or so earlier. However, he still retained enough of his old self to be able to swear. "Damn that Martin!" he muttered as he heard the sound of oars coming up the stream. And so he passed by the mill and gained the path.

CHAPTER VII

THAT morning Mrs. Lauriston rose early, though she was never a late riser. According to Cicely (who considered herself an early riser), Aunt Charlotte always "got up at unearthly hours." According to Aunt Charlotte, on the other hand, Cicely was accustomed to over-sleep herself in a way that occasioned grave concern ; which proves only that the word *early* is susceptible of more than one interpretation, the variety of its meanings depending probably on the number of persons who interpret. However, to be precise, Mrs. Lauriston rose at a little after half-past four and was down or, again to be precise, was outside her tent shortly before five.

Her usual hour was half-past seven, but to-day, glancing at her watch on a sudden awakening, she had mistaken the position of the hands, and therefore had imagined that her self-appointed time was come. Once outside her tent, however, the aspect of the world convinced her that she had made a mistake. A thick mist still wrapped the river and its banks in sleep, and the other tents looked large and ghostly and unfamiliar. Away in the east the newly risen sun was perceptible though not visible ; a faint red glow behind the mist proclaimed his presence, but he had not yet power enough to compel his way and drive the grey veil before him. Mrs. Lauriston had not seen the river prospect at this hour before, and she did not much approve of it now ; it seemed cold and damp, yes, and the grass was heavy with dew ; great moist drops clung to every blade. Decidedly it was not good to be abroad at such a time.

A distant church-clock, as if to accentuate her regrets, informed her now definitely what the time was, and after she had counted the fifth stroke she felt vaguely annoyed with Cicely, whose gift (an absurd little watch of gun-metal about the size of a sixpenny piece) had thus misled her. Had she not been persuaded to bring it instead of her own hereditary repeater, which Cicely had urged might catch cold by the river, this regrettable incident would not have happened.

However, Mrs. Lauriston was not one to indulge in vain regrets for long, and the air was certainly fresh and pleasant ;

moreover the sun was gradually making himself a path through the mist, and a pair of goloshes would enable her to defy the dew. After restraining her natural impulse to rouse her nieces, and especially the donor of the pretty deceiver, from a conviction that they would not be grateful, she set herself to perform what duties could be performed at so untimely an hour. She laid out the breakfast-things in the living-tent, and prepared everything in readiness for cooking, among other things placing the historic perch, which Martin had cleaned the night before, near the frying-pan, and cutting sundry rashers of bacon. After this she would have liked to clean the silver just to show how it should be done. But unluckily the silver was in the tent which her husband shared with Martin,—in a box under Martin's head as she fondly remembered; though, as a matter of fact, Martin had other ideas with regard to what constitutes a pillow, and she could have reached the box easily enough without disturbing him.

For a moment Mrs. Lauriston almost wished herself back in Ealing. There she would not have been at a loss for an hour's congenial occupation. She could have inscribed her name in dust on the top of the grand piano,—a valuable piece of testimony; she could have discovered how much that should have been swept up had been concealed under the mats in the hall; she could have fairly considered the respective merits of old oak or walnut for re-staining the floor in the bay-window. There were numberless things she could have done, and they all occurred to her. Here all she could do was to pick up a few little bits of paper from the grass and add them to the fire that was presently to be kindled. How few distractions the country affords! Mrs. Lauriston became desperate; she consulted the offending watch again; it was only a little past six, and breakfast was not till eight. She resolved that she would take a walk.

There was only one path that could be called a path, and Mrs. Lauriston objected to walking on anything that was not a path. Scrambling through hedges and jumping ditches had no charms for her. She liked to see where she was going, and she took the path, though in rather a disparaging mood. The path (it skirted the weir-pool and ran past the camp to the foot-bridge described before) was the kind of path on which the early bird might hope to catch the first worm.

In fact he was doing so at this moment until, disturbed by Mrs. Lauriston, he flew off, thinking perhaps he had mistaken the time of day. Of the first worm fortunately Mrs. Lauriston had only a theoretical knowledge, but she felt out of sympathy with the early bird ; he seemed to have so much to do while she was compelled to be inactive. Generally she had striven to impress his merit on Cicely, who for her part had taken a misguided view, saying that he provided a solemn warning to one not to be the first worm.

Mrs. Lauriston hesitated whether she should turn to the left or the right, but finally decided that the scenery to the right looked more civilised ; it included the foot-bridge and the lane and other things of comparative dryness, while on the left were osiers and willows and the weir and moisture everywhere. She walked accordingly along the path and over the bridge, gratified to find that her road became dryer as she went. By a curious coincidence she was treading in the same path that her husband had taken yesterday. But unhappily, not having his eye for country, or his military experience, she did not realise what was at the end of it. Past the lock and the mill, along the well-trodden track through the osier-bed, over (with great precautions) the plank that bridged the small lagoon, beyond the oak-tree,—Mrs. Lauriston repeated her husband's journey in faithful detail, and then she stood suddenly horror-struck in the very spot, and almost in the very attitude, in which William, Talbot, and the Admiral were introduced to the reader two days ago. Mrs. Lauriston had come upon the house-boat ! Yet this was not all ; this was bad enough, but it was not enough to make her face round from the river hotly, hurry back across the plank without a semblance of her former precaution, and walk on and on possessed only by the one idea that she must put some miles between her and what she had seen. The shock of discovering the haunt of the objectionable male was great, the other,—but it shall at least be softened for the reader. It is enough that Mrs. Lauriston should suffer.

In fact there was a second perturbed spirit abroad this morning,—Sir Seymour Haddon. His dreams had been troubled. Having spent much of the night in hunting for a certain Gladstone bag in lonely deserts and amid snow-clad peaks, while jabbering apes, crocodiles, giraffes, and other remarkable fauna attended him in a mocking throng, one and all assuring him that

his search was vain inasmuch as no such thing existed, he had awakened to a burning sense of injustice at almost the same time as Mrs. Lauriston. But the magnificent Charles was more fortunate than his neighbour ; he at least had a purpose in life. He had arisen in a determined manner in spite of the mist around him. Like Mrs. Lauriston he had meditated arousing his party to an appreciation of the morning air ; he felt sure that between the four of them the beauties of the morning would meet with comment more eloquent than ever gladdened the brain of a London-haunting sonneteer. But the amusement would keep for an hour ; he had work in hand.

He looked scornfully at the four conspirators. Majendie's remarks came back to him. He regarded the doctor's face ; it bore the expressionless calm of a dreamless sleeper. "He's dreaming of the whole course of his professional career," Charles said to himself sarcastically.

Then he began his search. He hunted every place on board the house-boat possible and impossible, he hunted every nook and corner of the bank within a hundred yards, but the Gladstone bag remained imaginary. When he returned baffled his first impulse was to administer a rude awakening to each in turn, but he looked at his watch. It was nearly half-past six, and if he did disturb them they might want to get up, in which case they would certainly insist on his preparing breakfast. On the other hand the sun was now pleasantly warm and the river—

In a few moments he was climbing the ladder to the roof, just as Mrs. Lauriston was coming through the osier-bed and all unconsciously approaching the stile. The magnificent Charles walked delicately to the edge and looked down ; Mrs. Lauriston mounted the stile. He gave a little pleasurable shiver ; the sun was warm on his back and the water looked cold ; Mrs. Lauriston crossed the plank. Charles raised his joined hands over his head ; Mrs. Lauriston passed the oak-tree—

And then,—a symphony of pink and navy blue (a fortunate but not a preponderating hue in the picture) flashed through the air and cut the smooth surface with hardly a splash. It was a beautiful dive. Did social conditions permit, it would have made as effective a weapon in Charles's armoury as his forward stroke at cricket. It was a dive to inspire the writer of sonnets aforesaid.

It did inspire Mrs. Lauriston. She stood transfixed, just as

his friends had stood transfixed before. The roof of the house-boat seemed fated to be to Charles a stage from which he should arrest attention. It was a curious coincidence that so similar an effect should be produced by his costume in its two extremes,—its unexpected maximum and its irreducible minimum.

After the dive Charles rose to view within a few yards of her, rubbed the water out of his eyes, and looked about him,—to encounter Mrs. Lauriston's gaze. He was not unduly perturbed, nor did it occur to him that there was anything out of the common about the situation, though he noted the fact that the lady must be an early riser. He swam tranquilly off down stream with a powerful breast stroke, reflecting to himself that a swimmer is seen at his best thus and trusting that the strange lady (who evidently belonged to the other camp) would not fail to note how much he was at home in the water.

But Mrs. Lauriston had fled, and before Charles had finished his exhibition had reached the mill tingling in every nerve with indignation at the shamelessness with which these young men behaved ; it was exactly as she had prophesied, she thought, as she hurried on past the mill, taking in her agitation the path to the left instead of the path to the right, and so with every step hurrying farther away from her own camp. Indeed, she had put several fields between her and the mill before she began to wonder where she was going, and stopped to consider. The fields seemed unfamiliar, and she decided that she had better turn back.

But now there was another misfortune in store for her. Right in the path by which she had come stood an unsuspected cow. Mrs. Lauriston withdrew the foot which was taking the first step back. She detested cows, but she had heard somewhere that if you keep your eyes on them steadily they know that you are their master and fear you. So Mrs. Lauriston kept her eyes steadily on the cow while she retreated backwards. The cow followed, and stood in front of her in a speculative attitude. Then it lowed, not at all unamiably ; and at this Mrs. Lauriston cast her shreds of learning to the winds and ran, ran to the nearest gate, and fled she knew not whither.

A few minutes later she returned to herself and to a pleasing sense of righteous indignation with Charles and his confraternity of crime. She determined to go straight back, fetching a compass round the cow of course ; her resolve was fixed ; she would

acquaint the camp with her decree. She glanced round to assure herself of the direction : she was in the middle of a large field, surrounded by thick hedges, which shut in her view completely ; she knew the situation of neither mill, river, nor tents ; only was she aware vaguely that somewhere waiting for her behind one of those hedges was the cow. Mrs. Lauriston was lost.

Breakfast was later than usual that morning, for Aunt Charlotte was not there to make sure of things. But Agatha woke at a reasonable hour, and aroused her sister and Doris. Martin also was about, only a little after his customary time. The pleasant odour of cooking fish enlivened Cicely who, little suspecting the dreadful truth, persuaded the others to steal a march on the virtuous, and to let their aunt rest.

“Do let her sleep on if she wants to,” said Miss Cicely with a compassion that deceived Doris.

It did not convince Agatha. “So that you can boast that you have once,” she began.

“We all can,” said Cicely.

And so it was settled.

The three girls sat down alone. Before Cicely was set a dish which she uncovered with pride. On it reposed the famous perch. She had been very reticent about her adventures in angling, but now that they had come to the final test she resolved to hide her light no longer. She would have liked a complete audience, and she looked round for her aunt and uncle. He was at last emerging.

“There, Uncle Henry, there it is,” said Cicely, pointing oratorically to the dish. “The perch is one of the commonest of our fishes ; it inhabits most of our rivers, streams, and lakes. Its flesh is little inferior to the flesh of the trout, but it naturally varies according to the water from which it comes. It is generally to be found round old piles, walls, and the roots of trees, and may be taken with a worm or minnow. It does not commonly attain to a much greater weight than two pounds, though examples have been taken of four and even five. This, therefore, is a peculiarly handsome specimen.” Cicely paused ; she had said her piece pretty well, though she was not sure if she had got it all quite in the right order, and there were other facts probably of importance which she had forgotten. She would now come briskly to the peroration.

“Its Latin name,” she continued, as one whose knowledge is

unfathomable, "its Latin name is——" she paused again; positively she had forgotten that, too, or most of it. She must dissemble. "Its Latin name is *Percus Fluvius*," she said boldly.

"Where *did* you learn all that, Cicely?" asked Agatha.

"From experience, most of it," was the modest reply.

"And the Latin name?" said her uncle smiling. He had forgotten most of his Latin, but early training survived in him enough to make him suspicious of other people's Latinity.

"It came out of a book," said Cicely, thinking it probable.

Uncle Henry was about to inquire the name of the book, when their attention was altogether diverted from the subject by the sight of Mrs. Lauriston, who was crossing the bridge.

"Oh, she's been up all the time," said Cicely in a tone of disappointment.

"I'm afraid she has," murmured Mr. Lauriston to himself as he studied his wife's approaching visage.

Mrs. Lauriston had been long enough in finding her way back for the indignation of the moralist shocked to be tempered with the complacency of the prophet accredited, and her tone was calm, though it lost nothing of decision thereby. "It is exactly as I anticipated," she observed; "and we shall move at once."

(To be continued.)

CHARLES FOX AT BROOKS'S

THERE are few great figures of English history whose characters display richer contrasts than that of Charles Fox. "Fox had three passions," said one of his friends, "women, play, and politics, yet he never formed a creditable connection with a woman, he squandered all his means at the gaming-table, and, except for eleven months, he was constantly in Opposition." That estimate of Fox's career came to be modified before he died, but it was fairly accurate at the time it was uttered. His contemporaries during his early manhood could not fail to be struck with some of the contradictions of his character. On the one hand was the inspired orator of the House of Commons, the prophet of a great political party, the personal opponent during twenty years of the Court and King George. On the other was a ruined spendthrift sunk under a load of debt almost before he was out of his 'teens, whose furniture went down St. James's Street in the bailiffs' carts at regular intervals, who had lost fortune after fortune of his own and had compromised the estates of half his acquaintance by his reckless folly, and yet was regarded as the best of good fellows by his victims, and was almost adored by everybody who came in contact with him.

Most of the qualities which went to make up that complex character were displayed very completely at Brooks's, the old club in St. James's Street which has now lighted its candles continuously for just a hundred and forty years. Fox was the presiding genius of the early Brooks's. The club may be regarded as his home during the first twenty years of his career. Here the extraordinary charm of his manner drew his friends around him, and converted a society which at first lacked all colour of politics into the citadel of his party. At Brooks's, above all, Fox developed that passion for high play, which made him the very prototype of all gamesters and kept him in a

chronic state of distress which would have submerged a weaker nature, until at the age of near fifty he was rescued by a subscription of £70,000 among his friends at the club.

Those same exploits of Fox at the hazard and faro tables at Brooks's are well known, but they have perhaps received less attention than might have been expected. Fox's biographers, from Lord Holland to Sir George Trevelyan, naturally, and perhaps properly, treat the subject with delicacy. The enormous extent of Fox's transactions at the play-tables is of course recorded, and although there has been no desire to withhold such censure as his conduct in this particular seemed to deserve, the very magnitude of his dealings in dice and cards has caused some inaccurate inferences to be drawn, and as a consequence has led to the establishment of a very erroneous tradition. That tradition, which can be traced to the daintiness with which Fox's biographers have dealt with the subject, was undoubtedly perpetuated by one of his contemporaries, in whose words it is best stated. The last Lord Egremont, the Mæcenas of Petworth, a nobleman universally beloved who died early in the reign of Queen Victoria, told Lord Holland, Fox's nephew and biographer,

That he was convinced by reflection aided by his subsequent experience of the world that there was at that time some *unfair confederacy among some of the players, and that the great losers, especially Mr. Fox, were actually duped and cheated*. He would, he said, have been torn in pieces and stoned by the losers themselves for even hinting such a thing at the time. He was nevertheless satisfied that the immoderate, constant, and unparalleled advantage over Charles Fox and other young men was not to be accounted for by the difference in passing or holding the box or the hazard of the die. He had indeed no suspicion any more than the rest at the time, but he had thought it much over since, and now had.

These speculations of Lord Egremont upon events which had happened half a century earlier, unsupported as they are by any evidence, would have attracted little notice had they not been quoted by Lord Holland in the Memorials of his uncle in support of the tradition we have mentioned. But it will be seen that the acceptance of Lord Egremont's suggestion concerns more reputations than one. The gaming at which Fox is supposed to have suffered took place almost exclusively at Brooks's, and if indeed he was victimised it was at the hands of members of that club. Many of them were of great

position and all of unsullied reputation. There was no question of meeting at Brooks's the adventurers who swarmed at the public gaming-tables of the coffee-houses. The club from the first was an exclusive society of gentlemen, and if there was any unfair confederacy among the members who met Charles Fox at its play-tables, the fame of many notable men of that day is besmirched. But a consideration of the evidence which has gradually accumulated upon the details of Fox's private life will, we think, remove all such doubts and will supply ample explanations of the derangement which existed in his finances in his own conduct, without involving that of others.

Fox's career as a gamester may be divided into two distinct periods. For about ten years following 1768, when at the age of nineteen he first appeared as a man about town, the male society of the day was wholly given up to a rage for hazard. The game was played for enormous stakes both at the public gaming-tables and at private assemblies. But the chief scene of high play between gentlemen was at Almack's, a club named after its first proprietor, which was the parent of the present Brooks's, and had been opened in 1764 on the site of the Marlborough Club in Pall Mall. Young Fox immediately took his place among the band of choice spirits who made Almack's their rendezvous, and became and remained a chief exponent of hazard until its vogue expired in favour of faro shortly before 1780.

Almack's had been founded by twenty-seven young men of good birth, all under twenty-five years of age, with the single object of providing a meeting-place where they might indulge their passion for high play undisturbed. That object is abundantly clear from the original rules. These prescribed that no one should sit down at the tables without a substantial sum in gold before him; they suggest also that every room in the club was devoted to gambling in one form or another, for there is an enactment that "No gaming be permitted in the eating-room except tossing for reckonings, on penalty of paying the whole bill of the members present." So well were these rules adapted to their purpose that Horace Walpole declared there was usually a sum of £10,000 on the table in bullion, and the club had not been going a year before the town began to ring with the exploits of the generous youth who haunted its rooms to the despair of their parents and guardians.

When young Fox joined Almack's, in 1768, there was already

assembled a compact band of gamblers who devoted themselves to hazard Sundays and weekdays throughout the season. It was among these men that Fox took his place, and if, as Lord Egremont suggested, he was duped and cheated, it was at the hands of these men that he suffered and we must choose among a very good company for the betrayers of his youth and innocence. The habitual frequenters of the hazard-room at Almack's were such men as the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Melbourne, Lord Derby, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Clermont, Admiral Rodney and Admiral Pigott, General Burgoyne and General Scott, Lord Harrington, and Sir Thomas Clarges. To these we may add the group of young men who surrounded George Selwyn, with that gentleman at their head, Richard Fitzpatrick and his brother Lord Upper Ossory, Lord Carlisle, Lord March, Sir Charles Bunbury, Lord Bolingbroke and his brother Mr. St. John, Storer, Hare, Boothby, and "Fish" Craufurd. Last came the Fox group, Charles himself, his brother Stephen, and his cousin young Lord Stavordale, one of the boldest of all the plungers.

It is surely inconceivable that such men as these should have conspired to cheat Fox or anyone else. Hazard, moreover, was a game at which cheating was impossible except by the use of loaded dice. It was a game of pure chance at which the novice met the most case-hardened of gamblers on equal terms, except perhaps in the all-important matter of knowing when to stop. But there is ample evidence of the ruin which the practice of the game spread among the players. The stakes were enormous. Lord Carlisle lost £10,000 at one cast at the club, a sum in no way exceptional if we are to judge by a remark made by Lord Stavordale. That young gentleman won the same amount at a throw at the Cocoa Tree and "swore a great oath saying 'If I had been playing deep, I might have won millions.'" Obviously transactions of this sort required capital on a lordly scale, and the younger men at Almack's soon discovered a way of supplying their wants. They would go to the usurers for large sums of ready money. Their expectations would be duly weighed by those gentry, and the advance made in exchange for a bond which guaranteed the payment of an annuity to cover the repayment of capital with interest reckoned on a generous scale. We may form some idea of the aggregate amount of these transactions from a remark of Horace Walpole, who noted in 1772 that there were advertised to be sold "more annuities of Charles Fox and his

society." This particular sale was to secure the payment of £500,000 a year.

Hazard at Almack's, indeed, was played with money borrowed by the players at ruinous interest, and there is little need to search for other causes of the disaster which it brought into the affairs of the men who devoted their lives to the game. The general effect of the play at Almack's can best be followed in Selwyn's correspondence. As one man felt the pressure of a debt of honour he was forced to apply to friends who owed him sums on a like account. We may read how Lord Derby, "having lost a very monstrous sum of money," took the liberty of applying to Selwyn for a debt which he owed him; how Fitzpatrick, approached by Selwyn with the same object, would have "coined his heart and dropped his blood into drachmas" had he been able, but as it was he could not raise a guinea. We learn, too, that Admiral Rodney had to run off to France to avoid the bailiffs, and that his wife, coming over to try to raise a fund among his club-mates to enable him to return, failed utterly. We may note also that a temporary withdrawal from the hazard-room was pleasantly known as "fattening," and the inevitable catastrophe of the return as "cutting up."

Such letters as these reflect some of the difficulties of Fox's companions at Brooks's; there is less need to seek additional causes for his own embarrassment because he started life encumbered with a heavy load of debt which he had incurred at nearly every capital on the Continent during the grand tour. Hazard, moreover, was only one of his dissipations, his routine including riotous living in every phase of the life of his day. A typical instance is recorded by both Walpole and Gibbon. Fox sat down one evening at Brooks's at seven in the evening and played till five on the following afternoon. He then went to the House of Commons and delivered a speech upon the Church Bill. "Charles Fox prepared himself for that holy work," says Gibbon, "by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard." After the debate he went to White's, where he drank till seven in the morning. A few hours later he returned to Brooks's, where he won £6,000 at hazard, and between three and four in the afternoon he left London for the races at Newmarket.

This was obviously a wasteful mode of life which would require a large fortune to maintain, while as a fact Fox never had

a shilling of his own after he was grown up. Lord Holland's last years were spent in trying to redeem the liabilities incurred by his sons, and when in 1774 he died, everything he left to Charles was already forestalled, and that young man was also under heavy obligations to half his friends. The estate of Kingsgate was seized by his creditors, and a sinecure office of £2,000 a year, to which he had succeeded on the death of his brother Stephen, went the same way. As to his obligations to his acquaintances their extent is suggested at least by a remark of Walpole, who, in mentioning an attempted settlement of Charles's debts by Lord Holland a few months before his death, says, "The arrangement aimed at paying all Charles's debts with the exception of a trifle of £30,000 and those of Lord Carlisle, Crewe, and Foley, who being friends, not Jews, may wait."

So far, indeed, from Fox being the victim of his companions, it was some of them who enabled him to keep his place at the gaming-tables; it is clear, too, that he often assumed a very jaunty attitude in face of his liabilities to them. There was Lord Carlisle's case, for example. That young nobleman had stood security for an advance by a money-lender to Fox for a sum of £15,000. Carlisle himself was embarrassed and sought relief from the payment of the annuity upon the borrowed money. Selwyn, as a friend of both parties, endeavoured to bring about a settlement and called upon Fox to suggest a discharge of Carlisle's claim. "I was answered only by an elevation *de ses épaules et une grimace*," he writes, and continues bitterly, "the Messieurs Fox were born for great stations, they were educated with great indulgence, and if the Jews won't pay for them the Gentiles must." Selwyn even exhorted Carlisle to resist the payment of the annuity: "Let them sell your furniture to call attention to the scandal. In a very little time a demand upon you will be as good as an accepted draft on Child's shop."

Without having been able absolutely to disprove Lord Egremont's deliberate statement that Fox was cheated at hazard, we have perhaps suggested other causes for the dispersal of his fortune during the vogue of that game. But in coming to the second period of his career as a gamester we have the advantage of a remarkable series of letters which were written to Lord Carlisle, from 1780 onwards, by Fox's own companions at the club, Selwyn, Hare, and Storer. These letters are rich

in details of the life at Brooks's during the rage for faro which succeeded that for hazard, and, unless we are to suppose that Fox changed his disposition and his habits in a moment, they serve to throw a retrospective light upon the period we have already examined in which details are scarce. In any case they dispose altogether of the suggestion that Fox was the victim of his companions after 1780; on the contrary, they establish the fact that he was the winner of enormous sums at Brooks's, and they remove him once and for all from the category of the pigeons.

Hazard suffered a decline in favour among gentlemen during the few years preceding 1780, and the gamblers at Brooks's were at that time looking out for another game to take its place. The fame of the doings at hazard at the club had not been lost upon humbler societies elsewhere, and dicing had descended to low companies of scoundrels at disreputable taverns and coffee-houses where cheating was general. All sorts of ruffians congregated at these places, disputes were of daily occurrence in which men often lost their lives, and the results were constantly before coroners and police-magistrates. As a consequence hazard lost favour as a game for gentlemen; certainly at Brooks's it was discarded in favour of faro.

Faro, a simplified form of basset, a game which had a great vogue in England under the Stuarts, was played between a dealer, who kept the bank, and the rest of the company. In essentials it was perfectly simple, and much resembled the Self and Company still played by children. But there were many variations which made the game attractive to all sorts of players from the most cautious to the most reckless. Ostensibly it was fair as between dealer and the rest of the company, but as a fact it was not so. Ties paid the dealer, the last card of the pack was his in any event, and there were certain collective advantages known as "the pull of the table," which made the running of a faro-bank a very profitable concern.

The game was introduced at Brooks's by Charles Fox and his friend Fitzpatrick, who had already been associated as partners at the club during the hazard period. In January of 1780 we read of the pair setting up the first faro-table at Brooks's: "*C'est une banque de fondation*" wrote Selwyn to Carlisle, "*Messieurs Charles et Richard en sont les fondateurs*, or at least that is my opinion." Before many weeks had passed the partnership was avowed, and it was soon clear to the town that all the glories of hazard were

to be revived at Fox and Fitzpatrick's faro-bank. The concern had not been running three months before London became vocal about the ravages of the partnership upon the pockets of the rest of the company. Selwyn himself, one of the most seasoned of the older set at the club, was among its first victims. We find Storer writing to Carlisle that he was afraid to speak to George upon the subject of faro, "he was so *larmoyant* the other morning over his losses." A month or so later we have the advantage of Selwyn's remarks upon Storer in the same connection: "Storer was out of spirits after he had been losing his money like a simple boy at Charles and Richard's d——d faro-bank, which swallows up everybody's cash who comes to Brooks's." Lord Robert Spencer and his brother Lord Edward were other victims. Their brother, the Duke of Marlborough, came to their assistance, but very much to his own embarrassment. "The Duke says he cannot now give one-third to his younger children of what he has given to his two brothers, who have left him to be seduced by Charles Fox. Here is a Fox running off a second time with their geese from Marlborough House, as the old Duchess used to say."

Fox's success at the new game was so striking that it encouraged competitors. Early in the season of 1781 Walpole wrote:

My nephew Lord Cholmondeley, the banker *à la mode*, has been demolished. He and his associate, Sir Willoughby Aston, went early the other night to Brooks's before Charles Fox and Fitzpatrick were come and set up a faro-bank, but they soon arrived, attacked their rivals, broke the bank, and won above £4000. "There," said Fox, "so should all usurpers be served."

Fox indeed, like the Turk, would bear no brother near the throne. He and Fitzpatrick resolved to keep the lucrative business of faro at Brooks's to themselves. To this end they decided to discourage competition by broadening the basis of the firm, and in 1781 they took in as junior partners men who were potential rivals at the club. These were Fox's great friend Hare, Lord Robert Spencer (the victim of the previous year), and a gentleman who goes by the name of Trusty in Carlisle's letters. These three had each a twelfth share in the profits, Fox and Fitzpatrick dividing the remaining nine-twelfths. In addition the juniors were conceded a special allowance for dealing, a guinea for each deal at first, subsequently reduced "by an edict of

Charles's" to five guineas the hour, which is, perhaps, an index to the magnitude of the transactions of the firm. The heads of the concern were still the chief operators, but the junior partners were expected to relieve them whenever required, and to keep the game going so long as a single punter could be found to lay a stake.

That this is no exaggeration is plain from the accounts of some prolonged sitting which attracted attention in 1781.

Yesterday [wrote Selwyn in May] I saw a hackney coach which announced a late sitting. I had the curiosity to enquire how things were, and found Richard in his faro pulpit where he had been alternately with Charles since the evening before, dealing to Admiral Pigott only.

A week later the Admiral matched himself against the bank single-handed throughout a sitting of twenty-four hours. "The account brought to White's about suppertime was that he had rose to eat a mutton-chop, but that merits confirmation," is Selwyn's jocular comment in the style of the news-sheets of those days.

It is not surprising to find that a business so carefully founded and so diligently conducted had a gratifying success. When Fox's political duties required his presence in the House of Commons, or his pleasure took him to Newmarket, or if Fitzpatrick was with his regiment, Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Hare, or Mr. Trusty stepped into the vacant place and continued the business of the firm. The calls of this business were so well understood that the partners were never asked to dine at the same hour. Selwyn gave a party which included the bankers. "The two not on duty come here at five," he wrote, "and when the other two come off they will find *des réchauffées*." During the season of 1781—2 there was scarcely any cessation of play. "The vestal fire," wrote Storer, "is perpetually kept up, and they, like salamanders, flourish in the flames." The bankers' coaches were never ordered until six in the morning, and the fluctuations of the play were the subject of a paragraph in every letter. "The rise and fall of the bank is not yet added to the other stocks in the morning paper," wrote Selwyn, "but it is frequently declared from the windows to passers-by."

An immediate effect of the faro at Brooks's was a surprising change in Fox's affairs, a rise from indigence to affluence which

was at once reflected in his personal appearance and in his surroundings. Selwyn returned after a few days' absence from town to find

Charles elbow-deep in gold who but a few days ago wanted a guinea. . . . he is in high spirits and cash, pays and loses and wins and performs all feats to make his *roman* complete. I never saw such a transition from distress to opulency, from dirt to cleanliness. I saw Charles to-day in a new hat, frock, waistcoat, shirt and stockings. He was as clean and smug as a gentleman ; if he is at last a field-preacher, I shall not be surprised.

Fox's house became resplendent with paint and varnish ; he bought racehorses for sums he was ashamed to own ; he even began to pay his debts. At the end of 1781 he owed to Selwyn that his share of the winnings amounted to £30,000, a sum obtained solely from his club-mates at Brooks's which supported him in all sorts of excesses elsewhere. He and Fitzpatrick would leave the conduct of the game to their juniors and go down to Kenny's in Pall Mall to take a fling at hazard, lose £5,000 at a sitting, and, wonder of all, pay their losses at the time. Fox confessed to losing £10,000 at the October meeting at Newmarket, and he mentioned to Selwyn, as a matter of no importance, that he had lost £8,000 in two days "at various sports."

It is worthy of note that this period of fruitful activity at Brooks's coincided exactly with Fox's most inspired moments as a politician. His oratory in the House of Commons was already shaking the Government, and the time was nearly ripe for the return of Lord Rockingham to power with Fox himself as a minister. The contrast between the inspired orator at Westminster and the faro-banker at Brooks's was not lost upon the town. The town indeed could not miss it, so unblushing and so public were the exploits of the partners at the club.

The pharaoh bank [writes Selwyn] is held in a manner which being so exposed to public view bids defiance to all decency and police. The whole town as it passes views the dealers and the punters by means of the candles and windows being level with the ground. They remind me of all the little porpoises which you see leaping into the great one's mouth in the *ombres chinoises*.

The contrast between the private and political life of Fox indeed forced itself upon the notice of some of the austerer spirits of his party. "The Opposition, who have Charles for

their ablest advocate," says Selwyn, "are quite ashamed of the proceedings and hate to have them mentioned." It was the occasion, too, for much baseless scandal which need not be repeated here, and at the end of the season of 1782 there was a general feeling that faro at Brooks's was altogether too one-sided a game, and Selwyn records his doubts "whether the people at Brooks's will suffer this pillage another season."

As a fact they suffered many more, though the return of the Whigs to power was the signal for Fox to withdraw from any active part in the concern. "Spencer and Hare held the bank last night," writes Selwyn, "but the Secretary's name is ordered to be left out of that commission, so ostensibly he has no more to do with it." This is partly confirmatory of Lord Holland's statement that during Fox's spell of office he never touched a die or a card. As, however, his term of office lasted just four months on this occasion and seven during the Coalition of 1783, the point does not seem of vast importance. It is quite certain that the bank was carried on, and that it was the parent of others quite as successful. There is ample evidence that Fox was the centre of the faro at Brooks's until 1787 at least, and it is important to remember that he was a banker throughout the years during which he played the game. The extent of his share of the winnings may perhaps be gauged by the luck of his junior Lord Robert Spencer, who retired a little later with a fortune with which he purchased a landed estate at Woolbeding.

Who, then, were the victims? The answer to that question is, "All the men who played faro at the club with the exception of some half dozen who ran the banks." A very superficial acquaintance with the private correspondence of the times is convincing upon the point. The male society of that day was embarrassed and set by the ears by their losses at Brooks's: Selwyn and his friends, Sir Godfrey Webster, Sir Charles Bunbury, Lord Monson, Sir J. Ramsden, Lord Bessborough and his son Lord Duncannon, Lord Surrey, Lord Derby, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Clermont, Lord Burford, Lord Drogheda, royal princes like the Duke of York, eminent foreigners like the Duke of Orleans and the Duc de Lauzun, Admiral Pigott, Lord Thanet, and Lord Foley. Some of these had the resolution to set moderate limits to their play, but the regular loss of a few hundreds by each of the rank and file provided a handsome income for the bankers. Of others, whose recklessness knew no

bounds, the estates and the descendants are suffering to-day. Typical of these was Lord Foley, who died with a heavily charged estate and without a shilling in 1793. He had started life not many years before with an unencumbered property, an income of £18,000 a year and £100,000 in ready money.

It may be further asked what became of Fox's winnings. Here again, the particulars of his private life, and some well-known peculiarities of his temperament, supply a complete answer. Fox was submerged as a youth, and nothing but a life of strict economy and a large income could have put him straight again; but he was a spendthrift by nature, incapable of keeping a shilling in his pocket, and a man, moreover, who ran through the gamut of dissipation in every form until he arrived at middle age. Knowing what we do of his life, another question is perhaps the more pertinent. Whence, after his father's death in 1774, came the funds to provide for his royal extravagance? The answer is that he was supported for years by the losses of his club-mates at Brooks's, the very men who according to Lord Egremont conspired to cheat him.

That his lordship was perfectly sincere in his opinion there can be no doubt, but his remarks were evidently inspired by a good-natured desire to find some excuse for the shortcomings of a great Englishman whose enemies even acknowledged at the last that his virtues were all his own and his vices only assumed. Fox's virtues and vices have long since been weighed in the balance, and the fact that his reputation has survived the ordeal is a proof of his real greatness. The fame of a lesser nature than his would have been extinguished by the astonishing record of his follies.

HEDLEY BRISTOWE.

THE SIMPLE LIFE

PERIODICALLY, at uncertain intervals, though most often in what is called the silly season, the community awakens to an uneasy conviction that there is something rotten in the State of Denmark ; that our morals or our habits, our religion, our ways with our children, with our wives or husbands or mothers-in-law, require a drastic supervision and re-adjusting. This recurring uneasiness, provoked in most cases by a judiciously edited letter in the newspapers, is very natural. Taking a synthetic view of the world in general it is marvellous how the human race contrives, in the now consecrated phrase, to muddle through somehow, considering that everyone of its countless units pursues an aim directly antagonistic to that of everyone else ; a struggle for existence carried on under endless restrictions, complications, and limitations public and private. The unwritten laws of society are as binding as the Constitution, while Mrs. Grundy and the neighbours keep a sleepless eye on the natural man. At the moment we seem to be more or less at rest with regard to our domestic troubles and religious doubts, but we appear to think that the time has arrived for a return to a more simple life, if possible to a genuine life in which plain living and high thinking would be artfully combined,—the word artfully being advisedly used because the nature of man is to want more, not less, than he has, and high thinking can only be enjoyed by the very few elect.

The idea is not new, extravagant expenditure in private life being as old as the hills. The Romans were just as uneasy on the subject as we are, and as they had not yet the convenience of daily papers to thresh out such problems, they took the simpler course and passed a law, one hundred and sixty-one years before the Christian era, forbidding a Roman citizen to spend more than a certain sum on a dinner, or to invite more

than a fixed number of guests. They condescended to particulars, allowing in the matter of poultry only a single fowl for each repast ; and one rather regrets to be told that the Roman citizens took very little notice of these excellent laws.

The frugal Scotch of later days likewise eyed a well-furnished dinner-table with suspicion. The Scottish Parliament once passed a statute against superfluous dining and the use of spices, "brought from the parts beyond sea, and sold at dear prices to many folk that are very unable to sustain that cost." And such is the inherent wickedness or weakness of human nature that after the lapse of so many centuries the Scotch took as little notice as the Romans did of such salutary enactments.

During the intervening centuries the censors had not been idle. A statute of Edward the Third regrets that—

Through the excessive and over-many costly meats which the people of this realm have used more than elsewhere, many mischiefs have happened ; for the great men by these excesses have been sore grieved, and the lesser people, who only endeavour to imitate the great ones in such sorts of meat, are much impoverished, whereby they are not able to aid themselves, nor their liege lord, in time of need, as they ought, and many other evils have happened as well to their souls as their bodies—

and enacts that no man of whatever condition or estate, shall be allowed more than two courses at dinner or supper, or more than two kinds of food in each course.

The sumptuary laws frequently passed regarding dress and other personal expenditure are too well known to require comment. It remained for our days to discover that a people cannot be made sober or simple or sensible by Act of Parliament. We now try to effect reforms by public discussions, and every correspondent writing to the papers must have a faintly lingering hope that his counsels or his example will have a little more effect than the Roman or Scottish laws of yore. But if simplicity had to be enforced in simpler days, how is it with us now ? What chance have we to lead the Simple Life, so strenuously advocated, in this complicated twentieth century ? At best such a life would consist of a series of extraordinary compromises, thorough-going reform being obviously out of the question. At the outset we find that when we speak of the Simple Life we do not all mean the same thing. The man who boasted to his friend that he had for years shaved himself with a shilling

razor, was answered by his friend that he liked simplicity as well as anybody, but that in personal matters of toilet he was very fastidious and his razor, he did not care who knew it, cost him eighteenpence.

Neither should it be forgotten that the social and public restrictions we have mentioned constitute civilisation, and that civilisation is the enemy of the Simple Life in its most primitive conception, witness the Ojibeways, the Hurons, and all primitive races. They lived the Simple Life, and they are gone to the happy hunting-fields from which the simple savage doth not return. On broad and general lines therefore we are all agreed that the Simple Life requires considerable furnishing before it could be lived nowadays. We only succeed, as a race, in muddling through, because we have all the resources of an artificial civilisation at our command; theoretically, the fewer artifices we use, the less chance have we to survive. Even in that truly objectionable matter of outward show, which is undoubtedly the bane and the weak point of modern, as it was of ancient life, it is not so easy to say how much of it we can conveniently spare. We have all heard of the doctor who did not keep his carriage but whose carriage kept him.

As a consequence of these initial differences we have no advocates of radical reform, however little they may believe in half measures. Even if they wished it they could not be as thorough as the man who insisted on subjecting his horse to the simplest life the animal could stand. Every day he gave him one grain of oats less than the day before, rightly arguing that such infinitesimal reductions could never be felt, and in this way a point of simplicity could be reached which was unattainable by any other means. Unfortunately the horse died about the time when the daily allowance had fallen to as little as twenty grains, but, said his master, unwilling to give up a principle, if he had not died he could perhaps have lived on ten. Well, there is no saying what a horse, or a man, cannot do in theory; in theory a man wants but little here below, but in practice he wants, to put it bluntly, as much as he can get. The sage who had reduced his establishment to a drinking-cup, and threw that away when he saw a soldier drink from the river out of his hands, had no followers so far as history tells us.

Thorough-going reformers would not understand the merits of moderation, the beauty and refinement of the Simple Life,

which now necessarily includes much that is not simple, much that the aristocratic temperament of the Anglo-Saxon requires over and above mere comfort. The ideal life, not the same in the eyes of different men and women, is more divergent still in the case of nations; whatever the cause may be, the English middle classes have in some domestic details a finer taste and nicer discernment and require in their surroundings a more correct form than is sometimes found in the higher and even aristocratic classes abroad; a niceness, if one may so call it, which should never be absent in the Simple Life. We take it, of course, that only the middle classes are concerned in this question; neither the English aristocracy, in the "sustained splendour of their stately lives," nor the lower classes, in their enforced and sordid simplicity, have it in their power to adopt a different mode of life of their own choice.

We need not wonder at the high distinction of holiness attributed to sweet simplicity. It includes not only innocent ignorance of evil, conscious refinement, reticence, and modesty, but also a virtue of self-denial or renunciation which is not so obvious on the face of it. Curiously enough we find simplicity to be attractive and admirable in proportion to the power of greater magnificence held in reserve. The abstract virtue we hold cheaply enough. We do not, in the abstract, admire a man who lunches off bread and cheese (why should we?), but if that man happens in the concrete to be a duke we are lost in admiration. So far as the value of example goes, there is nothing meritorious in the Simple Life when lived by those who cannot do otherwise, who live sensibly because they cannot live expensively. The labourer who enjoys this simple fare points no moral and teaches nothing at all, while Gautama's renunciation of his princely rank gained him perhaps as many adherents as his teaching.

It will thus be seen that much has to be taken into account before a comprehensive view of this question can be taken. The danger of taking a one-sided view is very serious, for sometimes the greatest simplicity in one direction goes hand in hand with the utmost magnificence in the other, and amusing instances of partial or temporary renunciation of display and magnificence are common enough. This most frequently happens among the high and mighty of this earth, upon whom enforced luxury begins to pall. The Empress Catherine of Russia left

at her death the incredible number of fifteen thousand unworn dresses of the greatest magnificence ; yet the same woman in private only drank brandy and water as a daily beverage, in equally incredible quantities.

The King of Prussia, who wanted the tallest regiment on earth and ordered balconies and stairs of solid silver, delighted in dining quite simply in the open air under the trees at Wusterhausen, and to smoke his pipe afterwards, falling asleep to the music of the frogs croaking in the marshes near by. His celebrated son made his own music, as a youth and as a snuff-besprinkled old gentleman, tootling melodiously on the flute, but spoiling this arcadian simplicity by having twenty flutes ; he may have had more, but Marshall Conway, waiting on the King at Sans Souci in 1774, counted twenty of them on the tables in the room. One wonders if in more archaic days a king's possessions were thus needlessly multiplied. Surely King David had not twenty harps, or Nero twenty fiddles ?

As a concession to the demands of the Simple Life, monarchs, save on occasions of great state, now wear simple tweed suits and never wear their crowns. In less refined but more sumptuous times they wore them every day. Shakespeare informs us that Henry the Fourth kept his crown in his bedroom while he slept, and students of history know that Henry the Fifth fought the battle of Agincourt (most uncomfortably one would think) with his crown on his head ; the Duke of Alençon knocked it off the royal head towards the close of that historic fight. Royal everyday costume is now once more (note again the happy compromise) something between the splendour of olden times and the too great simplicity of the African monarch whose regal panoply consisted of a tall silk hat, an umbrella, and nothing else.

We should, however, be careful not to introduce into this already so complicated issue any references to former times, and customs of other countries are equally inadmissible. Is an Axminster or a Kidderminster carpet less of a necessity for the humble citizen of to-day because the Plantagenets, proud kings as they were, contented themselves with rushes or straw on the floor ? We cannot do without knives and forks because Pashas of Many Tales manage to do without them. These additions to the simplest comforts have only very recently been introduced or found favour in Eastern countries ; and although the mind almost refuses to grasp the incongruous picture, there can be no

doubt that many a recent Shah of Persia, stiff with diamonds from head to foot, has been helping himself from the dish of *pilaf* with his august hands. The high-bred Arab in his tent, whose dignified demeanour and simplicity of life deserve both to be admired and imitated, dines in this simple but undignified manner.

No wiser maxim was ever enunciated than that which teaches us not to try to regulate all the watches of the world by our own. The disadvantage invariably connected with discussions in the newspapers is that everybody knows where his own shoe pinches, and therefore believes himself capable to act as shoemaker to the commonwealth. Sir Thomas More, a sage of simple wants, allowed only one single dress of homespun a year, and all alike, for every woman in Utopia; and if a great philosopher can make such a laughable mistake, what can we expect of a Constant Reader, of One who Knows, or of the economical Mother of Ten. It is not often that theories are better than facts, but for a clearer understanding of this thorny question, we do better to theorise than to attach any importance to facts and counsels that depend for their intrinsic value so much on every individual case, on circumstances never identical, on customs and traditions that do not universally apply. A hollow sham in one case becomes an unavoidable necessity in another. The duke who eats bread and cheese has nevertheless a powdered footman at his door; in the question of lunch he is a free man; in the matter of his establishment he can hardly be said to be so. But when do these be-powdered servants cease to be a necessity and become a sham? By common consent, or at least by common experience, a tenth of one's income is considered a reasonable rent to pay for one's house. A man with an income of £500 lives without ostentation in a £50 house; one with £1,000 can afford a £100 house without being thought extravagant. But the wine-merchant's bill has never been thus fixed, and it would tax the ingenuity of a great political economist to name the fragment of one's income rightly represented by, and justifying the employment of, a footman in livery. This phase of the servant-difficulty also is of respectable antiquity. Five centuries before the Christian era it was enacted by Zaleucus, a legislator now completely forgotten, that no woman should appear in the street attended by more than one servant, with the kindly and naïve proviso, "unless she were drunk," in

which case she might have as many as such peculiar conditions required.

The chief fault discovered by the self-appointed censors of our present mode of living is the ostentation displayed in entertaining our friends, often including with true Oriental hospitality our enemies as well. It must be confessed that by a curious inversion, well understood by the wise, the less friendly our guests happen to be the more lavish is our display of hospitality. Our intimate and dearest friends get pot-luck. This is human nature, but one hopes that in the Simple Life the conditions will be reversed. The friendly poor will be invited to all the simple delicacies in season, and, with that graceful courtesy which must ever form part of that ideal existence, the unfriendly rich will be sent empty away. At least we hope so.

We admit that this startling innovation would, as society is at present constituted, call forth many a Commission *de lunatico inquirendo*; but nevertheless this should be one of the conditions of the Simple Life, for it would never do to let gentle simplicity degenerate into a mere money-saving and cheese-paring contrivance. It means more than that. It means *sancta simplicitas* in thought, word and deed, and virtue would be its own reward, for the simple life, well lived, is a proud life. This would not be the pride that apes humility. It would be the consciousness of being independent of circumstances, a feeling akin to that of the duke who knows he can eat bread and cheese without loss of dignity; or of the great teacher of simplicity, Diogenes,—a radical reformer if you like, but one who could say to a king, "Please stand out of my light."

The difficulties we meet when we try to simplify our existence are not lessened by the awkward conviction we cannot help entertaining that in all probability nobody will believe in our sincerity, the thing being against poor human nature, and being, moreover, so often done for reasons less unselfish and more imperative. We would not so much mind being thought eccentric, but an overwhelming majority, a public opinion too powerful to be resisted, designs the style in which we must live, as it designs the cut of the coat we must wear. There was no particular harm in one eccentric Duke of Portland, but if all dukes were eccentric the peerage would soon be in a bad way. If one workman wants to be singular and refuses to see the beauty of a Union, there is a way of getting rid of him, but all

workmen must not be singular or building operations would come to a stop. If the world muddles through by living up to its income, or making a show on little or nothing, one unit here and there may lead the Simple Life, but conformity is one of the principal laws of a community, and it is evidently not the outcome of social evolution so far to live that life at present, unless, which is far from probable, messieurs the Plutocrats set us the example.

But the beauty of it! When Diogenes lived in a tub he never for a single moment expected the whole world to live in tubs. He himself cannot have liked it, and nobody in his day can have thought it a suitable accommodation even for a crazy philosopher; but he tried to inculcate a principle, a view of life as lovely and exalted as the means he used were unlovely and mean. Like beauty itself, simplicity is absolutely relative, not to be measured by any standard or dependent on any environment; the wealthiest and highest can aspire to it. To take only one instance: in the pomp and circumstance of a Prince of the Church, under the scarlet hat and on the throne of a Cardinal, there was room for the extravagant luxury of a Borgia as well as for the beautifully simple life of a Newman; and the world was never in doubt which to prefer.

MARCUS REED.

THE CATALOGUES OF THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

ALWAYS complete, never completed : this paradox expresses the absolute truth with regard to what, in the world of letters, may be regarded as the greatest gift which the last quarter of the nineteenth century bequeathed to the twentieth. More exactly, however, it was between 1880 and 1899 that the work of transforming the catalogue from a single manuscript copy into print, multiplied to such an extent as to meet the demands of scholars and students over the whole world, was begun and carried to a triumphant conclusion.

To those who regard the production of a great daily newspaper as a most casual and ordinary part of the world's work, the expressions I have used may well seem extravagant, especially if they have no knowledge of catalogue-making in general and the making of the catalogue of the library of the British Museum in particular. Some idea, however, of the task which has been accomplished may be gathered from the statement that the work which forms the basis of this article was the subject of almost endless discussion and experiment extending over a period of close on ninety years,—discussion and experiment, be it added, not of tyros but of men whose whole life was lived in an atmosphere of books, and who naturally desired the best and easiest method of discovering how to arrange them so that they might be found with the least loss of time.

The difficulty which was experienced in finding out what books the library of the British Museum contained was vividly demonstrated at the time when Carlyle was engaged on his history of the French Revolution.

The great historian's first interview with the authorities of the British Museum of that time began with acrimony and concluded with a personal breach which was never healed. Sir Henry

Ellis was chief librarian at the time, an office which, by the way, is, from the popular point of view, somewhat contradictory in its terms. The chief librarian of an ordinary library superintends only printed books, but at the Museum Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, who, at present, fills the office, is general superintendent of the whole institution, each department of which has its special catalogue. The chief librarian, so far as the printed books are concerned, is known officially as the Keeper of Printed Books, an office now held by Mr. G. K. Fortescue, to whom every man and woman who uses the reading-room of the British Museum owes an inestimable debt of gratitude for help which he has rendered to them both directly and indirectly.

At the time of the quarrel Carlyle had published certain works and was beginning to be recognised as a rising force in literature. Sir Henry Ellis, however, declared that he had never heard of such a man, and drew the retort from the even then irascible historian: "Then I think the gentleman should take pains to inform himself on a subject of which he is so deficient in knowledge."

The head of the Printed Book Department at the time was Mr. (afterwards Sir) Anthony Panizzi, the Napoleon of Librarians, as one of his contemporaries has called him. He was a man who by reason of his strong personality, was almost equally maligned during his lifetime and since his death by those who were not favourably impressed by his dominant character. Panizzi was, as his name shows, an Italian. Seeking refuge in London, he became a naturalised English subject almost immediately after his arrival, and there is little doubt that the completeness of the catalogue of the library of the British Museum, as it exists to-day, a completeness which makes our national library supreme among all the libraries of the world, is mainly due to his enthusiasm, his knowledge, and his devotion.

Panizzi being in charge of the library of the British Museum, Carlyle went to him to get facilities for his research. He knew that there was a great collection of pamphlets, newspapers, broad-sheets, and street-placards, which had been issued every day in Paris during the Revolution, to be found in certain of the Paris libraries, and he also knew that a similar collection, perhaps even larger and more curious, lay buried in our British Museum. It was, however, inaccessible because there was

no proper catalogue to it. These French Revolution pamphlets and the Thomason tracts, numbering altogether between 50,000 and 100,000, Carlyle wished placed at his disposal to be examined by him as he desired without going through the usual formalities.

In order to get a book, any student who has obtained permission to use the reading-room of the British Museum has to fill up on a slip the name of the author, the title of the book, a number and certain letters called the press-mark, indicating the press and shelf in which it is kept, and the year in which the book was published. This slip he signs with his name, adding the distinctive mark of the desk at which he is sitting. Carlyle desired to dispense with all these formalities. Not only did he wish not to have to write for each book separately, but not to write for them at all. Further, he desired to be able to take from the shelves whatever books he wanted, and to be accommodated with a private room because the noise in the reading-room disturbed him. This was obviously preposterous. One attendant could not be spared to attend even to Thomas Carlyle, and the statutes of the British Museum, framed for the safety of the collection as a whole, prevent readers from having what is now called open access to the shelves. Had he been willing to abide by the regulations the books would have gone to him in barrow-loads, provided he wrote out the necessary slips; for there is no limit to the number of books one may ask for, and this facility of getting scores of books at a time is now granted as a part of the ordinary day's routine to the poorest or youngest student.

The effect which the refusal of his demands made on Carlyle, and the way it angered him to personal recrimination, may be gauged from the fact that, in an article he published in *THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW* on the histories of the French Revolution, he referred to the lack of a catalogue to the books on that subject in the following words: "Some fifteen months ago the respectable sub-Librarian seemed to be working on such a thing. By respectful application to him you could gain access to his room and have the satisfaction of mounting on ladders and reading the outside title of his books—which was a great help." That reference to Panizzi as "the respectable sub-Librarian" widened the breach between them, and they never spoke again.

A little later a Royal Commission sat to enquire into the working of the Museum library and the way in which it was possible

to augment its usefulness by means of a new catalogue. The Commission, which included some of the most celebrated men of the day, was engaged for two years (from 1847 to 1849) in collecting evidence which is published in a large volume containing 823 pages of foolscap. Officials and students, from the world at large, were examined. Among them was Carlyle who, in answer to a question, remarked that, in the absence of a proper catalogue, "For all practical purposes this collection of ours might as well have been locked up in water-tight chests and sunk on the Dogger Banks as be in the British Museum."

When it is remembered that at first the department of printed books at the British Museum began with only the 50,000 volumes presented by Sir Hans Sloane, to which that of Major Edwards was added in 1769, the fact that it is now the largest library in Europe is one on which every Englishman may plume himself. Now the library grows every year at the rate of about 100,000 pieces, made up roughly of 50,000 books and pamphlets and 50,000 parts, in addition to about a quarter of a million newspapers. By law the Museum receives a copy of every book published in the British Isles; but as the library is also augmented by the purchase of the pick of the literature of the world, every important work written in any language is at the disposal of the student, while vast numbers of authors the world over present copies of their books to the Museum.

The need, therefore, of a complete catalogue becomes at once apparent. That there should be any difficulty in making catalogues at all seems incredible to people who have had no experience in such work. As a matter of fact it is an amazingly difficult task. So great a mathematician as the late Professor De Morgan said, "I am perfectly satisfied of this, that one of the most difficult things that one can set himself to do is to describe a book correctly." So strongly impressed, too, was Cardinal Borromeo with the difficulties that he absolutely forbade, under pain of excommunication, anyone attempting to make a catalogue of the celebrated collection of books he had brought together in Milan. The practical difficulties of cataloguing were shown in the case of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in regard to which the statement has been made that at one time "for one entry which is unobjectionable there are two at least which contain inaccuracy,

confusion, or incompleteness." Now the Bodleian is catalogued on the lines laid down by the British Museum and is therefore as accurate as it is possible to be.

As an ounce of experience is worth a ton of precept, so an example or two will demonstrate more vividly than anything else the difficulties which beset a man who would make a really valuable catalogue.

Before he became associated with the British Museum, Panizzi was approached with a view to editing the catalogue of its library which was being prepared by the Royal Society. If ever there was a place in which one would expect absolute accuracy to prevail, it would surely be the Royal Society. One of the first things which Panizzi found in looking through the catalogue was that a book on starfish was indexed as if it were an astronomical work on constellations; and this in spite of the fact that it was illustrated with plates, and on the title-page was an oval engraving representing on the upper half the heavens with stars, and on the lower half the sea with starfish, while beneath was the motto (in Latin) "As is the upper so is the lower." When this error was pointed out to him, the cataloguer argued that the stars below must belong to the domain of astronomy if they were like those above.

Again, after the death of the famous mathematician Mr. J. A. D'a Cunha, Monsieur J. M. D'Abreu translated his MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLES into French under the title of PRINCIPES MATHEMATIQUES DE FEU J. A. D'A CUNHA. The worthy gentleman who catalogued the work had that little knowledge which is said to be a dangerous thing. He knew that *feu* was French for fire. There his knowledge stopped short; he did not know that prefixed to a man's name it indicated that he was dead, and accordingly indexed the work in the following way: D'A CUNHA (J. A.) OPUSCULES MATHEMATIQUES DE FEU: TRADUITS LITTERALEMENT DU PORTUGAIS PAR J. M. D'ABREU. What it meant possibly he himself did not know, but he is certainly worthy a place beside the official of the Board of Agriculture who once sent to the publisher for twelve copies of Miss Edgeworth's essay on Irish Bulls in the belief that something might be learnt from them as to the improvement of the breed of cattle.

Another vivid example of the difficulty of cataloguing was

furnished by Mr. Payne Collier in his evidence before the Royal Commission. He suggested a quick method. In order to test it twenty-five titles were selected and catalogued. When the result came to be examined it was found that under this method there were thirteen different kinds of error and an average of two blunders in each title. What would have happened if it had been adopted one trembles to think.

That the utmost caution in selecting the right method of making a catalogue is necessary has been proved not only by the experience of previous attempts in the Museum itself but by the great Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. In the eighteenth century the authorities decided to have a catalogue; but instead of forming this catalogue alphabetically according to the names of the authors, it arranged the work according to the class of subject. It began with a history of France; this was divided, re-divided, sub-divided, and sub-sub-divided in every conceivable sort of way, with the result that there lives not a man to-day who can find anything in it. Realising their error in 1897, the authorities ordered the production of what is called a *catalogue générale des livres imprimés*. Of this there have now been published twenty volumes which do not complete the letter B. If, working at the same rate, two letters are finished in eight years, how long will the whole alphabet take? A prize will not be offered for the correct solution of this problem.

The first printed catalogue of the British Museum library was issued under the editorship of Sir Henry Ellis and the Rev. H. H. Baber between the years 1813 and 1819. Its title was written in Latin, *Librorum Impressorum qui in Museo Britannico adversantur Catalogus*. In their attempts to keep it up to date by adding the titles of new books to it in manuscript it soon became illegible. Those who have seen this catalogue say that the printed part looks like an island of print in an ocean of handwriting. This, however, remained the only catalogue until the Royal Commission sat; it was no wonder, therefore, that Carlyle was unable to discover in it what he wanted. Indeed for the better part of the first half of the nineteenth century,—certainly for considerably more than a third—the department of printed books, which is now the chief part of the library, was but little noticed. The idea of making it a national library, in the highest sense of the term, existed only in Panizzi's head, and people were amazed

when he showed that the Museum contained 40,000 more volumes than were contained in any library in the modern world previous to the French Revolution.

In 1834 Panizzi, then an Assistant Keeper, proposed to Mr. Baber, the Keeper of the Printed Books, that he should direct the construction of the general catalogue which was then in contemplation, as the scheme formulated by Mr. Baber himself had not been adopted. It was then that the question of a printed catalogue was first raised. To this Panizzi was vehemently opposed, but his views were over-ruled. When it was decided to print, he strongly advised that no portion of the catalogue should be sent to press until the whole was ready; this advice, also, was ignored. In 1841 the first volume of the catalogue was issued; it was also the last. Printing was proved a hopeless failure, and the reason was obvious. The determination to print the entries under the letter A before the whole catalogue was ready made A incomplete when it was published, for new books were being found in the old catalogues which should have been entered under A and cross references were constantly springing up too late to be incorporated in the proofs. As a matter of fact the library at that time was too deficient in most branches of literature to deserve a printed catalogue at all.

The Royal Commission proved, however, that a catalogue was necessary. Accordingly a scheme was drawn up Panizzi, aided by certain eminent men then connected with the Museum, Thomas Watts, J. Winter Jones, Edward Edwards, and Serjeant Parry. Many other distinguished men have also worked on the catalogue, among them being Edward Cary (the translator of Dante), Coventry Patmore, and W. R. S. Ralston.

The labour involved in drawing up these rules at the time is shown by the following statement of Panizzi himself :

When we drew up these rules, easy as it may seem, my associates and myself worked all day long for weeks: we never went out of the Library from morning to night. We worked the whole day and at night too, and on Sundays besides, to submit the rules from time to time to the Sub-committee of the Trustees.

How perfect those rules were may be judged by the fact that, though they were revised a few years ago, they have remained on the whole the most widely adopted rules in the English-speaking

world, and anyone beginning a library catalogue to-day would have to work on the principles laid down by Panizzi and his colleagues.

The catalogue thus begun took thirty years to make and cost a quarter of a million sterling. Admirable as it was in many respects, it contained some absurdities, not to say stupidities. If one wanted to find the *Waverley* novels, the most obvious thing would be to turn to Sir Walter Scott. Not so, said Panizzi; the *Waverley* novels were published anonymously, therefore they must be catalogued under *Waverley* with a reference to Scott. Again, if one wanted a copy of *Comus*, the poem was not found under C or under Milton's name, for *COMUS* was published anonymously and it had to be looked for under Ludlow Castle, where the masque was first presented. The system of cross references, which is largely in use at the present time, would, it need hardly be said, enable one to find these works in a much more direct and simple way.

When, in accordance with the finding of the Royal Commission, the catalogue was begun, what was called the carbonic process had just been introduced. This was the use of carbon paper for multiplying copies, and it was resolved to use it. Four copies of the title of every book were written out on slips of thin, strong paper; these slips were pasted at the ends and, in their proper alphabetical order, were fixed on sheets of thick paper bound up into large books. As they were readily removed by a paper-knife it was easy to keep them in their exact order, but that was the only advantage they possessed. Any new edition of a book which was published meant the re-writing and transcribing of the whole title and the moving of other entries on the page. If there were a hundred editions of one book (a by no means uncommon thing) there were a hundred entries, in different handwritings, many of them by no means legible and not a few of them faint and faded. To increase the difficulty for the users, these catalogues were constantly being removed from their place in the reading-room in order that fresh pages might be inserted. Being in manuscript the bulk of the catalogue was enormous, and in time this got to be one of its drawbacks. In 1880 it consisted of nearly 3,000 volumes. The authorities were naturally amazed, and as a volume often had to be split into two or three, merely because it became so unwieldy, it was by no means difficult to calculate the time when the catalogue

alone would fill 9,000 volumes, and there was no room for anything like that number of them in the reading-room.

Another drawback to the manuscript catalogue was the obvious one that it could only be used in the reading-room and was therefore of no use to other libraries, and could not be consulted by anyone at a distance.

It was in 1875 that Dr. Richard Garnett saw the necessity for printing the catalogue, merely from the point of view of reducing the bulk of the volumes. In 1879 Sir Edward Bond, K.C.B., then Principal Librarian, proposed to the Treasury to substitute printing for writing in the case of all future additions to the Museum's possessions. This was agreed upon, and a sum of £10,000 a year was set apart for the purpose. The details were settled by Sir Edward and Mr. Bullen. The superintendence of the printing was relegated to Professor Douglas: the editing of the catalogue was in large measure undertaken by Dr. Garnett; and by 1880 the presses were at work.

Soon after this Sir Edward Bond pointed out to the Treasury the extravagance involved in maintaining the old manuscript copy, owing to the unending expense of breaking up the volumes, rebinding, and relaying them. Then, and only then, was it resolved to begin printing the catalogues as a whole, and there were many who believed that at least forty or fifty years would be occupied in the task. Great, therefore, was the wonder when the work was completed in twenty years and the 2,000 volumes were reduced to 393, which practically anyone may now buy at a cost of £84.

The general catalogue is kept complete by means of the accession catalogue in which all the new books are entered. As soon as the Museum receives a copy of a book it is sent to the catalogue department in which some fifty men spend their lives, at least twenty of them being men of natural gifts and the best training, while the other thirty are for the most part non-commissioned officers who are employed on the necessary clerical work.

The catalogue is an authors catalogue, and each book as it is received is entered under the author's name on a slip. These slips are then collected and docketed with the number of the press and a letter representing the shelf on which the book is placed. Every fortnight this list is sent to the printers.

So soon as the proof has been corrected, the sheets are printed and distributed to the subscribers of the various institutions which are entitled to receive them. Four copies are then cut up for the catalogue in the reading-room, and each entry is pasted as near to its proper place in the general catalogue as it is possible to put it. While the general catalogue is printed in two columns and on ordinary paper, that for use in the reading-room is arranged in one column on strong vellum paper, the opposite column being left blank for the insertion of new titles. When enough additional entries have been pasted into a volume to make it inconvenient to add more, that volume is sent off to the printers in order to be set up entirely afresh, and it is for this reason that, though the catalogue is always complete, it never will be completed until the time comes when no more books are written in any part of the world.

Another source of constant alteration in the catalogue is occasioned by changes in the condition and position of writers. If a clergyman, for instance, writes a book and, later on, is made a bishop, the alteration of his name and title has to be made at once, while, if he is translated to another see, the catalogue has to be altered again. So it is with other names. If a man is knighted the fact has to be noted in the catalogue, as it is again if he is made a baronet, while if he is later elevated to the peerage the whole thing has to be done a third time, and as his new name is rarely the same as his old, all the entries have to be removed from their old place and the new ones substituted in their proper place.

The cost of this printing amounts to some thousands of pounds yearly, and it was calculated by Dr. Garnett that, at one time, each volume cost about £110.

The result of printing the catalogue and distributing copies of it has been that a student in any part of the world where there is a large library can discover if the book he needs is at the British Museum, for practically every library of importance now has a copy of the Museum catalogue. Further, if such a student takes the trouble to provide himself with the necessary slip and sends it to the superintendent, saying that on a given date he wishes a book got ready for his use, he will, by filling in title, author, and press-mark in the proper way, find it waiting for him. Indeed, such are the unfailing traditions of the courtesy of the superintendent of the reading-room that the mere writing of

a note asking for the book, without giving any other data than its title and author, would be sufficient; the superintendent would have the necessary form filled up and the book procured.

As has been stated above, the catalogue is merely an authors catalogue, yet there are certain class headings under which some great subjects are grouped together. Thus, under the head of Bible there are about 31,000 entries; under the head of England 26,400, which are included in twenty volumes and have a special index for them alone, while under the head of France there are 14,300 titles and under the head of Shakespeare 4,700 entries. As the volumes, when first printed, each contain about 4,400 titles it is easy to determine approximately how many volumes of the catalogue are devoted to any one of these subjects. When, however, by the process of addition, each volume of the general catalogue is quite full, it holds about 9,000 titles.

The result of printing the catalogue has been that as the catalogue desks can contain 2,000 volumes, and each is capable of holding 9,000 titles, accommodation has been provided for 18,000,000 titles. The number now entered is about 4,500,000, and at the present rate of increase three hundred years will elapse before the 2,000 volumes are full,—this, too, although cross references are being largely added to the catalogue.

Every five years, since 1880, a subject index has been published dealing with the books which have been issued during that period. So wide and thorough has been the work that practically every matter of importance is included in it. Thus, in the last index there are to be found something like 150 books in almost all the European languages on the Dreyfus affair, and between 400 and 500 on the South African War.

As well as these general catalogues there are special ones relating to other departments of the library which, it must be clearly understood, is by no means limited to printed books, for the manuscript departments are exceedingly rich and valuable. Some of these catalogues are still in manuscript, and it would be difficult to say when they will be printed. Among the special printed catalogues mention must, however, be made of two of the utmost importance. These are an authors index and a subject index of the 40,000 and odd books which form what is known as the reference library and are at the free disposal of all who use the reading-room, not only without the necessity of making written

application for them, but with merely the trouble of going to the indicated shelf and removing the book required.

In addition to these, thanks to the enthusiasm of Mr. G. K. Fortescue, the world has comparatively recently been furnished with a subject index of all the important books issued during the past twenty years. It is published in three volumes, contains about 155,000 titles, and includes also the names of the authors and the press-mark of the books as well as their titles and the year of their publication. By this means the labour of the student is immeasurably lightened, and it is not going too far to say that the enormous increase in the use of the Museum reading-room, shown by the fact that the number of books written for has doubled during the last ten years, is due entirely to Mr. Fortescue's index, which makes it less trouble now to get out twenty-five books than it was to get out a single one before it was issued. It is this catalogue which places the world of literary men in Mr. Fortescue's everlasting debt, though we all owe him a much more personal debt for the unfailing help which he so readily and ungrudgingly accords when we want more special knowledge on any particular subject.

Admirable as the Museum catalogue is, in one respect it is sadly perplexing, owing to the authorities' refusal to recognise the fundamental fact that the English alphabet consists of twenty-six letters. They catalogue together I and J, and U and V, thus making practically twenty-four letters, and incidentally no end of confusion for those who use the reading-room. This would be a perfectly proper proceeding if we were living in Italy some two thousand years ago, but to-day it is sheer pedantry, not to say stupidity, for England and for the whole English-using world. While the symbols I and J are kept separate as initials, they are both treated as one letter, so that if one wants to look up, say, Iambic, one finds it after Jamaica, while Jerusalem comes a long way before Ivy. Even officials in the reading-room have been heard to express, in private, their disapproval of this method of cataloguing. The authorities of the British Museum, however, are a law unto themselves, and in this, as in some other things, it is their own ideas rather than considerations of the public benefit which apparently weigh with them, though it is the public money which supports the institution.

THE PASSION FOR RELICS

THE desire to possess some object associated with a great man or a great event may not be reasonable, but few of us escape it. No one can justify the preservation of bits of shells from South Africa on the ground of common sense: it is not even asserted generally that they hit anyone; but the battle of Waterloo was fought nearly a century ago, and the custodian still finds purchasers for similar mementoes,—and would find more, no doubt, if the public had not lost faith in their authenticity. We feel angry with the excursionist who chips an ancient monument, but the sentimental traveller who gathers a leaf instead is moved by just the same impulse. The most superior persons seem to feel a certain interest in contemplating an article which has indubitably been worn by a hero, a beauty, or a martyr famed in story. It may not differ from others of its class: it may even be somewhat laughable, like Queen Elizabeth's silk stockings; but those who mock are as a rule not altogether indifferent. The privilege of scrutinising articles usually reserved, like the washing-bill, for inspection by the family alone, seems to put us on terms of intimacy with the illustrious deceased; they are no longer abstractions when you have seen their underlinen. Magicians, savage or civilised, demand some object which was the personal property of the individual who is to be dealt with, before beginning operations; that puts them in touch with him. No one questions that the heads of the Roman Church are well acquainted with human nature; and they maintain that the periodic display of relics, though subject to abuse, works inestimable good, upon the whole, by quickening the senses of reverence and devotion.

Perhaps the feeling is losing strength in our days. It lies open to easy ridicule, and to the fatal question, *What's the good?* it seldom can reply. That did not occur to our forefathers so

often. Nevertheless, I suspect that most persons of culture share my regret that so few of our national relics survive. One may be quite satisfied that Robin Hood never existed in the flesh, and still take interest in those memorials assigned to him which were extant only a hundred years ago. Most of them had been accredited for generations. They may have belonged to some local hero, or malefactor, whose brave deeds had become confounded with Robin's, or they may have been worn as his accoutrements in those rustic games and stage-plays which tended to keep the people on the land in more cheerful days. Till the end of the eighteenth century visitors to Nottingham were taken to St. Anne's Well in Sherwood as a matter of course. There they inspected Robin's bow and arrows, sat in his chair, and with difficulty escaped wearing his cap, which entitled the keeper to a special fee. But it was the chair especially which the men of Sherwood prized; another bow was preserved at Fountains Abbey. It is really saddening to think how many of these precious curios have vanished. Little John's bow hung in the chancel of Hathersage Church, in Derbyshire, for centuries; it would not be more authentic than the others probably, but he must be a dull fellow who would not like to have seen it. Tradition says that on the shaft was written *Naylor*. An archæologist could discourse at length upon that statement, its significance and the conclusions which follow; I daresay some have. Everybody ought to know that Little John was a nailer by trade, but men of such lowly station did not commonly bear surnames in his day, whenever that may have been exactly. A cap also hung in the chancel at Hathersage, and this remained long after the bow had disappeared. Probably some new rector, uninterested in folklore, ordered the dirty old rag to be taken down, and it was thrown into the dustbin. It must be admitted that relics are dirty, as a rule; that gives them the odour of sanctity for believers, but it makes them hateful to good housewives. Tidiness and cleanliness are laudable, but treasures of antiquity are sacrificed to them every day,

A subjective form of relic-worship was scribbling upon the walls of a storied building; if one could not secure a bit of it for a memorial, the next best was to take possession, as it were, by inscribing one's name upon the surface. This practice is dying out, and so far no one has lamented it. It was not altogether abominable in old days. The hoary monuments of Egypt are

covered with the names of Greek and Roman travellers, often accompanied by remarks as stupid for the most part as those of our own tourists. But from time to time one is found which throws a precious light on some disputed question, as, for instance, the scrawl of the Carian mercenaries at Abu Simbel. The puzzling inscriptions at Mount Sinai begin to yield useful information, and those lately unearthed in the Pretorian camp at Rome give an amusing and not unprofitable glimpse into the manners and customs of the military in their day. But these antique scrawls prove the antiquity of a vulgar habit which we are apt to think a product of our own cockney age. Indeed, many people, even writers on the subject, seem to fancy that the veneration for relics is peculiar to Christian times and to Europe. They must recollect, if they paused to consider, that Mahommedans and Buddhists share it; and the passion was equally strong among the Greeks, as I propose to show by a few examples. In truth it is universal, no less than an instinct. The growth of knowledge has weakened it at the present day by undermining faith, but the inclination remains.

We are not used to think the ancient Greeks credulous, but in this matter they put our forefathers to shame. That the tools used in building the Wooden Horse at Troy should have been venerated in the days of Augustus seems too absurd for belief; but Justin mentions the fact, without comment, in his notes upon Sicilian history. They were exhibited at Metapontum, not in a curiosity-shop, for sale to a guileless collector of antiquities, but in the temple of Minerva. The same authority tells us that at Thurii "the arrows of Hercules, on which the fate of Troy depended, lay upon the altar of Apollo." Cases as extravagant are reported from Greece itself. In arguing that the heroes of the Trojan War used weapons of bronze, Pausanias cites the spear of Achilles which he saw in the temple of Athena at Phaselis; the blade of it and the handle, perhaps the part gripped in throwing, were bronze. Another instance was the sword of Memnon preserved in the temple of Æsculapius at Nicomedia, which was bronze throughout, and Pausanias concludes, "This we all know to be the case." In his pleasant essay upon that earliest of guide-books, Dr. Frazer commends the author's critical faculty. Doubtless he is right, but that is not the characteristic which strikes an unlearned reader.

It has been said that the *ILIAD* was the Bible of the Greeks,

and on this account relics of the princes who figured therein were so revered. At Chæronea they showed the sceptre of Agamemnon, which the townsmen persisted in calling the spear. One is reminded of Carlyle's theory that the royal sceptre was an adaptation of the mace wherewith kings used to break the head of any one who offended them. Justin refuted him in a prophetic spirit a couple of thousand years ago, showing that the Chæroneans were right in describing a sceptre as a spear. But there is much more to say about this article. It was made by Hephæstus for Zeus himself in the first place, and the chain of circumstances which put it into the hands of Agamemnon is carefully recorded. Pausanias assures us that

Of all the works of Hephæstus, renowned among mortals, of which poets sing, this alone is certainly his. That it has divine properties is proved by the light always playing over it. No public temple has been raised for the sceptre, but every year the priest puts it in a certain building where sacrifices are offered daily, and a table is spread before it, furnished with all kinds of meat and pastry.

This ceremonial recalls the condition which Howell of Fwyall exacted from the heirs of his property, as Pennant tells. The Welsh champion cut off the head of the French king's horse at Poitiers and thus caused him to be taken prisoner. For this service Edward made Howell governor of Criccieth Castle with £100 a year; and in gratitude to the trusty pole-axe he commanded his heirs to set a dish of meat before it every day of the year, borne by eight yeomen, who should stand on guard one hour; the meat to be given to the poor afterwards. Pennant says that the injunction was carried out for more than two centuries. How do the folk-lorists explain this extraordinary custom? I have never seen it mentioned.

When Alexander paid his visit to Troy an enthusiastic citizen offered him the lyre of Paris. The King asked no questions, so far as we learn, nor breathed a doubt that the thing was genuine. He declined it on other grounds, saying, like the priggish boy he was at that time, "I do not value an instrument which only served to enliven the orgies of cowards. Give me the lyre of Achilles, which he never used but in chanting the great deeds of heroes." One would rather expect to hear that somebody whipped it out upon the spot; such a desirable relic must, methinks, have survived, when the egg of Leda had been spared. The town of Phaselis in Laconia boasted of this trophy,

suspended by garlands from the roof of the temple of Hilaria and Phœbe, but for some reason Pausanias was not quite satisfied : " They say," he observes cautiously, " that this was the egg which Leda is said to have produced." But there is a remark worth noting here : one of the maiden priestesses tried to put new faces on the statues in her charge, " with an art not unknown in our day." This alludes to the economical practice of sawing off the features of an old statue and replacing them with those of the latest popular favourite, instead of granting him a figure to himself. Lucian mentions the trick, and in a mock-furious harangue addressed to the guilty Town-council, Dion Chrysostom tells how it was played upon himself. Moreover an ancient statue with the face sawn off, ready for another to be fixed, has been discovered at Pompeii. So, too, in the times of the Commonwealth it was not uncommon to erase the head of King Charles from the engravings of his portraits and to replace it with the head of Cromwell.

It is somewhat astonishing to learn that the tusks of the Calydonian boar killed by Meleager were honoured at Beneventum in the middle of the sixth century of the Christian era ; but Procopius actually saw them, and a more interesting object besides.

Where the Palladium is [he writes] the Romans do not know. Byzantines say that Constantine buried it in the Forum which bears his name [at Constantinople, that is] ; but a copy of it is shown here in front of the statue at Athens. This copy, in stone, represents the goddess clothed in a chiton falling to her feet. She poises a spear as if in battle. Her face is not like the ordinary Greek representation of Athena, but altogether of the old Egyptian type.

Perhaps this most venerable figure will turn up in the happy days when archæologists are free to dig in Stamboul. May we live to see them, for assuredly wonders will be found. That Constantine buried the Palladium there is very probable. The town which possessed it was assured of victory and success for ever, and he would certainly wish to secure such a precious talisman for his new capital.

Delphi was full of relics, naturally, not all grotesque. We may believe that the chair shown as Pindar's was genuine. Probably it had no sort of guarantee : none was required when people took the lyre of Paris and the arrows of Hercules on trust ; but Pausanias says it was made of iron, which is not a

common material for chairs. Thereon the Theban Eagle sat and sang hymns to Apollo when he visited Delphi. It is pleasant to recall that Aristotle's chair was preserved at Stagyra in Plutarch's time, four centuries after his death; and the garden where he taught had been piously maintained just as he left it. New Place at Stratford was not suffered to exist for half the time. But the most interesting of all mythological relics was preserved at Delphi. In his matter-of-fact way Pausanias says, "Turning to the left after leaving the temple one comes to the tomb of" Somebody, "and not far off is the stone which Chronos swallowed in the belief that it was his baby son, Zeus." Every schoolboy knows this story, but one could scarcely have credited that in the second century of our era the very stone itself was actually on view and revered. Every day the priests anointed it with oil, and when a festival came round they swathed it in wool. But after beholding so many wonders, Pausanias was not astounded. He goes on: "If after looking at the stone you return to the temple you will come to the fountain Cassotes," etc. These examples will suffice to show the Greek passion for relics.

The catalogue of Mahommed's possessions at his death was carefully drawn up, and it assures us that he did not make profit by his mission. They were: two rosaries, a copy (or some part) of the Koran on loose leaves, a vessel in which he kept antimony for blackening his eyelids, like other Arabs, two praying-carpets, a hand-mill, a staff, a toothpick, one suit of clothes, a washing-basin, one pair of sandals, a woollen mantle, three mats, a coat of mail, a long woollen robe, a white mule, and a she-camel. It is likely that most of these survive. Cairo boasts the shirt, kept in the mosque of El Ghory, where only the most exalted personages are allowed to see it. The robe, known as *Khirkha*, is at Candahar, and the chamber where it lies is a sanctuary for criminals, whatever their offence. But Afghan hate is even stronger than superstition. An enemy of the Ameer Ayoob, who won the battle of Maiwan, took refuge there. Ayoob tempted him out with the solemn promise to shed not a drop of his blood, and forthwith had him beaten to death. A priest who had conspired against the late Ameer hid beneath the robe itself; Abdurrahman tells what followed in his *Memoirs*: "I ordered that the impure wretch should not remain in that holy place. He was pulled out, and I killed him with my own hands." The mantle rests at Constantinople, in the mosque of

the Old Serai ; it is described as a small fragment of greenish cloth, wrapped in forty silk handkerchiefs, each bigger than the last.

The authentic memorials of the Prophet being registered, those who sought relics had to fall back upon such superfluities as the parings of his nails, the hairs of his beard or his head. Of these there are some hundreds probably up and down the world of Islam ; a score at least are centres of pilgrimage. One of the most famous is Rohri on the Indus. Burton was allowed to see the precious thing twice. It lies in a golden box studded with emeralds and rubies, wrapped in fourteen cloths. Inside is a tube of amber, "looking like a small candle" but adorned with fourteen rows of rubies ; from the end the hair projects, "a light-coloured bristle." Mahommed's beard was black beyond dispute, and if he dyed it with henna, as Arabs do when they grow old, the result would be dark red. Indeed, Burton declares that the hair was dark at his first visit, twenty years before ; but believers have an unanswerable argument. The light-coloured bristle must be genuine somehow, for in the month of March every year it is exhibited to thousands of the Faithful, and it never fails to rise on end or sink down, responsive to the prayers of the moollahs.

Hairs and teeth are also the commonest relics of Buddha,—so common in fact that the reader knows as much about them probably as he cares to know. But the adventures of the famous tooth at Kandy have a certain interest. It professes to be the left canine, extracted after Buddha's death in 543 B.C., and never lost to sight from that time, as many millions of people devoutly believe. History, however, tells another tale. It is not denied that the Portuguese captured it at the sack of Jaffna. Forthwith an embassy arrived from the King of Pegu offering three hundred thousand cruzados as ransom ; when the offer was increased to four hundred thousand the Viceroy gave way. But at the last moment the Archbishop heard what was afoot, and marching to the Viceroy's quarters in full paraphernalia he seized the abominable thing, pounded it in a mortar, and threw the dust of it into the sea. But the account suggests that this destruction was not carried out in public ; perhaps the Archbishop feared the soldiery, who were expecting a share of the ransom. So presently the chamberlain of the Cingalese King let it be known that he possessed the real tooth, and offered it to his

Majesty of Pegu. The Portuguese allege that this was a counterfeit, manufactured of stag-horn, and it must be observed that the Pegu monarch, after sending a mission to enquire, with handsome presents, finally declined the bargain. But this is the tooth which the Kandyans still cherish, whether made of stag-horn or no. It lies in a chamber without windows, upon a golden lotus under a golden bell encrusted with gems and festooned with jewelled chains.

We may end with a curious experience told by Robert Fortune, the great botanist, whose narratives of travel in China are forgotten, though the plants which he discovered will always keep his name familiar. In a lamastery which he visited was a relic renowned far and wide, though the people could not or would not say what sort of thing it was. Chinamen of all classes welcomed Fortune, perhaps because he liked them; the contrast between his reception in parts hitherto unvisited by Europeans and that of explorers at the present day is striking. The monks therefore willingly showed him their treasure. They lifted a shrine of the usual bell-shape and Fortune saw a small pagoda of wood, less than a foot high, evidently very old. Inside this hung a little bell, under which lay the relic, as he was informed. But after looking his hardest, from every point of view, Fortune could see nothing at all. The monks told him to take the pagoda in his hand and hold it against the light. He did so and then, "It might be imagination—I daresay it was!—but I really thought I saw something unusual in the thing, as if brilliant colours were playing about it." Since that time several missionaries have been allowed to inspect the May-le, as it is called, but for them it was represented by a void; the lamas would say that they were not worthy to behold it. Readers of Huc's famous travels in Thibet may recall the tree which had legible inscriptions on every leaf, according to report. Huc saw them plainly, and, as usual, he attributed the prodigy to the Father of Evil in person. Later visitors to Tsong Kaba find this dreadful explanation unnecessary, for they can see nothing remarkable about the leaves. Miss Rijnhart actually lived three years in the lamastery and often inspected them, but never could find a trace of those well-formed literary characters which Huc observed with horror. She even carried away some branches, whereby the mysterious tree has been identified as *Syringa villosa*.

THE ARCHDEACON'S TRIUMPH

(A COLONIAL SKETCH)

IT is legendary in Bergsdorp that Anthony Trollope once visited it and described it as "a beautiful corpse." He added a rider to the effect that the inhabitants dined off mutton six days out of every week; a libel which the Archdeacon firmly denies, saying plaintively, "And we gave him such a beautiful lunch,—at least the best we could!" All who have lunched at the Archdeacon's ("It is lunch when there is company, my dear, but dinner when we are by ourselves," murmurs Miss Betty) will feel sure that Trollope's implied stigma was undeserved. There may have been mutton, but if so it was very good, and at the other end of the table there must have been a couple of tender chickens or a fat young turkey. The Archdeacon carves these with old-fashioned precision, and no visitor ever gets a drumstick. The first part of Trollope's accusation is better founded. Bergsdorp is certainly a backwater in the busy whirl of modern life. It is an old bit of the colony, and owes to early settlers its beautiful avenue of oaks, standing like sentinels on either side of a broad red road,—the High Street of Bergsdorp—and sheltering the low white houses which straggle along on either side. Most of the houses have a grass-plot and a few over-grown rose-bushes in front, where in England would be a trim flower-garden. Flowers grow so abundantly in the open country and in every little ravine on the sides of the mountains that it is not thought worth while to cultivate them. If they are wanted for interior decoration, an armful of arum lilies is picked from the banks of the stream that meanders behind the village, where they grow not merely wild but rampant.

The colours of Bergsdorp are red, green, and white,—the red of the soil, the vivid green of oaks and grass and the duller green of eucalyptus, and the white of many whitewashed houses,

with quaint gables, erratic windows, and the ever-hospitable *stoep* (verandah) on which the families gather of a summer's evening. I regret to say that the harmony of this picture has been broken up. Till recent years the march of progress had left Bergsdorp (architecturally) alone. Nobody wanted anything better than a one-storey house, all the rooms leading out of each other, with thatched roofs, small-paned windows, and rounded gable-ends. The Archdeacon's house is comparatively modern and lacks the thatched roof and gable-ends, though it is long and low, with a wide verandah on which the windows and doors open. It outrages popular taste by being washed a pale coffee-colour, but otherwise it is a plain, unoffending building, and the air of homely old-fashioned gentility is carried out in the interior. There are hundreds of parsonages in the old country with just such leather-seated mahogany chairs in the dining-room, and precisely similar rosewood tables in the drawing-room, while the shabby well-beloved books, the faded delicate water-colours on the wall, are all familiar objects; but in a new country,—for this country is still new despite its one hundred and fifty years of history—they have a pathetic suggestion about them. The modern houses of Bergsdorp are very different. The colony is now in the middle-Victorian period as regards artistic development, and the result displays itself in solidly built villas with bow-windows, in gaily striped verandahs and ornamental railings of cast iron, and in suites of drawing-room furniture in black and gold, with yellow and brown plush covers. I dare not descend to even worse details of the architectural decay that has attacked Bergsdorp, for fear that I should spoil your impression of it, but must hint that it has taken the painful form of corrugated iron. All this change, however, rolls past the Archdeacon and his house without affecting him in the least, for there have been few great changes for him since he came to Bergsdorp. Many years ago he was a gay, handsome, high-spirited lad at college, the President of the Oxford Union, where among others he presided over his Majesty King Edward, then Prince of Wales, and still remembers many shrewd remarks of that royal undergraduate.

The Archdeacon was still young when he came to Bergsdorp forty years since, and was chained to the spot by some fascination of the mountains. He has preserved his youth, though time has bent his thin shoulders, drawn wrinkles round the merry

brown eyes, and provided him with the most preposterous greenish-brown wig in the place of his once curly auburn locks. Nothing can be stranger in a land of paradox than to find this man in this country. It is a fair country,—there is none fairer or more fruitful in its way ; but it has so far reared a race of solid, self-sufficient people, nourished in a cold and narrow creed, cunning as men may well be whose fathers learned to outwit not only Nature but the black man and savage beast in the struggle for existence, sluggish as are only those to whom an equable and beneficent climate makes life easy and comfortable.

Now, circumstances have made the Archdeacon a priest of the Anglican Church, or, as I think he would say (for he was not caught up by the Oxford Movement), of the Protestant Church. But in spirit he is an *abbé* of the old French school, with all the charm, culture, and delicate perception but without the coarser vices. Unlike the average *abbé*, he has enjoyed the advantages of association with clever and virtuous women,—a stately, handsome, energetic mother who died at eighty-six, and the bright, refined, housewifely sister, whose smooth cheeks and upright figure even now belie her three-score years and ten. To hear the Archdeacon talk is to return to the middle of last century when conversation was not yet a lost art, when people told excellent anecdotes with Latin quotations in them, and expressed themselves in good English, occasionally rounding off with a line from Shakespeare. The gods *were* gods in those days and were taken seriously ; but I fancy the Archdeacon was always a bit of a wag, for he twinkles suspiciously every now and then as he recalls heroic figures and quotes historic words. Still more does he twinkle over the little backslidings of his flock and their relations to their pastor. He notes, with an amused tolerance, their puzzlement over some of his profoundest pulpit-efforts and their cravings for shorter and more emotional services ; but there is not the faintest trace of intellectual vanity about the man.

Once a year the Archdeacon goes for change of air to a village some seven miles off, where he does a little amateur farming and is much pleased at his own success. The rest of the year, except for his archidiaconal visitations, finds him at Bergsdorp, very busy in the mornings over trifles of parish and domestic life, visiting his flock when there is any sickness, and giving of his substance with unscientific disregard for

economic principles. On Sundays he preaches long and difficult sermons, standing upright in the little stone pulpit of his pretty church, all the colours of the rainbow dancing on his wig from the beautiful old thirteenth-century Belgian window that is as unexpected in this land of Philistinism as the Archdeacon himself. In politics he belongs to the old Tory school and knows nothing of recent party divisions ; in religion he is a broad-minded, Nature-loving, Christianised philosopher, in everything a gentleman,—here is the Archdeacon whom to know is to love.

“My dear,” said the Archdeacon to a young lady who was calling on him, “have you ever been to a mission? Yes? Well, I have not ; but this week we are to have a mission here, so I am to enjoy the benefit of a new experience.” It was obvious that the Archdeacon was somewhat sceptical about the permanent benefit likely to accrue from an emotional awakening among his parishioners ; but still a tremor of excitement penetrated the quiet parsonage, and both the old man and his sister were evidently a little fluttered by the event, and by the arrival of a young missionary from England. “They tell me,” said the Archdeacon, with a twinkle, “that he is what is called a muscular Christian, and would not stand even at knocking a man down. His language in the pulpit is very strong ; I mean, of course, that he uses very plain, unconventional language, and would not hesitate to speak of a spade as a spade.”

The possibilities of such a daring preacher evidently caused much speculation in other breasts than those of the Archdeacon and his sister, and the congregation that flocked to St. Mark's on Sunday morning was such as Bergsdorp had never seen before. The missionary was a tall, broad, bearded man of about thirty, speaking with the unmistakable accent of the English public-school, which sounds curiously crisp beside the Colonial drawl. His sermon electrified the congregation, and tickled the Archdeacon vastly, after he had got over the first shock of hearing anyone talk public-school slang in the pulpit. After reading a text in an ordinary conversational way (“not at all a ‘Bible voice,’” murmured the Archdeacon's sister) he remarked that he proposed to start the mission by beginning at the very beginning, and that he took to be sin ; if there was no sin there would be no mission, so we had better find out what sin was. At this interesting, albeit somewhat unoriginal, suggestion of a metaphysical speculation the Archdeacon cocked

an ear, but no intellectual subtleties or doctrinal definition rewarded him. "Sin," said the missionary in an off-hand way, "is doing the thing we know perfectly well to be wrong,—and we all *do* know when it *is* wrong—and as we all do this every day we are all sinners; every one of us. I'm a sinner, you're a sinner; only, as I'm a clergyman and wear a surplice and am stuck up here to preach to you, I'm on the whole the worst sinner of the lot. I'm a representative sinner," concluded the missionary, with evident satisfaction.

The atmosphere of the Mile End Road crept into the little church and clung around the figure of this modern Christian, the muscular, straightforward, unsentimental parson. The rest of the church sat in darkness, or rather in the beautiful, baleful tropical sunshine. The local townfolk and farmers, with their narrow provincial outlook on life, their peaceful, commonplace faces, and their spiritual sluggishness undisturbed by vital struggles either of good or evil,—these sat still and listened, while the sturdy missionary brought them the gospel he had preached in Whitechapel or Poplar to the over-crowded, strenuous children of a great city, whose outlook on life is as narrow in its way but of a different scope, seeing only human nature at its worst. I doubt if the plain language with which he denounced sin brought home the conviction of sinfulness to those country-bred folk. He spoke of temptations which were outside their ken, of depths of degradation which their imagination could not plumb. "We are all miserable sinners," boomed the missionary, and the congregation assented cheerfully. Human nature is the same in all climes and in all places, but one must touch it in different spots. At any rate a sense of being agreeably titillated by this strange sermon and a little (pleasantly) shocked every now and then by the missionary's plain-speaking pervaded the church. It was like taking a shuddering glimpse into a wicked and exciting world; it was as thrilling as a novel. "So different from the Archdeacon," was the general verdict as the people walked or drove home.

The evening service drew a crowd such as no church in Bergsdorp had ever seen before. Pews being filled and the half-dozen rush-bottomed emergency chairs, the ancient mahogany dining-room chairs from the parsonage began to make their appearance, borne aloft over the heads of the congregation and heartlessly placed in the full glare of the chancel, where their

weak and shabby points were mercilessly exposed, to Miss Betty's chagrin. The missionary began his sermon by reading out a question which an anonymous seeker after truth had sent him,—a thrill passed through the congregation as he read it out—"Is dancing sinful?" Now this is a knotty point which has agitated Bergsdorp more than the most urgent political or agricultural crisis. "Is dancing sinful?" said the missionary. "Well, since you ask me, I can only answer most distinctly, no, it isn't! When I get back to my own parish in London it will be nearly Christmas, and we shall be having all sorts of festivities in connection with our church clubs and guilds, and I expect that almost every one of these will end up with a dance, often kept up till two or three o'clock in the morning."

What a vision of dissipation! What a bewildering chaos of ideas,—the Church itself organising entertainments which should end up with all-night dancing! It is only in the native locations that Bergsdorp has ever heard of dances which last till three or four o'clock; the modest Cinderellas in which the white people rarely indulged, half nervous at their own spiritual temerity in dancing at all, seemed tame indeed beside this dazzling picture. But alas for the young folk of Bergsdorp whose toes were itching for the gay and giddy dance, the missionary, acting perhaps on the principle that an ounce of practice is worth a pound of precept, gave no further light on this vexed subject. It was finished so far as he was concerned. The sermon which followed was not quite so thrilling as that of the morning,—perhaps we were becoming more used to the method—although it dealt with the rather abstruse point "What is God?" and settled it (in easy words of two syllables) entirely to the satisfaction of the missionary. The Archdeacon pushed his wig very much on one side in an attempt to scratch his bump of veneration.

Next day some of the congregation met the missionary at lunch at the Archdeacon's hospitable board. The dear old man is at his best when he entertains. We went in to lunch arm-in-arm, the order of precedence being carefully studied. The missionary was attired in a Norfolk jacket, brown boots and khaki *putties*,—the reason for this costume not being very obvious, since he was not going to ride, or to walk farther than across the road. The conversation ranged chiefly round his experience of the country, particularly among some of the miners, with whom he had spent several weeks and whom he pronounced "rattling good

fellows." He drank whisky and soda-water, tossing it off while his big, light blue eyes sparkled and his yellow beard shone in the sunlight, so that he might almost have stood for one of the gods of Valhalla. We were all fascinated by this big, careless Englishman, so completely sure of himself, so imperturbably, calmly certain as to every word and gesture. Very soon the Archdeacon told his best story, about a politician and a gold snuff-box (an historical incident), full of quiet delicate humour but utterly lacking in extravagance or the touch of unexpected burlesque which is essential to the modern story. We all laughed heartily at the right place, but our muscular parson looked with pained abstraction at his plate. Later on he also told us a story, in which his own broad tolerance as to religious views was illustrated by the request of a ritualistic parson, for whom he was preaching, that he should wear a cope in the procession. "'My dear old chap,' said I, 'I will wear my pyjamas if you like, but I haven't the faintest idea what a cope is.'" Bergsdorp felt more than a little shocked. No one could have imagined the Archdeacon mentioning his sleeping-attire before ladies, and yet the missionary was so evidently a well-born and well-educated man, belonging indeed to a much greater world than ours. Now, among our ranks was a stranger, a lady who was not at all puzzled or awed by the missionary. She asked him off-hand questions about his parish, mentioned various societies of which they were both members, and people known to them. Finally she tackled him for misquoting Shakespeare in his last-night's sermon and, giving him the context, pleaded that he had misread the poet. Driven to bay, he took refuge in a lightly uttered scoff at the immortal Bard, whom he characterised as a highly overrated individual. "After all, he says nothing we don't know, and every one of his characters is just a natural, ordinary person; I know far finer ones in the Mile End Road." "I envy you," said the lady: "Rosalind, Juliet, Beatrice, Hamlet, Prospero, Henry the Fifth—finer characters than these! You are fortunate in your environment." "Oh well, I agree with Bernard Shaw," began the missionary, but the Archdeacon could bear it no longer. He had put on his spectacles and he now fixed the missionary with a glittering eye as he said in his slow, quavering old voice with its delicate intonation: "Shakespeare says nothing we don't know? Well, perhaps you will grant that he says it better than anyone before or since. You preached last night about conscience; who

can bring home to us better than Richard the Third what conscience means to the guilty ?

‘My conscience hath a thousand several tongues
And every tongue brings in a several tale,’ ”

and so on to the end of the passage. He declaimed this with the utmost impressiveness, his opponent standing his ground firmly with an air of pained respectfulness, the tolerance due to old age. But the Archdeacon's triumph was yet to come.

The same irrepressible stranger ventured a remonstrance on the curt manner in which the subject of dancing had been dismissed. “If you only knew what a burning topic it is here, and what serious principles are involved,—almost a national question indeed—you would not have thrown away so easily the opportunity for putting the subject in a rational light.” The missionary replied with some heat : “Well, I think when an idiotic question like that is asked the best thing is to knock it down flat. I've been asked that several times before, and I believe I've done the English Church a good turn,—lots of people who want to dance will come to us now. Anyway, I spoke out just what I thought,—as if dancing in itself could be sinful !” “You spoke, I suppose,” interpolated the Archdeacon softly, but with malicious intent in his twinkling eyes, “as a representative sinner.”

It is too early yet to judge the spiritual effect of the mission upon Bergsdorp, but the Archdeacon remarks slyly that it is a great thing to have a new experience when one is seventy-five ; and his sermon last Sunday had quite a ring of youthfulness about it and included several quotations from Shakespeare.

E. C.

THINKING IMPERIALLY

WE are all Imperialists now. We are transported with pride to think of the great destiny that seems to be ours. We rejoice to reflect upon an Empire on which the sun never sets, to evolve ambitious schemes which shall bind it all more closely together. We steep our children in the glory of their inheritance, and preach the peculiar genius of the British race to govern both itself and men of other colours and of other religions. We keep a goodly supply of flags to wave on appropriate occasions; we append the adjective *Imperial* to all the heterogeneous elements of our life. We have an Imperial Parliament, a Committee of Imperial Defence, Imperial Leagues and Reviews of all sorts; we dine off Imperial table-cloths, we pack Imperial boxes, we eat Imperial cheese, and write upon Imperial paper, and our latest and most fashionable phrase is *to think Imperially*. To think Imperially, to the man in the street, seems to imply broad meditation upon the size of his patrimony, the reflection that it covers so many thousands of square miles, and that those square miles compose about a fifth of the earth's surface, that it is peopled by some sixty millions of his white fellow-subjects and by some three hundred millions of his subjects of other colours, and that these figures compose about a quarter of the earth's population. To think Imperially means to him the vague realisation that his race is the champion of peace and of justice throughout the world, and that it is specially fitted to be the steward of the black man, of the brown man, of the man of any colour but white, until he grows to his majority and can enter into his own inheritance. To think Imperially means to him anticipations of a coalition of States, drifting continually closer and closer together into some colossal federation greater than the world has ever seen, the expectation that he will go from strength to strength, from glory to glory, from wealth to wealth, until he reaches his apotheosis of

strength and glory and wealth in which he shall have had everything poured out upon him that earth can bestow without loss on his side of any treasure or even of any shibboleth.

Nor can it be gainsaid that Imperial thought does of a surety imply much of all this. It is a great thing to be born an Englishman, a free man among a free people, and we should set a greater store by our birthright than did Esau. The *Pax Britannica* sums up all that many a dark man and nation knows of security, of protection and fair play ; and Britain indeed does seem to be possessed of a peculiar genius for the governance and education of the weaker races,—a genius most emphatically not one of brains but of character, one that, if reduced to first principles, resolves itself into a certain broad love of justice and a predilection for fair dealing whatever the emergency. Besides our protectorship of the weaker races, there is also our brotherhood, or rather I should say, our cousinship, to each other, a cousinship which we desire to transform into the closer bond of brotherhood ; and where I say *we* throughout this article I mean, not only England, but each several Colony aspiring to be a party to a federation with her and with each other. Englishmen have gone forth from their birthplace into the four corners of the earth, and have there set up for themselves homes many times larger than the mother-land that bred them, and have reared those homes on the traditions they took with them, traditions of equal rights for all men, of justice never venal, of liberty of conscience and liberty of speech. They are increasing until they are becoming nations, independent nations, but so far they are conscious, as England is also conscious, that they are all of one blood and of one ideal ; and they have begun to dream a dream, a glorious dream, of a great union of States, bound together by ties, not only sentimental, but political and self-serving, which might just conceivably, and should circumstances be favourable, assume the dictatorship of the world.

But to climb implies effort, to achieve implies sacrifice ; and if to think Imperially means the feeding of the imagination on great and noble facts, and the ambition on greater and nobler possibilities, then it means also, and in the very first instance, underlying and going before all else, the will to make sacrifices. It is here, in this its deeper and fuller meaning, that the usefulness of Imperial thought lies. To stand for many a dark man's, many a dark nation's, idea of justice is a grand position, but it is one

that has and will cost us much to maintain, one that brings with it heavy responsibilities. These subjects of our preceptorship will grow, are fast growing, beyond the state of tutelage, and before very long we must be reconsidering our attitude towards them. But of still more pressing importance is our attitude towards each other, seeing that we have already passed the point in which, without volition, we have swept in our evolutionary orbit nearest each other. While our Colonies were young and not yet strong enough to order themselves, they were impatient of their leading-strings, they champed the bit of dependence; but as they grew out of the restive sensitiveness of youthful ill-assurance, and found their liberty yielded them as they became competent to use it wisely, they turned with gratitude towards their parent, glad to be still relieved of the need of protecting themselves, and aware of the prestige which their relationship conferred upon them, a prestige in which they could not hope singly to sun themselves. This appreciation of the blessings of unity reached its culminating point at the South African War when they sprang to arms to aid the mother-country in her hour of need. But since then they have increased materially in self-dependence and in power, and the impulse of nationhood is beginning to make itself felt and must continue to gather strength with every development of their life. The Colonies are still British first and Australian, African, or Canadian afterwards; but with every advance they will become more and more first Canadian, African, or Australian, and British only in the second place. One of the two great foes of Imperialism will be this rival sense of nationality, and the second that tide of Socialism which seems so to preoccupy men's minds as to leave them little leisure for other sustained effort.

In these days of complicated popular governments, nothing can be done except by the will of the people, a condition that is apt to lead to short-sighted policies and wavering statecraft, for there is nothing so fickle as a crowd. It is a great question, indeed, whether a democracy is capable of the conquest of petty jealousies and of the prolonged steadiness of purpose sufficient for the realisation of any far-reaching aims. Rome was a Republic for long and prospered greatly; but when it aspired to the dictatorship of the world it took to itself an Emperor, a single undisputed will. Greece and her colonies were a congeries of Republics rich in every good gift except that of

unity ; but their petty jealousies and bickerings they never learnt to control, and therefore they succumbed, piecemeal and long before their time, to the foreign foe. Democracy is again on its trial, and according as it rises to this, its unique opportunity, it shall again be judged. The enthusiasm, the resolution, which shall provide sufficient impetus to carry us to our goal, whatever the difficulties, must come from below, for no official mind would take the responsibility of such engineering, and we have now no man of great genius to carry the burden on his own shoulders, nor any such, so far as can be seen, rising above the horizon. We have lately witnessed the re-birth of an aged nation, re-born as effectually as any transmigrated soul according to the Buddhists ; and to achieve that re-birth we have seen whole sections of the populace sacrificing their wealth, their occupation, the very symbols of their hereditary profession. It is true that Japan is more of an autocracy than any Anglo-Saxon Power ; but this upheaval, which changed it from a medieval to a modern State, was due entirely to the people and to their clear-sighted, self-sacrificing patriotism. The example of Japan forbids any to despair in the face of whatever difficulties may have to be encountered in the evolution of a nation. Our ambition, our ideal, is a far greater one than that of Japan, and is the more worthy of that spirit of devotion in which alone can great deeds be accomplished. The touchstone of how far our professions of devotion are really true may come to us in a different way, but that before any real Federation can be achieved we shall be put to that touchstone can never be doubted.

Not only must we make up our minds that we shall be put to the test, but that we shall be put to it in the near future. The reasons for urgency in the matter are very great, for the current has already set in which may carry us away from each other, while the highly inflammable state of the world, which may culminate at any minute in a general conflagration, warns us not to temporise. Russia, shut in upon the East Asian coast and now torn by faction, is the storm-centre of the world, and we have more than a North-West frontier. Japan, flushed with victory and recovered from the cost of that victory, will be at liberty and in the humour to plan other schemes, —schemes that it is easy to conceive may come into conflict with our own interests ; and where interests clash nations must either

federate or fight, unless indeed they surrender. Again, Austria-Hungary may finally go to pieces and disturb the balance of power in Europe, or one of the many sick men in the international hospital may presume too far on the patience of his physicians and precipitate the death-struggle. Any spark would be enough to blow up the magazine; and should that day dawn upon us before we can present a perfectly united front to the world, matters must go very hardly with us, for mutual aid given on the spur of the moment and without preparation is of but little value compared with the outcome of a deliberate arrangement and of a common training. But it seems probable that, during the next few years, we may be afforded a breathing-space in which to put our house in order and fortify ourselves against all eventualities; an opportunity we should seize by the forelock, for we know not how long it may last nor whether it may ever recur.

This short summary of the situation is necessary in order to prove that this idea of an Imperial destiny is by no means a foregone conclusion, that it can indeed never be realised save by the most strenuous and self-sacrificing exertions of all the parties, and of every individual composing those parties, to its consummation. The rock on which perhaps we are the most likely to make shipwreck is that of Imperial defence. Mutual defence is the corner-stone of any effort at union whatsoever, and is in this case the most difficult of satisfactory achievement, striking as it does down to the very root of politics. For efficient defence in time of war (and war, not peace, is the essential reason of both army and navy), an army combined under a single head and a navy combined under a single head are vital, and I can conceive of no way in which this unity can be maintained, and in which the Colonies can take their adequate share of the military and naval burden, without the violation of that first principle of politics, *no taxation without representation*, except by the presence of Colonial opinion upon some Imperial council holding executive powers. To ask the Colonies to violate that first principle would be not only useless, but wrong, and indeed foolish, for the position would be untenable for any length of time.

Let us glance at this problem of defence as it now stands. Canada repudiates all idea of contributing money to a common navy, because her interests, she says, are purely continental, and

because she relies upon the Monroe doctrine to defend her in case of need. As regards military matters, she has taken over the entire defence of her territory by land; she has a Minister of Military Affairs, and a militia of her own which may, but not necessarily so, be commanded by a British officer. In time of an Imperial war, in whom will the supreme direction of her army be vested, and in what way will that army be affiliated with that of England? The danger of nationalism is growing rapidly in¹ Canada.

In Australia, an island State, the need of a navy is recognised and a small contribution is made to the Imperial exchequer,—a most inadequate one, but as much perhaps as can be expected while the Commonwealth has little voice in the disposal of the money. Even as it is, that contribution has been very adversely criticised, and there exists a strong party in Australia to-day in favour of the creation of a national navy; and in time of an Imperial war in whom will the supreme direction of that navy be vested and in what way will it be affiliated with that of England?

Here, at the very outset, is an indication of possible sacrifices that Imperialism may demand of Australia and Canada; while in demanding them of Australia and Canada Imperialism will require something also at England's hand, for England would have to surrender her undivided authority over the Imperial navy and army, and be content to take her place, no longer as mother among children, but as one unit on a level with other units, submitting to the decisions of a majority.

The Customs Union, the Preferential Tariff now agitating men's minds, offers fewer obstacles than the problem of Imperial defence, for it implies less fundamental change, and if carried will certainly be a good step in the right direction. Prussia, when working towards a coalition of the German States under her own hegemony, acknowledged the value of such a tie and instituted a system of free-trade with any of those States who would accept and respond to it, though she was a protectionist country, and though in doing so she sacrificed yearly a large part of her revenue which at that time she could very ill afford to lose. A preferential tariff is essentially a matter for compromise, but if all the parties to any conference will not be prepared to sacrifice something to the general good, no result is possible. The question will have to be, not, if this

or that were enacted would this or that small group of men lose by it, but, would it be to the greatest good of the greatest number? It is in this broad sweep of thought that we must educate ourselves, to the elimination of any merely parochial habit of mind, throwing away for the sake of our ambition all that is not vital to our principles, pressing forward with our eyes fixed upon the goal, not allowing ourselves to be turned aside to the right hand or to the left by smaller interests, and realising that what is of benefit to the race as a whole must needs carry in its train a benefit to each division of that race.

Again, besides questions of defence and customs, foreign affairs are essentially matters for Imperial discussion. While the Colonies were young they were preoccupied entirely with their own internal business, having no foreign interests and leaving England to act for herself and for them on her own judgment and according to the policy of the moment that suited herself best. But already Colonial imaginations have begun to embrace wider horizons than those that enclose their own borders, and with this expansion (the necessary corollary of their expanding commerce) will come the desire to take a larger part in foreign questions touching themselves; especially as England is not always, in their eyes, a perfectly satisfactory champion, liable as she is to the subordination of outside embarrassments, to the exigencies of party government and of varying policies, important to herself, but trivial to those more directly concerned, in whose name she nevertheless speaks. Canada, with a mighty neighbour posted all along the three thousand and odd miles of her southern border, has already experienced the unsatisfactoriness of vicarious diplomacy, and has talked longingly of the right to make her own treaties; a right, however, which would be of little avail to her, since she has no navy and not a sufficient army to enforce single-handed the claims she might make upon any Power. But it would be impossible, having any regard to the stability of a Federation, for each member of it to possess any extended powers to act independently of the others in foreign affairs. These, conjointly with defence and customs, are certainly matters for joint action, and the confusion that would arise from treaty-making by one partner without reference to the others is easily comprehended.

Here, again, comes a point for the consideration of England, for in any union it would probably be asked of her that she should no longer act for herself and in the name of the Colonies on foreign matters, without consultation with the representatives of those Colonies and submission to the decision of a majority.

In the case of Australia, that country has awakened to questions touching international matters in rather a different way. She, too, has at times been dissatisfied with the mother-country's conduct of affairs in which she had a special interest. The partial sacrifices in New Guinea and Samoa went hardly with her, and over the still unsettled trouble of the New Hebrides she has great anxiety. But how she specially may affect Imperial interests is by her policy of a White Australia. To achieve this goal of a White Australia she has shut out all immigration of other colours, and among this forbidden immigration, on the same footing with it, the Japanese find themselves included, although Japan is the ally of Imperial Britain. Australia may talk of relaxing something of her severity as regards this particular nation, but this is a doubtful boon while the law remains, and while behind the law the policy of the people is unchanged. It is in this policy of the people that the danger lies, a policy that, not satisfied with excluding coloured folk, would fain, lest wages should fall, exclude all immigrants whatsoever, even though they come from the United Kingdom, and in the face of Australia's most crying need,—population. There are some signs of a modification of this attitude, though so far none has found its way into the legislation, and in the meantime, England says little, for fear of seeming to interfere unduly with the liberties of her Colony; but how will Japan acquiesce in any exclusion of her children from a neighbouring country,—Japan, victorious over Russia? It would be impossible for Australia single-handed to defend her extensive coast-line, while to call in Imperial help to fight the Imperial ally would be embarrassing. Besides this, it is very conceivable, it may indeed be looked upon as a certainty, that victorious Japan will aspire to be not only a, but *the*, Pacific power; and this presumed aspiration of Japan to the dominion of the Pacific is shared by Australia, is forced indeed upon Australia by her position, size, and ambitious training, and it is largely because of Australia that the Empire is concerned with Pacific questions to-day. Except for this Colony English endeavours would be

principally confined to curtailing the arrogance of Russia, and having effected this by the Japanese alliance they would cease. But on account of Australian ambitions Imperial interests really only begin at this point, and may before very long unavoidably clash with those of Japan herself. Therefore Australia, seeing how she may involve the whole Empire by independent action or forward policy affecting foreign countries, can hardly, with regard to the due stability of an Imperial Federation, indulge herself with any such action to which she has not the consent of her partners.

The question of a White Australia involves of course a great many more interests than those of Japan, for it strikes also (and here South Africa has joined forces with it) at an integral part of that Empire to which both these Colonies belong,—at India, our great dependency. But as any scheme of Federation will in the first place apply only to the self-governing white Colonies, the discussion of the treatment of the coloured races we protect can remain in abeyance until that union itself is fairly launched; and though India is a most important part of the British Empire, and her interests will have to be considered in any Imperial Council (her North-West frontier alone is sufficient to make this necessary), I am here only concerned with Federation as it relates to England and her self-governing Colonies, and with the points of danger which she and they will have to overcome in its pursuit. The whole subject is so vast that only one side at a time can be touched upon in the limits of an article.

So far little has been said of South Africa, because that land has hardly yet reached the stage of Australia and Canada; it has not yet become one nation. Besides this, the British in South Africa have been trained in a stern school, one in which the value of the Imperial connection has already been inculcated and by that severest of masters,—war. But there would seem to be indications that, save in this alone, the impressions made by war's hard lessons have been somewhat evanescent, and that the British in South Africa will have to strive with themselves afresh before they can really overcome their besetting weakness of bitter sectional jealousies, amid the clamour of which they lose sight of the greater issues at stake. It is a weakness to which they have been a prey in the past as were the Greeks of old, who finally lost their independence because of their lack of cohesion. Of the Dutch I say nothing; it would be unfair to expect of them as yet anything more than acquiescence.

There is yet another point, affecting us all alike, that may be a dangerous obstacle in the path of Federation, for Imperial Federation is too great a matter, too set about with difficulties, to permit of any divided allegiance. If we are ever to reach the goal we must bend our energies entirely to the task for a little while, forcing other interests, other schemes, however laudable and rightful in themselves, to yield it priority till it be accomplished. The dominant interest that is always with us now, the rock on which, unless it be on the rock of Mutual Defence, the Imperial bark may go to pieces, is that gathering absorption in Socialism, or, if that be too strong a word, in Labour Legislation, to which all men are succumbing. Here is too dominating a force for us to dally with at the same time as Imperialism. The latter we must achieve quickly if we are ever to achieve it; but the former can be as well handled, even better handled, when we have put our house in order and are strong enough to open and close the sluices of foreign competition at will. Indeed an Act of Federation will in itself be the best Labour Act that can be conceived, at any rate so far as England herself is concerned. Once behind that bulwark we shall be free, because we shall be largely self-sufficient, to order our social life according to our pleasure.

To sum up, if we are in earnest in desiring the achievement of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, we must be prepared to pay something for its realisation. Let us gauge the measure of our attachment to our dream by what we would sacrifice in its attainment,—it is a truism as old as the world. What exactly will have to be forgone by each consenting party is impossible to foretell, but it seems as if England would be obliged to consent to abdicate her hegemony and to accept as equals the Colonies to which she has given birth. She would have to be content with colleagues in affairs of international politics and of Imperial Defence. Colonial affairs could no longer be bandied about across the floor of the House of Commons, nor serve as a weapon at its elections. The Colonies also, in brief, may have to subordinate their nationalism to their Imperialism, though only to the extent of being content to refrain, so far as their Legislatures are concerned, from seeking for a more extended liberty than they have at present. They have not yet reached the stage of treaty-making for themselves which they could back up with their

own guns, and they would have to be satisfied never to reach it except as members of an Imperial Council in which the will of the majority would carry the day; but what curtailment of liberty is there in a Council in which each Colony would make its voice heard through the representative it had itself elected?

Never has there been a situation in which the old proverb held true more emphatically of "United we stand, divided we fall." We maintain our eminent position solely by our collective strength; but should the links snap that bind us together our fall would be swift and assured. Nor are the links that unite us capable at present of bearing much strain. One by one they have been severing, until now we stand independent nations held together by little more than the Royal House and a sentiment of affectionate regard. Once those two links were broken, England, without the backing of her vast possessions, could no longer hope to raise her voice so potently in international affairs, and would be doomed to a yearly increasing struggle against yearly increasing economic difficulties, and a naval burden which must equal the efforts of any probable coalition of Powers ere her people's food could be assured; Canada would be absorbed by the United States, still many times more powerful than she, from whom there exists no Monroe doctrine to defend her; Australia would struggle along for many years as a third-rate Power, her territorial integrity guaranteed, it might be, by the mutual jealousies of other nations, but unable to make her voice heard or to enforce her policy in any external affair touching herself; and South Africa, if she escaped those daughters of the horse-leech Europe, would sink into a state of perpetual internal strife, crowned probably with the horrors of a general Kaffir rebellion. We might continue to exist as countries, but the noble destiny, the irresistible influence, that might have been ours, the supreme position in the annals of history we might have attained, would be for ever lost.

But let us not muse on the bitterness of lost opportunities while the opportunity is still with us; let us not reflect upon a downfall when it lies in our own hands to avert it. It is right to consider what we may have to give up to achieve our aim; it is wise, if we intend to build an Empire, to sit down first and count the cost, but let us at the same time count the benefits the payment will yield us, nor forget the

loss we shall suffer should we shrink from the task. Not in any spirit of vainglory need we steep ourselves, not in any boastful pride of race, of wealth, or of ability, not in any Pharisaic contempt of other men to the glorification of ourselves as better than they, but in a sober realisation of the great future that may be in store for us and of the honourable responsibilities and duties that future will entail when, if we will, we may raise ourselves to be again in the widest sphere what the dark races, unable to stand before rude Western civilisation, have often called us,—the servant, the apostle, the champion, of heaven-born Peace, and of Justice the judge of tyranny. To be strong enough,—by the might that may lie in our right hand, by the irresistible weapon of preponderation it may wield, by the power that may lie in our speech sounding together the will of so great a multitude of men—to forbid war, to uphold the counsels of peace, is an ambition noble enough to satisfy any, to deserve the best services of all; and whether we attain to the fullest realisation of our dreams or not, let us not fail through craven fear of being great.

I. DOBBIE.

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THE ENEMY'S CAMP

CHAPTER VIII

CICELY announced her intention of fishing again. As the perch had surpassed expectation Mr. Lauriston encouraged the idea ; but, unluckily, Martin's services were required ; there was no one to row the boat. It is true that Mr. Lauriston volunteered, and so did Doris, but Miss Cicely declined their offers, when it became apparent that they were going to give her their company as well. Fishing, she explained, was a solitary occupation. If Doris sat and sketched near her that would frighten the fish ; if her uncle stayed with her and smoked that would certainly distract her attention, and quite possibly cause her to lose just such another perch as they had eaten. Moreover, she hinted that there were both gnats and nettles in the vicinity of her fishing-ground, which would make a visitor very uncomfortable. It was only her zeal as an angler that induced her to go near such a place herself, and she would not dream of sacrificing anyone else ; and besides, she could manage quite nicely.

And so, to the astonishment of Agatha, she started off unaided, and also somewhat heavily laden. She carried the inevitable rug, two novels, and the box of chocolates ; in addition there were the indispensables of her craft, the bait-tin, the fishing-basket, and Martin's rod. With the air of a martyr, but with decision, she began her progress from the camp. The others watched in admiration ; the country indeed was working wonders.

However, Cicely did not bear her burdens very long, at least not all of them. As soon as she had crossed the bridge and was out of sight she looked about her for a hiding-place. On her left was a clump of bushes ornamented with flowering convolvulus, and in the middle a small holly-tree stood up dark and

stiff. This struck her as a suitable landmark. She threw a guilty look round. There was no one to see. She took out the bait-tin very gingerly, and put it carefully behind a clump of meadow-sweet under the holly-tree. With a sigh of relief she went on at her more usual pace.

It was very hot. Cicely liked the weather to be hot, but she did not like getting hot herself. And she was still encumbered with much she considered superfluous. The rod was very inconvenient. After all was it necessary? She did not intend to be left to her own resources for bait; why should she for a rod? Twenty yards further on she perceived a hollow tree. It seemed sinful to neglect such an opportunity, and Martin's rod was soon reposing inside. She fixed the hollow tree also in her memory for future use, and sauntered on.

Her burdens were still oppressive. The rug was heavy, the fishing-basket too big. She thought of putting her novels and her box of chocolates inside, but remembered with a little shiver that it had contained slimy dead things,—and worms! She conceived a distaste for the fishing-basket.

By this time Cicely had reached the mill. The miller's man was about and wished her good-morning. With an eye to a possible donation he offered to carry her things for her. Cicely hesitated; should she tell him to go back for the others? However, she decided not, since she would have to go back and show him where to find them; and besides, he would wonder why she had put them there. "No, thank you," she said pleasantly; "but if you will keep this till I come back?" she smiled interrogatively, and held out the basket with the air of an Atlas transferring his burden of heaven.

The miller's man displayed a little not unnatural surprise. "It is so hot," explained Cicely, "and so awkward. Only please put it away somewhere. I don't want anyone to see it."

The man took it into the mill and put it in a cupboard. A new idea seized Cicely. The two novels were slippery to hold; besides, would she want them? Of course if it proved very dull,—well, she could send for them to the mill. She hesitated a moment, and rather to her surprise found herself blushing a little; but her guilt had begun with the discarding of the bait-tin; she might as well complete it. So she slipped the two novels into the cupboard by the fishing-basket, and left without explanation.

A minute or two later she was in her retreat with her rug and her box of chocolates, a survival which, from the point of view of the ordinary angler, would not have seemed of the fittest; but Cicely knew better. She had seen the top-joint of a fishing-rod protruding above the reeds not many yards away down stream, while a faint wreath of tobacco-smoke curled upwards.

She spread out her rug on the grass, and selected a chocolate with care. The smoke-wreath vanished and was not renewed; the top-joint of the fishing-rod disappeared from view; its owner could probably see from his hiding-place without being seen. But Cicely never once looked in that direction. She waited patiently, consuming another chocolate; in her own way she had the makings of an angler. There was a rustling amid the reeds, a rustling that became fainter and more distant. Cicely criticised these tactics with a smile; she had not long to wait.

Someone was approaching with a firm unhurried tread along the bank above. The someone was behind, and stepped down in the same careless manner. "Ah, good morning, Miss Lauriston. Have you had any sport?"

Cicely looked up from under the brim of a very large hat, and made a little amused bow. Talbot had undergone a subtle change since the preceding afternoon. In the first place he was shaved; certain scars near the angle of the jaw would have argued to the male intelligence that the razor was unfamiliar; he had, in fact, used the razor of the magnificent Charles. His clothes seemed to be more carefully adjusted. Yesterday he had worn no tie; to-day his spotless cricketing shirt displayed a neat bow of college colours, while a silk sash to match replaced his serviceable leathern belt; a straw hat that displayed recent attempts at washing had been substituted for the grey felt; altogether he gave the impression of a man who tries to make the best of a bad business.

He carried his rod and creel from which protruded something that to Cicely looked like grey felt. "Oh, do let me see what you've got in your basket," she asked innocently.

"There aren't any fish as yet," he said seeking to evade her.

"Haven't you got any flies or something interesting?" she persevered.

"No, nothing," he replied stoutly, conscious that there reposed within certain things which to his friends would have

told a tale. His shaving had caused comment at breakfast ; otherwise till he reached the rushes he to the male eye had been as before.

"But you're not fishing," he exclaimed, becoming conscious that his studied impromptu opening was inapposite.

"Then I've no right to occupy the best spot for the *perc*—please what *is* its Latin name again?"

Talbot repeated the massive words with a smile. Cicely said them over to herself twice. "I shall remember them now," she declared. "I haven't frightened the fish away for you, have I?"

Talbot deemed it improbable, and asked her if she had been there long. "Oh the duplicity of man," thought she and replied out loud, "Only a few minutes."

"Then I could only have been more fortunate by a few minutes," he returned with a touch of sarcasm at his own expense.

Having seen the top-joint above the reeds Cicely understood him. "They quite believed me about the fish," she digressed.

"I hoped you were coming to catch some more," he hazarded.

"I have come, you see." Cicely held herself in reserve.

"Perhaps you would like to try my rod?" he suggested.

"You are determined to instruct me?" she asked smiling.

"Surely, since you are here to be instructed," he returned.

Cicely ate a chocolate and offered him one. "Unless you prefer your pipe," she said. Talbot did ; he sat down and struck a match.

"Do you always keep it ready filled?" she asked mischievously.

"Generally," he said without truth. "I was wondering if you would come," he observed irrelevantly.

"It seems my fate to be instructed," she returned ; "and now I have a reputation to keep up as an angler."

"Fortune favoured the fair," he ventured.

"In sending the brave to assist," she laughed. "But now please give me an object-lesson, as I shall have so little opportunity again."

"Are you going back to town?" he asked in alarm.

"No," she said, "but I must find another place for perch. This is your territory."

"Miss Lauriston," began Talbot.

Cicely interrupted ; his tone threatened seriousness. " My name isn't Lauriston, it's Neave," she corrected. Talbot was all apology. Incidentally he learned that she was not Miss Neave, but Miss Cicely Neave, and discovered suddenly that Cicely was the prettiest Christian name he knew.

" All this part is your territory, or rather the house-boat's," she went on to explain, " so we are going to move. Aunt Charlotte doesn't like finding people in the river when she takes an early morning stroll. She wanted to tell you to go, but we couldn't do that, so we're moving ourselves to-morrow morning."

Talbot remembered that Charles had related with much humour the sudden flight of a stout middle-aged party who had surprised him at his morning swim. At breakfast the incident had awakened mirth ; now, however, he felt indignant with Charles who, it was plain, lacked true chivalry and reasonable caution.

" Are you moving far ?" he asked anxiously.

" About two miles, I think," she said.

" Up stream ?"

Cicely assented. Talbot became thoughtful. " There's a place very like this in a field with a scare-crow in it," was the result of his cogitations. " It's on this bank and just about two miles up-stream. You'll find a lot of perch there, I should say."

" You are sure I shouldn't be robbing you of a good pitch ?" she inquired demurely.

He assured her that she would be robbing nobody, least of all himself. As he intended to share the advantages of that chosen nook he was strictly within the truth.

Cicely thanked him. " I shall try it some afternoon perhaps," she conceded. She bent down over her chocolate-box and disappeared from view under the brim of her hat. " He's really quite intelligent," she was saying to herself ; " but I shan't go there the first afternoon. What would Aunt Charlotte think ?"

Meanwhile Talbot was watching his float, since he found he could not watch anything better, and pursuing a kindred train of thought which, to his own surprise, at last took shape in a question. " Did you expect to see me here this afternoon ?" he asked her suddenly.

" Why should I ?" Cicely thought he was advancing a little too far. She answered him with such supreme innocence that

Talbot was staggered. He devoted his attention to his float, and not unsuccessfully. In fact he caught several perch, and what with this and the instructive conversation that it occasioned the time passed rapidly. The sound of William's gong roused them to its lapse.

"You've brought me luck," said Talbot surveying his catch.

"Then I shall claim one from you," Cicely replied.

Talbot hastened to put them all at her disposal, but she would only accept two of medium size. A difficulty arose in his mind; how was she to carry them? "I've got a basket at the mill," she confessed.

Talbot accompanied her thither. "Your creel," he commented in surprise.

"I ought to have been fishing this afternoon," she explained.

"But you've no rod?"

"You see I can do without one."

"But ——" he demurred and then hesitated. The objection might be tactless.

"Well, I have a rod too," she confessed, "so it's all right. It was so hot, and I left it in a hollow tree, and the worm-tin's in a bush. I shall march into camp quite in proper style."

The fish were now in the basket; Cicely had recovered her novels and prepared to set out alone.

"I believe you did expect me this afternoon," said he.

Cicely held out her hand with a little blush. "Thanks very much for the perch," she returned.

One of her novels slipped; he caught it and held it out to her. "And you left these behind? I am indeed flattered," he said as she adjusted them. Cicely hurried away without replying.

Talbot watched her till she had crossed the lock-bridge and disappeared. She walked gracefully despite her burdens and carried herself with quite a dignity. She knew that his eyes followed her. "I wonder how I shall see her next and when," he was thinking.

The miller's man roused him, by a tactful tribute to Miss Cicely's good looks, for which he was justly and richly rewarded. The wail of the tortured frying-pan smote clangorously on Talbot's ears, and he started off for the house-boat at a run. Only when he reached the stile did he remember that he was, or would be considered, over-dressed. He stopped short and

mechanically took off his sash, tie, and straw hat, replacing them by the leathern belt and the wide-awake. It is to be feared that, as he hid his straw hat carefully in the osier-bed, the duplicity of this action was obscured by a half-formulated idea that loomed before him, immense, overwhelming, by whose side the hiding of a straw hat would seem a piece of conspicuous candour. "If they move up to that back-water," he murmured, "we ——" but his thought was too revolutionary to be expressed in words, even to himself.

CHAPTER IX

MR. LAURISTON had promised his wife that he would not go far. She was all for packing up the moment she had finished breakfast, during which meal she had stated her case with such emphasis and conviction that there was positively no more to be said by anybody.

Her husband, indeed, had mildly recorded his opinion that there was no harm in a young man's diving off his own house-boat at so early an hour in the morning, especially as that young man could not have known that there was a lady in the vicinity who might object to his so doing. But Mrs. Lauriston paid no attention to this view of the matter. The shock had gone too deep for argument or reason. It was one of those cases in which the marvellous gift of intuition, which is the special privilege of her sex, shows itself superior to all the ordinary methods by which other human beings proceed to action. Mrs. Lauriston knew it was right to move, so move she would; and her party would move with her.

On this, therefore, there was no possibility of dispute, but in the matter of packing up and starting forth the united efforts of the party could effect some small modification.

"Where," asked her husband after conceding the main point, "are we to move to?"

"And what," asked Cicely, "is the good of beginning to pack up until we know that we can move somewhere?"

"We had better find a place at once," said Agatha.

This suggestion seemed sensible, and it was agreed that two search-parties should be sent out; one, consisting of Mr. Lauriston and Agatha, was to take the boat and go down stream, the other, consisting of Martin, was to go up stream along the bank.

Reports were made at lunch. Both parties had found spots that seemed suitable, and Martin had even found another farm which would supply them with provisions. They decided, therefore, to act on his report and to move the camp to a nook on the bank of another back-water some two miles higher up and to charter the farmer's waggon for that purpose; it appeared that the lane wound round to a point but a field away from the new camping-ground, a fact which materially lightened the task of transport. After this, Cicely, as has been seen, announced her intention of fishing and set out; when she had gone Mr. Lauriston in spite of the fatigues of the morning said something about a walk, a short one in deference to his wife's anxiety about the packing.

He was rather glad that he had not been obliged to meet Miss Cicely's expressive eyes as he mentioned what he was going to do; she knew too much, and he felt that she was amused at his behaviour. However much one may absolve oneself to oneself, one still does not like one's righteous dealing to be regarded with amused suspicion by others. There might also in the back of his mind have been a hardly realised impression that his pretty niece a little despised what she must consider such crooked dealing. And so Mr. Lauriston set out for the house-boat a second time unsuspected. His object in going may readily be guessed; he felt that he owed it to the hospitable young men at least to say good-bye. He had appreciated Charles's tact in not returning his call. It argued a rare power of sympathy in that young man that he had accepted the intimation, which it had been impossible to give in so many words, that Mr. Lauriston for domestic reasons must only be known as you know a man at the club,—the house-boat being the club. Moreover, it need not necessarily be good-bye. Two miles are but two miles,—if one is aware of the fact; but if he merely disappeared without informing them that he was going they would not be aware of the fact, and then two miles are no better than two hundred,—and besides, they might feel hurt.

Some such thoughts as these passed through his mind as he followed in Cicely's track rather later. He walked past the little holly-tree and the useful pollard without suspecting what secrets of Cicely's they could reveal, and when he reached the mill he turned to the left instead of to the right or he might have discovered yet more of her secrets. But at that moment Mr.

Lauriston was fully occupied with his own. When he reached the house-boat he was disappointed to find it deserted. Even the faithful William, whom somehow he had come to regard as a kind of fixture like the fire-place, was absent. Mr. Lauriston went close to the vessel and coughed rather loudly, thinking that someone might be inside, but in vain.

He wondered whether he should leave a card on the table to show that he had intended to do the right thing ; but there were several objections to that course. A plain card might be taken as an invitation to return his call, as a sign that the domestic disabilities, so tactfully appreciated, had been removed, and that was far from being the case ; he might put *P.P.C.* in the corner, but that would not be strictly true, and he did not want to take formal leave ; he might scribble a line or two to explain matters, but a scribbled line or two have often constituted an incriminating document before now, especially to married men. No, Mr. Lauriston decided that he could not leave a card.

Rather disconsolate he determined to ascend the knoll and gain the high road ; his walk must be a real one after all. The ascent was steep, and he stopped more than once to mop his brow and rest. About two-thirds of the way up he paused under the shade of a small spreading oak, and turned to glance at the view before him. Suddenly he became conscious that something was moving over his head and looked up. To his surprise he saw a pair of white canvas shoes dangling over a branch some twenty feet above him. Allowing his eye to travel upwards he made out the figure of a man, whose face in the shadow he could not at first distinguish ; presently, however, his eyes became more accustomed to the shade and he was able to trace the features of Sir Seymour Haddon, who appeared to be about to light a cigarette.

"Hullo," said Mr. Lauriston more than a little astonished.

Charles paused in the lighting of his cigarette and looked down. "Hullo," he returned. "Oh it's Mr. Lauriston. How are you ? It's a nice day, isn't it ?"

Mr. Lauriston felt a natural curiosity as to Charles's movements. He could not remember ever to have seen any person of mature age up in a tree before ; and Charles, though fairly young, was certainly no longer a boy. "Are you—bird-nesting ?" he asked doubtfully.

"No," said Charles, "I'm looking for a Gladstone bag."

"A *what?*" said Mr. Lauriston more astonished than ever.

"A Gladstone bag," returned Charles; "but it isn't here. Wait a minute; I'm coming down." He quickly descended from his perch, letting himself down from branch to branch with an agility that Mr. Lauriston envied.

"You haven't seen a Gladstone bag about, I suppose?" said Charles as he regained the earth. Mr. Lauriston denied having seen such a thing rather emphatically and cast a dubious eye on his interrogator. "I have mislaid one," said Charles in explanation. He hesitated for a moment as to whether he should take Mr. Lauriston more fully into his confidence. But after all, perhaps, he hardly knew him sufficiently well. The victim of a conspiracy may be interesting but he is hardly heroic, and Charles wished to be heroic in his relations with the other camp. He decided not to be too expansive, though there was no harm in enlisting Mr. Lauriston's unconscious aid; in a case of this sort every pair of eyes is of value. "If you should see a Gladstone bag anywhere round here," he said nonchalantly, "you'll know it belongs to me."

Mr. Lauriston promised hurriedly; he was not sure whether Charles was intoxicated or mad, but in either case it seemed wise to humour him. "Are you going anywhere in particular?" asked the object of suspicion. "If not, come back and have a drink."

Mr. Lauriston did not refuse. When one is doubtful of the sobriety or sanity of a man whose physical strength is at least twice as great as one's own, one does not refuse to oblige him in trifles. Mr. Lauriston, moreover, was thirsty. They soon reached the encampment and seated themselves comfortably each with a cooling beverage in a long glass. Mr. Lauriston accepted a cigarette, and soon forgot his suspicions of Charles's mental equilibrium. His host showed himself eminently sane, and told him one or two things connected with the City that were new to him; he did not of course know that they were also new to Charles.

Finally Mr. Lauriston reached a point at which he could say that which he came to say. "We are moving our camp to another spot to-morrow," he announced casually.

"Really?" said Charles. "Are you going far away?"

Mr. Lauriston gave a brief geographical sketch of the position they proposed to occupy, which Charles faithfully

committed to memory. "Two miles is no distance," commented Charles. "You'll always know where to find us. It'll be just far enough to make you thirsty." Charles spoke from his head rather than his heart; he himself had no objection to running or swimming one mile, but he hated walking two.

Mr. Lauriston was pleased. This was exactly the spirit in which he had hoped to be met. "Thanks very much," he said; "you may be sure I shall turn up again some fine day." Then in the generosity of his heart inspired perhaps by a sip of the cooling beverage he added: "If you should ever be in our neighbourhood,—of course,—you know,—" Mr. Lauriston realised almost at once what he was saying and swallowed the rest of the sentence hurriedly.

Charles, however, faithfully committed the semi-invitation to memory, though he had no immediate intention of availing himself of it; but the time, he fondly reflected, would come and when it did—a thought struck him. "By the way, if we should happen to move too, you'll always be able to find us. A house-boat can't be hidden very well."

"Have you thought of moving?" Mr. Lauriston asked.

"Oh, only some vague talk." Charles dismissed the notion with a shrug. "It isn't probable, but one never knows."

"Well, I must be going back," said Mr. Lauriston getting up slowly.

Charles accompanied him as far as the stile. "There's always a chair, a glass, and a cigarette here," he said; "don't forget. Oh and, I say, if you *should* happen upon a Gladstone bag let me know, will you? I should be awfully obliged."

Mr. Lauriston promised again and returned to his camp slowly, wondering what on earth he meant. Was the young man a little touched? And yet he had talked sensibly enough and even told him one or two new things about the City. Then it occurred to him that the words *Gladstone bag* might be some new slang that he had not heard, might mean *cigarette-case* or something. And yet, a cigarette-case in an oak-tree! Mr. Lauriston was decidedly puzzled.

CHAPTER X

TALBOT strolled into camp decently disreputable in outward appearance whatever may have been his condition of mind.

He found William, Majendie, and the Admiral still sitting over their tea; Charles, he was told, had not yet come back.

"Looking for his Gladstone bag," the Admiral explained.

"I suppose there *is* no chance of his finding it?" said Majendie. "Are you quite sure of the place?"

Talbot, who had so far listened in rather a pre-occupied manner, shook himself into attention. "I don't think he can," he returned; "I hope not, anyhow." There was a ring of sincerity in his tone; what would happen if Charles succeeded in his quest, and went to call on the Lauriston party in his rich attire? Talbot was rapidly falling into that condition of mental instability in which a man will permit himself to be jealous of even a hat-stand, if it displays a better hat than his own.

"It has been a great thing for Charles, having something to do," said the Admiral; "and it shows that he can persevere with a task if he's in earnest about it. I didn't think he could."

"He's done nothing but hunt for the thing, and bathe alternately, all day," Majendie put in. "I'm not sure that it mayn't become a hallucination after all. I've known such things happen in the course of my professional experience. It's like hypnotic suggestion. They hypnotised a man at the hospital one day and suggested to him that he was a mad dog, and he ran round the room biting them. Two of them contracted rabies."

"Did they indeed?" said the Admiral admiringly. "What will happen to Charles if it becomes a real hallucination?"

"Oh, he'll pack real things in the imaginary bag," returned the doctor after consulting his experience. "Or else he'll dress in the imaginary clothes."

"And go and call on the other party thus attired," said William laughing.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Talbot; the idea shocked him unutterably.

The others looked at him in surprise, and he collected himself with an effort. "I'd forgotten all about my fish," he explained.

"Anything good?" asked Majendie.

"A few decent perch," he said, getting up and fetching his creel which he emptied out onto the grass. He had quite forgotten their number and size, had almost forgotten their existence,

which was a sufficient proof, had Cicely only known it, of her powers of distraction.

"Pounders, by Jove, those three," exclaimed Majendie, "and the other two can't be far off."

Talbot returned to himself a little as he surveyed his catch. "Yes, I had the luck to stumble on a shoal. I caught two more besides these——" he stopped; the tongue, he realised, plays one strange tricks.

"What did you do with them?" asked William.

"Oh, I gave them away," returned Talbot going more cautiously now; "a man asked me for a brace, and I thought we should have enough for breakfast, one each, so I gave them to him."

"What do you want to go and give perch away for?" demanded Majendie. "They're the only fish we can eat here, and we don't get too many."

"All right, I won't again," said Talbot, the more meekly, perhaps, because he knew that he was making a mental reservation.

"We don't mind how many chub you give," continued the doctor; "they're beastly, but perch are different. I like them as well as trout."

The consideration of the perch had given Talbot time to remember that he had a character to keep up and that he could not afford to lose himself in meditations, however pleasing they might be. His friends had not yet noticed anything, but it was so unlike him to play a secondary or silent part in any matters which touched the common weal that they would be bound to notice before long; and then they might feel compelled to seek satisfactory explanations. No, he must draw a sharp line between his normal rugged outspoken self and that other self which was proving so plastic to dainty feminine moulding, that other self which he was beginning to think contained all his better nature. Dr. Jekyll must be kept quite distinct from Mr. Hyde. Mr. Hyde, he reflected unkindly, was quite good enough for his friends; moreover, if there was dubious work to be done Mr. Hyde should do it. Dr. Jekyll should be preserved, candid and honourable, for Cicely.

Having settled this matter to his satisfaction Talbot spoke again. "I have been thinking," he said, "about Charles's adventure this morning. I'm not sure about it's being such a joke after all. Things are coming to a pretty pass if men

can't bathe in the early morning without a lot of prying women turning up and pretending to be shocked. It's pretty much what I anticipated, if you remember."

The others admitted that he had predicted something of the kind. "But she won't come again," said the Admiral. "Eve's curiosity, satisfied in one direction, soon hurries off in another."

"There are some more Eves," returned Talbot. "They'll all come to see if the horrid tales they've heard are true." He was letting Mr. Hyde have his head.

"Well, from what Charles says, I hope she's not the fairest of her daughters or the youngest," said the Admiral irrelevantly.

"I don't think much of Charles as Adam," commented Majendie.

"Oh, Charles is the serpent," Talbot said gruffly; "but seriously, my advice is that we move a mile or two up stream. I don't know how you fellows feel, but I have been expecting to see a woman start up from behind every bush ever since we came, and to hear her ask me why I haven't got a tie on. It's in the atmosphere somehow." Talbot indicated the atmosphere with an indignant hand.

"You're a bit hard on them," objected the Admiral. "They haven't been in our way at all as a matter of fact, except just that one time."

"My dear chap," said Talbot impatiently, "that's the beginning; everything has a beginning. It shows that they've begun to wonder what we're like, and when women do that it isn't long before they look round for introductions. That man—Lauriston's his name?—will come and ask us to tea. Charles and William shouldn't have encouraged him."

William protested. "I didn't; and anyhow you can't be downright rude to a man. Besides, he wouldn't ask us; it was plain enough that he didn't want us."

"Well, he'll ask Charles," said Talbot; "Charles will take care of that. Once Charles knows those women we shall have them in and out here all day. But if we move away a few miles we shall be pretty safe."

The argument which utilised Charles was more powerful than the rest. The others admitted that Charles was the real danger, and also that his powers would be lessened by distance. "He won't go on looking for his Gladstone bag for ever," added Talbot, "and it's just when he's given it up as a bad job that he

will be most likely to turn to the women for something to do." Eventually he brought his friends to see the matter as he did.

"We must get our supplies sent from the farm twice a day," Talbot decided in answer to William's question; "and there's sure to be a cottage where we can get water; in fact, I know there is—a gamekeeper's in the wood."

"When shall we move then?" asked William rather grudgingly. He foresaw a good deal of labour before him, and he was not altogether convinced of the necessity for the step. As Majendie and the Admiral, however, had come round to Talbot's apparent point of view, he too, acquiesced. "Early to-morrow morning, I should say," suggested Majendie, "before it gets hot. It will be no easy job to tow the old hulk up stream."

Matters had only just been settled when Charles reappeared. Since parting with Mr. Lauriston he had hunted through his allotted portion of osier-bed (he had mapped out the adjacent country into patches which he was exploring systematically), and was now returning for his tea, unsuccessful but in a way satisfied,—for even if one does not know where a thing is it is something to know where it is not. He had not revealed to anyone the fact that he had entertained Mr. Lauriston in the afternoon; nor of course had he mentioned the further fact that the other camp was going to change its ground. This was a piece of information which was none the less valuable for being private.

He had however been reflecting; the news imparted to him by Mr. Lauriston was in a measure disconcerting. The distance between the camps would undoubtedly be inconvenient when the time came for him to make himself a friend of the family. As has been said, Charles had a great objection to walking unnecessary distances. It was of course possible that his own party might be induced to move also. He had hinted as much to Mr. Lauriston, for he had a clear memory that his friends had stated that they would do so in certain eventualities. He had also a kind of consciousness that he himself might be able to help them to make up their minds, not so much by argument for the course as against it. By a few judicious hints of an early call he could, he had small doubt, inspire them with alarm and so stimulate them to action.

Against the idea, however, was to be set his missing Gladstone bag. It must not be forgotten that he might find himself two miles further away from it than he was now, or rather than he

imagined himself to be, for he was losing his first enthusiasm of hope. There remained but one patch of osier-bed to explore and he would have searched the whole of the territory immediately surrounding the houseboat. But Charles was not without a vein of shrewdness. It was not impossible, he reflected, that the conspirators would arrange that the Gladstone bag should move too. They were not really dishonest, he knew ; they would not care to have the burden of another man's Gladstone bag permanently on their souls. For a fortnight it was different,—they were capable of so much baseness ; but a Gladstone bag two miles away, untended and unwatched, is in a precarious situation and liable to be stolen for ever. No, on the whole it seemed likely that, if by subtle means he could precipitate a removal, the Gladstone bag would not be left behind. Moreover, it flashed upon him, he might thus discover it ; no man can conceal a Gladstone bag effectually while he is moving it from one spot to another.

As a result of these meditations Charles decided to play a bold game : he would do his best to bring on a crisis in the affairs of his camp and see what came of it ; and as he finished off the last few yards of osier-bed he determined on the precise nature of his game. It savoured of duplicity perhaps, but after all his friends had not been absolutely straightforward with him, and all is fair in love and war, doubly fair, therefore, when a man is, or hopes to be, engaged in both these pursuits.

Charles therefore approached his friends looking purposefully debonair and well pleased with himself. "Any tea left?" he asked. "I only want one cup ; I've had some."

"Had some? Where?" said the Admiral in surprise.

"Oh, I've been paying a call," Charles returned calmly. An expectant silence interrogated him. "Our friends in the back-water," he explained, airily waving his tea-spoon. "Oh, by the way, they may be coming to tea to-morrow," he continued. "I'm going to run over in the morning and let them know if it's convenient. They're very jolly girls ; I shall fetch them round in the dinghy." Charles was rather enjoying himself. It was like a foretaste of revenge when one knows that the real thing is to come after ; it was like eating one's cake and having it too.

The faces of his hearers expressed all the emotions he could have wished. William put down his pipe ; Majendie adjusted

his eyeglasses ; the Admiral looked his sternest at the defaulter, while Talbot surveyed Charles in speechless consternation. Had he seen and spoken with Cicely ? Had Cicely revealed the fact that she knew another of the party ? Had—— Talbot's brain reeled with the possibilities that crowded upon it. But he soon noticed that Charles was strictly impersonal in his satisfaction ; Cicely had, perhaps, not revealed anything. In any case she could not have had much talk with Charles, for it was not so very long since he had parted with her himself. He began to recover his wits, and then it occurred to him that Charles did not seem to know of the other party's intentions ; they had not, then, told him that they were going to move. Evidently Charles had not been a welcome guest, or—— Talbot considered Charles's cheerful countenance curiously. There was a mystery of some kind, but after all it was in his own favour. Charles's behaviour was just the thing to convince even the sceptical William.

After the brief silence which followed Charles's announcement and gave Talbot time to think it out so far, the Admiral also recovered himself and spoke in the polite but frigid manner in which he would address an impulsive boy. "I'm afraid your friends will be disappointed. I take it we shall be gone long before tea-time."

"Gone ?" said Charles, surprised in his turn ; he had not expected such suddenness.

"I have always found in my professional experience," said Majendie, "that change of air and scene are the best treatment for an overworked brain, and so——"

"We decided that you would be all the better for visiting the river rather higher up," put in the Admiral.

"It will be quieter for you in the woods," said William. Even he felt that Charles was now a danger to be reckoned with, and he did not propose to spare him.

"But," Charles began. To act the part properly he must object to this high-handed action.

"This place doesn't suit you, you know it doesn't," continued Majendie ; "it makes you imagine things. You're in my hands, and I've prescribed a change for you."

"Very good of you," assented Charles with well simulated heat ; "but how do you know that I'm going to follow your prescription ?"

"You'll have to follow the house-boat I suppose," said Talbot

in his most brutal manner. "That's going for a rest and change, anyhow."

"Of course you can stay here if you like," said Majendie ; "but you'll find the grass rather damp at night, which for a person of hereditary gouty tendency means rheumatism. The tent is going for a change, too, unfortunately ; otherwise you might have had that."

"You'll have to come," said William.

Charles raised some more objections, which were met by his friends, and after a decent show of resistance he allowed himself to yield to force of numbers, saying that if they had made up their minds he supposed he must give way ; but, he stipulated, as he was moving against his will he would take no share either in the packing or the towing of the house-boat. This concession they allowed him, after which he went off to bathe in a condition of praiseworthy resignation.

CHAPTER XI

EVEN on the stillest and darkest night the river world is never quite silent. There are numberless tiny sounds which in the daytime would pass unnoticed but which under the stars force themselves on the attention of him who is yet awake. The rushes are in perpetual motion ; now their whisper is but the faintest memory of a sound ; now it increases to an audible rustle of protest as some nocturnal prowler, probably a rat, passes through them. A moth or bat flutters by causing a slight vibration in the air, so slight that one hardly knows whether it is felt or heard. A fish splashes, a frog croaks, an owl in the distant woods utters its musical tremulous complaint and under all is the deep voice of the river itself, the murmur of eternal unrest. Nature sleeps with an eye always open and stirs from time to time with the vividness of her dreams.

Within the house-boat, though it was a good half-hour after mid-night, there was still one person awake, and listening appreciatively to all this faint music of the summer night. It accorded well with the poetry of his mood, and he knelt on his chair-bed with his head out of the little window above it looking down into the dark stream. Presently with a con-

tented sigh he withdrew his head and began to listen for something else. Through the wooden partition came the sound of regular breathing. His friends were evidently sleeping the sleep of the just, and he nodded in a satisfied manner after he had listened. All was well and he could set about that which had to be done before he too slumbered. Sitting down on his bed he put on his tennis shoes and then crept noiselessly to the door leading to the stern of the house-boat, opened it and passed out.

The house-boat, it should be explained, was divided into three rooms opening one into the other. The first served as a sitting-room, the second was fitted up with four bunks and was the bedroom, while the third, constructed originally as a kitchen, had by means of the chair-bed been turned into a spare bedroom and assigned to Talbot as the acknowledged leader of the expedition. Thus being alone he was able to go in or out without disturbing the others.

He crossed the plank carefully, for it was a dark night and the stars unaided by a moon could do no more than accentuate the fact. Once on shore he turned in the direction of the osier-bed, crossed the other plank with equal caution and followed the accustomed path. When he had nearly reached the end he turned again and forced his way through the osiers on his right. At this point they grew very thick and tall and even in the daytime it would have been no easy matter to get through them. Talbot however seemed to know where he was going and shielding his face with his arms went straight forward. When he was some ten yards from the path he stopped and felt in his pockets for a box of matches, one of which he struck. The light showed him that he had reached the place he wanted—a small hut with brick walls, a thatched roof and the door off its hinges. Originally perhaps it had been built as a little barn, but in the course of years it had dropped out of use, and the osiers growing up all round it concealed its existence from an incurious world. Even from the river no trace of it could be seen though it stood but a few yards from the bank.

Holding the match in front of him Talbot entered and looked round. There was nothing to be seen except a few bean-poles in one corner, and some odd bricks and rubbish. Along one side of the hut however ran a half-loft towards

which he looked. His match flickered out and he struck another and felt in his pocket again, this time producing a short piece of candle which he lighted at the match and stuck on a fallen brick. This done he approached the loft. Springing into the air he caught the ledge with both hands and drew himself up till he was supported by his elbows. Then with his right hand he felt about in the darkness until he encountered the object of his search, which was in fact a Gladstone bag. Grasping its handle he lowered it slowly, still supporting himself with his left arm. Having accomplished this athletic feat he let himself drop, after which he put the bag down and rested a little.

He was about to pick up bag and candle and go when a totally new idea struck him. He paused and cast a contemplative eye on the Gladstone bag as it lay portly and inert in the feeble light of the candle. Then with a swift decisive movement he took off his coat and hung it on one of the bean-poles, after which he stooped down and opened the bag. In one side of it lay Charles's blue suit neatly folded. Talbot took out the coat, put it on, and held the candle in the air to observe the effect. It is difficult to judge adequately of one's appearance in such circumstances but he was not altogether dissatisfied. The coat might be a fraction too tight and a fraction too short, for he was a slightly bigger man than Charles, but taking it all in all it was not a bad fit. It might pass, he decided, in the country.

Then he took it off, folded it up and put it back, resumed his own coat, packed up the Gladstone bag and blew out the candle as he left the hut, stumbling a little among the osiers owing to the sudden darkness. However in a short time his eyes became more accustomed to it and he made his way back to the house-boat without misadventure. He put his burden in the coal-bunk where Charles had originally hidden it, and then retired to bed feeling that he had earned his repose.

(To be continued.)

AN AMERICAN RHODES'S SCHOLAR AT OXFORD

THE American Rhodes's scholars at Oxford have almost without exception hesitated about allowing their ideas of Oxford to be published in England. The reason for this feeling is not the fear of putting into print something that might be deemed unpleasant, for I doubt if the sincere remarks of any of us could properly be so called ; it is rather a delicacy about appearing before our hosts as critics, even as laudatory critics, of their justly famed university, together with a dislike for placing ourselves on record too hastily on a very important matter. Especially have we always resisted attempts to secure and publish a consensus of our opinions. Such a consensus, of course, would be as untrue as a composite photograph. Moreover, from the very fact of its being called a consensus, it would be looked upon as a much more trustworthy and final summing-up of our opinions than such a premature expression could possibly be.

But, in spite of this praiseworthy reserve of our whole number up to the present, I have come to the conclusion that a few impressions of Oxford, genuine though perhaps not final, should prove interesting to some readers and should not, for all their frankness, give offence to anyone. I trust it will be understood, however, that when I speak in general terms of my colleagues, I have not the merest semblance of authority for dragging them in upon the scene.

On the very evening of our arrival I eagerly sallied forth with a little group of Rhodes's scholars to gain, despite the darkness, my first impressions of Oxford, being most impatient to see that beautiful home of English learning over which so many poets have sung, and so many artists exulted. No doubt the romantic effect of this first glimpse was enhanced by the witchery of the hour. Hearing the solemn bells of the city peal forth at frequent

intervals, we strolled down dimly lighted by-ways, where occasionally a street lamp showed us the solid walls, or barred windows, or quaint entrance of some college. Venturing cautiously within a gateway, we surveyed the big quadrangles, surrounded by dark masses of buildings, in which mysterious lights shone here and there to help out the strange impressive genius of the place. Finally each of us hunted up the ancient college that was to be his new home, each man being deeply conscious probably, as I was when I peered within the walls of Merton, how far a cry it was from the home he had left beyond the sea.

We newcomers, however, had very little time for musing on art and poetry after term began. I had hardly finished with the odd experience of stocking a fairly complete domestic establishment and become settled in my comfortable college quarters, when, on being introduced to some of my new associates, I found myself in the midst of college life. The hospitality with which I was soon favoured much impressed me. I must say that the good old custom according to which senior men invite relays of freshmen to breakfast in order to give them a chance to ask questions about college life, to enable them to become acquainted with one another, and to give them a start in the traditional hospitality of Oxford, is a splendid idea, infinitely better than leaving the callow strangers to shift for themselves. Almost invariably the fault must lie in a man's own self if he feels lonely and out in the cold while attending the university. Some people, it is true, believe that sociability is overdone here, so that more serious duties are neglected in consequence, and this is possibly a just criticism in the case of men to whom serious duties are of minor importance.

But in all this hospitality some of us were conscious of a certain lack of warmth. This sensation was due mainly to two causes; not because we were received any the less cordially on account of our nationality—for I gladly pay tribute to our new-found friends in saying that we could not have been treated better if we had been born Englishmen—but because of the characteristic difference in the manners of Englishmen and Americans, and because of certain features of time-honoured Oxford etiquette. As for the difference in manners we found these chiefly superficial, and soon discovered that our new associates could be just as hearty friends, even if they did not

wring our hands on being introduced and say, "I am very glad to meet you." One of the features of college etiquette to which I refer, is a custom which enjoins that a freshman must not speak to a man of another year in the street unless he is first addressed by this exalted individual, who usually forgets to notice him even after entertaining him at breakfast. To one unfamiliar with the ways of the place this seems pure rudeness. But we Americans who sometimes forbid freshmen to carry canes, who sell the innocent youths tickets to free privileges, such as riding in the university lifts, and who have been known to display a remarkable amount of ingenuity in devising many other ways of tormenting, can perhaps have little to say.

The regulations and restrictions of Oxford life, while having the pleasant savour of antiquity, cannot be quite so easily dismissed. It is no privation to be forbidden to play marbles or shoot arrows in the High Street, nor is it very irksome to wear cap and gown on the prescribed occasions. But to men who have been accustomed to live where they chose during their college days elsewhere, it is a decidedly novel experience, to put it mildly, to be required to leave college before 9 p.m. if at all during the evening, to be required to pay a shilling fine for each out-of-college guest departing after eleven, as is the rule in some colleges, and to be liable to all sorts of dire penalties if they stay out five minutes after the clock has struck twelve. Still, the wisdom of these provisions seems to have been proved by the fact that they have endured so long.

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of student life apart from studies is found in college athletics. At few other universities in the world, I venture to say, is the love for outdoor sports so general as at Oxford. This desire to be playing at something in the open air seems to be inherent in the nature of the upper-class Englishman, so that when he comes to Oxford, the home of healthy sport, he is truly in his element. The climate of England, far more than any climate in the United States, encourages these sports; for, although England has few but grey days for her people in winter, she has, as some one has well said, more "out-of-door days," than almost any other land. College rivalry is also a stimulus. Since the comparatively small membership of each college is divided among so many different sports, it is highly desirable that each man should do what he can in some sport to

uphold the athletic prestige of his own college among a score of rivals. Thus the man who does nothing in the way of athletics is severely condemned by college spirit; and this is as it should be.

But this wide-spread popularity of these sports, though worthy of emulation at all universities, does not teach us Americans a lesson so much needed as does the manner of engaging in them. Nearly everyone has heard of the recent interference of our President to check the brutality of our football game—a brutality that none of us can deny. Unhappily, it is this insane desire to win, instead of a sportsman-like love of the game for the game's sake, that pervades all our sports. The result is that the American athlete, unlike the Oxonian, cannot play his game in the afternoon merely as a little healthy diversion and to give himself a clearer head, but is so dominated by the lust of victory that all other thoughts are driven from his mind.

Before the game his friends anxiously inquire if he has slept well, if his back is all right again, if the stiffness has left his leg, if he feels thoroughly fit,—the questions are innumerable. During the game the men of his college give vent to deafening yells, the ladies in their enthusiasm make the grand-stand a tumultuous sea of colour with their waving pennants, and finally a brass band completes the inspiration by playing some lively tune that sets every nerve a-tingling. For the player this is the fiercest kind of joy. But the strain is too great. If his intellect be not permanently dulled, as some people declare it is, his thoughts, at any rate, are for long periods almost completely diverted from every other subject but his sport in a way that is deplorable. He had better be at Oxford where it is considered unsportsman-like and bad form to be too eager to win; nay more, where the balance between the man intellectual and the man animal is, in nearly every respect, better maintained.

In our serious connection with the university as students, we have had as many different experiences as there are men in our contingent. In my own case I have had very little cause for complaint, being well satisfied with the work of my first year. The difficulties of a few of my colleagues have been due to the fact that having taken Bachelor degrees in the States, and wishing to pursue graduate work on the pick-and-choose plan there allowed, they found it impossible to do so, unless they studied for a research degree. A man who wished to read

for honours in English literature from the purely literary point of view found that he must spend half of his time turning over the dry bones of English philology. Some men, too, who have had no ambitions in a classical or legal way, have looked upon the first public examination in the Classics and the preliminary examination in law, one or the other of which must be passed before entering a final school, as a somewhat unnecessary obstacle. The enforced examination in Holy Scripture has been viewed in the same light. Some slight friction of this sort was inevitable. It would occur in almost any university in the world. And I realise now that Oxford occupies a position in the educational world as unique as it is important. I see clearly that Oxford is not only a university for the dissemination of knowledge, but also an institution for the making of men, and these of a special type. Consequently, I can understand why it is that Oxonians are unwilling to confer the Bachelor's degree unless the candidate has experienced every vital feature of the training for which this degree stands.

The discouragement that a few of the American Rhodes's scholars have met is a matter largely of the temper of their tutors, though it suggests a misconception on the part of these gentlemen which in time will probably be corrected. Some of the Oxford dons have been rather disposed to shake their heads dubiously over the prospect of receiving so many American students into their midst. The fancy that many of us, like the cowboys of the Wild West, might "tote pistols," raise war-whoops in the quads, and "lasso" the gargoyles on the chapels, was a very transitory one, if it ever existed anywhere except in the minds of some humorous scribes.

But the idea that the American system of education is very superficial has taken a firmer hold, and mainly for one reason. There is a tendency at Oxford to judge a man's erudition largely by his familiarity with the Classics. Some surprise has been felt, therefore, that certain men who had spent four years in an American university should find it necessary to work diligently in order to get through a simple preliminary examination in the Classics like the "pass moderations" of Oxford; and this circumstance has been taken to indicate the general imperfection of their education. This is unjust. Though I do not undertake to deny that our system begets superficiality in some cases, its results must not be judged by a classical standard. The

tendency in the United States to-day is for most students almost entirely to forsake the Classics for other subjects, such as history, modern languages, literature, natural science, and economics, which they believe to be more profitable. Thus some American Rhodes's scholars who have already secured distinction in their own chosen fields, hardly did so much as open a Greek book until they began to prepare for "responsions," the entrance examination of Oxford. And herein lies the secret of this low opinion of our American training—an opinion that I do not believe to be general in Oxford, though it is sufficiently prominent to excuse, I hope, these few words of defence.

On actually beginning work at the university we found the atmosphere that surrounds us—since it is so different from the atmosphere to which most of us have been accustomed—a very potent influence. Among other differences, that which seemed the most marked to me was the absence of the restless spirit of industry which is all-pervading at home, and acts as a constant spur. The climate of Oxford has something to do with this lack of strenuousness, for the air is damp, heavy, and relaxing in its influence. The students' comfortable mode of life also makes in the same direction. The table of an American boarding-house does not usually tempt one to linger after a meal, while at Oxford the custom of having several meals served in the students' rooms enables congenial spirits to gather about a hospitable board in parties so pleasant that it is hard to break away from them. Indeed, the very hearth of an Oxonian's den allures to sociability. A steam radiator or an ugly stove, on the other hand, being so distressingly prosaic in itself, discourages not at all that prosaic virtue, work.

As for the examinations, those troublesome spectres of a man's college career at Oxford, they come so infrequently that they appear most of the time as mere ominous shapes on a distant horizon. Yet an exaggerated impression of ease is usually dispelled from the Oxford student's mind by a rough awakening. He finds that unless he is content to be enrolled in that class of men to whom college life is everything and university honours nothing—men who commonly fail to take their degrees,—he must be wonderfully diligent sooner or later. I am convinced that just as much work must be done in preparing for the honour degree of Oxford as for the degree of any American university, though the work is done at different times—in America almost

entirely during term ; at Oxford (to put it in Irish fashion) largely in the vacations. Moreover, the quieter and more leisurely atmosphere of this English university is just what we Americans, above all others, need. It may be a sign of weakness as well as of strength on our part to be ever wishing to hurry on to something new, without waiting sufficiently long for the old to take firm root. We need even more perhaps to be less strictly confined by a relentlessly advancing curriculum, and to be able to tarry at times by the roadside for some wayward musings of our own. The spirit of Oxford, though not energetic, is, I am coming to believe more and more the longer I stay here, none the less productive of good results.

The Oxford machinery of education is somewhat baffling in its intricacies. My first attempt to understand its pass schools, honour schools, lectures, tutors, examinations, and degrees, resulted only in the direst perplexity. Before leaving the United States I perused with much diligence the pages of the OXFORD STUDENT'S HANDBOOK, but everything there was so unfamiliar and complicated that at last I laid down the book in despair. Even now, though I have learned that my own particular part in this system consists in going to lectures and in passing the first and second public examinations, I could not trust myself to go deeply into an explanation of its more devious workings.

Perhaps the most important and characteristic features of the system are the tutors and the examinations. The tutorial method of instruction has made a thorough convert of me. Even my fellow-countrymen at home have begun to realise its virtues, as is attested by the fact that it has recently been adopted at Princeton. The strong points of the method can very easily be seen. The tutor's feeling of responsibility for the men committed to his care, his interest in each one of them, his more intimate knowledge of their characters, all combine to give effectiveness to his labours, while the student should find the mere personal association with his tutor a stimulus, or even, in the case of a tutor of great personality, an inspiration. The tutor, too, gives his pupil a steadying hand to guide him through the chaos of conflicting authority. How often, when we adduced certain authorities for our statements, have we heard our tutor make remarks such as, "Oh, bother Mr. X.'s HISTORY OF ENGLAND," or, "I have the greatest, the very greatest respect for Mr. Y., you understand, but"—or, "Mr. Z.'s book is out of date—oh, hopelessly out

of date," etc. etc. Then, when he has made us distrust one authority after another, he shows us how to derive good from all. Really the tutor's comments upon books and lectures are almost as valuable as the books and lectures themselves.

The examination system of Oxford compels admiration. Nobody but an impossible prodigy, I trust, could actually be fond of examinations, but whoever goes through one of those probing ordeals in that beautiful building called the Schools, is quite sure to have at least the satisfaction of feeling that the examination was a reasonable one. For Oxford has reduced examining to a science. Instead of leaving the preparation of questions in the hands of the lecturers themselves, as merely an incidental duty among many others, Oxford entrusts this work to experts, who make it their special concern to prepare sets of questions that are as judiciously chosen as possible. The result is that, contrary to what is usually the case elsewhere, these examinations are truly a test of the student's knowledge. There are enough general questions to ensure that no well-prepared student shall be in danger of failing, and enough questions of minute detail to cause the undoing of the idler. The principal objection, to my mind, that can be urged against these examinations is the fact that they deal with such an immense amount of work at the end of such long periods of the student's course. Students are thereby tempted to neglect their reading for an examination while it is afar off, and then to work with feverish energy when the day of reckoning draws near. Work would probably be much more steady under a system of terminal examinations such as is the rule in American universities. "Collections" hardly form a substitute.

Now what shall I say about the men who go through this mill? I am very willing to give abundant credit to the Oxford freshman for being well prepared, as a general thing, when he begins residence here, to take up the work of the university. The work for the Bachelor's degree starts with the Classics, and the Classics, of course, have been his chief *pabulum* for a long time. His training has not been so widely comprehensive as the training of the American freshman, who commonly has gained at least a valuable point of view in a great many subjects, even if he cannot always boast a good grounding in

Latin and Greek. But the training of an Oxford freshman, while on narrower lines, has, I am inclined to think, been much more thorough; and his knowledge appears to have become a more intimate part of him and less a mere acquirement to be lost in time. An interesting insight into the learning of the budding Oxonian may be gleaned from observing his library. In addition to his text-books, here will be found many works by such authors as Ruskin, Browning, Emerson, Darwin, Ibsen, and Matthew Arnold,—a heterogeneous array of celebrities, in truth, but all men of such profundity of mind that an interest in them betokens much. Still, I do not give all the credit for these promising signs to the education of the English public schools, for the very home life of the ordinary young Englishman of the upper class affords more opportunities and encouragement for extensive reading than is the case with his young American cousin.

Besides these characteristics of the freshman, I have noted among my fellow students of all years certain traits that seem to me typical of the Oxford mind—if there may justly be said to be such a thing as a typical Oxford mind. Since I have found so little pedantry, I should judge that it is looked upon with extreme disfavour. Some of the most intellectual men of Oxford, far from making any parade of learning, are so unassuming that you would give them credit for only the most mediocre ability, until better acquaintance reveals them to you. Only the other day a friend was relating to me how he had disgraced himself by mistaking a learned don for a freshman. Again, anything like sentimental enthusiasm is chilled by its reception. The man who goes into raptures over things hardly exists here at all, and, if he did, he would probably be regarded with a quiet, amused kind of tolerance that would bring him earthward with a thud. Of a piece with all this is the marked critical attitude of Oxford. One is tempted to say that there is such a keenness for seeing faults and frailties, that virtues are apt to be unjustly slighted. To destroy illusions, to show that idols are made of clay, and to demonstrate that all authorities are but erring human creatures, this seems to be a characteristic trend of the Oxonian's mind. I should say that these traits, in the main, are scholarly. They may be a trifle depressing to the stranger at first, but when he becomes accustomed to them, they give a stimulus to investigation, while encouraging original views rather than a blind reliance upon authority.

From these remarks it would be wrong to infer that the Oxford speaker is coolly logical. The speeches at the Union are characterised by almost anything rather than relentless sledge-hammer argument. If the speaker there should attempt to reason in firstly, secondly, thirdly style, he would soon find his audience yawning, if not indeed straggling from the hall in disgust. It is the keen, dexterous, witty presentation of ideas that counts; and the debater who can discomfit his opponent by sparkling repartee wins more applause than the debater who utterly crushes his opponent with ponderous systematic reasoning. Naturally this effervescent kind of speaking, clever as it is, may sometimes prove disappointing to the listener who really wishes to determine the merits of a question. I remember going to the Union one night to hear a debate on the policy of the last Government in the hope that I might learn something about the political issues of the moment. After being regaled with brilliant dalliance and with witticisms on Mr. Balfour, I came away not a whit wiser than before. I suppose, however, that when these talents need to be exercised seriously, they can be exercised with telling effect.

To sum up my impressions of Oxford I need only one short sentence,—*I am glad to be here*. I have no doubt that my three short years at this ancient university will prove to be the most profitable years of my life. Not only shall I be better equipped intellectually, but I shall ever feel the improving influence of Oxford life, and the subtle charm of this beautiful city. I do not wonder that the sons of Oxford ever look back with fondness to their college days, and I know that I too shall look back to them with equal fondness. The very age of the place is a charm to one coming from a land so new, and its rich historical associations afford profound interest to one who has lived in the midst of surroundings that embody little more than the history of his own contemporaries. But aside from the charm of age the beauty of Oxford exists for me in a more absolute way. It exists in the slim grace of Magdalen Tower, in the stateliness of St. Mary's spire, in the inimitable quaintness of Mob Quad at Merton, and in a thousand other pictures among its ivy-draped walls which I am sure will never fade from my memory in the years to come.

STANLEY ROYAL ASHBY.

THE BLACK PIT

CHERNIYAMA, the Black Pit : no more accurate description could have been found for my Russian village, and the very name (which, mark you, is of no official devising and is not so much as acknowledged in their maps) is in itself a contradiction of the popular theory of the stupidity of Little Russian peasantry. It lies north-west of an insignificant railway-station on the line from Wolocyska to Schmerinka ; a mere dip of the ground in the black dreariness of the plain, a desolate relic of new Scythian attempts at settlement. So much, at least, says my Dryasdust, not without a certain poetry of his own ; I should describe it somewhat differently. Sometimes in a wide English field you will note (easiest in winter when the land is ploughed) a little hollow whence they have long since extracted stone. Now it is filled to the field-level with bushes, with hazel and bramble and elder. In the brown expanse it catches the eye restfully, and even on a damp misty day it calls up pictures of village children in autumn seeking nuts and blackberries in the shallow bowl, or flying in fear of imagined vipers. Just such a place is Cherniyama.

We arrive (if you will come too) at the wayside station by the very early train from Kieff with intent to visit an English engineer at the sugar-mill ten miles away. It is raining a little, or even snowing, since we are in early November, "mud-month" as the peasants call it, and the trees drip despondently. We turn out of comfortable berths in the sleeping-car and look outside the station for our English acquaintance and a *tarantass*. There is nobody and nothing, no *tarantass* and no Englishman, to meet us ; only, beside the station, a shaggy, draggled-tailed pony is attached to a *telega*, or country cart, in this instance a rickety four-wheeled frame-work, springless and eminently unsuitable for passenger-transport. However, the driver will at least act as

a guide, and if the large piece out of the wheel-rim makes it impossible to drive without torture, it is cold enough to walk by the side, and it is certainly not slower. Accordingly the dumb driver ties (literally) another pony to the broken pole, and we set out to drive five miles through a slough of mud and in and out among the listless trees. On the other side of the forest, when the black plain has had time to reveal its lonely vastness, the driver stops, informs us that he does not know the way to the factory but that Cherniyama is somewhere about eight or nine versts (rather less than six miles) out westwards over the fields, and forthwith, shooting our light handbags and rugs out onto the ground, he turns his cart and drives coolly back.

You and I breathe the Englishman's shortest prayer. Still, there's nothing for it but to follow the vague direction given, and to trudge north-west over the sodden fields trusting to the Demon of Distance to bring us out safely somewhere. At the moment, that somewhere seems likely to prove a guard-house on the Galician frontier; and it is in that condition of mind and body, of exasperation and weariness, with leaden feet and mud-clogged boots, that we arrive wholly unexpectedly at the edge of the Pit. The sun bursts through the grey pall of cloud for one single instant and strikes on the last vestige of gilding which time and weather have left on the ruinous roof of the church. Somewhere there is rising smoke, and therefore somewhere there is burning fire, and probably water is hot in a *samovar*. We have come upon an oasis in this desert, upon Zoar, upon Cherniyama, the Black Pit. North and east is the endless monotony of the fields, south-west, if the sun would shine again, the eye might catch the faint outline of the Carpathians. Due west, many versts away, is the Galician frontier. Cherniyama itself, squalid, miserable, is but a collection of mud-and-wattle huts with rare panes of glass in a few windows and wattle chimneys half burnt away. The church is of mud and wattle like the huts, save for the roof and tower which are shingle-covered. The village street is a slough of mud in autumn and spring, a caked and putrid dung-heap in summer, and only in winter is it covered by the garment of white snow which has done so much in poetry and legend and picture to mask the horrors of Holy Russia. And yet, because we have been long in the land, you and I, and because length of days has seared into our souls the revelation of the mystery of Eastern fatalism,

and has translated, as can nothing else, that single word *Nechevo*, we are ready at the time of the spring-running to desert the gay capitals of Austria, Bavaria, and Hungary and to go back across the leagues of desolation to the Black Pit.

Our first call is at sunset to the crazy tea-house to hear all that has come to pass since the day when we stood once before on the Edge and set our faces southwards. If we have brought a bottle of the white spirit they will drink a glass with us, these friendly peasants, but as a rule drunkenness is more a curse of the towns. There are too few *kopeks* won in Cherniyama to admit of drunkenness. These poor folk are no *ishvoshtcheks* (cabmen) of Kieff or Poltava that they should drink health to the morning in a pint of *vodka* and health to the evening in another pint.

Over yonder by the table is Bogdan (Theodore, the Gift of God). Presently he will put his pipe to his lips again and blow for us the melancholy minor music which suits so well the endless melancholy of his life. Bogdan has no story. He, God-given, has been all his life a slave on the fields, and his hopes and dreams at their wildest have embraced no more than a square patch of ground to call his own and whereon to grow a bit of maize and, perhaps, a cabbage.

It is enough for him that the sun shines in summer and the snow falls in winter, and that with his pipe he is welcome through all the village which is at once his home and his world. Sometime, amid the rustle and hurry of Berlin, London, or Vienna, we shall yet envy Bogdan. Let us shake him, then, by the hand, with something of reverence almost as much as of pity, and pass on to the next of the little group, Martin the priest.

We will stay awhile with Martin, partly because he talks so well, and partly because he does so love to be host once in a weary while. He will tell strange stories of Kieff, of the monastery of St. Michael where once he served, and especially that quaint old legend of St. Vladimir. Once, when the obstinate folk would hark back to paganism, the saintly King took sword in hand and drove them helter-skelter down the steep bank of the Dnieper whence his huge cross now shines over the waters with its three hundred electric bulbs. But ~~the~~ Dnieper, sandy shifting Dnieper, took charge of the people and baptised them with the baptism of death, and in that place at mid-winter the ice is always dangerous to this day. Later

Martin will perhaps remember and recount the legend of the Temple of the Fields. It was near the end of St. Vladimir's life, and in spite of victories and triumphs he was disappointed because ever the people took note of gods in everything and wholly discredited the royal doctrine of everything in God. Vladimir attributed all to a wizard who lived somewhere beyond the little lake Jagotin. Thither went the fearless King by night and came footsore in the morning to the water-side; he trudged with bleeding feet all round the lake, sank now and again in swampy places or stumbled over stones, till at last, confessing failure like Elijah, he fell and slept where he fell. Hours later he woke, parched with thirst, and could not recognise the place. High forest-trees were all round him and near him sounded the ripple of water. The sun, piercing low through the trees, marked the end of day. As he raised himself on his elbow a cool hand touched his, and a very old man with long white beard and white hair helped him to his feet and offered him water in a shallow wooden bowl. "Drink," said the old man, "and then come with me; give thanks that you are found, and afterwards you shall eat." Vladimir took the bowl and drank, and then, wondering, followed his guide till they came to an open place on the hillside where the trees formed a ring all round. "Sit here," said his guide, "and watch." He took from his pocket a handful of some soft crumbling meal and strewed it between two trees on the western side of the circle. More and more he added and then began softly to whistle, till suddenly from all the trees came a great flock of birds, though there had been no sound of them before. In silence the birds ate the crumbled food, and then in a moment they rose together, flew up into the trees and, as the old man knelt where he had fed them, they all broke out suddenly into song. First loud and clear they sang, then the music softened, and at last was still. The old man rose and turned to Vladimir. "Come," he said; "you must eat and then return, but remember when you come to your own people that the best of all service is the birds' praise in the Temple of the Fields. These," he touched two tree-trunks that stood close together, "are the pillars of the Church." And, so Martin told me, there is such a circle of trees beyond Jagotin, and the people call it the Temple of the Fields to this day. Such stories shall Martin tell us all the night through, and last of all before daybreak he will tell us something of his own story. Once, and it is indeed like

the *once* of a half-forgotten fairy-tale, Martin served in St. Michael's monastery in Kieff. In those days his brown cassock and little silver crucifix, given to him by his mother, and now treasured beyond all else, were symbols to him of a great vocation, perhaps to a great life. In those days he dreamed of courts and princes and some splendid revival. I think his dreams were of Savonarola in his pulpit, or it may be of Flavian the Metropolitan in his carriage. At least he dreamed, and strong in the faith of Martin the youth, Martin the priest struck one blow for Orthodoxy which is Truth. He denounced as a lie the discovery of an imperishable body. And Martin, Savonarola or Flavian, will end his days and his services in the Black Pit.

Next to Martin is the Pole. His real name is forgotten, but Chort (Old Nick) they called him when he came first from the frontier, and Chort he will remain. He is the village-conspirator; a little crazy, they say, but if you mark the broad forehead, square chin, and bright eyes you will perhaps discount the prejudice of men who have learnt that nothing matters much to-day and change is always for to-morrow. For that is *Nechevo*. He has something of the look of a Sulla, and there is a queer triangular mark on the forehead which perhaps suggests his nickname. All the village folk, even Martin, are a little under his spell, and when he does trouble to make suggestions they are nearly always carried out. The man has an intellect, and a queer spider-like gift of organisation, so that it is rather pathetic to find him decaying in this Despond. His story, or so much of it as he has ever been willing to tell, is simple and characteristic. He was a member of a *sokol*, one of those gymnastic associations which number altogether some forty thousand men banded together for the protection of Polish privileges, and the prosecution of the pan-Poland campaign. He and his fellows formed wild and yet magnificent schemes for the restoration of Poland from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and he used all his powers in the cause. He organised agencies throughout South Russia, established a revolutionary Press in Lemberg, and, crowning achievement of his brief career, actually enlisted into the service an official in the fortress of Kieff. And all the while, Chort, the brain of the whole system, was to all appearance a quiet and harmless student living the life of a recluse in Cracow. His last work was to distribute some thousands of manifestoes through the medium of

Easter eggs. Of course ultimately the trick was discovered, but the mischief was done; half the garrison of Kieff had read the dangerous literature, and discussed it quietly among themselves. A year ago some Russian students in Germany tried to repeat the trick, and the Socialist Press of Berlin is not yet tired of protesting against their expulsion. But Chort overtaxed his strength at last. He caught a fever, lay ill for weeks, and when he recovered, his subordinates had allowed the secret Press to be raided and the official at Kieff was rotting underground. Chort, the spider, found his web broken, and his Polish impulsiveness reasserted itself. Instead of quietly setting to work to spin afresh he came out of his corner, obtained a passport, and went himself to Kieff. Then the Russians caught him. They could and did prove nothing against him, but they watched his every movement, quietly destroyed his correspondence and thwarted his efforts; finally they stopped him at the frontier on his way back to Cracow and tore up his passport. Then, because they preferred to keep him under observation, and did not think fit to kill him outright (he was a subject of Franz Josef), they allowed him of their clemency to turn back to Cherniyama. He knows he must never leave it; so perhaps there is something in this theory of madness, after all. He told me, with a laugh, that he was head of the Black Pit Liberal Association, district representative of the pan-Poland League, and correspondent of the OSVOBOSH DENIE. If Sulla, instead of Marius, had sat in the marshes of Minturnæ he had been the prototype of Chort in Cherniyama.

And last of the little group in the tea-house is Gregory, the Beggar. Except Martin, I think he is the most interesting of all. He has sat by the door of the great cathedral in Kieff after tramping into the city with fifty like himself on the eve of some saint's day. He has stood, he also, at the side of that splendid flight of steps leading up to St. Andrew's church, silent, motionless, and thereby gaining more from the casual visitor than the whining, fretful mendicant in the cities of Western Europe; for Gregory possesses that astonishing power of the eye which bred the *jettatura* superstition of Italy, and made Richelieu the master of France. And Gregory, the beggar, took such benefit from this his only birthright that presently he came to Cherniyama free for all time of the need to beg. He is *emeritus* of the mendicant ranks, and like all other *emeriti*, like Ulysses, or like the retired

civilians of modern India, he loathes the rest for which he worked.

Not all the beggars by St. Andrew's steps have such a history. One stands yet, as he has stood winter and summer, at the side of the lowest step. His rotten coat is decaying slowly from him, and in winter the death-wind touches him now and again to the quick. His feet are bound in cloths, his hands are crossed upon his breast, and his face is turned upwards to the gleaming cross above. The *droschkes* in summer and the sleighs in winter hurry past him down the steep hill to the Podol, the lower town, and the wharves. Tourists cast a careless glance at him as they rush up to look out from the platform of the church upon one of the finest views in Russia. The mild-eyed peasants disregard him as they climb slowly up with their bundles of clothing to cast themselves and their burdens before the pictures that cannot see them and the bones that cannot aid. Still that one figure stands motionless in his place, and in his single person marks the beginning of the end of Orthodoxy in Russia. They call him The Unbeliever, because his faith has thrown over the forms of faith, and in one terrible moment he understood that the temple itself is but the pedestal of the cross. Once a child of his lay sick in Moscow, and the doctors said there was no help on earth that could save her. One after another those that he called in told him that nothing could be done, and one after another took the price of their helplessness and went away. At the last came a prophet, a seer, and told him that there was but one way to save the child's life: "If the Bojemater comes into a house the devil departs out of it." So they told him and so he believed; and therefore he gave up that little store of paper currency which was the half of his own soul, the hard-earned pittance which gave him a position above the outcast and the destitute who are the lowest estate. He bought fair linen and spread out the feast to which the Mother of God was to be made welcome. So the priests and the bearers, the prophets and the seers, Korah, Dathan and Abiram and all the company of On, brought the most Holy picture into the house and set it at the head of the table. "He loveth a cheerful giver," they said, and made much merriment in the house. Also they took a gift of the man for the propagation of the Picture Gospel, and afterwards they went away. But the child died; and the father stands all the days idle, and in the night he crawls away to some shelter under the sandstone cliffs

to eat that he may have strength to wait, to wait till the cross shall triumph over the pedestal and Truth beyond all forms and ceremonies shall rend away for ever the superstitious lies that line her cloak.

Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum. Now, somehow, it is impossible not to prefer the frank paganism, that made James the son of Vathek rise against Bela the Apostolic King of Hungary, to this miserable Orthodoxy which fills the Russian churches with disease, and compels men to keep the little children away from them. Martin the priest has left Kieff for ever. Many such stories could Gregory relate if he would; but the steel is tarnished, the eye grows weak and the memory dim, and Gregory, the beggar of Kieff, keeps silence. He shall rest in peace.

Martin goes home, and we with him, but as we go he will point southwards to the Edge of the Pit where a board stands black against the violet night. It marks a grave. There was a man, nameless among the dwellers in this inhospitable region. They called him Iscatel, the Seeker, and they say he worked only and always that he might have the few roubles which would take him away beyond the blue line of the Carpathians to the land of sunshine and laughing rivers and gipsy-enchantment and high, fir-crowned hills. So much, so many *kopeks* converted into silver roubles would serve to purchase the goodwill of officials, to secure him his passport, to open the gate. In him, too, there must have been Latin blood, since the iron entered never into his soul and he knew nothing of *Nechevo*, the merciful Russian anæsthetic. He laboured from youth to middle age and on to the end of his span, and he died when his little hoard had reached the limit he had set. Martin and some others, knowing the man and his ambition, buried him above the Pit southwards and facing the far line of the Carpathians. And at his head they set yon board with the inscription "*On Wieshel* (He has gone out)."

A tragedy, you say? I think not. The true tragedy is that of Gregory the Beggar.

There is one other grave out there on the Edge; it is the grave of a man who should have been my friend, only I came too late. He was Ferencz, a Hungarian, and he came, heaven knows how, to Cherniyama in the bad years after Kossuth failed. The Russians were very willing then to oblige the Austrians, and

they chased Magyar refugees back across the frontier to be met on the other side by other Russians and handed over to the enemy ; but Ferencz escaped the sleuth-hounds, doubled back upon them, and hid in this tiny, forgotten village. Martin told me how he brooded there and lived on broken in health and spirit, and was living still, a worn, white-haired veteran, when Martin came. He died a year or two since and is buried, as I said, out on the Edge in a grave fenced with wattles.

Thus I never met Ferencz, but I know that he has his revenge. Never again will Russian troops lend ready assistance to the legions of Franz Josef. To this day in the little tea-houses of Russian villages you shall hear old men whisper "*Verolomnie* (treacherous)" when one speaks of Austria ; and that is because Austria sacrificed her very name for the Russia that had once befriended her. When Sevastopol fell there was revolution a-quivering through South Russia ; the treasury was empty, and the country bankrupt of honour and credit alike. There must have been a sudden and disastrous outbreak if it had been necessary then to surrender without condition ; and to save Russian honour at the last Austria presented the final terms of the Allies in the form of an ultimatum from herself. You remember how Gortchakoff went back to St. Petersburg to lead a chorus of execration and to re-establish the power of the bureaucracy by turning the anger of the people from themselves to Austria ? It is possible that Gortchakoff did not know ; it is certain that his master knew that Austria had sent that ultimatum solely to give her friend the occasion to evacuate an untenable position. But the Russian peasants could not know or understand it. Thus the Magyars are sure, and we may be sure, that Russian arms will never again help Teuton Austria against the land of the Bent Cross. And for her seeming sacrifice of honour to friendship Austria receives that epithet "the Treacherous." A very subtle punishment, and Ferencz lived to see it. So he has his revenge.

Coronella, pretty golden-haired Coronella, said once that in Russia a woman might pray to be a man ; but in Vienna Yvonne of Saxony told me that on the whole it was better in any country to be a woman. Now it may be that Russia is the only country in the world where women rule, spider-like, without apparent movement, without even being felt to rule. At any rate, both

in the land and afterwards from beyond the frontier, it is well nigh impossible to find any prominent place in the canvas for Russian women. Why that should be so, I cannot tell. Paint me a picture of any part of England, of France, of Austria, even of stolid Prussia, and all unwilling you shall find some women in the foreground. In Hungary you may possibly find little else. Even in Constantinople the woman's intellect is (how shall I say?) diffused. Yet here, in the dominions of Catharine, under the ægis of her imported French nobility, the women are somehow not a factor in the spirit of the land as one feels it. Here Olga Vassilovna wields the Nihilist's dagger or mixes the subtler poison; but somehow she has no more influence on the atmosphere than has yon busied idler that plays at keeping school in Kharkoff for the sake neither of success nor of money, but as an experiment in mixed classes, and because for the life of her she must mismanage something. Or take another, dark-eyed, red-lipped, and bearing proudly her high forehead. 'Faith, she should queen it somewhere in the forest round about Balaton or in the ball-rooms of Budapesth, not here in Kieff. Polish women pass and leave their mark; Ruthenes pass and leave at least a blur; aye, even the hybrids of Volhynia throw off their tawdry caps and long bright ribbons and make madams of themselves in some Suburbia. But the real Russian women pass and leave never a sign of their passing.

Solve me the problem, you who knew with me Mariska of the Lake; solve it, you who sat in the moonlight with Coronella of Poland or Yvonne of Saxony. In this picture, as I must paint it, I find no woman.

It would not be wholly fitting that any sketch of any part of Russia should end without the inevitable shadow of a man's hand,—that Third Section which is the basis of almost all novels of Russia in the English language, and is the secret fear of every humble tourist who crosses the frontier with one hand on his pocket-book containing a sheet of blue paper covered almost from top to bottom with the titles of an English Secretary of State. So even to Cherniyama I will admit that the shadow reaches, but it is the shadow of a dead hand. As we go back past the church with Martin, there passes us a dwarfed parchment-skinned beggar. In the light shining from the cottage window (who works so late in Cherniyama?) you may

mark his eyes, narrowed almost to a mere slit, vicious, inhuman. If you have ever looked in vain near the East India Docks for some vestiges of Captain Cuttle and Old Sols you will know the Mongol type, and knowing will understand how this Yellow Peril touches to the quick in Russia. The beggar is a servant of the Third Section. That type may be seen once again in any Russian town. The narrow eyes peer at you even in the school-rooms of Kieff, aye, in the smartest restaurants and from the best seats in the opera-house. A foolish people has cried out upon a Yellow Peril that is far off and has not marked the true Yellow Peril that is with them in their homes and shares their bed and board. It is a legacy of Russian dealings with the East, a legacy of past mistakes, the shadow of Mortmain. And so with that reminder that this is Russia and not Hungary, with that warning to walk warily, we go on with Martin to sleep in peace. The beggar by the church-door is the last figure in this Russian canvas, and he is a police-spy.

At day-break we will begone since that is all of Cherniyama—all? Well, very nearly. Martin has gone into the church and since "The All-wise is the All-loving too," it is fitting that we follow him and give thanks for this Zoar in the Sulphur-storm of Russian politics. In days not very far distant some men in Russia will be glad if they can escape thither. And it is high time, since the sun is risen upon the earth.

CHARLES TOWER.

TWO PASSINGS

WALKING by the River Oise one evening, I came upon a figure that seemed to have been left on the bank by Old Time and forgotten. It was that of a little wizened priest who, with one eye on his breviary and the other on his gay-coloured float, was engaged in the simultaneous provision of spiritual and bodily sustenance. The captures of small silvery prey punctuated the lessons that the holy man was studying; he closed his volume and unhooked a fish with the regularity of clockwork. Darkness began to fall over the land, but still the little priest stood there, praying and unhooking, unhooking and praying. On gaining the road some hundred yards lower down, I could yet see, on looking back, the mechanical sweep of his arm and the faint glimmer of the dying light on the pages of his book.

The grass-grown platform of our little station was deserted as I passed, but for one figure. On a pile of miscellaneous luggage, —a large corded trunk or two and several neatly tied blue bundles, all labelled, I knew, for Versailles—was placidly seated, with her hands folded in her lap and her melancholy eyes turned towards the white school on the clambering hill, the serving-sister Angelica.

They haunted me, those two blurred shadows of the dusky twilight; the fisher, with thin, eager face and monkish garb, and the patient watcher at the station. They climbed the steep lane with me, they followed me into my quiet room and would not let me rest. I threw back my shutters, and, gazing down on the peaceful village, I dreamed of the Passing of the Benedictines, and I lived again the Passing we had seen that day.

It was a charming spot to which the monks from the Abbey of St. Denis made their way; our rich, smiling valley, protected from rude winds on this side and that, and watered by the river

that wound among dense poplar forests, ancestors of sturdy scions that still fringe the banks of the stream and gather at places into graceful swaying clusters. But the colonists did not devote too much of their time to a contemplation of the beauties of Nature. They reclaimed the soil. The woods melted before them.

Vineyards were planted on western-facing slopes. A great mill rose by the river for the grinding of the corn with which the highland plains first became golden in those long-past Augusts as they are to-day. The few scattered and half-human natives who alone disputed with the monks the possession of the soil,—disputing it at a considerable disadvantage and quite unsuccessfully—were tamed like their river and converted, as it had been, into useful instruments for the furthering of the glory of God and (incidentally) the material interests of Holy Church.

Viewed from the standpoint of the Benedictines, these were the perfect days of rural peace and prosperity. Who would not have been a monk on the foundation of St. Denis in this golden age of the monastic system? From their placid labours in the fields, or by the river, or on the stately church that was rising at their gates, the monks trooped in when the Vesper bell sounded (and no more mellow note floats over the country-side) to the House Beautiful that they had made for themselves; a home of noble vaulted halls and vast kitchens, of summer-houses and paved courts, of pleasaunces that whispered of repose in noontide heats. Below, on the sunny hillside, lay the farm, its spacious barns and granaries filled to bursting with grain and provender. Behind were fruit-gardens and pear-gardens. By the broad flight of steps that led from the farm to the gardens rose the tall dovecot, that was at once a source of contemplative pleasure and of considerable profit. "It was good to live under the crozier of the Abbots of St. Denis," rapturously exclaims the local historian.

Side by side, however, with this charming picture, we have another which the enthusiastic historian (he was of the Benedictine Order, it may be observed) turns to the wall with a certain haste. It is that of the peasant attached to the soil by a chain immaterial indeed but no less binding than steel. He shared perhaps the prosperity of his masters, but somewhat in the way that the lamb shares the mint-sauce with which he is eaten. The peasant indeed was not eaten, because he was more profitable alive than dead; but he was made to pay so heavily for the privilege of living that it would have been as kind to withdraw the privilege altogether.

The monks took from him taxes in kind amounting to nine or even fourteen per cent. of his produce, and exacted tithes (great, mean, and small) on everything that he grew and raised, from his mint and rue to his wheat, and from his sucking-pigs to his oxen. He had to pay commonalties, quit-rents, succession-duties, boundary-duties, and a number of other impositions that were collected with Levitical scrupulousness and regularity. The monks exercised the right of *corvée*, the claim to six days of the peasant's labour three times a year, at the sowing, in the ploughing season, and at irregular intervals on the roads; an iniquitous system, which took the poor fellow from his little plot at the very seasons at which his labour on it was most profitable, for Nature in her blindness draws no distinction between serge cassock and ragged fustian. The hill, now clad with firs, which crowns our village, was in those days less pleasantly adorned with a prison and no fewer than three gallows, constant reminders to the peasant of his duty towards God and towards his neighbour, the abbot. If the monks in their turn practised works of charity towards their dependants, they did so on the lines of such true Christian modesty that the world of to-day knows not what those works were, and on such sound economical principles that there never was in those early days a deficit in the monasterial budget. But even a crozier of St. Denis has a reverse side to it.

The years passed, and with them many generations of monks, who considered no doubt that all things were for the best in this best of all possible worlds, and of peasants, who could have suggested considerable improvements. Many a venerable abbot died in the odour of sanctity; many a joyous accession was celebrated; the bill, both for the joy and the accession, being paid naturally by the peasants. And the evil days drew nigh in which both sides should say, "I have no pleasure in them."

One would have thought that these holy men were fairly well able to guard their own interests. They had established themselves in a rich, well-watered valley, where they had built a noble house surrounded by strong enclosing walls. They had arranged their financial matters on an extremely satisfactory basis, and their decrees were punctuated by the four full-stops of the three gallows and the prison on the high hill that dominated the land. It would have appeared that they had no need of protectors; but the gods willed otherwise. In an evil day for our valley Charlemagne appointed defenders, or bailiffs, of ecclesiastical property, mayors

and advocates. If the monks had been whips, these newcomers were chastising scorpions ; and when I find that some of the strokes fell about the sturdy shoulders of the brethren themselves, I possess my soul with a most exemplary patience.

I often notice, in my wanderings about this fair corner of a fair land, that the faces of many of the peasants, men and women, are set in a quiet, proud melancholy ; and, fancifully perhaps, I read in them lines of the stern past history of this vexed France that has known so few seasons of rest and prosperity. The English invasions, the Wars of the League, the Fronde, the Revolution, the Année Terrible,—a constant succession of battles, revolts, and famines, seem to me to have set their seal on the pensive countenances of the labourers, as Napoleon, with his million of wasted lives of the tall and the strong, has left his mark in their diminished stature. And of all the evil days that our valley has seen, those of the mayorships and advocateships were perhaps the most grievous. The monks had cause to groan, stripped of the greater part of their revenues by their defenders and harried like sheep by these undesired watch-dogs ; but the groanings of the monks do not move me greatly. It is the cry of the unhappy serfs that wrings our hearts and calls to us for our tears across the centuries. They were compelled to herd with their beasts, or to slink into quarries where you will yet find a *Trou à vache* and a *Ruelle au villain*, names reminiscent of those evil times. They were driven to shed their blood in the petty wars which were waged by their lords. At our Battle Hedge some scores of poor, haggard peasants found the not unwelcome end of misery and oppression. Many of those who did not so die, or starve in their lairs, or find their way to the high hill,—for the newcomers usurped the privileges of Lords Justices and the gallows were never untenanted, always some rag-clad skeleton dangling between the cruel earth and the unheeding heaven—engaged themselves to the monastery as buriers of the dead ; and so, placing themselves beneath the wing of the Church, escaped their persecutors, setting their hopes beyond the grave. A momentary relief came indeed when the valiant Abbot Suger assumed sword and helmet against the oppressors, making merciless war on them with a mighty hand and a stretched-out arm. But when he died (his conscience very needlessly disturbed by his assumption of fleshly weapons) things went back to their old course, and you hear again the voice of weeping and great lamentation.

And then, a century later, was found the eighth Wonder of the World, an advocate with a conscience. This marvellous person (whose name is not yet on the calendar) made the monks a present of one-fifth part of the tithes, together with other property on which they were able to raise a sufficient sum to buy in the remaining four-fifths of the office. The bargain was speedily concluded (with a very practical guarantee against any weak relapse on the part of the miraculous advocate in the shape of his son held to hostage) and thus a conscience and seventy pounds Parisian were the instruments which brought the weary oppression to a close.

For some three hundred and fifty years more the Benedictines ruled our valley, and then evil days fell on the Abbey of St. Denis. The troubles of the League had brought infinite losses on the establishment; and the monks, living on loans, saw themselves overwhelmed with debts and were obliged to sell their lands. Our monastery was one of the first to go, and passed into the hands of a new lord for six hundred crowns. So the Benedictines departed seven hundred and sixty years after their first arrival. The enthusiastic local historian mentions, as one of the chief benefits that they had conferred on the valley, the suppression of the advocateship. But it is permitted to remark that if the Benedictines had never settled down in the land, the advocates would likewise have been unknown there.

I carry myself back three centuries, and I seem to witness some such scene as this. Where the old Paris road crosses the southward wall of the valley, there is a figure black against the sky. It is that of the last abbot. He stands at his mule's head and turns to look once more on the fair land that he is leaving for ever. He gazes over cornfields and vineyards and quarries, and along the little river to the mill, whither the lank, stooping serfs are toilfully carrying their corn to be ground, for they may not grind it in their homes. He looks on the monastery, where the new lord is directing the transformation of one of the summer-houses into a prison and the erection of the gallows by the great gate; arrangements that do not augur well for the serf. He turns his eyes to the church and asks himself, while the crozier is slipping from his grasp, whether he and his predecessors have, within those walls and within the walls of their House Beautiful, learnt and taught Christ as He would be learnt and taught. With a sigh for the power, not too well employed, that has gone

from his hands, he mounts his mule and disappears below the ridge.

And that is the first Passing.

The village to-day has been in an unwonted state of emotion and excitement, for our teaching Sisterhood has departed.

One day last month two gentlemen of dignified and official appearance rang at the gate of the infant school. Serving-sister Angelica surveyed them through the grating and admitted them. When they came out again they left desolation and dismay behind ; for they were messengers from the Government of the Republic, the representatives of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, and they had brought with them, in an ominous black portfolio, an order which does not (so some of us think) exactly harmonise with these high-sounding names. Even the fact of our being in the minority, not too pronounced, does not deter us from asking ourselves, and anyone who will listen to us, whether abstract Liberty does not include the particular liberty of education. But the majority answers, *No* ; and hence the gentlemen of dignified deportment and ominous black portfolio. A free, equal, and fraternal Government desired our Sisterhood to wind up their affairs and depart. The blow was indeed not quite unexpected, but it was none the less paralyzing.

It is a year ago since I made the acquaintance of the two kind ladies who have hitherto supplied the communal educational deficiencies, and of Sister Angelica who ministered to the bodily needs of the two kind ladies. I rang at the gate of the school as did those severe, unwelcome messengers : I was surveyed, as they were, through the little grating ; and I was admitted even as they. But there the resemblance between us ends, for all that I left behind me was a not entirely unfriendly impression and a judicious selection from the *Enquire within upon everything English* that the British wanderer is supposed to carry in his head.

It was a pleasant little community that I found there. The Mother was a stout, florid lady (who had once, I think, had a share of good looks) of perhaps sixty, speaking very pretty and graceful French in a slow, slightly pedantic manner. Sister Marie was much younger ; and the oval face enframed by the stiff, white mob-cap (under which I pictured delicate little ears and rebellious auburn hair) was so sweet and beautiful that

I could not help thinking that perhaps, if Sister Marie were to *laicise* herself, there might well be found some nice young Frenchman to persuade her to produce her *laicisation* to its furthest terms. In the background smiled Sister Angelica, who had no claims at all to the fatal gift of beauty, and who, owing to the absence of the long black veil and the broad white tucker that the others wore, appeared to be in a sort of decent demi-toilette. They all carried chaplets and crucifixes of dull, unpolished silver; and Sister Angelica had besides, attached to her rosary, an object that looked like a mere tooth, but was probably a precious relic, dental or other.

It was summer-time, and we sat on the little terrace under the shade of some old sycamores, looking down on the valley, and talked of the religious troubles of the land, as people on shore discuss a storm that is passing comfortably far out at sea. All the laws of justice, and even of politeness, seemed to us to make it highly improbable if not quite impossible that a Government which we presume to be just and courteous should interfere with the little settlement. Besides surely Madame la Baronne,—the Lady Bountiful of the commune, at whose charges the establishment was maintained—surely Madame la Baronne would do something. I said nothing that would damp these rather vague hopes; and when Sister Angelica placed on the rickety garden-table glasses and a bottle of our thin and mild red wine, we drank to each other quite cheerfully and entered on a spirited discussion as to the comparative advantages of the French and English methods of writing the number five, till Sister Marie proved to me quite conclusively that the French cipher does not after all much resemble a badly-damaged worm. Then we talked of England, and when we had agreed that the merits and demerits of our respective countries are about evenly balanced, I rose to go, firmly refusing a second glass of wine, not because of its intoxicating qualities but of my bilious tendencies.

“Then, *au revoir, Monsieur,*” said the Mother. “You will visit us again, *n’est-ce pas?* I hope we shall see you often. For I think we shall remain; you see, we do not make politics.”

No, indeed: they do not make politics. In fact what are politics,—in France to-day?

“Good-bai, *Monsieur,*” said little Sister Marie, who knows

about four words of our language. "You will not forget to bring us your English photographs?"

I should never forget anything that Sister Marie asked me.

"*Au plaisir, Monsieur,*" said the plain, awkward, smiling Sister Angelica; "and will you not drink yet another glass of wine?"

I felt it to be a direct dispensation of Providence that Sister Marie had not given me the invitation.

From that day I saw a great deal of my three charming friends. I sat with them under the sycamores many afternoons when their worrying little labours for the day were over. I found them often in the old church, arranging flowers and books and whisking brushes and dusters. One afternoon they locked up their house, put the key into Sister Angelica's pocket, and came to take an English tea with me. I am happy to think that they found our insular methods to their taste, particularly a rich cake that I had bought from an audacious impostor, masquerading under an Anglo-Saxon name and betrayed at every turn by the shibboleth of *th*. I met them anywhere and everywhere; but I never caught them making politics, and I am sure they never taught their little pupils anything that was not absolutely compatible with the duties of a citizen in a free, equal, and fraternal Republic.

To-day, as I stood at the station, I saw the little group coming down the hill; the Mother in the middle, flanked by her faithful lieutenants, and around them and behind them the matrons and the children of the commune, carrying various parcels and packages. The Mother was resigned with the resignation of one for whom the coming trial will not be long: the rims of little Sister Marie's soft blue eyes were red and her lips were quivering; Sister Angelica was in a temper that belied her name. The matrons were calm, consolatory, or minatory, according as they were in the neighbourhood of one or another of the three. The children were in a condition of mingled joy and sorrow; the departure of the Sisters could not make them entirely forget the charming indefiniteness of the length of the holidays. For no one knows what is going to happen, and the parents are looking forward with dismay to long weeks of unrestricted intercourse with their dear babbling offspring. And if, when autumn comes round, the great gate of the school still remains closed, it will have to be allowed that matters are somewhat worse than

melancholy. But perhaps Madame la Baronne, under Providence, will arrange things.

The Mother came to where I was standing. "*Adieu, Monsieur,*" she said. "If we meet no more on earth, perhaps—" And she pointed upwards with her poor old trembling hand.

"*Adieu, Monsieur*"—Little Sister Marie could say no more. Would that I had had an Anti-Clerical to my hand at that moment.

The Mother handed over the keys to Madame la Baronne. The last farewells were taken; the bashful little boys were pushed forward to be kissed; the women and girls embraced their departing friends. The train drew up. Sister Marie threw herself into a corner of the carriage and buried her face in her hands; the Mother stood at the window and said something that I could not hear. The final incident would have been ludicrous if it had not had in my eyes something of symbolism. Madame la Baronne put into the Mother's hands a large packet of sandwiches.

Yes, *bon courage*, our sisters! We will not forget you. Sandwiches are all that we can give you at this hour, but we shall remember your loving work among us; and even if it can never be anything more than sandwiches, at any rate it shall be sandwiches.

It was Sister Angelica that I saw at the station as I passed by this evening; she had been left behind to follow with the luggage. I would not disturb her, as, her militant fury all spent, she gazed upwards to the little school where she had passed so many happy useful years. As I leaned out of my window, dreaming of the far past and of to-day, the whistle of the train was heard up the valley. From where I stood I could see our kind but unromantic station-master hustling poor Sister Angelica and her belongings into the fateful, rickety little conveyance. The rear-guard whistled cheerily, the advance-guard gave his solemn *toot-toot*; Sister Angelica waved a handkerchief to someone or perhaps to the somnolent village in general; and a phase of our history was closed.

That was the second Passing.

CHARLES OLIVER.

THE HEART OF BERKSHIRE

IN the noon of a summer's day, when the dry grasses on the great chalk downs are set whispering by the airs of upper heaven that range far above the shimmering vale, there is a loneliness in the heart of the Berkshire hills of a kind that is hardly to be found elsewhere. No deserts or untrodden snow-fields convey so perfect an impression of solitude as these smooth English ranges, for the human mind is essentially finite in its comprehension, and can never grasp to the full the eternal and forbidding remoteness of such places as have never harboured, nor can harbour, the homes and interests of men. The wanderer in the Berkshire downs, on the other hand, feels himself, as he treads their wide undulations, to be gazing backwards along a vista of human history, which, by an inversion of the ordinary laws of physical perspective, only widens and grows fuller the more remotely it withdraws itself. For the loneliness of the downs is a loneliness which has been increasing age by age since the era of neolithic man, and has reached its utmost height in the days of the twentieth century when the population of England as a whole is greater than ever before. As the rambler stands on some slope above the latest abandoned farm, unrolling the past of the downs in a reflective vision before him, and sees them grow age by age more populous as the shadows of antiquity deepen, till at last the green barrows and earthworks crowded round him pour forth once more the throngs of the people of the dawn, the cumulative effect of the contrast acquires an extraordinary force, and seems to withdraw him to an extremity of solitude not to be reached in other surroundings.

Despite this rich inheritance of the workings of neolithic inhabitants, the downs possess very little of the fairy lore which clusters round ancient monuments of such a kind in Devonshire or Wales or Ireland. One good reason for this absence of any

concern in the natural history of the "little people" is doubtless to be found in the purity of the Saxon blood which flows in Berkshire veins, and makes the Berkshireman as little prone to active flights of fancy as he is doggedly tenacious of a fact. But if the influence of scenery has any power at all, it is itself a determining cause of racial character, and the landscape of the heart of Berkshire has certainly little in common with a folk-lore of imaginative extravagance. The chalk hills have, it is true, an unfailling and potent spell, but it is the authority of a beauty which is before all things lucid and controlled. The enchanted cup that we drain among these hills is filled with the crystal water of their own chalk streams, and is free from all poppy-draught or juice of night-shade. The chalk downs stand in exactly the same relation to all other ranges, however picturesque or full of grandeur, as the best classic art does to all which has preceded or succeeded it. There are sea-cliffs in Cornwall and the Isle of Achill as majestic as the Egyptian Pyramids, scarps and pinnacles in Skye and the mountains of Westmorland as strange and impressive in their beauty as Dante's poems or Dürer's pictures, and certain ranges in the West of England as full of differing human sympathies as the plays of Shakespeare himself; but the great chalk downs, and they alone, have the serene simplicity of beauty which we find among human works only in the masterpieces of Attic art. The imprint of each great hill upon the sky-line is a pure, sweeping curve almost as majestic and simple as the arch of the firmament itself, and the eye returns to it with a singular sense of order and harmony after some time spent among hills of more tumultuous outline. The complete absence of fretful detail along their smooth, upspringing brows is a purgation of the æsthetic sense. And closer at hand, where the eye ranges at will over the unbroken sweep of turf, it passes from one large summit to another with an infinite satisfaction and peace.

From the character of the agriculture which is proper to the mid-Berkshire soil, it happens that even in the region which lies beneath the downs, the land to a great extent lies similarly open and unenclosed. There are few meadows or cattle pastures in this tract, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the Thames, or among the broad green acres of the Vale of the White Horse, and the flocks of sheep are kept penned in hurdles on the large arable fields. The need for hedges is therefore small, and the great

arable levels commonly extend for a mile or more before the eye, till they are broken by the first long file of elms swinging in stately order across an airy fold of the hill. It happens in consequence, that the hills of the chalk range have a free, clear setting which is in admirable harmony with their broad and flowing lines ; and from the summit of the downs the eye ranges far over a sweep of outspread country with hardly less sense of freedom than if the gaze is carried southward over the rolling chalk itself. Large tracts of this wide arable region still bear the name of "the field," with the name of the neighbouring village prefixed for the sake of distinction, and the use of the word is an undoubted survival from times before most of the country was enclosed, when our word field was used to designate not a single fenced plot, but a natural open expanse, like the *veldt* or the Norwegian *fjeld*. For many miles beyond the downs' lowest slope extend the breezy corn-lands, tilted rather than undulating or merely level, and dotted at long intervals by the great Berkshire elms, massed with their regal summits like billows of cumulus cloud, which hang above the orange-roofed farm-houses with immense black timber barns. To harvest these vast corn-lands, a type of farm waggon has been evolved in the course of centuries which is a marvel of adaptation and design. In mountainous or hardly passable countrysides the farm waggon is perforce built bluff in its lines, short, stout, and of narrow beam ; it must be light even when fully loaded, and is little more, in fact, than a stout box hung over wheels. But in this Berkshire corn-country the easy slopes allow a heavy vehicle, just as the bulk of their broad harvest demands that it shall be of large capacity ; and the local waggon is a masterpiece of craftsmanship along these ample lines, vast in content but wonderfully light in build, these two ends being equally attained by a cunning economy of fabric and a raking outward sweep of the body above the wheels, which make it as worthy of admiration as the lines of the old ocean clippers. At harvest-time these great inland vessels, true *naves onerariæ* of the unfenced plain, often hold the eye for an hour together as they strain across the wide spaces of the sky-line, with the large stature and undeviating progress of a full-rigged ship at sea. The vast simplicity of the chalk ridges has the curious optical effect of throwing into intense conspicuousness any object which breaks their even contour ; a haystack is a mountain, a hovering

kestrel-hawk a roc, while the up-tilted shafts of a distant harrow on the sky-line seem to dominate the whole country like the twin spires of a cathedral.

Strangest and most secluded of all the nooks and corners of this countryside are the narrow combes or "bottoms" that run up from the open valley deep into the heart of the hills. Above the narrow strip of cultivation that lies between their feet, the steep slopes of unscarred turf hang high on either hand; and here too, in this inland landscape, there is a strange reminiscence of the ocean, for the riband of dark fallow that winds between the jutting promontories of the hills vividly recalls the straitened sea-path of a Scotch firth or Norwegian fjord, winding down from the land-locked waterhead to the open sea beyond. On a breezy day in early summer, when the corn is green but tall, this resemblance is strangely heightened by the wind-beams that sweep across its expanse like waves on a shining sea, but set no trace of change upon the short, firm turf of the hillsides massed above. At the head of the combe, planted there like the inn and landing-stage at the head of the fjord, there is often a large and once prosperous farmstead clinging under shelter of the down, with a juniper-dotted slope imminent above either doorway, and a line of tall elms bounding the rickyard, where the missel-thrush calls loud in early spring. Intensely lonely are these farms of the downland combes, sometimes more than two miles distant from the nearest inhabited house in the parish to which they belong, away down the cart-track that winds beneath the long, twin hillsides. Corn being their staple crop, and the land impossible to turn into remunerative pasture, agricultural depression has fallen as heavily upon them as on any class of holding in the island, and every two or three years another of the old brick homesteads is abandoned and dismantled, while of those that still remain there are few that do not show plain signs of the same fate impending, in the foundering thatch of the barns, and fields foul with weeds uncleaned for lack of labour. Yet until the last five and twenty years these arable farms, each in its own snug valley under the downs, were places where men not only prospered by agriculture, but took true pride and pleasure in the characteristic features of the soil. The convictions of many a downland farmer of his day were expressed, we may be sure, by William Cobbett when in an admirably descriptive passage of his *RURAL RIDES* he owned his pre-

ference for a cultivated landscape of this sort over all others. "But even this spot," he says, speaking of the vale of Maidstone, which he has cited as the *ne plus ultra* of fertility, "I, for my part, do not like so well; nay, as a spot to *live on*, I think nothing at all of it, compared with a country where high downs prevail, with here and there a large wood on the top or the side of a hill, and where you see, in the deep dells, here and there a farmhouse, and here and there a village, the buildings sheltered by a group of lofty trees."

Besides the clumps of firs which were planted sixty or eighty years ago on a few of the larger summits, most down landscapes contain, somewhere or other, a large beechwood "on the top or the side of a hill," but they are generally conspicuous rather from the openness of the prospect than from their number or great extent. In this respect the Berkshire downs offer a striking contrast to the Chiltern Hills in Buckinghamshire, which are a continuation of the same chalk range on the northern side of the Thames, and at Goring and Streatley are only separated from it by the bold and narrow defile through which the river flows. A great part of the Chiltern area is covered to this day with the thick beech forest which made it in earlier times a noted haunt of outlaws and robbers, and it is an interesting question whether the downs in their primitive state were also densely wooded, or whether the contrast between their clear sky-lines and the muffled crests of the Buckinghamshire hills is a primeval feature in the landscape. As readers of Richard Jefferies will remember, he strongly inclined to the belief that the downs were once heavily wooded also, though he was not able to bring up in support of his contention more than a vague local tradition and some speculative arguments of a fascinating though inconclusive character. If thick woodlands did formerly cover these hillsides, an amazing difference in the landscape must have been brought about when the forests were cleared and the downs first stood forth with that majestic smoothness of outline which stamps their front to-day. But one of their most characteristic features, the number of their ancient barrows and earthworks, seems to point very strongly to their having been open and passable country, if not so totally devoid of brakes and thickets as they are to-day, even in the days of neolithic man. At a time when by far the greater part of the country was covered by huge tracts of wood and marshy jungle, every available indication

combines to show that the primitive inhabitants chose for their settlements the most open country they could find, both for the needs of their rude pasturage and agriculture, and also to avoid as far as lay in their power the risk of sudden attack either from human or animal foes. It seems therefore extremely significant that while the downs of Berkshire are thickly covered with the monuments and relics of primeval inhabitants, the Buckinghamshire hills show nothing like the same profusion of these remains, being indeed, except for one or two large isolated fortifications, almost devoid of them. In the light of this striking contrast, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that in the earliest times, as now, the Chilterns were thickly timbered, while the downs presented, for the most part, wide extents of open country, where the bustards roamed the chalky slopes on which the last of the stone curlews still stay to breed, and only here and there, on the lower flanks of the hillsides and in the hollows of the combes, clung scattered thickets of buckthorn and blackthorn and whitethorn, privet and juniper, black yews and clumps of pale-leaved wayfaring-tree, which form the varied and characteristic hedge-stuff of the fringes of the down to-day.

The great depth to which the wells of these downland farms and cottages have had to be sunk through the porous chalk in order to reach water naturally suggests much difficult speculation as to the source of the water-supply of the primitive inhabitants of the downs. Many of the earthworks bear every appearance of having been intended to withstand a serious investment by a hostile force, and it is far from easy to see how a besieged garrison could hope to provide against an early capitulation through thirst on these lofty and unwatered hilltops. This consideration was adduced by Jefferies as an argument in favour of his belief that the downs were once thickly wooded. Only thus, he suggested, owing to the greater precipitation induced by forest-clad ranges, would it have been possible for the down-dwellers to support life when cut off from access to the springs and streams on the lower lands. The answer to the problem may be looked for with some probability in the mysterious pools known as "dew-ponds," which are found on many of the loftiest points of these and other ranges of the chalk. A dew-pond properly constructed, with an impervious crust of clay above a layer of dry straw, according to the methods of the craftsmen who are still to be hired by farmers

for the purpose, will maintain itself through the longest of droughts, nor indeed does its fulness or diminution seem to depend upon the amount of the rainfall at all. Owing to the layer of straw acting as a non-conductor of the earth's heat, the dew-ponds have the power of condensing in large quantities the floating moisture in the air, which, as was long ago remarked by Gilbert White, is in summer weather frequently great on these lofty lands, so that they are wrapped in thick fog when the air at a lower level is dry and clear. The existence of these ponds on the upland farms outruns all memory and tradition, and it seems by no means impossible that their valuable and peculiar properties were known to neolithic man, and utilised by him as a powerful resource in time of war. It is worth notice that these ponds, so far from being dependent for their supply of water upon the rainfall or inflowing streams, are very commonly replenished most rapidly in the midst of the driest weather, and if by any chance a rivulet from the hills flows into them for any length of time, it empties the pond altogether, by washing away the clay crust, wetting the straw beneath, and so reducing the bed of the pond to the same degree of conductivity as the ordinary surface of the ground.

These strange, small, circular ponds, which reflect the sky on the bare brow of the topmost down like the single eye of a Cyclops, provide in many places the sole supply of water for the great flocks of sheep which have played so large a part in the life of this part of England. Nestling in an airy hollow in the midst of these Berkshire hills is that village very notable to all pastoral people, East, or Market, Ilsley. Ilsley was once the Mecca of shepherds and flock-masters through the whole wide region from the Dorset and Hampshire downs away to the borders of the Cambridgeshire fen country, and the great fortnightly sheep-fairs are still attended from far and near, though the supremacy of the sheep in Ilsley has suffered to some extent in modern times from the decline in agriculture and from the invasion of the racehorse in training. The great days of Ilsley sheep-fair were in the early part of the last century; then it was no uncommon thing for twenty thousand sheep to change hands in a single day within cry of the cross-roads in the village. The flocks were driven up to market out of the immense stretch of open chalk country that rolls southwards into Hampshire and westward to the Marlborough Downs, or even from the more distant sheep-

walks of Surrey and Dorset. At this convenient midway station the southern flock-masters were met by farmers from Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire, who here bought the stock, which they fattened north of the Thames for sale in the London market. Even to-day the spring or autumn sheep-fair in Ilsley is a most striking and characteristic spectacle. The broad flocks close in upon the village over the rim of the surrounding hills, white like tracts of chalk in motion, blotting out the green turf of the downs, heaving and dipping smoothly to each rise and fall of the land, and from time to time cut and shuffled sharply by the keen, pursuing mote that is the form of the distant sheep-dog. As each flock draws nearer, the sum of its constant bleatings swells upon the ear like the drone of a giant midge, till it breaks up, at a quarter of a mile's distance or so, into a tumult of separate voices as innumerable as the stippled trail of the passing flock in the flint-grit of the unfenced highway. When all its ways are gorged with wool and bleatings, East Ilsley finds its true preoccupation again, and throws itself into the supreme business of life with absorbed and confident vigour. Even in the main street of Ilsley the sheepfolds divide the space with the habitations of man, thereby giving the place an extraordinary appearance suggestive of those cities of ancient Egypt which were devoted to the sacred cult of bulls, or crocodiles, or cats. During the *dies nefasti*, or intervals of suspended animation when the sacred animals are absent from the village, there may seem something a little absurd about these ranges of pens, built flush with the fronts of the houses, and set about with neatly tended shade-trees. But let the scoffer once remain over a market day, and he will retract his rash and partial judgment. He will then see clearly that it is the human habitations, and not those of the sheep, which are rightly to be regarded as troublesome superfluities. A dwelling-house in the main thoroughfare of Ilsley is merely a sheepfold spoilt, and the street escapes the total reprobation of the faithful solely owing to the extraordinary number of its licensed premises, which doubtless secure it a certain indulgence, as vying with such eager devotion in ministrations to the attendants at the shrine.

When evening falls on the northern scarp of the Berkshire downs in the fulfilment of a perfect summer day, it is a scene of singular and impressive beauty. The afterglow slowly deepens far away in the north-west, above the range of hills that over-

hangs the Thames at Oxford ; and between that remote and luminous horizon and the hill on which we stand is spread the shadow-wrapt expanse of the great evening plain. Beside us, the cool breath of the upper solitudes passes with the scent of flowers from leagues of open sward covered with the blossoms of the wild summer hay ; on the smooth verge of the hill beneath our feet, the moths steal pale about the clover-blossoms, with the great gulf showing dark beyond ; and out of the depth from time to time there rises an infinitely distant cry, where the villages divine themselves in the vast expanse. In the great space and silence, the past of this heart of England seems to rise before us, to shape itself in an unseen pageant of the mind. Away below, in the foothills of the range, from which the wind comes sighing, lies the town of Wantage, where Alfred, the first great Englishman, was born in the Saxon palace, and spent his boyhood under this same long line of the downs. "*Levavi oculos meos in montes. . . .* I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help"—must not the features of the well-remembered summits have often flashed into his mind, in his years of wandering and struggle, interfusing the memories of the past with a revelation of ultimate success ? His battlefields with the Danes lie all about us, on this chalk range ; it was here that England was won for humanity and liberty. Far out upon the plain, a faint glow rises through the darkest, elm-massed shadows ; those are the lights of Wallingford, where Alfred, now a king, and at peace within his borders, led on his people in the path of the civilised arts. There, in the ancient town by the riverside, he still could see, distant but clear, that serene and airy sky-line which hung above him in his early home. The silence deepens over the skirts of the Wantage hills, the light fades in Wallingford ; the scented air of earlier nightfall seems to wither and grow thin. The moon is rising, yellow and enormous, over the back of the south-eastern ridge. Its light lies bright and clear all down the slopes of shining grasses, and the hovering moths shrink home. Then, as it rises, the curtain of a vaster antiquity is lifted on the night-wrapped downs ; for one by one, black and sharp against the ascending light, the scarred, incognisable memorials of primeval man range forth once more along the crest of the Berkshire hill.

ANTHONY COLLETT.

HOW IT ENDED

WHEN Hill and Essex were quite clear of immediate danger, and felt for the first time that they could safely pause to fill their aching and strained lungs with the humid air of the bush, their condition was such that it might have excited the Sheriff himself to give them another chance ; unless indeed, he had possessed a logical mind and reasoned that to quicken the end for them would be more merciful. For there was no doubt their end was visible. However, the Sheriff, good man, was sleeping and was not given a chance to exercise the iota of pity which no doubt lurked hidden somewhere in his nature. He had returned home, proud, satisfied, and delighted at having captured Hill and Essex without bloodshed, which nobody, who knew anything of the men, for one moment thought was possible. Under lock and key in the gaol the Sheriff had left his two prisoners. He had slept in the saddle for more than a week, and that with his keener eye always open. Naturally he felt that they were safe and he at liberty to lie abed, desperate villains though they were, with a life-sentence straight before them. And while he was sleeping, dreaming, his two captives broke gaol and got clear away, leaving nothing more than a murdered warder to show that they had ever been in the prison. So the Sheriff was not troubled to decide whether to give them a chance or to arrest them.

However, had he fallen upon them as they sat hugging their knees,—two tattered, unkempt men with staring, blood-shot eyes—and panting laboriously in the silent moonlit bush, he would not have had much difficulty in effecting their re-capture, for they were exhausted to a degree only fugitives from certain death ever touch.

Hill, the bigger man, was more spent than Essex, who being slim, though tall, and probably younger by a year or two, was

the better man at the distance they had covered. Hill's bearded face was white as paper, haggard by the few hours' superhuman effort to elude the pursuit that had scarcely begun. Essex breathed painfully, but it was evident his sufferings were not so acute that he could think of nothing else, for his expression lightened and lowered in a way which betrayed the changes of his mind.

Neither had spoken since they had dropped over the prison wall and Essex had led the way across the bare lands to the bush; every breath was wanted to carry them a stride. And now they sat eyeing each other furtively like wild animals, when the wind-born heat of a forest-fire threatens engulfing flames from which escape is doubtful. They knew that Justice, and a heavy-handed Justice too, was hot-foot across the plains after them; that soon the minions of the Law would have spread a circle of Justice around them, and that it would contract until it formed a hangman's noose around their necks, or a lynch-mob's brutal web.

But they were not actually so desperate as they looked. Law loses some of its terrors for those who indulge in years of lawlessness; and the warder whose neck they had broken was not the only man they had killed in unfair fight.

When Essex at length gave utterance to his thoughts, his words reflected quite as much what was in Hill's mind as his own summing-up of the situation. "He's gone, Bob, an' there's plenty more of his sort to take his job. But we're free again, with one more notch against us; and the devil is, not what to do but what not."

Hill nodded and licked his lips, and there was silence again for some minutes. During the time Essex's spirits rose; not that his thoughts justified their rise, but he was naturally an optimist. "It's the caterin' that's so —— difficult," he muttered, with a huge oath. "It's no good breaking apart; 'twould only give two chances instead of one of being met; an' two can show fight. An' we must have horses—but food first."

"Drink," muttered Hill, correctingly.

"Come, then, an' we'll have both, but we must get it before sunrise."

Hill asked no questions; his partner was the man of action and of mind; where Essex led, Hill followed.

Now Essex, reckoning by the moon, led along a rarely-

trodden track. He went cautiously, but swiftly, as one who knows his way but doubts wayfarers. Hill followed closely.

Every now and then a twig cracked sharply or a creature of the bush, alarmed at human presence, caused a sudden noise, which set the men's tense nerves jumping and sent their right hands quickly to the revolvers they had stolen from the prison. For an hour they pursued their way, and the moon was well on the downward bend, when Essex paused, and, with a whispered word to Hill, proceeded stealthily.

"You're off the track," muttered Hill. But the other did not hear him.

Presently a light, a few feet above the ground, began to twinkle through the bush, and they could see dimly the outline of a forester's hut. Then Essex paused again. "Lucy," he said, abruptly, and villain though he was he blushed in his sense of awkwardness. "If she's alone—." He stooped to avoid a low bough and peered into the hut through the open window. Then he whistled softly. A young and somewhat comely woman sat in the full light of the tin lamp, sewing. Essex whistled again, a little louder; and the woman raised her bent head to listen. A third whistle brought her to the window with a low answering note; and Essex, knowing he was safe, stepped forward and confronted her.

"Then you ain't took, Hi?" she said, in a quiet tone of mingled pleasure, pain, and wonder.

"We was, my girl, took sleepin'," he replied, taking her hands in his and kissing her. "But, murderin' villain that I am, I only wants to die along of you, that's flat. We broke, Lucy. Hill's a pace or two away, and we must get clear. Give us some food,—all you can spare—an' in three days we'll be quit of the State; and when I'm safe and snug I'll send for you, my honey."

She was about to reply, when thinking he heard a sound he clapped his hand upon her mouth, and held his breath, listening. "Quick, my jewel," he said, satisfied he was needlessly alarmed. "Five dollars—there! to pay for it an' buy yourself a locket to remember me."

"Oh, Hi, can I believe if you can get away you'll send for me?" she asked, throwing her arms round his neck and looking appealingly into his dark eyes. "You know I'd rather see you dead than lose you to another woman."

"I'd rather suffer lynch-law than the loss of you," he replied fervently.

With a sigh of satisfaction she withdrew her arms, and hurrying to a cupboard at the back of the room she gathered together all the visible food. She tied it up in a cloth and returning to the window handed the bundle to her lover. As he received it, he turned his head quickly, and found his partner standing at his elbow, with the light streaming upon his handsome face; and the unmistakable look of admiration he saw there raised anger in Essex's heart. But it was no time for petty jealousy or resentment, and he smothered his anger in silence.

"Come," said Hill, speaking as if he wished to impress the girl favourably; "I'm anxious to be quit; I ain't got anythin' so beautiful to hold me here."

Essex impatiently moved as if to go. But the woman threw her arms about his neck again while she kissed him thrice. "You'll send for me?" she pleaded.

"An' if you don't come, I'll fetch you," he said doggedly.

Then they passed into the shadows of the thick bush, leaving the woman standing at the window praying for a villain to the only god she understood, the god of hope.

For four days and five nights the two outlaws frequented the neighbourhood of the forester's hut,—because they could not get away.

Leaving Lucy they had struck into the bush again, thrown themselves down on the green bank of a small stream, drunk deep and eaten heartily, fallen asleep from fatigue and inward satisfaction, and awaking they had gone south, east, west, only to find that the country had risen against them, and that every man, woman, and child was as a plank in the paling that enclosed them. To attempt to get through the cordon on foot would have been suicidal, and it seemed impossible for them to obtain horses. Each night they crept out like beasts of prey searching for mounts; each night they returned to their hiding-place on foot, deeper in despair than before.

On the third night, while continually searching the paddocks round a ranch-house, they were suddenly faced by three horsemen, who, suspicious of their identity and purpose, gave them a rain of shots such as might have checked the rush of a regiment.

They fell back into the dark night, marvelling at their escape ; and the incident caused them to double their cautiousness.

On the fifth night Essex stole through the bush to the forester's hut and obtained a fresh supply of food from Lucy ; and returning stealthily towards the hiding-place where he had left Hill, the comfortable odour of charred wood gradually became perceptible to him. He knew that a party must be camping in the bush, but, his mind being filled with thoughts of his sweetheart, he did not reckon the way of the wind, or he would have known that, for him to have smelt the smoke, the camp could be but a few paces away, since the slight wind was blowing from behind him.

Thus it befell that he came quite unexpectedly on the camping-ground, where the dying embers of a fire crackled softly and cast a faint warm light upon the gaunt forms of three tethered horses, and the huddled forms of three men. Two of the men lay in blankets fast asleep ; the third sat hugging his knees, watching but nodding with sleep. His hat was off and his back turned towards Essex, who, with as little consideration and pause as a man might take ere stamping a letter, drew his revolver, and holding it by the barrel, knocked the watcher senseless, silent, still.

Neither of the sleepers stirred. But changing his hold upon the revolver Essex waited for the slightest movement beneath their blankets. He knew that they were entirely in his power ; neither could draw and aim ere he could shoot them both. Satisfied that they slept, he crept past them to where the horses stood. He ran his hand lightly down the legs of each in turn, and, selecting the stronger two, cut their ropes. Never once did his eyes rove from the sleepers or his eyelids drop. Gently he patted the chosen horses, and rubbed their soft noses : slowly he led them away, whispering to them such words as horses understand ; but not until his eyes could no longer discern the sleepers' forms did he move his gaze and quicken his steps.

Before the dawn was in the eastern sky, Essex and Hill were twelve miles on their way south.

They avoided tracks and kept to the flat land as much as possible, feeling that in an ordinary course of events their chances of getting free were good. But to a great degree they were reckoning on the passivity of the Law, whereas it had been extraordinarily active since their escape.

Late in the afternoon they were riding easily, to give their horses a sort of rest, while they passed through a valley too open for a sudden attack, when Hill drew rein without speaking and, pulling his hat over his eyes to shade them from the sun, stared along the valley towards a shadow thrown by the only tree visible.

Essex followed the direction of his gaze, and turned his horse's head. "You're right, mate, there are some there," he said; "but they can't be waiting for us, for they couldn't know we'd be along here, and they wouldn't choose open ground like this for their work. Let's strike off so as not to meet 'em, but without seemin' to dodge 'em."

Whether the figures they saw in the shade of the tree were actually waiting for them or not, scarcely had Essex and Hill changed their course than four horsemen galloped out of the shade and headed towards them.

"They've a nasty interest in us, clear," said Essex grimly.

"Seems so," returned Hill, easing his revolver in his pocket.

"I don't think we want to make any friends to-day, Bob. Come on!" With these words Essex urged his horse into a gallop, making for a flat pass between the distant hills. His companion followed closely.

"Whatever happens, we must keep together," Hill bawled.

Essex nodded, and, estimating the pace of the four horsemen, changed his course a little. The manœuvre was acknowledged by a crackle of shots. Hill raised his head and laughed derisively. "What are they?" he cried. "Why don't they throw stones? As like to hit us." And indeed the distance rendered firing palpably futile. Essex grinned and waved his hat. By hard riding they out-distanced their pursuers, struck up into a wood, and making a short half-circle came out into the open table-land four miles south-west of the place where they had entered. Although satisfied that they had eluded the chase, they proceeded at a good pace until sundown, when the stumbling of their horses decided them to halt.

Dividing the night into watches, as was their custom when resting, Essex slept while Hill kept guard; and when the moon was high, Hill aroused his partner and himself fell asleep. As the moon dipped into the misty west, they saddled to press on.

About noon, having escaped the notice of a caravan in the

plains, they crossed the railroad about midway between Whisp-hollow and Breakland ; and passing near a telegraph post their attention was attracted to a notice pasted to a pole—a threatening finger of the Law.

\$10,000 Reward :

Whereas, Robert Hill and "Slim" Essex, apprehended for horse-stealing, robbery, and manslaughter, did on August 15th, 18—, break out of Brass Gaol, after killing a Warder :—

The above reward will be paid to any person or divided among any persons, who shall deliver them dead or alive to Sheriff Hannen.

Or \$5,000 will be paid to any person giving such information as shall lead to the re-apprehension of both outlaws.

\$200 and a free pardon will be granted either to Robert Hill or "Slim" Essex who shall deliver up the other to Sheriff Hannen or shall give such information as shall lead to the re-apprehension of the other.

Under divers severe penalties prescribed by law all persons are forbidden to assist outlaws with food, shelter, clothing, or anything in any way whatsoever.

JOHN P. VICKERS,
State Attorney.

Essex read the proclamation aloud in a tone of hearty derision, until he came to the fourth paragraph, when his voice dropped to a whisper. Long after they had finished reading, they stared at the notice. Neither moved a muscle or a hair, but the pupils of their eyes contracted to the size of pin-heads, beads of cold sweat gathered on Hill's brow, and a feeling of coldness crept down Essex's back. The State had made up its mind to be rid of them ; it had set itself to catch them both, and each to catch the other.

Essex stirred his heel against his horse's side, and his head began to droop. Hill raised himself in his stirrups and began to tear the notice down, one eye on the paper and the other watching Essex, who suddenly realised that his partner had the "drop" on him, wheeled round, and dived his hand after his revolver. His thoughts were not quite justified, because Hill was only then beginning to realise the significance of the fourth paragraph. The action of Essex, however, helped his mind to grasp the truth. No longer were they partners, bent on getting away together, watchful for each other, reliant on each other ; but two men bound together by a mutual antagonism, separated by self-interest, rendered half-insensible to the dangers that confronted them by

the fear of that which would walk, trot, gallop, and halt by their sides until one or the other had found or made that opportunity which the offer of Free Pardon, written in letters of life, urged them to find.

They rode away together side by side silently, each afraid to let his eye meet the other's lest the hope and fear alternating in his mind should be betrayed. They rode on slowly, silently, absorbed in their thoughts, yet each covertly watchful of the other. When Essex dismounted to tighten his saddle-girth, Hill waited but a yard away, regarding his slightest movement, afraid to have his hand empty, afraid to lay it near his revolver, lest Essex should perceive and draw a second quicker.

When the sun set they had spoken scarcely half-a-dozen words or covered half-a-dozen miles. Gradually the fear of encountering candidates for the ten thousand dollars ebbed away, and it almost seemed as if danger went with their fear of it, for during the remainder of the day they did not see so much as the trail of a vanished traveller.

They halted, more from habit than inclination, in the secrecy of a small wood on the rugged side of a low mountain, and tethering their horses, they sat down facing each other to eat sparingly of their food. At length, feeling the embarrassment of their taciturnity, Essex threw off a little of his restraint, and discussed the proclamation mockingly, but without referring to the fatal fourth paragraph. Hill broke in occasionally with a low monosyllable.

Time passed, but neither suggested sleep; and as each realised that he no longer dared rest in the other's presence, his melancholy moodiness returned. Neither had closed his eyes, when, about midnight, they got into the saddle again and rode forward.

It was a dirty night. Heavy rain fell obliquely, with a strong wind that had sprung up suddenly in the west. The cloud-banked sky showed no moon nor twinkling star to indicate a course, and all tracks were lost in the darkness. The men rode with loose reins, almost where their horses chose to carry them. Each felt that the darkness offered him a chance of gaining legal freedom, and that the act would be suited to the night; but they both distrusted the chance.

Now and then they rode so close together that their elbows touched, while at times they fell apart and losing each other

in the blackness halted suddenly, each seized with the suspicion that the other was stealing away in a blind attempt to reach the enemy's camp and commit the betrayal; and they sat tense in their saddles listening for the sound of horses' feet to indicate which way the other had gone. In the absence of any sound but the beating of the rain and the bluster of the wind, Hill would call gently and Essex would reply with an inward sigh of relief; then they would draw together again and ride on elbow to elbow, their eyes heavy with sleep, their limbs aching with cramp, hungry and thirsty.

In this way they spent the night, and early in the morning, when the yellow streak of breaking day crept into the sky, they saw a mining-town nestling in the dim west not more than a mile away. What town it was, or what course they could have taken to have approached it neither knew or cared; but each felt it gave the other immense facilities for betraying him, as they would not dare move in the neighbourhood by day, and if the other could only steal away to the town and lay his information before the local authorities, his partner would find himself in gaol before the sun of another day rose. It was singular that each had come to consider the other's chances of earning that coveted free pardon and not his own; but it was not an altogether unnatural outcome of the fear of being betrayed.

"We must halt, mate," said Essex, as he measured with his eye the distance between them and the town.

They retired to some rising ground, and under cover of bush-growth and trees, they sat down to wait the coming of another night. From physical fatigue and mental exhaustion they fell to nodding, each with a heavy, struggling eye upon the other. The intervals between their nods gradually grew longer, the power to realise their fear ebbed away, and thus they fell asleep, rolled on to their sides and lay like dead men.

If one or the other had opened his eyes first the matter would probably have ended differently, but it chanced that a movement of Hill's horse awoke them both at the same instant. They opened their eyes, and catching sight of each other's prostrate form, each believed the other still slept, for in the gloomy darkness it was not possible for them to distinguish features.

So they lay, keeping still in order not to awaken each other, and with minds cleared and refreshed by their brief sleep they weighed their circumstances. Each thought of the town before

him, the gallows behind him, the unconscious partner at his side, but Essex, who had the quicker mind, was the first to move. He rose slowly to his elbows, to his knees, to his feet; not to be taken off his guard should Hill suddenly awake, he drew his revolver.

Hill's eyes, glinting, watched him.

He glanced over his shoulder towards the town, then at the horses as if considering whether it were wiser to attempt to cover the distance on foot or take a horse at the risk of arousing Hill. And while his eyes dwelt on the horses, Hill silently, quickly drew his revolver, and, raising himself on his hip, fired a couple of shots at his would-be betrayer. But rapidly as his second shot succeeded his first, it rang third through the wood, for out of the corner of his eye, Essex had seen his partner's raised arm, and with a smartness which had made him a terror in the State he had sent Hill to the ground with a bullet through his brain.

For ten seconds Essex stood motionless. Then he shivered violently, turned half round, stumbled a step and fell heavily across Hill's body.

It was thus they were found four days later by a party from the mining-town.

Within three days news of their fate had spread all over the State, from towns to villages, to settlements, to farms, and hidden huts. But in all the State there was only one heart that failed to rejoice, and that heart nurses its sorrow yet in crabbed old age.

C. RANDOLPH-LICHFIELD.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERY DISPUTE

NEWFOUNDLAND is an international storm-centre little less notable than Morocco or Venezuela. Only in 1904, after nigh upon two centuries of bickering with France, was the famous "French Shore" Question settled, and no sooner was this done with than there came a new outbreak of a dispute with the United States that has lasted over one hundred years.

This entanglement with America, like that with France, is the outcome of the defective diplomacy of Britain in bygone days. The fisheries of Newfoundland were famous four centuries ago, and all the maritime nations of Europe flocked to engage in them, though England annexed the island. France later disputed her title, and many battles were waged on its shores, till the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, confirmed England in the sovereignty, but granted the French fishing rights over one-third of the coast-line.

Before the North American Colonies proclaimed their independence they shared in the Newfoundland fisheries with other British subjects, but the war abrogated that privilege, though at its close they demanded and secured its revival. This continued till the war of 1812, when it again ceased, but in 1818, to terminate disputes arising out of American claims as to fishery rights in those waters the two Powers compromised on an arrangement which formed Article I. of the Convention of that year, and which runs thus :—

It is agreed between the high contracting parties that the inhabitants of the United States shall have for ever, in common with the subjects of His Britannic Majesty, the liberty to take fish of every kind on that part of the southern coast of Newfoundland which extends from Cape Ray to the Ramea Islands on the western and northern coasts of Newfoundland, from the said Cape Ray to Quirpon Islands, on the shores of the Magdalen Islands, and also on the coasts, bays, harbours and creeks from Mount Joly on the southern coast of Labrador, to, and through, the Straits

of Belle Isle, and thence northward indefinitely along the coast, without prejudice, however, to any of the exclusive rights of the Hudson Bay Company.

And that the American fishermen shall also have liberty for ever to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbours and creeks of the southern coast of Newfoundland, hereabove described ; but so soon as the same, or any portion thereof, shall be settled, it shall not be lawful of the said fishermen to dry or cure fish at such portion so settled without previous agreement for such purpose with the inhabitants, proprietors or possessors of the ground.

And the United States hereby renounce for ever any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof, to take, dry or cure fish, on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours, of His Britannic Majesty's dominions in America not included within the above mentioned limits ; provided, however, that the American fishermen shall be admitted to enter such bays or harbours for the purpose of shelter and for repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood and of obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever. But they shall be under such restrictions as may be necessary to prevent their taking, drying or curing fish therein, or in any other manner whatever abusing the privileges hereby reserved to them.

A close study of this article will reveal the fact that the right of *fishing* is confined to the *coasts* of Newfoundland above specified, though the *bays, harbours and creeks* of Labrador are also embraced within the concession, whereas in Newfoundland the right of entry to the bays, harbours and creeks is for the purpose only of drying and curing the catch ; and even this right was ceded solely on the south coast, and then only while the inshore areas remained unsettled. No such right was granted the Americans on the west coast, because the French had already been established in the harbours there, and the Americans were consequently restricted to the mere right of *fishing* outside. To-day fishing is the one effective privilege that remains to the American visitors, for the gradual peopling of the southern seaboard leaves them no place to exercise the landing and drying right there, and Labrador is too remote for their purpose.

In examining into this whole fishery problem, then, the cardinal fact to be remembered is that along the entire west coast and one hundred miles of the south coast the Americans have a right to enter within the three-mile limit and fish, while as for all the remainder of the coast they cannot enter "for any other purpose whatever," save for wood, water, shelter or repairs. The im-

portant distinction drawn with regard to the word *coast*, and the specifying of *bays, harbours and creeks*, as apparently distinct therefrom, has caused it to be contended on behalf of Newfoundland that the language of the treaty, considered in conjunction with the then existing status of affairs on the west coast, where the British and French shared the inlets, contemplated that coast fishing was beyond the mouths of harbours, bays and creeks.

Whether this contention is a justifiable one has never been determined, but while at first sight and to the layman the plea would seem to have but little foundation, the point has been made the subject of the most exhaustive and forceful contentions by British and American counsel in their argument before the Halifax Fishery Arbitrators in 1877, though the award did not call for a specific pronouncement upon it. In the present dispute it has been one of Newfoundland's strong cards, but the British Ministry has not, so far, agreed to endorse it, the question being one of those now the subject of negotiations with the Cabinet at Washington.

A century ago the west coast of Newfoundland and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on which it fronted, were a great resort for cod, halibut, and mackerel, and large fleets of fishing vessels operated there. But of late the fish have deserted those waters, and now the chief trawling areas are along the Grand Banks, whither, of course, the French, American, Canadian and Newfoundland fishing fleets have betaken themselves. The Americans, therefore, have lost all the advantages which they possessed on their treaty coast of having a base close at hand, which would greatly facilitate them in carrying on their undertakings. From the Grand Banks, where all now catch fish, the nearest land of all is the eastern coast of this island, where the Americans possess only the right of entry if in distress; and as it is essential for successful fishing that they should have an accessible seaboard where they can procure cheap and abundant supplies of provisions, water, bait, ice, gear and outfits, hire men, transfer cargoes and otherwise operate advantageously, they have found themselves greatly handicapped there.

After endless disputes in the first half of the last century they obtained all these facilities by the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854-1866; they secured them again by the Washington Treaty of 1871-1886, and they enjoyed them once more by the *modus vivendi*

which followed the abortive Fisheries Treaty of 1888, and which, though originally intended to be but for two years, was continued by Newfoundland until March 1905, and is still recognised by Canada. By the Reciprocity Treaty free entry for fishery products was granted each country. By the Washington Treaty American fishermen were conceded free fishing in Canadian and Newfoundland waters, and the fishermen of these countries were granted free fishing in American waters down to 39° N. lat. But as they claimed that the Americans had the best of the bargain, an arbitration was agreed to; this was held at Halifax in 1877, and it mulcted the United States in \$5,500,000 for the twelve years the Treaty was to run, Canada taking \$4,500,000, and Newfoundland \$1,000,000. Canada invested her proportion and uses the \$160,000 obtained in interest thereby in paying bounties to her fishermen every year, while Newfoundland spent her share in light-houses and marine works for her people.

With the expiration of the Washington Treaty in 1886 begins what may be termed the modern epoch in this fisheries dispute. Mr. Bayard and Mr. Chamberlain negotiated a new Fisheries Treaty on a reciprocity basis, but the Senate of the United States rejected it. To provide against the possibility of friction while it was under consideration by that body an arrangement was agreed upon, effective for two years, granting the Americans inshore fishing privileges on their vessels paying an annual licence fee of a dollar and a half per ton register. In 1890, when this instrument was expiring, Newfoundland had entered into the separate reciprocity arrangement, since famous as the Bond-Blaine Convention, and to expedite its acceptance agreed to continue the *modus vivendi* meanwhile. Canada, not included in that compact and hostile to it, therefore had no alternative but to do likewise. She then protested against the Bond-Blaine Convention on the ground that as the Newfoundland fisheries were the common property of all British subjects, that colony should not be allowed to trade them away for concessions for herself alone. Newfoundland replied that the sovereignty in these fisheries and the right of legislating for them lay in her, and that the proposed convention injured Canada in no wise, as her fishermen had the same right of entry as always, and the Americans were only granted the same and no greater concessions. The British Government, however, decided to hearken to Canada's protest and withheld

its ratification of the accord until Canada should have had an opportunity to negotiate one similar.

Newfoundland, in revenge, began a legislative war on Canada's fishermen, and on her shipments of products to the island, which proved most bitter and vexatious, and for three years defied all the efforts of the British Colonial Secretary to bring it to an end. Canada was, at the same time, seeking for reciprocity and sending delegations to Washington, but without avail ; and though both Sir C. Tupper in 1885, and Sir W. Laurier, after his election in 1896, sought to effect an agreement, the United States would not deal with them. In 1898, when the Joint High Commission was formed, the Fisheries Question was one of those submitted to it, and Newfoundland insisted upon representation on the Tribunal with a threat of not accepting its findings otherwise, so her demand had to be complied with. This attempt to dispose of the question was as fruitless as its predecessors, and both Canada and Newfoundland had still to continue the *modus vivendi*, and allow the American fishermen to enjoy for a nominal sum privileges worth millions, and of steadily increasing value as the years went by.

Not until 1902 was Canada convinced of the hopelessness of seeking reciprocity, and then Sir W. Laurier issued the remarkable dictum that the next overtures must come from Washington. The Newfoundland Government at once pressed for the withdrawal of the interdict on the Bond-Blaine Convention, and permission was granted Sir R. Bond to negotiate a new compact, as it was not known if the Cabinet then in power at Washington was favourable to the project. He found it equally ready to endorse his proposals, and the Bond-Hay Convention was the outcome. When it had been signed it was submitted to the Senate by President Roosevelt with a message of approval, but after being smothered by the Foreign Relations Committee for two seasons was "amended to death" by them in February, 1905, as the Senate was, in order to assert its co-ordinate authority as a treaty-making Power, then rejecting arbitration and other treaties entered into by the President.

It seems proper here to explain that the reason why two Washington Cabinets, in 1890 and 1902, should favour a fisheries treaty with Newfoundland and not with Canada was that they regarded one as favourable and the other as detrimental to American interests. Canada is a country physi-

cally attached to the United States. Her maritime provinces are within easy train and steamer connection with the most populous Eastern States. Her fisheries are very large,—\$25,000,000 against \$40,000,000 in the United States. Her home market is trifling,—6,000,000 people against 80,000,000. The granting of reciprocity to her would mean flooding the Republic with cheap fish to such an extent as to destroy the American fishing industry, for the Canadians are nearer the fishing grounds, carry on their operations less expensively, and could undersell the Americans in their own market if it were not for the import duty now levied on foreign fish entering that market.

Newfoundland, on the other hand, has but some 200,000 people, is remote from the United States, and separate even from Canada by a wide stretch of ocean, so that her fish could not be easily transported to American markets. Her principal sales are made in Europe and Brazil, her fish are cured to serve these countries and would not sell in the United States, and she would send only partial supplies there—sufficient to induce a reduction in present fish prices and cheapen fish-food for the American consumer, without destroying the home fishing industry. Lastly, Newfoundland has something to offer in return for reciprocal trade by granting the American fisherman access to her bait supply, a something which would help to strengthen the New England fishery rather than cripple it; but Canada has no such equivalent to put forward, because she has no bait supply either, the Canadian, American and French fishermen having all to depend on Newfoundland for their stock of this accessory.

The burking of the Bond-Hay Treaty was preformed at the instance of Senator Lodge and the Gloucester fishing interests, who counted on being able to play off Canada and Newfoundland against each other still longer; they raised the cry that the North Atlantic fisheries, the training school of the American Navy, would be destroyed if this compact were ratified. Mr. Lodge's son-in-law represents Gloucester in congress, and the Senator himself has strong support in the fishing headquarters. But their plea is fallacious. The American fishing vessels are no longer manned by Americans—not even by naturalised Americans. Not 5 per cent. of their personnel are Americans born, not 25 per cent. naturalised; the great bulk of the men

are Nova Scotians and Newfoundlanders, who proceed to Gloucester and join the vessels each spring, returning to their homes in the autumn after the fishing season is ended.

As for the plea of these fisheries being a naval nursery, the record shows that of a total of 12,358 men enlisted in the American navy for the year that ended on June 30th, 1903, only 1,464 enlisted in Massachusetts; she, moreover, was only the second State, New York leading with 1,643, Pennsylvania being a close third with 1,282; while, it is interesting to observe, other States not usually regarded as great fishery centres also contributed a considerable proportion: California giving 998, Missouri 904, Illinois 733, Ohio 872, and Texas 548. In Massachusetts all the enlistments but thirteen took place at Boston, and there is no evidence to show that any larger proportion of them came from the fishing districts than from elsewhere in the State; on the contrary, it is a fact that part of them drift into Boston from other New England States.

Newfoundland, therefore, feeling that she had been very unjustly treated, resolved upon a retaliatory policy, and in the session of her Legislature in March, 1905, enacted a Statute termed the Foreign Fishing Vessels Act, the purpose of which was to deny American fishing craft a continuance of the *modus vivendi* and other privileges which they had previously enjoyed. At the same time she enforced against them the Bait Act, which she had already applied with such destructive effect against the French that the catch of fish at St. Pierre was diminished by a half. About eighty American vessels frequent the Grand Banks every summer and have always heretofore obtained their bait in Newfoundland ports; now they can only do so on the west coast, and even there they must catch it themselves. In this they suffer from three disadvantages:—(1) they do not carry the proper gear, nor have they sufficient men for such work; (2) bait is not obtainable there until June, though the Bank fishery opens in March; (3) that coast is too remote from the fishing areas to make this a satisfactory alternative.

The Bait Act is therefore counted upon by Newfoundland to work as great injury to the American fishing smacks and Gloucester as it has already worked to the French and St. Pierre—more, indeed, in the opinion of some, because the French had the benefit of an advanced base in St. Pierre, within very sight of Newfoundland shores, whereas the Americans have no foothold

nearer than their own New England coasts. The inability to procure bait in Newfoundland waters during the summer of 1905 has very prejudicially affected the catch of cod by the French and the Americans, as they are both prevented from buying bait in those waters save on the treaty coast ; as a result, too, the demand for Newfoundland cod, and the price obtained for it in foreign markets, have been the best for half a century. Newfoundland is thus encouraged to continue the enforcement of this Act and the exclusion of the Americans, believing that by a firm stand in this respect she can eventually compel the United States fishery interests to agree to some compromise on the whole question which will ensure to herself an adequate return for the valuable baiting privileges which she possesses, to concede to all comers for a fair equivalent.

When the autumn approaches and the fierce October gales drive the fishing schooners from the Grand Banks, they visit the deep fjords on the Newfoundland coast to carry on the winter herring fishery. This is a remarkable industry and its prosecution forms one of the chief features in the present fishery dispute. The waters of Newfoundland are the only marine areas in North America to which herring resort in the autumn and winter, and therefore American, Canadian, and Newfoundland vessels gather there in quest of them. There are five centres familiar to the herring—Bonne and Island Bays on the west coast, Fortune and Placentia Bays on the south coast, and White Bay on the north coast. The first two being on the treaty shore the Americans have certain rights there, but the Colony contends that they may not fish in the “ bays, harbours, and creeks,” which definition, if accepted, would exclude them from all participation in the industry. The British Government, however, has ordered that they be permitted the same fishing privileges there this season as the Colonists, and all disagreement on this point will probably be dispelled by the negotiations on the whole subject.

But the mere permission to fish is of comparatively little value to the Americans. They have never conducted this herring industry on the basis of catching the fish themselves. On the contrary, their whole idea has been to avoid doing so, because it is both costly and inconvenient. The herring are taken with nets in the shallow reaches and inlets of the bays, and hundreds of coastfolk engage in netting them when the season opens ; the vessels which visit the region then buy from them the contents of

the nets from day to day and load their vessels thereby. To fish successfully otherwise would mean bringing large crews and expensive gear, feeding and paying these crews when herrings were scarce, and lessening the cargo space on each craft by the room required for them and their equipments. While amity prevailed with the United States the American schooners, just as those of Canada and Newfoundland, would come to these bays with but six or eight men apiece as a navigating crew, would then purchase cargoes of herring, and when loaded sail home again.

In reality it was a trading and not a fishing venture, and the Newfoundland Government, in recognising it as such, enforced regulations which covered every feature of it; and to these the American vessels subscribed, and by them were governed, though on the west coast the Colonial Ministry would otherwise have no control over them in the exercise of their liberty to "take fish of every kind for ever." In practice, however, the procedure was for each vessel to enter at the Customs, apply for and obtain from the Fisheries Department a permit to purchase a cargo of herring, and then proceed to load them subject to these conditions:—(1) to pay a minimum price of \$1.25 a barrel for the fish; (2) to take them without "cull" or selection; (3) to use a standard barrel in measuring them; (4) to refrain from polluting the waters by throwing garbage or offal overboard; (5) to maintain a tidewaiter on the vessel to see these rules enforced; and (6) to give a bond for \$5,000 not to sell the cargo at St. Pierre on the homeward trip.

The American fishermen, as has been stated, observed these rules, not only in White, Placentia, and Fortune Bays, where they had no fishing rights whatever, but also in Island and Bonne Bays, which are on their treaty coast. And, equally, they obtained free entry in their home ports for the herrings caught by British fishermen in British waters, whether they were taken on the treaty coast, where the American vessels had some right of entry, or on the remainder of the coast where they had no right at all. This was accomplished by making fraudulent affidavits that the herring were the product of the American fisheries, taken by the crews of American vessels, "assisted by Newfoundlanders," and such was the power of the Gloucester fishery interests that this fraud was officially sanctioned.

Seven years ago complaints of the dishonesty of this proceeding were made to the Treasury Department of the United States by

importers who desired to secure cargoes in Newfoundland bottoms, but found that duty was levied on these, though they were taken in exactly the same circumstances as those in American bottoms. Agents were accordingly sent to Newfoundland to investigate the matter, and their report as to the magnitude and the openness of the fraud was so conclusive, that the Treasury Department made a ruling which levied duty on all these fish impartially. But the fishing interests were sufficiently powerful to force a cancellation of this ruling, and a perpetuation of the malpractice down to the present day, at a cost to the United States of about \$100,000 in duties every year.

The situation, then, which has been created on the west coast of Newfoundland in connection with this herring fishery is that the American vessels have been forced into netting the fish themselves. Their own crews being inadequate for the work, and the colonial laws forbidding residents to sell fish to them, or to join their vessels and ship thereon as additional members of the crews, the vessels have had to entice local fisher-folk outside the three-mile limit and hire them there. This expedient has, however, proved but an unsatisfactory one at best, because formerly these vessels could buy herring from scores of men, whereas now they are restricted to the catch of the few they have hired. Moreover, the Newfoundland Government has protested against this practice as an evasion of the spirit and the letter of the Treaty of 1818, which granted the fishery privileges in these waters to "inhabitants of the United States," and it is pointed out that these men do not come under that definition, and that the practice is not consistent with honourable dealing. This point is one of those reserved for the diplomatists of the two nations, but even if the American vessels are upheld in it they cannot operate so successfully by that means as if they had the free right of purchasing cargoes as heretofore. The right of unrestricted access with the shore, which is now denied them, is one which bulks largely in the successful conduct of such an enterprise, and they find it a serious loss.

The British Government has stationed the warship *LATONA* in the herring district to see that no friction arises. The United States Cabinet has sent the fishery cruiser *GRAMPUS* there to watch over the American interests, and the Newfoundland Ministry has the Colonial cutter *FIONA* on the scene, enforcing the local laws and the local interpretation of the treaties. The situation

for the Americans has been made worse by the herring being scarce this season ; the scarcity has increased the difficulty for limited crews to secure good hauls and has prolonged the stay of the vessels, for it paid local netsmen better to sell to Canadian and Newfoundland craft than to take the risks involved in hiring outside the three-mile limit to fish for the Americans.

Whatever may be the eventual outcome of the negotiations between Britain and America with respect to this matter, the fact remains that successful operations by the Gloucester fleet have been made impossible this season. Many ship-owners did not despatch their vessels to the coast at all, fearing the trouble which has ensued. And those that did proceed there found themselves so seriously hampered in procuring cargoes that they had in many instances to pay a greater price for them than they could afterwards recover in the home markets. The Newfoundland Government is now considering the enactment of more stringent laws to prevent its own people from hiring to Americans outside the three-mile limit, and if it can accomplish this it must make the problem still harder of solution for the American fishermen, who would then have to get men in hundreds from their home ports or else abandon the fishery altogether.

After the New Year, when the west coast inlets freeze up, sometimes imprisoning several American vessels in the ice, the scene of the fishery shifts to the southern bays, Fortune and Placentia, which have in the past been the theatre of extensive American operations. But in these areas the American fishermen have no rights under the treaty, and in view of the conditions now existing they would certainly be excluded altogether and deprived of any opportunity of participating in the fishery there.

P. T. McGRATH.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

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THE ENEMY'S CAMP

CHAPTER XII

BREAKFAST as a sociable function is reserved for the very young and unthinking among men, for only women and an occasional genius (who probably has not been to bed) can be brilliant at that hour; and Mr. Lauriston was not very young nor, though not by any means unthinking, was he a genius. He had no great fondness for the meal; even when he took it at home he regarded it as a necessary evil mitigated to some extent by the morning paper. This he was wont to balance precariously against the hot-water dish and the toast-rack as a rampart against his wife and nieces, whose unseasonable cheerfulness throughout the meal was an irritation only forgotten with his first cigar. In Ealing however there was always the paper, which—to its credit be it said—generally contained some news of gloom sufficient to chime in with his morning mood.

But here in the heart of nature the newspaper did not come till the afternoon, and he had no such solace; no gruesome suicides, no hideous murder, no crass blundering of the War Office in a matter of regimental buttons, no wholesale loss of life in America, no regrettable incidents in the far or nearer East—none in short of the things that make the beginning of the day endurable seasoned his ham and eggs. And it was no consolation to reflect that even in Ealing he would at this moment have been no better off, for Mrs. Lauriston had roused her party to breakfast long before the newspaper could have arrived anywhere—this was indeed an added grievance.

Mr. Lauriston was therefore exposed defenceless to the geniality of his women-kind. This morning, however, he was

not wholly alone in melancholy. Cicely was depressed; Doris was more silent than usual and even Agatha seemed slightly out of temper. Martin had an especially worried air. Mr. Lauriston noted these things and his spirits rose a little at the unaccustomed sight, till his eye fell on his wife. She was so aggressively satisfied that he instinctively arranged the toast-rack and a sugar-basin for his absent protection. But there was no escape.

"Yes, everything's settled," Mrs. Lauriston volunteered. "The waggon will be here in less than an hour and two men are coming with it to help. We can wash up for Martin, while he helps to pull down the tents."

"Are we really going, Aunt Charlotte?" Cicely enquired.

"Going? Of course we are, child. I hope we shall be comfortably settled in by luncheon time."

"We shall never get such a nice place again," sighed Cicely. "I'm sure Uncle Henry thinks so too." Mr. Lauriston grunted assent. He would have grunted assent to any pessimistic proposition just then, from a forecast of bad weather to a prophecy of the nation's downfall.

"I made a bargain with Mr. Jones," pursued Mrs. Lauriston; and she related her negotiations for the hire of the waggon and the labourers. It interested Agatha a little, but failed to enliven Mr. Lauriston, who remarked that he had not reckoned for such expenses, and appeared to consider this piece of extravagance as an instant preliminary to his financial ruin.

"Even if it had been as much as Mr. Jones wanted at first, we could not have stayed here a day longer," retorted Mrs. Lauriston.

They ended the meal in silence. The waggon arrived, not precisely to time, and with it two embarrassed yokels who observed to Mr. Lauriston that it was a thirsty day. That gentleman agreed despondently but remembered himself so far as to suggest stout as a remedy. But Mrs. Lauriston intervened with two cups of coffee which the farm-hands meekly absorbed. They also seemed to absorb with that innocent beverage something of the general depression to which there was but one exception.

Packing proceeded apace. Agatha assisted in the lighter parts, the heavy work falling to Martin and the two yokels, who were nominally under the direction of Mr. Lauriston, but really of his wife, whose organising genius was nobly exhibited. She saw to the bestowing of every article, counted the spoons, collected the

empty stout-bottles (on which a penny was returned if the stopper was preserved) and arranged that the heavy things should be at the bottom and the light ones at the top. She would not allow Doris to help, as being a guest, which that young lady rather resented. She was always very willing to do things if she could, and here she was compelled to look on consigned to vague inutility. It almost seemed as if Mrs. Lauriston depreciated her ability to do things.

Mr. Lauriston smoked his cigar in an attitude of superintendence, feeling nevertheless aloof from the proceedings. With everybody except his wife he was in sympathy, and most of all with himself. Cicely disappeared from the scene of action. Action was not her idea of a holiday; and domestic pursuits she left for Ealing. However she was unselfish enough not to wish to watch others toiling while she herself existed gracefully. So she strolled carelessly away from the river, but presently turned to the left towards the lane. To a casual observer the retiring nature of her movements would have seemed to indicate a desire not to be seen. She walked cautiously along the lane, and reconnoitred with care before she ventured to cross the bridge openly. But Mr. Lauriston would have understood. Evidently she had caught the infection, and was proving herself worthy to be the niece of an ex-volunteer.

She did not return till the preparations were almost complete, and then she reappeared beside the waggon carrying a cushion in each hand with an air of much usefulness. The yokels were dumbly suffering; Martin was red and perspiring; Agatha was slightly flushed but appeared conscious of good work well done. Mrs. Lauriston though perfectly cool seemed a little impatient and disdainful. A second cigar had not yet reconciled Mr. Lauriston to the proceedings, and Doris still hovered round aimlessly.

Cicely had timed her arrival well; she had probably reconnoitred her advance no less carefully than her retreat. She did not waste compassion on Doris, and stepped up into the waggon with Martin's assistance. Her first question was for the safety of the rod. Then she settled herself among her cushions in the folds of canvas. Her uncle approached the waggon still gloomily puffing at the stump of his cigar. "A penny for your thoughts, Uncle Henry," she laughed. Mr. Lauriston smiled feebly. "No, I think I can guess them," she said withdrawing the offer.

Mr. Lauriston doubted her ability to do so. "You were thinking what a long way you'll have to walk every morning," she suggested tentatively. He puffed in slight embarrassment. "Now confess," Cicely held up an admonitory finger. He shook his head. "You're trying to be polite, Uncle Henry. Are you practising for the houseboat?" she whispered.

"I was thinking of a Gladstone bag," he said at last.

"A Gladstone bag?" Cicely repeated out loud.

Mr. Lauriston checked her with an unconsciously uttered "hush," for the others were preparing to take their seats and Mrs. Lauriston was taking a last survey of her chattels.

"What has the Gladstone bag got to do with the—you know?" demanded the too far-seeing Cicely. Her uncle puffed guiltily.

"I wonder what did become of that cup," Mrs. Lauriston was heard to say. "If you've broken it, Martin, you've spoilt the entire set."

"Oh, perhaps you mean the one I took for sketching," Doris put in. She produced a tea-cup from her basket. There was still a sediment of paint in it.

Mrs. Lauriston suppressed her irritation. "We've been looking for it for quite ten minutes," she said. "Now we will start."

The larger yokel, a man at last, cracked his whip gladly and the waggon began to move, with Mr. Lauriston walking at the side.

CHAPTER XIII

WHEN it had gone Martin, as had been arranged, went off in the boat with a few more fragile goods which could be conveyed by water with less fear of mishap. He had of course to pass through the lock and then row up stream past the house-boat. So early had Mrs. Lauriston bestirred her party that the young men were still at breakfast as Martin sculled by. Majendie expressed a faint curiosity as to whither he could be going so early, but otherwise the circumstance occasioned no particular comment.

After breakfast Charles, who had been doing his best to live up to his persecuted character, reminded the others of the concession he had extorted from them—that he should incur none of the labours of the removal, and then he announced

that he was obliged to visit his friends in the other camp and apologise for not being able to ask them to tea that day. His tone implied that he was going to ascribe blame where blame was strictly due. With that he went off into the osier-bed and spent one last quiet hour of search for his Gladstone bag, during which he actually came upon the hut from which Talbot had removed it in the night.

Talbot watched him depart with some amusement. He had decided in his own mind that Charles's acquaintance with the other camp was purely imaginary, and guessed that he must somehow have learnt of the proposed removal and have played his part accordingly. This conduct was hardly straightforward but Talbot was compelled to admit that it was clever, and moreover it was useful to himself. Then Talbot began to supervise the labour of striking the tent and bestowing all the portable property on board the house-boat. William, Majendie and the Admiral worked willingly and in little more than an hour everything was ready.

Charles returned as the towing-rope was being affixed to the mast and he at once carried his deck-chair, a bottle of beer, and a glass up onto the roof, where he lighted a cigarette and made himself comfortable. The moorings were cast off; Majendie and the Admiral took the rope; William pushed the house-boat off with a long pole and so they started. Talbot, to whom had fallen the comparatively light task of managing the rudder, meditated on the fitness of things, as he watched the towers staggering along and William every now and then making mighty efforts to keep her nose out of the bank with the pole. Towing a house-boat is rather like towing a barn across a ploughed field, and he congratulated himself on the forethought which had enabled him to suggest so satisfactory a division of labour. Nevertheless he regretted that Charles should by nothing short of trickery have gained the right to be even more idle than himself, and in a moment of irritation caused by this reflection he shouted to the two unfortunates at the rope that unless they would put a little way on her he could not be expected to steer.

As if to point his observation the unwieldy vessel at this moment defied all William's efforts with the pole and ran hard into a bed of rushes with the immediate effect of pulling the towers up very short. Recriminations ensued, and the rest

of the slow and arduous journey was occupied by intermittent but heated argument, in which everyone joined except Charles, who listened and watched in placid satisfaction. This was a further instalment of anticipatory revenge.

However everything ends and at last they reached the new camping-ground, which was situated in a creek on the left bank of the stream at the corner of a wood that ran down to the water. A few hundred yards above was the back-water, on the opposite bank, beside which the other party was now busily engaged in making itself at home. They moored the house-boat fast and then disposed the tent, built a new fire-place and generally arranged things as they had been at the old spot. Even Charles was magnanimous enough to drive in a few tent-pegs, after which he said that he would bathe, an idea that seemed good to the others too.

Soon after this Charles had a new experience, and he realised for the first time what exactly were the feelings of Tantalus in the fable. He had swum some distance down stream and was meditating return; indeed he was lazily treading water with his face towards the house-boat, when he saw something that caused him to cease all motion and sink unexpectedly. He saw in fact a figure hurrying across the plank from the house-boat with a Gladstone bag in its hand, and the suddenness of the spectacle sent him nearly to the bottom. He beat his way frantically up to the surface again just in time to catch another glimpse of his property as it vanished over the fence into the wood.

This it was that caused him to startle Majendie, who was floating peacefully a little higher up, by passing him at a racing stroke and clambering hurriedly onto the house-boat. It took no long time for him to throw on a few clothes and hasten in the direction taken by Talbot; but in a moderately thick wood five minutes' start is as good as half an hour's in the open and both Talbot and the Gladstone bag had vanished utterly.

CHAPTER XIV

It was all Aunt Charlotte's fault, Agatha decided subsequently. The adventure would never have occurred if she had not been so heavily laden. Nor would it have happened at all but for the removal. This feat had, it is true, been accomplished at a

very early hour, but its effects threatened long continuance. All the morning after they had reached the new spot the atmosphere had been even more unrestful than before, what with the pitching of tents, unpacking of hampers, disposition of furniture and so forth. Cicely had contributed a few suggestions that she imagined to be useful, and had then strolled off into the wood whence she did not emerge till luncheon. Doris had again proffered her assistance but had only succeeded in putting a camp-bed together in a fashion that suggested a tentative attempt on the part of some fakir to break himself by slow degrees of the habit of sleeping on spikes. Mr. Lauriston had more wisely disappeared till lunch, when he made an unfortunate comparison to spring-cleaning.

"Spring-cleaning indeed!" Mrs. Lauriston had replied. "As if that affected you! You go out in the morning and it is done by the time you come back again."

"If it was done—" he had hazarded and then stopped. On the subject of spring-cleaning the sexes have not yet attained to a perfect equality of vision.

Conversation had languished from that point. Cicely had been unusually silent and depressed—with her the natural result of travelling.

Doris had absorbed herself in contemplation of the view, unconscious of Mrs. Lauriston's half-pitying and half-scornful eye; Miss Yonge would for the future be permanently associated with the camp-bed's mutilated form in Aunt Charlotte's mind. Mrs. Lauriston had no eyes for the scenery as yet. This new camp on the right bank of the back-water, securely hidden in a bay of meadow carved out of the woods through which the river ran, only appealed to her as a safe retreat from the criminal population of the house-boat. She appreciated it however to some extent because it had to be made tidy, the ground having apparently been very much neglected for a long time.

Lunch over she had leisure to consider her menu for the evening meal, and decided on making a raspberry and currant tart. But in departing at such short notice she had omitted to replenish her larder fully, and amongst other ingredients lacking to the dish were the raspberries and the currants. This was a pity because, though she could still procure such things from the farm which had supplied her lower

down, the way was longer, and Mrs. Lauriston remembered the last occasion on which she had purchased fruit there. She had ordered and paid for three pounds, had paid in advance, so trustful had she become from contact with nature. The fruit had been brought down by the farmer's boy, and only two pounds and twelve ounces had arrived. Mrs. Lauriston harboured dark suspicions. She recalled the strange behaviour of the Ealing greengroceries; some of them, carrots for instance, or turnips or potatoes, varied not between counter and kitchen, but in the case of plums and greengages a diminution in quantity was often noticed to have taken place, the shrinkage being roughly proportionate to the distance of the greengrocer of the moment. Mrs. Lauriston had brought her scales into the country. She always weighed everything on arrival, a proceeding which had caused frequent changes in the personnel of her greengrocers.

So it had come about that Agatha had been consulted, had volunteered to replenish the stores in person, and was returning with a very full basket and rather later than she had intended. The fruit had had to be picked, for which she had not calculated in estimating the time. They manage these things better in Ealing. Therefore it occurred to her that she would take a short cut across a field to the river.

Now no practised pedestrian is ever guilty of the short cut, at least in the country. There are still to be found a few potential poets who preserve their illusions and attempt the hazardous venture in traversing the town. But even in wildest Soho there is hope of a policeman or at least of an intelligent native who may be able to speak enough English to save the rash adventurer. There is also, it is said, a possibility of proceeding more or less straight from one point to another in Ealing. But in the country the habit of the short cut is soon killed or kills. There is no policeman and the native is not intelligent. Therefore, though the road present zig-zags never so tempting, the experienced do not turn aside.

But Agatha, though vaguely aware of the risk, knew that the field was square, and that the path ran round two sides of it, the river making the third. To walk across it in a diagonal line was mathematically justifiable, and Agatha was skilled in accounts. She got over the stile, basket and all, and advanced out into the field.

And then she perceived her error, too late ; not lightly or without reason had the wise elders of time afore bent that path firmly askew. For within the field she encountered a brindled cow ; she noticed that it had a crumpled horn. The elder Miss Neave was not afraid of cows in theory. She did not carry her good wishes towards them so far as to pat them dubiously on the neck with a gloved hand, as Cicely had been known to do. But she considered them as useful animals which should be disregarded socially and left to their own business, the production of cream and butter. Accordingly she did not turn back but went on with courage despite the crumpled horn. She ignored the cow, assuming precisely the expression that she was wont to employ when she met on the same pavement an undesirable ex-acquaintance.

The cow, however, lacked the advantages of the knowledge of suburban etiquette that Ealing affords. It should have endeavoured to put on the same air of lofty abstraction and pass Agatha by as though she had been a mere vegetable, an inedible vegetable. But this was a country cow, affably disposed to strangers and with an affability increased by isolation. It saw in Agatha a possible dairy-maid, and milking time was at hand. It approached her, purposefully deliberate.

The elder Miss Neave drew back a little ; the undesirable ex-acquaintance showed signs of compelling recognition. The natural course would be to cross the street with the same careful inattention. But there was no street to cross, only a river which did not supply bridges at sufficiently short intervals to solve social difficulties of this nature. She simply made a wider curve towards the bank hoping the cow would take the hint. But the cow was not used to being gracefully cut, it misunderstood the manoeuvre and followed ; it wanted to be petted at least if not milked. It had a very limited social circle, which it divided roughly into bipeds without skirts which drove it about with a stick and bipeds with skirts which said soft things to it, carried pails, and sat on three-legged stools. The first class it avoided, the second it cultivated ; to be itself avoided was a new experience.

The cow hesitated in thoughtful curiosity. To show that she was quite at her ease Agatha put up her parasol, edging a little more towards the bank ; she did not want to frighten the poor animal from its pasture, and she hoped for the best. So

did the cow ; it had never seen a dairy-maid with a parasol and was justly suspicious of the innovation. There had however been some new machinery on the farm, and this might possibly be a new kind of pail or a patent stool ; the cow took an intelligent interest in such things and it came nearer and mooded as if to ask an explanation.

Agatha looked hurriedly round. She could not cross any more metaphorical pavements ; but as a last resource the undesirable ex-acquaintance may be evaded by going into a shop. Here there were no shops, but there were trees. One especially, a large tumble-down willow, was close beside her and it seemed easy to climb up into that crevice which showed where it had at some time or other been split by lightning. All other retreat was now impossible. Agatha might have tried violence, but then so might the cow. It was brindled and had a crumpled horn. She knew that there was nothing to be afraid of, no, nothing of course. But if you go into a shop it must be a very pertinacious ex-acquaintance that will follow you or wait for your exit. So without indecorous haste she put down the basket and the parasol and stepped up into the tree. She could not ascend more than a few feet ; indeed she was hardly out of the reach of the crumpled horn. But of course this was not a real flight ; it was merely the strongest hint she could give.

The cow halted. No dairy-maid in its experience had ever given that kind of hint, though the smaller bipeds that hit it with a stick were wont to do odd things of a like nature in their spare moments. The matter deserved consideration and the cow considered. Then it bent its head cautiously as though to cull a reflective blade of grass and sniffed at the parasol—a birthday present from Aunt Charlotte which had been bought at the sales and was really worth two guineas. But apparently the cow did not think much of the parasol ; it withdrew its head abruptly in sudden mistrust, as though it knew that Mrs. Lauriston had only paid eighteen shillings and eleven-pence three-farthings.

The basket however was another matter ; the cow had seen baskets before and it began to investigate with confidence. Agatha shuddered as its nose approached first a packet of soft sugar and then a packet of lump sugar that balanced it on the other side. "Oh dear," thought Agatha, "I'm sure I shall never be able to touch the sugar." "Go away," she added aloud. The cow looked up with a world of reproach in its soft eyes. "Go

away," repeated Agatha in the tone that she had heard Mrs. Lauriston use to the gentleman who came about the encyclopædia. Then the cow upset the basket and half of the packages fell out onto the grass. The sugar was now commodiously placed for experiment and it received a tentative lick. The result justified the consumption of the entire two pounds ere Agatha had time to think out another form of dismissal. One should never be betrayed into conversation with undesirable ex-acquaintances or they will ask themselves to dinner before one can say no, just as the cow was doing. The lump sugar followed the soft, and the fruit followed the lump. Then came a pound of butter and a pound of tea in lead-paper. Agatha watched fascinated. Surely the butter—"Cannibal!" murmured Agatha in horror.

The cow did not trouble to apologise; after all perhaps it had some claim to the butter. "Go away," said Agatha with increasing firmness. At Ealing the next step would have been to ring for the parlour-maid to show the cow out, but here was no bell, and no parlour-maid. The cow continued its researches and sniffed at the tea—a neat packet of "best tea" at one shilling and four-pence per pound in the village shop. It was not a price or an article that Mrs. Lauriston would have acknowledged in Ealing, where she paid two shillings and eight-pence. The tea at one shilling which was quite good enough for the servants' hall needed no acknowledgment, and was drunk under protest. The cow however seemed to think the rustic article an excellent good thing, and the tea vanished lead-paper and all. It was poor consolation for Agatha to reflect that the lead-paper had probably been weighed in with the tea.

Here the cow might have stopped, for the packages that remained seemed small and insignificant. But, wishing to complete its work, it munched the first tentatively and found it eminently palatable, for it contained salt. Emboldened by success it attacked the second without a precautionary sniff, and it contained mustard.

The cow started suddenly, entangling its crumpled horn in the curved handle of Agatha's parasol. It threw up its tail and charged the obstacle. Its eyes shed tears, but their melancholy expression had sadly altered for the worse. Up flew the parasol, up flew the basket, whose remaining contents were distributed backwards, principally into the river, while the culprit snorted terrifically. It bellowed and began to run round and round in

narrowing circles. Agatha forgot arithmetic. Till now she had been a true niece of Mrs. Lauriston, and had entered against the cow a debt of three shillings and eight-pence half-penny. But such calculations no longer enthralled her. She called instinctively for help, finding that she could climb no higher. She was not out of the cow's reach, if it were disposed to ensure a continuity of vengeance.

At this point the undesirable ex-acquaintance should certainly have been given into the charge of a policeman, but again she had cause to remember that this was not Ealing, and the cow continued to show traces of an unquiet mind, when a dinghy rounded a bend in the stream and she saw a man in flannels sculling towards her. "Help," she called again, but stopped; new doubts assailed her.

Majendie rested on his sculls, adjusted his eye-glasses, and looked everywhere but up into the willow. He saw in the foreground round an elegant parasol lying open and upside down in a bush, a basket wedged in the fork of a tree, a few rashers of bacon strewn about the bank in unnatural and acrobatic postures, while in the middle distance was a cow which appeared to be in urgent need of his professional assistance. For the rest the landscape might have supplied a setting or subject for any Academy picture; it was pretty without being remarkable. "Did anyone call?" he cried.

"Oh, please I'm here," said Agatha. "Oh take me away."

Majendie saw. He had drifted into view of her. Agatha was like the landscape in being pretty, but had the advantage of it in the circumstances which made her remarkable. Majendie noted her with approval. He discounted something from her bright eyes and fine colour, seeing that she was evidently excited, though not more so than was becoming. He ran his boat in, jumped out and advanced hat in hand, ignoring the cow which was now rolling about on the grass. "Can I help you down?" he enquired politely.

"Look, look, the cow!" she exclaimed, shrinking back into the tree. "Oh, get up quick! It's mad! It's eaten the mustard." The cow had decided that water might alleviate its burning sense of wrong and getting onto its feet again was now making for the river with a decision that disquieted Agatha.

"I can detect no symptoms of hydrophobia," said Majendie solemnly after readjusting his eye-glasses. "The animal is

suffering from undue cerebral excitement, for which the unexpected assimilation of mustard with the consequent inflammation of the palate would be a sufficient cause. Under such conditions its actions are normal."

"But it has been following me about."

"That is a matter for the psychologist," said Majendie with even greater solemnity. "I have never studied the development of the artistic faculty in the bovine species. But, supposing the faculty to exist, that action also might be considered normal."

Agatha was too much occupied in watching the cow to disentangle this elaborate compliment, but she was nevertheless sensible that a compliment had been in the air. Doubts again assailed her, but it was better to be assailed by doubts or even by compliments than by the cow.

"And," continued Majendie, "in the whole course of my professional experience I have only met with one mad cow."

"Are you sure it didn't behave like this?" said Agatha with an anxious eye on her enemy, which was drinking with much sound of gurgling.

"Not in the least," returned Majendie reassuringly.

"Didn't it follow you about?"

"Well," he admitted, "it did do that. It followed my uncle all round a field, when he was walking with the farmer, and kept to heel. They did not suspect anything till my uncle pointed at a rabbit with his stick. Then the cow jumped over the stick and ran after the rabbit. Then it scratched away at the rabbit-hole and growled. My uncle and the farmer of course were too astonished to do anything but stare, and then the cow left the rabbit-hole and sat up on its hind-legs and crossed its fore-feet."

"Oh, how did they ever get away?" said Agatha, who was becoming interested, the more so as the present terror, after liberal potations, was removing itself to the farthest possible corner from the scene of its sufferings.

"Quite easily," said Majendie, "My uncle said a few words in French and it lay down as still as possible. And as he happened to be telegraphed for the same day, and as he was away for a week and the farmer knew no French the poor beast never moved again but died where it lay."

"But why in French?" Agatha asked, beginning to wonder whether the cow or the narrator were the madder.

Majendie hastened to elucidate his point. "My uncle had

a Parisian poodle which had died mad. Previously it used to die for its country—if you put your foot there and take my hand—so of course I needn't explain—that's right."

Once on firm ground Agatha laughed a little, but stopped herself. "Is that story quite true?" she asked.

Majendie appeared to hesitate. The eyes that looked at him were almost uncomfortably sincere. "I thought you might be frightened," he explained, considering her carefully the while. Yes, she was certainly a pretty girl, and Talbot, his usual companion of the five, had lately developed a love of solitude coupled with incipient melancholia which made him morose. His discovery was evidently a member of the other camp, and he remembered the machinations of Sir Seymour Haddon with whom, he supposed, the discovery was acquainted. However the removal so lately accomplished made it possible for him to explore for himself without fear of entangling the others. Moreover, if they should be doomed to make official acquaintance with the enemy he would have stolen a march and would not make one of a bashful rank and file marshalled by the magnificent Charles. There was consolation in this thought, for somehow the idea of owing his introduction to Charles suddenly seemed distasteful to him.

"But if it wasn't true?" said Agatha, the serious look deepening.

"I told it to see if you could laugh," he explained further. "It is the best test for hyst . . . for the condition of the nerves. I am a doctor, and my name is Majendie—my father may be known to you by repute. You had sustained a nervous shock and in this hot weather one cannot be too careful. Pulse,"—he suddenly possessed himself of Agatha's hand and felt her pulse quicken slightly. "Eighty-three—slightly above normal still. You should rest for a little. Perhaps a dose of bromide—but, no, that's hardly necessary. Avoid walking exercise to-day. To-morrow if it be your custom to go so far for provisions, Miss Lauriston—"

Agatha corrected him, as he paused on a slight question. "It is the only shop," she admitted.

"—it can safely be resumed. At this moment, no. Permit me—as a doctor I consider you my patient—to offer you a seat in the boat." He rescued her basket and parasol with the boathook. Agatha found the dispersal of her load

irremediable. Only the rashers of bacon remained, and they had already attracted the attention of the insect kingdom. This distressful sight so occupied her that she submitted to his guidance with unusual docility. Majendie meanwhile was wondering what she meant by there being only one shop. He thought he knew one nearer the camp. He pushed off and sculled rapidly down stream.

"Oh, but you're going wrong," said Agatha. "Can't I steer?"

"The rudder's unshipped," he answered cheerfully.

"But it's up-stream," she objected.

Majendie slackened. "Up-stream? I beg your pardon; I thought you were one of the party camping by the back-water."

"So I am," she admitted, "but we aren't camping any longer there." She blushed a little; she did not like to tell him why, knowing that he must be one of the reasons for the removal.

"I understand," said Majendie. Agatha thought this sounded ambiguous and looked at him questioningly. "About the shop," he explained. "We are not far from it here. Why shouldn't we replenish your basket and then come back?"

"But won't it be dreadfully out of your way? I'm sure I can walk, Mr. Majendie. Let me get out."

He rowed on unruffled. "In the whole course of my professional experience," he said, "I have seldom met so refractory a patient. Haven't I prescribed no walking? I'll get your provisions and take you back in no time. You are up-stream?"

Agatha explained the site of the new camp. Majendie's smile puzzled her. But he kept her talking until he reached the nearest point for the farm and village, where he moored the boat. Then he took a list of Agatha's needs, and soon returned with the provisions and a parcel of similar goods for himself.

"It's very good of you," she said presently as the boat glided up stream, "but you'll be very late for your tea. This is a long way out of your way."

"On the contrary," he explained, "it is all in my way, every yard of it. We moved this morning too. I hope you'll forgive us. Of course we didn't know you were moving." Agatha could not help answering his smile; the situation was too ridiculous. "But," he continued as a thought struck him, "I thought Charles, I mean our friend Haddon, told you we were moving."

Agatha looked at him in surprise. "Who is he?" she asked.

Majendie thought swiftly before he answered. This was unexpected. "He said—" he began, "I mean, I thought you knew him."

Agatha shook her head. "No, we don't know any of your party—at least, I mean, I know you of course, now, but I oughtn't to." Agatha was prettily confused, a circumstance that enabled Majendie to decide that since she did not know Charles after all, there was no need for him to help her to that knowledge. The problem could wait.

"You couldn't help it," said Majendie judicially, "considering the cow, so you are not to blame." Agatha agreed that she was not to blame, but was doubtful how Mrs. Lauriston would regard the matter.

"I shall not, however," he continued, "tell my friends—of your move."

"I don't see how I *can* tell Aunt Charlotte," Agatha murmured a little ruefully. She felt that fate had put her into a position of duplicity which was distressing though unavoidable.

Majendie ran the boat into the bank at a spot indicated by Agatha as being the nearest to her camp, for she would not allow him to take her right up to the back-water, in which case they would have had to pass the creek which held the house-boat. "Remember," he said as he assisted her out, "you mustn't over-tire yourself, and if you go to the village again to-morrow take your time. The cow is really quite harmless."

"I think if I have to go to-morrow morning, I shall go round by the path," she said innocently.

Majendie promptly resolved that he would continue to steal marches on the magnificent but untruthful Charles. He would begin on the path.

CHAPTER XV

It was not strange that Charles had not been able to trace Talbot and the Gladstone bag, for he had confined his search to the wood in which he not unnaturally supposed them to be. But as a matter of fact they were not in the wood at all. Talbot's fishing excursions had made him tolerably familiar with the characteristics of the river banks, and he knew that the wood at this point only skirted the stream for about two hundred yards, and then receded, giving place

to several fields, in one of which, by the way, a scarecrow was a prominent feature. Higher up wood and river joined company again.

Therefore he had cut straight through the belt of trees and undergrowth and reached the first field, which was a grass meadow with a haystack in the corner furthest removed from the river and separated from the wood by a hedge and a narrow lane. In this haystack, in an excavation effected with some labour, he deposited the bag, and then returned to the house-boat by the way he had come, while Charles was still forcing his way impetuously through thorn and bramble in a different direction.

Talbot had been tempted to visit the field in which was the scarecrow the same afternoon, but on reflection decided not to do so. It was improbable that Cicely would be there, as the other camp must be in a state of some confusion still, too much so at any rate for so leisurely a proceeding as Cicely's fishing.

On the following afternoon, however, there seemed no adequate reason for his not visiting the appointed spot, except that it was Sunday, a fact which, it is to be feared, had momentarily escaped his notice, and without courting the attention of his friends he took his rod and basket and set out, making a detour in the direction of the haystack, behind which he disappeared.

Some ten minutes later a well-dressed man might have been seen skirting the edge of a field of turnips. He carried a fishing rod and creel, but his appearance hardly suggested that he was a keen sportsman—he was too respectable. In his neat suit of dark blue, with a tall, very white collar and with a decent inch of shirt-cuff peeping modestly from under well-cut sleeves, he gave one rather the impression that he was a mere amateur, a man who carried a rod because it was the proper thing to carry in the neighbourhood of a river. The true fisherman, moreover, would have detected him as an impostor in that he wore a white Panama hat; for no true fisherman makes himself more conspicuous to the fish than is absolutely needful, and a white Panama hat is about the most conspicuous form of male headgear. His boots too (had anyone been able to study him closely) would have confirmed this impression of dilettantism. They were never meant

for miry ways and rough usage, though their beautiful sober brown would have shone gracefully in any garden. Altogether the man looked as if he ought not to have left the garden. A very close analysis, such analysis as is possible in the peace of a garden, might have suggested to a sartorial purist that the clothes did not sit on the man quite as they should have done—they should perhaps have been tried on once more for the final alterations—but this would doubtless have escaped the notice of most people. It was more obvious, perhaps, that the man walked as if his boots were a little too tight—but he may of course have only been avoiding the turnips.

Of all these things Talbot was himself aware. He was not avoiding the turnips, and the clothes (had they been his own) would certainly have been sent back to the tailor for revision. Nor had it escaped him that a Panama hat was the worst hat possible for fishing. Nor, in short, did he at all feel that his appearance accorded with his apparently intended occupation. But for all that he went steadily, and somewhat painfully on. He had reached that stage of infatuation in which a man ceases to be satisfied with his natural advantages, and becomes gloomily aware of his deficiencies. It is probable that, had Charles's outfit consisted of a silk hat and frock coat, Talbot would now be wearing them. A frock coat covers far more deficiencies than any other, which may be the secret of its popularity. But as things were, Talbot had to be satisfied with what he could get; and that was little enough, he reflected ruefully, abased in spirit before Cicely's dark eyes.

However he became a little more hopeful when he reached the scarecrow, which was even less respectable than is usual with scarecrows. Its principal garment might have been a coat once, but it would have taken a skilful tailor to say definitely. The only recognisable article of apparel that it could boast was a hat—he could tell that it was a hat because it was placed above the other rags. Yes, he was certainly more presentable than the scarecrow, and he acquired courage from this conviction. So with a somewhat more assured gait he walked on to the clump of willows in the corner of the field, where he hoped to test the efficacy of his improved appearance.

But, alas, for the vanity of human effort, there was no one there, and the improved appearance was thrown away on insensate nature who, as he indignantly reflected, was probably

just as much pleased with the scarecrow as with himself. He searched the clump of willows thoroughly to see if Cicely had by any chance been there and gone away again. But no, there was no sign of her, not even a cushion or a novel. Talbot was sadly disappointed, and he sat down to muse on feminine inconstancy and think great and pessimistic thoughts—though he had in the bottom of his mind a conviction not uncomfortable that Cicely was probably an unpunctual person and might come after all.

Cicely, however, had no intention of coming. She had, it will be remembered, said so to herself when they last met. It would never do for him to think that she was too eager to meet him, and moreover she thought that he had assumed too much last time in stating his belief that she had come on purpose; at any rate he had expressed too much. In such a matter the feminine mind often looks in vain for a decent reticence in the obtuse male, so Cicely adhered to her resolution of not visiting the perch-hole the first day. It must be understood, by the way, that this was the first day spent in the new camping-ground in her estimation. A day of which any part was passed in so vexatious a thing as travelling was to her a *dies non*; it did not count. She simply removed it from her scheme of things. She would have admitted, perhaps, that there had been a day, but she would have explained that it had been wasted for any practical purpose. To Cicely a fortnight's holiday meant sixteen days, and, extending her theory in a truly feminine manner, if any unfortunate cause reduced her fortnight to fourteen she would disparagingly call it ten. Talbot had read her accurately up to a point in deciding that she would not appear yesterday; but he did not yet understand her fully. Moreover, the day was Sunday. Cicely had duly been to church in the morning, and active exercise in the afternoon would certainly not have met with her aunt's approval.

Nevertheless, Cicely was not far away. Had Talbot only known it there was but the river between them, and she was watching him at this moment, not without amusement, from a snug nest which she had made for herself among the bracken on the opposite bank. Though on Sunday one does not fish for perch, she thought it would only be a matter of prudence to reconnoitre a spot which she was given to understand would prove remunerative in the indefinite future. So she

had walked along the bank on her own side through the wood till she saw something on the other side of the river that was evidently a scarecrow. There was also a clump of willows not at all unlike the one which she had found lower down. This was evidently a good spot for perch, so she arranged her cushions commodiously and settled herself down to meditate on the prospect of ensnaring those handsome fish—on that and other things.

She had not been there long when she saw the figure which has been described. She did not at first recognise it, but there was something in the set of the shoulders as it stopped and apparently spoke to the scarecrow which seemed familiar, and as it came nearer she realised that it was Talbot in strangely immaculate attire. Cicely pondered on this circumstance, and revolved the various causes that might have induced this. It was Sunday of course, for one thing. But somehow she was not at all sure that this was wholly responsible for it. Talbot was the kind of person to lay emphasis on the fact that the Sabbath is made for man and not man for the Sabbath. On the whole she came to the conclusion that it was not Sunday but—the thought amused her, and made her blush a little.

It was rather ridiculous of him, but still it was a slight token of respect, and as such she appreciated it. She forgave him his rather inappropriate leap at a conclusion, and became a little sorry when she noted his obvious disappointment as he reached the willows. She was for a moment tempted to declare her presence as she watched him thinking his great and pessimistic thoughts. But he might do something even more foolish; he might swim across the river or something, and that, she decided, though a romantic idea would be a pity for such a smart appearance.

So Cicely did not move until Talbot had become tired of waiting and was on his way back across the turnip-field. Then she rose up and went her way too, with her cushions and her unopened novel.

Talbot, looking round when he reached the gate at the far corner of the field, caught a glimpse of something in the distance that might have been a white dress among the trees. But he could not be sure, and it vanished almost immediately. He returned to the haystack wondering vaguely.

(To be continued.)

THE STUARTS IN ROME

So multifarious and absorbing are the attractions of Rome,—classical, medieval, papal, even modern—that English-speaking travellers are apt to overlook the fact that the Eternal City holds a neglected but romantic page of their own history ; indeed, with the single exception of Canova's well-known monument in St. Peter's, most visitors to Rome remain unaware of the existence of the many Stuart landmarks and associations it contains. A few sight-seers have perhaps been struck while viewing the fine basilica of Santa Maria in Trastevere by the royal escutcheons of England and France surmounted by the cross and scarlet hat in the chapel restored by Cardinal York, who for some sixty years was titular of this church ; but, generally speaking, very few indeed are acquainted with the dingy old palace in the Piazza Santissimi Apostoli, which for over half a century sheltered the little court of the Kings across the Water, or with other buildings connected with the later history of this ill-fated House, whose unbroken chain of misfortunes so excited the compassion even of Voltaire.

The Piazza Santissimi Apostoli, whose southern end opens directly into the newly-made busy Via Nazionale, is a long quiet space bounded towards the east by the huge Colonna palace and the pillared front of the church of the Apostles, its western side being occupied by houses belonging to various noble Roman families, while at its narrow northern end stands the old palace once occupied by the Stuarts (a tall featureless pile of buildings, modernised and totally uninteresting except for its historical memories) which is to-day known as the Palazzo Balestro and familiar as the seat of the British Consulate.

Shortly after the failure of the rising of 1715, a result due in no small degree to his own supineness and incapacity, the Chevalier de St. George (the James the Third of the Legitimists

and the Old Pretender of the Hanoverians) arrived in Rome, where his young wife, Maria Clementina Sobieski, and a considerable number of devoted adherents, chiefly of Scotch and Irish descent, were awaiting him. From Pope Clement the Eleventh the exile received both royal honours and a warm welcome, the Pontiff presenting his guest with this palace near the church of the Holy Apostles as a suitable residence to contain both his family and his little court. Here in this house, one year after his parents' reception in Rome, was born the Young Chevalier, his tiny hands being solemnly kissed by the whole College of Cardinals arrived hither in state to salute the newly-born Prince of Wales, for whose requirements the Pope had himself blessed and presented baby-linen; and here five years later Henry Benedict (named after the reigning Pontiff Benedict the Thirteenth) first saw the light and was created Duke of York by his father,—two events which were duly reported by the English spy, Walton, to his Government with the addition of many spiteful inaccuracies. Here also died, in 1735, poor Maria Clementina, grand-daughter of the famous John Sobieski, who had been the saviour of Europe from the invading Turks under the walls of Vienna, after an unhappy married life with her dismal taciturn husband, the “old Mr. Melancholy” of Hanoverian wits, from whom on one occasion, in a mingled fit of depression and jealousy, she had fled to the fashionable Ursuline convent in the neighbouring Via Vittoria, remaining there over a year in spite of threats and entreaties. Little as he had appeared to appreciate or understand her in life, James Stuart deeply lamented Clementina's death, while the loss of their high-spirited mother must have been a terrible blow to the two little princes now growing up to manhood in the gloomy old palace.

Of James Stuart and his two motherless sons the *Président de Brogues* gives an amusing and vivid description in his *LETTRES FAMILIÈRES* :

The King of England is treated here with all the consideration due to recognised royalty. He lives in the Piazza SS. Apostoli in a vast dwelling with no pretence of beauty, where the Pope's troops mount guard as they do [at the Quirinal] on Monte Cavallo, and accompany him whenever he drives out, which, however, is seldom. His house is very large on account of the many gentlemen of his own country who remain attached to his cause and reside with him. The most distinguished of these is Milord

ERRATUM.

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For "Lord George Murray, fifth son of the first Duke of Atholl and father of the third Duke,"

Read "The Honble. James Murray, second son of David Murray, Viscount Stormont."

H. M. Vaughan.

old French gossip informs us that in Roman society, the Duke of York, then aged fifteen, is the more popular of the two on account of his pretty face and agreeable manners ; but that, for his own part, he prefers the elder son in whose character and appearance he can perceive much latent courage and tenacity of purpose, an opinion which history was to verify strikingly a few years later. Both boys were devoted to music and both good performers : "The elder plays the 'cello very well ; the younger sings Italian songs with a pretty boy's voice in the best of taste ; they hold a concert once a week : it is the best music in Rome, and I never miss it."

De Brosses also gives a dismally humorous description of the mid-day meal which King James attended in state, and before which the two boys were wont first of all to kneel for their father's blessing, while no guest was allowed to drink wine before the King had helped himself at least once, a point of etiquette which the French traveller found most inconvenient and productive of indigestion when on one occasion his royal host forgot to call for the bottle. At these solemn daily banquets, de Brosses tells us, English was usually spoken between James and his sons, though French and Italian were more familiar to the exiled family.

Rome was at this time full of English travellers, many of whom were young men of rank and wealth making the Grand Tour in company with their tutors, and to such persons a glimpse of James Stuart and the young princes would naturally be a matter of great curiosity. But all English subjects were strictly forbidden to visit the Palazzo Stuart, a regulation that was carefully enforced by means of a succession of spies in the employ of the British Minister at Florence, England being then, as she is to-day, in the position of having no ambassador accredited to the Holy See.

Nevertheless, in spite of spies and adverse reports to Sir Horace Mann in Florence, an introduction to the discarded King of Great Britain or to his sons at some theatre or reception was eagerly sought after by English visitors to Rome, with the result that not a few of the unwary were apt to find themselves embroiled with the gentlemen of the mimic Jacobite court, who resented any expression of ridicule or ill-will towards the Stuarts and their cause. That astute old Hanoverian peer, Lord Chesterfield, himself married to a half-sister of George the Second, particularly cautions his son, Philip Stanhope, who was travelling in Italy soon after the Forty-Five, against such pitfalls in a letter full of the cynical worldly advice which is characteristic of his correspondence.

You will in many parts of Italy meet with numbers of the Pretender's people (English, Scotch and Irish fugitives) especially at Rome ; and probably the Pretender himself. It is none of your business to declare war on these people ; as little as it is your interest or, I hope, your inclination to connect yourself with them : and therefore I recommend you to a perfect neutrality. Avoid them as much as you can with decency and good manners ; but, when you cannot avoid any political conversation or debates with them, tell them that you do not concern yourself with political matters ; that you are neither a maker nor a deposer of kings ; that, when you left England, you left a king in it, and have not since heard either of his death or of any revolution that has happened, and that you take kings and kingdoms as you find them : but enter no farther into matters with them, which can be of no use, and might bring on heat and quarrels. When you speak of the Old Pretender, you will call him only the Chevalier de St. George ; but mention him as seldom as possible. Should he chance to speak to you at any assembly, (as, I am told, he sometimes does to the English) be sure that you seem not to know him ; and answer him civilly, but always either in French or Italian ; and give him in the former the appellation of *Monsieur*, and in the latter of *Signore*. Should you meet with the Cardinal of York you will be under no difficulty, for he has, as Cardinal, an undoubted right to *Eminenza*. Upon the whole, see any of those people as little as possible ; when you do see them be civil to them upon the footing of strangers ; but never be drawn into any altercations with them about the imaginary right of their king, as they call him. . . . Never know either the father or the two sons, any otherwise than as foreigners ; and so not knowing their pretensions you have no occasion to dispute them.

After this warning against the exiled Stuarts and the contemptuous allusions contained in it, it is amusing to read Lord Chesterfield's further advice to his son to avoid also the society of his own countrymen in Rome : " a number of idle, sauntering,

illiterate English, as there commonly is there, living entirely with one another, supping, drinking, and sitting up late at each other's lodgings; commonly in riots and scrapes, when drunk; and never in good company when sober."

With the failure of the Forty-Five, followed three years later by the ungracious expulsion of the Young Chevalier from French territory under the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the political estimation of James Stuart's court naturally declined, and his own position in the papal capital became one of greater difficulty. The younger son, feeling the Stuart cause definitely and for ever lost, now entered the Roman Church with James's consent and was made a cardinal (July 3rd, 1747,) at the early age of twenty-two, an irrevocable step which so angered his brother that Charles Edward never again set foot in Rome until after his father's death, but continued for years to lead a wandering, aimless, and somewhat disreputable life in various Continental cities. Naturally low-spirited and now thoroughly saddened by the extinction of all his hopes as well as by the absence of his elder son, the poor old exile in the Palazzo Stuart gradually sank into a moping invalid and for the last five years of his life never left his private apartments. At length on New Year's Day, 1766, James was seized with his last attack, and passed away in the arms of Cardinal York, who in the double capacity of priest and son had affectionately attended his father during these last years of suffering and disappointment. Clement the Thirteenth seems to have been genuinely touched by James's death; indeed, the Roman Church in recent times has not possessed, with the exception perhaps of the Comte de Chambord (the Henry the Fifth of French Legitimists), any member of royal rank who proved himself throughout life at once so pious and so devoted, to the exclusion of worldly interests, as this luckless son of the dethroned James the Second.

At the private expense of the Pope a magnificent funeral was ordered, of which a minute description is to be found in a rare contemporary work in my possession, entitled *THE ACCOUNT OF THE ILLNESS, DEATH, SOLEMN OBSEQUIES AND FUNERAL OF HIS MAJESTY, JAMES III., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN*. It raises a smile to read the extravagant language of this quaint Italian pamphlet, which lauds in terms almost fulsome the virtues both of the late King and of the long-dead Maria Clementina.

Are not their devotion to the Catholic Faith, their fortitude in the greatest misfortunes, their magnanimity, their patience, their most liberal charity towards the Poor, their perfect resignation to the will of God, such sublime Virtues as to induce in us a certain hope of the eternal Salvation of these illustrious twin-Souls ?

From the same source we learn that the body of James, richly dressed, lay in state in the neighbouring church of the Holy Apostles (where for years he had been wont daily to hear Mass and to pray beside his wife's tomb), the whole building within and without being draped with black hangings edged with lace and gold fringe and decorated, according to the morbid taste of the period, with boughs of cypress, with skulls and cross-bones, and with laudatory inscriptions upheld by skeletons. The catafalque itself, raised on a dais of five steps and hung with black velvet and cloth-of-gold, was flanked by four huge figures of skeletons, each bearing a tall taper and a gilded palm-branch, while in conspicuous positions were displayed the crowns of England, Scotland, and Ireland together with the insignia of the various orders to which by right of descent the deceased prince was entitled. In short, the funeral of the Jacobite king in the old Roman basilica of the Santissimi Apostoli was as costly, as dismal, and as pompous a ceremony as any royal burial that the eighteenth century could devise.

In spite of the royal honours paid publicly at death to James Stuart, Pope Benedict looked with no favourable eye upon the heir, for Charles Edward, who had now held aloof from Rome for twenty-two years, had come to be regarded at the papal court as a man of loose life, as an incorrigible drunkard and, worst of all, as a renegade for political reasons from that faith of which his dead father had been so shining an ornament. In spite of indignant protests from "Charles the Third," now at last returned to Rome, the escutcheons of Great Britain and Ireland were removed from the entrance of the Palazzo Stuart by order of the Pope, who at the same time refused to recognise the royal claims of its owner, or to grant him even a private interview on the footing of a king. Slighted thus by the papal court and spurning the good offices of his brother, Charles Edward sulked in the dreary old house in which, thanks to his drunken habits and quarrelsome temper, very few of his old adherents now kept him company.

It was here that the special envoy of the French King

visited the wreck of him who was once known as Bonnie Prince Charlie (and who, rumour said, was found by the ambassador in a state of helpless intoxication) with proposals of marriage in order that the Stuart line might not become extinct. The suggestion was eagerly grasped at by the Prince, now aged fifty-one, who shortly afterwards betook himself secretly to Paris, where an alliance was arranged for him with the nineteen-year-old Louise of Stolberg, daughter of a German princeling and a descendant on her mother's side of the noble Scotch house of Bruce. This marriage, proposed by Louis the Fifteenth, with the obvious intention of harassing the English Crown by means of a Legitimist heir, and approved by Cardinal York in the hope that such a step might bring back his erring brother into the paths of orthodoxy and self-respect, took place in a private house at Macerata, near Ancona, on Good Friday, 1772; and a few days later, the bridegroom and bride, styling themselves King and Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, drove up to the door of their Roman palace in a coach-and-six with outriders in scarlet liveries and white Stuart cockades. In spite of a chilling reception from Pius the Sixth the newly-wedded pair were at first fairly happy, and for a time at least his marriage seems to have improved both Charles Edward's prospects and behaviour, while in Roman society the young bride at once became an object of general interest and sympathy, her admirers even styling her Regina Apostolorum in allusion to her place of residence. But in two years' time the Count and Countess of Albany (as they were now generally called outside their own little Jacobite circle) grew weary of the continued slights of Pope Pius and dissatisfied with each other, being mutually disappointed in the non-appearance of an heir, the only object of their ill-assorted loveless marriage, with the result that they finally quitted Rome in 1774 for Florence, only to encounter there equal neglect and hostility from the Grand-Ducal family of Tuscany and to live together yet more unhappily till their final separation in December, 1780.

Meanwhile Cardinal York continued to reside in Rome, where in spite of the sunken fortunes of his House he always held a high reputation. As Bishop of Frascati and papal Vice-Chancellor Henry Stuart divided his time between his villa at Frascati and the splendid palace of the Cancelleria, one

of the great architect Bramante's best known and happiest efforts, which stands close to the Campo de' Fiori; while, a Roman by birth and a Roman ecclesiastic by choice, he lived the ordinary life of a prince of the Church, strictly avoiding all the petty and futile political intrigues in which his elder brother was perpetually engaged. The good Cardinal was therefore sorely perplexed at hearing of the escape of the Countess of Albany from the drunken violence of Charles Edward in Florence and of her flight to Rome, where she spent some months of the spring of 1781 in the aristocratic Ursuline convent in the Via Vittoria, the same nunnery that had years before sheltered for a time her husband's mother. Nevertheless, Henry Stuart, knowing his brother's character and believing Louise's story of insult and ill-treatment, received his sister-in-law with every mark of kindness and finally installed her in a suite of rooms in his own official palace of the Cancelleria. Nor did the easy-going Cardinal see anything strange or irregular in the subsequent arrival of the Countess's devoted *cavaliere servente*, the Piedmontese poet, Vittorio Alfieri, who now hired the Villa Strozzi on the Esquiline, whence he was wont to pay daily visits to Louise of Stolberg with the approval of her brother-in-law. Perhaps her two years' residence in the Cancelleria (so different from her life with Charles Edward in the Palazzo Stuart hard by) was the happiest period in the whole of Louise's chequered career; fêted by the Roman aristocracy, protected by a kindly and complaisant Cardinal, and attended on all occasions by an illustrious lover, the young Princess enjoyed a delightful and all-too-short spell of popularity and pleasure, which reached its zenith in the historic production of Alfieri's *ANTIGONE* (with the author in the part of Creon) at the Spanish Embassy in the Piazza di Spagna on November 30th, 1782.

But this platonic devotion between the wife of the Jacobite King of England and the eccentric red-haired Piedmontese Count, which was diverting all Rome, was abruptly put an end to by the action of Cardinal York, who, after a visit to his brother in Florence, then believed to be dying, suddenly veered round and expressed the strongest disapprobation of all that he had hitherto condoned; indeed, seeing what a reputation for exaggerated propriety, even prudery, the English cardinal possessed among his colleagues, it seems strange that he should ever have

sanctioned the daily visits of Alfieri to his sister-in-law in such circumstances. Realising now the possible scandals and dangers of the present arrangement, Henry Stuart, in high alarm, at once induced Pope Pius to banish Alfieri from papal territory, and the enamoured tragedian much against his will was compelled to quit Rome and his Psipsia, as he theatrically styled the Countess of Albany; while the latter remained behind in her apartments at the Cancelleria to bewail equally the absence of her gifted lover and the continued existence of "the man in Florence," who, however, a little later consented to a legal deed of separation making his wife practically independent of his control. So much for the two Roman experiences of Louise of Stolberg; one as the wife of a crownless king old enough to have been her father, and the other as the romantic heroine of the great Italian poet whose acknowledged wife she was afterwards to become.

By his brother's death in January, 1788, (that month always so fatal to the Stuarts), the empty honours and disregarded claims of a discrowned king descended to Cardinal York, who took little notice of this change in his position except by erecting a memorial tablet to the unhappy Charles Edward in the cathedral-church at Frascati, and by striking a commemorative medal with the pathetic inscription, "Henry IX., by the grace of God, not by the will of Man." But Henry Stuart, to whose peaceful innocent life history has not yet paid due regard, was not suffered to live on quietly in the city he so loved, and which he had rarely left in the whole course of a long life-time. Driven from Rome during the troubled years following upon the French Revolution, and deprived both by political changes and by his own former generosity of a once considerable income, the poor old man at length found himself at seventy-three a penniless wanderer. At this critical moment an annuity of £4000 a year, gracefully tendered by George the Fourth, then Prince Regent, and accepted with gratitude by his distant cousin, enabled Cardinal York to spend the few remaining years of his life in state and comfort, and thus, dependent on the bounty of his supplanters, the last lineal descendant of the House of Stuart died in his villa at Frascati in 1807.

With these Roman recollections of an unfortunate royal House, whose memory in spite of all faults is still dear to the

English-speaking race at large, let us seek out Canova's famous monument in the north aisle of St. Peter's, close to the entrance of the gaudy Capella del Coro where crowds daily attend to hear the singing of the Pope's choir. On the simple dignified tomb of pure white marble, erected at the expense of the Prince Regent in 1819, only the father is alluded to by his royal title, though almost every account of this monument wrongly declares that Charles Edward and Henry Stuart are likewise named as kings in the inscription; as a matter of fact the three empty titles of James the Third, Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth are engraved only on the three sepulchral urns which are preserved below in the Grotte Vaticane, or crypt of old St. Peter's, now rarely shown to strangers. It is pleasant to linger here a few moments in the incense-scented atmosphere listening to the distant singing of the papal choir and reflecting on the personal charm, the ill-luck, and the incapacity of these Stuart princes and of the extraordinary devotion their cause inspired. Nor should we omit to visit Maria Clementina's monument, which is visible only a few paces from the tomb of her husband and sons, consisting of a draped sarcophagus in porphyry above which a Genius holds aloft a mosaic medallion portrait of the queen with high powdered hair adorned with pearls. This theatrical cenotaph was executed by Bracchi at the expense of Pope Benedict the Fourteenth, and on this incident Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, during a visit to Rome many years afterwards, contrived to build up a ridiculous story of a love intrigue between the Pope and the unhappy wife of the Old Chevalier. Poor Clementina Stuart! She was undoubtedly bigoted and hot-headed, but no breath of scandal had ever touched her name until Lady Mary's posthumous logic revealed the hidden secret of her disappointed miserable life.

HERBERT M. VAUGHAN.

MILK

THE total number of deaths in England and Wales during 1904 was 549,393. Of this number 137,490—practically one-fourth of the whole—were of children under one year. Further examination of these figures shows that half of the children died from preventable diseases, among which diarrhoea was accountable for over 28,000 deaths. Such is the lamentable story to be gathered from statistics, which further inform us that efforts are being made by leaflets, lady health-visitors, and the supervision of the milk-supply to remove or remedy the ignorance and prejudice which have been responsible for the greater portion of this death-roll.

This is the powerful indictment which we have to lay against the present supply and handling of milk—that it is responsible for an enormous amount of preventable mortality, and what makes the matter so deplorable is that it almost entirely arises from a want of sufficient knowledge as to the proper treatment of the matter on the part of the consumer. Before we can hope for the slightest improvement in the present rate of infant mortality we shall have to inculcate a more careful adherence to sanitary methods on the part both of the producer and consumer. It may as well be stated at once that, whatever evils may be produced by the consumption by infants of milk in too great quantities or at improper temperatures, the main cause of the loss of so large a number of young lives is—dirt. Let it be written in letters of flame if possible—dirt. It is not necessarily solid, tangible matter, but of a kind far more dangerous, because so much more insidious, that sort of defilement which creeps into milk in the form of disease-germs or dust, owing to a want of proper protection against such contamination.

A highly interesting and important paper was read upon this subject before the British Medical Association at Oxford in July,

1904, by Dr. Newman, the Medical Officer of Health for Finsbury. In this paper he drew attention to the number of diseases which might be conveyed through the medium of milk, and mentioned several outbreaks which had been traced without difficulty to this source. Among such diseases were mentioned typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, sore throat, epidemic diarrhoea, and tuberculosis—surely an imposing array. If it were proved, as there is little doubt it can be, that only one or two of these diseases are commonly conveyed through milk, very good ground would be presented for examining minutely the present condition of the milk-supply, and for trying to find some way in which the lamentable loss of infant life might be prevented.

In order to understand properly the present state of affairs, and to see how it has arisen that the danger has only lately become so startlingly prominent, it will be necessary to take a short survey of the milk trade during the last half-century. The first thing which we notice on taking such a survey is the change in distribution of the population. Great as have been the effects of this alteration in many other directions, it can be maintained that these effects have been felt to their fullest extent in the matter of milk and its supply. We have heard a great deal lately about physical deterioration—it has even been thought worthy of a commission of enquiry—but it would seem as if among all the agencies at work which tend to produce such deterioration none had a more potent influence than the milk-supply. The connection may at first sight appear to be a little far-fetched, but it is not so in reality.

A century ago the population of England and Wales was nearly nine millions, of which total about sixteen per cent. lived in the large towns; in 1904 the population was thirty-three millions, of whom nearly sixty per cent. lived in the large towns. This change is the immediate result of the downfall of agriculture, with the consequent inability on the part of the land to support the large number of labourers and their families who formerly obtained a living from it. The great fall in the price of cereals was the immediate cause of a large quantity of land going out of cultivation, and being replaced by grass; and this change led to the rural exodus, with its consequent disturbance of the distribution of population. Every one of those families which formerly lived on the land had been large consumers of milk; milk and bread had been their staple foods. The exodus to the towns

altered all this, and not only directly affected those who left the country, but produced its indirect effect upon those who remained behind. The reason was as follows.

In olden days the greater part of the milk produced was used in the districts which produced it, with the result that it was consumed at once and before it had time to deteriorate. This fact is liable to be overlooked by those who argue that milk is the same as it always was, and that what was good enough to produce the sturdy generations of yeomen of earlier days is good enough for our generation. Those yeomen drank fresh milk; we do not. The great increase of population in the towns gave rise to a large demand for milk, which was supplied from the country districts. At first dairymen in the neighbourhood of the towns were capable of meeting all the calls made upon them, but little by little other districts further away from the large centres were brought under contribution, until to-day we find a large quantity of milk coming from places a hundred or even two hundred miles away. The result is, of course, a journey of many hours' duration before the milk reaches the consumer. This, even with every precaution, would tend to render the article inferior as a food, and, in the case of the milk being impure, would render it absolutely poisonous on reaching its destination. This is the vital difference in the position to-day. Absolute cleanliness was not so essential when the milk was consumed at the source, and before a sufficient time had elapsed to allow the dirt and bacteria to do their work. But to-day milk of the same quality, forced to undergo a long journey and to become subjected to the most undesirable changes, has produced results which should have been foreseen, which are still preventable, and which must be remedied if the present physical deterioration of the race is to be arrested.

Undoubtedly the most important phase of the milk question is in connection with the feeding of infants. Very little can be done to raise the physical standard of the present generation, therefore we must turn all our attention to that which is just entering upon life. All our leading medical men have urged again and again that nothing can take the place of natural rearing, but there are, of course, cases in which a substitute must be found. So soon as the ordinary milk of the cow is used we are confronted with complications, and of these the two most difficult to deal with are malnutrition and diarrhœa. The latter alone concerns us

here, for in the majority of cases it is the direct result either of improper feeding or unwholesome milk. Space will not permit me to enter upon a discussion of the methods of feeding in vogue, nor is it necessary. There are many excellent works on the subject in which the matter is treated in full. But it is desirable to point out, and to urge with every argument at my command, that a great many of the cases of illness are the result of impure milk, or of milk which has undergone fermentation. Another very common cause of it is the use of unclean receptacles and bottles ; I will refer to this presently when I come to deal with methods of prevention.

So soon as a little light began to dawn on the subject (and chiefly impelled probably by the fact that a large quantity of milk was returned as unfit for use) the milk-producer set himself to discover some method by which his milk might be enabled to stand the necessary railway journey, and arrive at its destination before any undesirable changes could take place, or, if they had taken place meanwhile, before they could be noticed. This led to the practice of introducing "preservatives" into milk, the effect of which was to delay fermentation. The remedy was worse than the disease. A report on the subject, signed by Dr. Bernard Dyer, was presented to the Essex County Council, and from it I take the following pregnant sentences :

But a short time since a sample of milk drawn under the Sale of Food and Drugs Act in the county was found to contain as much as 24 grains of boric acid per pint, and, although such heavy quantities as this are happily of exceptional occurrence, a considerable number of the samples of milk taken under the Sale of Food and Drugs Act within the county are found to contain the preservatives in varying quantities. We are all distinctly of opinion that milk containing boric acid, formalin, or any other preservative, is not to be regarded as of the nature, substance, and quality of genuine milk, and that cases of its sale should be dealt with accordingly.

This extract, to which any number of similar instances might be added, gives us some idea of the prevalence of preservatives in milk. The report objects to the use of preservatives upon the ground that milk containing them is not of the nature of genuine milk. While I fully agree with this opinion, I have other reasons equally cogent against the use of preservatives. Firstly, there is no limit to their employment, so that by the time the milk is delivered it may be extremely poisonous. The producer puts in a small quantity of preservative before the

milk starts on its journey ; the purveyor in the town adds a small quantity ; and, finally, the retailer follows suit. Imagine the state of the *milk* when it reaches its destination !

But there is a second objection to the use of preservatives, which seems to me even stronger. It is this : instead of attacking the evil—the impurity of the milk—at its source, the use of preservatives enables the seller, by a dangerous but effective expedient, to conceal its deficiencies. Therefore, even if there were no other radical objections to the use of preservatives, there would always be this one. No advance could ever be made in any direction unless the forces which were working in opposition were first brought to light and then neutralised. And as I laid it down at the beginning that dirt—in some form or other, whether it be labelled as dust, bacteria, or preservative—is the giant in the path of progress, so I contend that everything which assists in the concealment of the offence is objectionable and should be forbidden by law.

The objections to the use of preservatives led to the system of sterilisation. This consisted merely in heating the milk to a certain temperature at which it was found that the majority of disease-producing germs were destroyed. The idea was a clever one, and could probably be employed with great advantage in the case of any other substance but milk. You cannot heat milk to a high temperature without radically affecting its composition. Moreover, there is very good reason to believe that there are certain ferments present in milk, just as there are in some other foods, which are destroyed by subjection to unusual heat. Therefore you are faced with the problem, that though by boiling the milk you may kill bacteria, you are at the same time injuring it as a food. The subject has been discussed by Dr. V. Vincent. In *THE NUTRITION OF THE INFANT* he says :

As the use of boiled or sterilised milk has become more general, the results have been far from what was expected, and the injurious effects are being frequently demonstrated. . . . The exposure of milk to heat is attended with various alterations in the character of the milk, and as these are of the first importance in reference to infant feeding, the character of these reactions must be recognised. Moreover, no amount of pasteurisation or sterilisation can convert an unclean milk into a clean one. These processes have no action on the toxins already formed in milk by the action of bacteria. Boiling the milk when received in the house may kill the micro-organisms, but it cannot remove these poisons. . . . The author has seen many cases of gastric and intestinal disturbance arising from the

toxins present in pasteurised and sterilised milk. . . . But the most serious objection to sterilisation is that it irretrievably injures the food of the infant, definitely destroying vital elements essential to nutrition.

There could be no clearer and more forcible expression of opinion on the disadvantages of sterilisation than this by one of our leading authorities on the feeding of infants.

I cannot refrain from referring to an article by Dr. Ostertag which appeared in the Danish monthly REVIEW FOR VETERINARY SURGEONS for August last year. Dr. Ostertag observes that in the course of the last fifteen years it has been repeatedly proposed in Germany that a law should be passed that all milk should be pasteurised. Against this proposal it was at first objected that it would be impossible to carry it out, and also that there were other objections on sanitary grounds. It is now believed that if milk is pasteurised its condition is so altered that instead of being an article of nourishment it is a source of danger; and Dr. Ostertag says that he does not believe there exists at the present time any expert who will recommend the heating of all milk offered for sale, and that, on the contrary, efforts are directed towards producing the milk under such conditions that it may be consumed raw even by infants.

And now let us pause for a moment to take stock of the position. While it has been granted that milk and its treatment need alteration, objection has been taken to the use of preservatives and also to the practice of sterilisation. We would seem to be in a very bad way. So impressed have some of our local authorities been with the urgency of the question that they have taken the milk-supply of their particular towns into their own hands. They have opened what are known as "milk depots," where milk suitable for feeding children and invalids is dispensed at a moderate price. But the weakness of this system became speedily apparent. The milk was handled in excellent fashion *after* it had reached the depot, but no one could tell what had happened to it *before* that time. Therefore a demand was made that the local authority should also take upon itself the production of milk, in order that it might be able to supervise the whole process from start to finish. Thus we find municipal dairies in process of establishment, and I cannot but think that in progress of time force of circumstances will compel these municipalities to extend this department still further, until at length they have completely ousted the individual dairy-farmer. This is a very strong objec-

tion to a municipal milk-supply. It cannot be right that a whole body of men should be deprived of their livelihood until every other method has been tried and has failed. Moreover, it is almost a necessity that these municipal dairies should be located in the town itself, and it cannot be expected that milk produced in such surroundings can ever be at all comparable with that produced from cows of the same class in the country.

But I have not come thus far, after upsetting every expedient hitherto devised, without any intention of suggesting some alternative. There is only one remedy for the present state of things, and this consists in retracing our steps, giving up these false ideas as regards preservatives and sterilisation, and simply insisting upon adherence to a system which, if it had been formerly maintained, would have rendered all such expedients unnecessary—greater cleanliness, and cleanliness not only in the transit of milk to its destination and in its subsequent management, but at the very source, before, at, and after milking. And as example is better than precept I propose to give as briefly as possible an account of the whole process from start to finish, and to show what precautions must be observed if pure, wholesome milk is to be obtained.

Provision must be made for a proper supply long before the first drop of milk has made its appearance. Only healthy cows should be admitted into the milking herd. They should be examined periodically, and any which show the smallest signs of weakness or disease should be dismissed from the herd. The milkers should themselves be healthy, should be clean in person, and should be instructed in the rudiments of hygiene. Before a drop is drawn the flanks and udder of every cow should be wiped with a damp cloth, so that particles of dirt or hairs may be prevented from falling into the milk. If possible a milk-pail should be used fitted with a gauze-wire strainer: One dairy in Denmark goes so far as to provide pails with a double bottom, in the lower part of which a mixture of ice and salt is placed in order to cool the milk immediately it is drawn.

The first few streams from each teat should be thrown away. The bacteria found in milk are mostly congregated near the opening of each teat, and therefore are washed out by the first milk drawn, and should never be allowed entrance into the milk-pail. Milking should be carried out quietly, quickly, and thoroughly, for only by this means will all the cream or fat in the milk be extracted. The last half-gallon contains the greater proportion of

the fat, and therefore it will be understood how important it is that every drop of milk should be drawn if its quality is to be of the best. So soon as milking is finished the yield of each cow should be weighed, and the milk must then be taken to the refrigerator to be cooled to as low a temperature as possible. There is an innovation lately introduced which should prove of very great benefit to dairy-farmers, by which milk can be scalded and cooled by the same machine at one operation. The milk is first passed over the upper portion of the machine, by which it becomes heated to about 160 degs., whence it passes to the refrigerator or brining machine and is cooled to 40-45 degs. If these two processes are properly and thoroughly carried out the milk is enabled to undergo a long journey and to arrive quite sweet at its destination.

It is desirable that whenever possible the cows should be milked in the open air. However clean and well-aired the cow-house may be it can never approximate to the freshness and purity of the open air. The greatest amount of freedom possible is also desirable for the cows themselves, for not only does this tend to produce a sound digestion and therefore milk of better quality, but where there is any tendency to tuberculosis, as is unfortunately the case with a large percentage of dairy cattle, pure air and sunlight assist in keeping this tendency in abeyance.

All utensils employed in the handling and distribution of milk should be kept absolutely clean. This should not be taken to mean that they are to be rinsed out with cold water; the process should be taken a step further. The utensil should be first rinsed in cold, then washed in boiling water, and, lastly, rinsed in cold water once more. Unless cold water is used in the first case the milk adhering to the sides of the vessel would be coagulated by the hot water and the utensil could not be properly cleansed. All babies' bottles, mouthpieces, and tubes must undergo a similar treatment, and if they can be scalded in steam so much the better. Long tubes or corrugated mouthpieces are objectionable, for they cannot fail to harbour particles of stale milk, which, on the bottle being refilled for another meal, immediately affect the freshness of the new liquid. Lastly, the cans used for transporting the milk by rail should be locked, so that the contents may not be tampered with in transit, and the truck in which the cans are carried should be in the nature of a cold chamber.

If these simple but necessary points are properly attended to nearly all that is humanly possible will have been done to render milk free from disease germs, and capable after a long journey of arriving fresh and wholesome at its destination. Once there, it should be treated with equal care. It should not be permitted to stand in an open vessel upon the shop counter, exposed not only to dust and flies, but also to the countless swarms of bacteria with which the air is continually permeated ; nor should it stand in some kitchen or pantry exposed to air at a high temperature. Proper cool chambers should be provided in all cases, and the receptacles for holding the supply should possess proper covers of fine gauze-wire or muslin. When the milk is in bottles there is no better form of stopper than a plug of cotton-wool, as this prevents the entrance of all germs.

Once let us obtain clean milk, so that we may use it in its pure state for infants and invalids without fear of any bad results, and the problem is solved. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind, after a long practical acquaintance with the dairy business, that such a consummation can be secured. At the same time great effort will be needed to overcome the foolish prejudice on the part of the labourer against what he considers mere "crankiness." He must be taught that cleanliness is essential and dirt in any form poison ; but so soon as this belief has been instilled into his mind, and theory and practice work hand in hand, milk will at last take its proper position as pre-eminent among all foods, the first to welcome man's beginning and the last, often enough, to soothe his end.

H. L. PUXLEY.

ON THE DECAY OF PAVEMENT-ARTISTS

TIME was when the Pavement-Artist was, in truth, an artist on the pavement. Now like your more conventional genius of colour and line he works on canvas. He was wont to move from place to place carrying his rare creations in his brain. Now he is moved on by the Law's majesty, or mayhap by his greed of gain, bearing the evidences of his degradation visible with him. He moves them bodily (they have no spirit), and deposits them in a new position as he listeth.

He has conquered the seasons, but his birthright is departed. A gravel walk will nourish him as erstwhile naught but the fairest flagging was able. Even the grim guardians of the Law had a respect for him. They conceded to him a right. They glanced at his pictures and passed on. He was for them no casual loiterer ; his profession was no mask for felonious intentions ; he was the chartered libertine of the Pavement.

His successor exists on sufferance. In some obscure back passage, out of the busy torrent of hurrying humanity, occasionally is he afforded a tolerance. His forerunner seized existence as a right, and it was not denied to him. The modern representative, degenerate as he is, cowers under disdainful reproof, and clings to the grudging gift afforded him.

The Pavement-Artist, as we knew him, is no more. He has stepped down into line with those of the Academy schools and those, in their medium, he cannot rival. Vain hope, and for what an end ! All the bright mysteries which the inequalities of his background had heightened the smoothness of his canvas has dissipated. Their charm is gone, the naïveté and freshness flown, brushed off as the waxy bloom from a fingered fruit.

When we were young it was often our happy fortune to watch, growing under the stumps of dull-coloured chalk, the brightest visions. Time was not so precious then ; or rather should it be said, in the words of another, it was not then

money ; it was opportunity for enjoyment, for self-development, for culture. We could spend it lavishly and be thereby not impoverished but enriched. As we stood we could see gradually appear a plate bearing a slice of salmon, the rosy flesh contrasting vividly with the silver-grey scales ; or perhaps a mid-day flash of ships set with glistening sails on the finest blue waters. Our young hearts leaped for the sea, or the moors, in response to the evocation of his magic touch. Sometimes a portrait of some popular hero charmed by its verisimilitude. Nelson, with his empty coat-sleeve,—he was recognisable without the name, almost without the cocked hat ! Often the portrait had no name ; how triumphant we, knowing it !

It is no more ; the glamour is gone ; the glory is departed. A dull-faced man sits by the dozen or so of oblong pictures which he has carried there. He is uninterested ; as if in spite of himself, he appears ashamed. Look at his diffident air ; how he crouches hardly daring to implore our largess. A cracked china saucer holds his few pennies, that should have been displayed proudly upon a pictured plate standing up bold in all the glory of perspective and shadow. Even the canvases are huddled against the wall. Their owner knows that did we smudge them he could not repair them, for all the tray of gaudy chinks by his side. He did not execute them. None ever saw him use the colours. He is an impostor.

The race of Pavement-Artists is dead ; a whole species has gone under ; only a melancholy swirl, a sub-eddy of the foot-paths remains. And with them has departed one of the delights of our childhood. We pity the poor children of to-day who know them not and who never knew them ; who can conjure up no happy memories of the past. Vanished is the fraternity into that limbo where are stored so many impressions, such rare dreams, such vivid memories of a time never more to return.

That there is some such place who shall deny ? Whether it is situated at the back of the moon or in some less frigid spot who can tell ? What a glorious treasure-house must it be ! There shall we find our first impressions of the rainbow with its crook of fairy gold. And there (who can gainsay it ?) the angels of our emblematical Heaven pacing the grassy alleys of overburdened vineyards. They discourse the most ravishing of celestial music upon instruments whose forms we recognise, though we know not their names.

And in that limbo will be found things not so pleasant ; trolls and malevolent sprites. Perhaps, even, if we be but acute enough, the hooped foot and forked tail of an ancient enemy may appear. Let us away ! Though even the terrifiers of our infancy will be welcome, now we believe in nothing.

It is with a feeling of awe and of wonderment that we walk the enchanted land. We gaze around ; we miss something. Has he not yet been translated, that being who was wont to impart to us the charms of a whole orchestra at once, he whose presence could be felt in the vibrations of his big drum long before and long after he was made known to our auditory organs ? Or does he linger still in out-of-the-way places to enlighten the ingenuous rustic youth of the present generation ? It must be ; he is not here.

Alas that the Pavement-Artist too should be gone where but few may follow. It is a dispensation the most mysterious. Yet was there always to our mind an air of mystery about these beings. They never seemed to arrive. It would happen that early one morning we would pass and there was none there ; and on our returning he was established. Half his pictures were there, and two or three were unfinished, in process of completion. They never attained it ; there was always one unfinished. It was a beautiful way of earning bread ; a brave, open-air way.

Then we would pass again when he had gone. A smudge of colour remained, pattered upon, perhaps, by the raindrops. Green blended out of yellow and blue, washes of red, blurs of purple ; here and there a streak of white, remains of the arabesques that framed in our delights. And we would stand over the ruin, and perchance by exercise of some great imaginative effort decipher one of those pictures over whose proportions our eye had so lovingly wandered a while back. But of the Master there was no trace.

In what shall the reason for the decay of Pavement-Artists be found ? In degeneration of artistic taste or in stress of competition ? Is it a symptom of our modern wave of intense commercialism driving before it the more graceful and spacious occupations ? Or shall it be attributed merely to the utilitarianism of a progressive age which has banished one by one the traces of picturesqueness from our lives ?

Whatever be the reason, it is a sad reflection, and mankind is a loser.

THE POSITION OF THE VOLUNTEER OFFICER

IN these days the Press is inundated with schemes for the training of the Volunteer Army, but most of them either make an impossible demand on the spare time of the citizen or do not ensure the military value of the various units according to the demands of modern war. It seems difficult to find the golden mean, that mean which will give us a powerful force, taught its work in the time that can be spared from the civil vocations of the individuals composing it.

But a sign has appeared that one great essential for a national force is being recognised, however slowly. Whether or no the scheme set forth in Mr. Arnold Forster's speech at Hanwell on Nov. 28th last year is ever acted on, it is evident that the leaders of public thought are beginning to recognise the importance of elasticity. This is the longest step forward made since the special service companies went to South Africa. As yet, however, there has been no other sign showing a recognition of a fact no less important, that no force can be efficient unless its officers are thoroughly trained. The most useful class of volunteer officers are busy men; in fact, it seems almost a rule that the busier they are in civil life the better officers they make. The grit that makes them busy men at any time is brought with them into volunteer matters, but it is evident that without elastic conditions of service we shall have to deny ourselves the use of much of that grit. The most patriotic-minded man has to earn his bread and butter, and in these days there are many safety-valves for superfluous energy, which, failing a transcendental sense of public duty, will direct its course along the line of least resistance. If the secretary of a golf-club offers less resistance than the Secretary of State for War he will obtain the use of more of this superfluous energy. The principle of

elasticity is needed throughout the whole force, as regards both its organisation and the training of its officers.

For the better understanding of the word elasticity, as applied in a military sense, a simile may be taken from railway management. For a light engine a pressure of, to use round numbers, one hundred pounds to the square inch may be sufficient to move it about, whilst four hundred are required when it is called on to do the work it was built for. Until it is working, or about to work, you do not go to the expense in coal of keeping up a high pressure. But you keep the machinery in easy-running condition, and, because the engine is light, you do not put an unskilled man on the foot-plates.

The analogy between this and military matters is seen if the light engine is allowed to represent an army in peace-time, while the working one reflects the military strength of the nation in time of war. Without losing sight of the fact that a day of work is before it in the future, the military engine in peace-time must be economical and do its running when the lines are clear. These lines may be held to represent the private interests of the citizens, which must give way to the working engine but only carry the light one during spare time. Not only in the organisation of forces but in the manning of them is this principle of elasticity essential, because this spare time, being an inconstant quantity, cannot be used to the fullest extent by inflexible regulations. To do this they must be so elastic as to make available for the national service the most time a hard-worked man can give, as well as the fruits of the labour a man of leisure puts into his hobby. All spare time can be made use of because in the event of a grave national emergency the least trained man is of more value than the totally untrained one, not only from the point of view of food for powder, but because the very fact that a man has ever worn a uniform influences his opinion and directs it in what all true Britons would call the right way.

In a standing army elasticity is desirable. In a national force it is imperative. And this type of military force is undoubtedly the one of the future. Modern war is not waged by armies, but by peoples in arms. So great are the numbers engaged that they cannot be represented by standing armies, for even the richest nations could not bear such a drain on their labour-markets in time of peace. The huge size of the armies of to-day need not be deprecated by lovers of peace, for it is really the surest

guarantee of peace. No longer do kings fight for the sake of ambition, using their own paid servants, a mere fraction of their nation; now the manhood of one land goes out against that of another, and it is the will of that manhood which either declares war or stands up to defend its interests. So long as these interests clash there will be nations nurtured on an aggressive spirit, and so long as any land possesses anything worth stealing there will be thieves ready to take it. Lovers of peace will better effect their purpose by combating international thievish spirit than by crying for reduced armaments before the moral state of the world is ready for them.

The present volunteer force makes no attempt to enlist the services of the hard-worked man. It presupposes the existence of a larger leisured class than there really is. Still it would produce a force adequate to the needs of home defence, so far as a second line behind the navy is concerned, if it possessed the great essential for any engine whether light or heavy-laden, a trained engineer on the foot-plates.

To the volunteer force the officer is the trained engineer. Without him it cannot act, and on his skill depends the real usefulness of the force in the day when it is called on to justify its existence. But modern war allows no trial runs. He will have to lead his men into action as he is, with no time given over to previous practice, a few days after hostilities are declared, and we must bear in mind the modern rule that has relieved diplomats of the duty of declaring war. Diplomatic procedure has given way to the torpedo attack.

As the time spent in camp is increased the officer becomes more skilled in leading his company, in tactical operations of a mild form, in camp routine, and generally in what is really but the elementary part of an officer's work. If he is an enthusiast he adds private study to practice in camp. But it is evident that we cannot afford to depend on enthusiasm too much. At this moment the regulations do not give us such a body of trained, thoughtful leaders as will make the engine run well, even when it is a light one.

In war-time there would be no practical difference between the work of a volunteer officer and that of a regular. A very short visit to a training centre would make it clear that the Army Council is not in doubt as to whether it is necessary for a regular officer to have much practice before he has to lead troops in earnest,

even when these are composed of trained men. But the volunteer is expected to face the still harder task of leading partially trained men without a tithe of the regular's practice, and with none of his grounding in theory. As a volunteer he cannot expect to have the same opportunities for practice, but, to compensate for this, if he is to be an officer at all he must have better chances of learning the theory of war than it is possible for him to have in the ordinary volunteer corps. To lead a section of twenty-five men to-day requires more skill than sufficed to lead a thousand in Marlborough's day, yet we do not give the volunteer officer the opportunity, except at great expense to himself, of being more efficient than a company leader who fought at Blenheim.

A few years ago we fought two little states with a population hardly equal to that of some of our English counties. Before that war could be finished we had to put men down on the veldt who could neither ride nor shoot, and to give them for officers other men who were called on to face the hardest trials of the soldier's trade before they had even learnt the A.B.C. of it. These men manfully wrestled with the impossible, and, when circumstances prevented them acting as soldiers in any other way, showed often that they could die as such. Eventually we gained our ends in the war, but at the expense of our military prestige. For what nation can be respected, as one that takes its national life seriously, which deliberately permits its citizens to go and lead others into the jaws of death in its service, without any preparation for that high calling? And we should have to do the same to-morrow if war broke out. The British nation has not yet learnt that an officer must be a skilled man, or else he is more likely to do harm than good, if it believes that any scheme which does not start by providing well-trained officers will give us a real volunteer army.

If Lord Roberts succeeds in making us a nation of riflemen the volunteer private of the next decade has found his prophet. The boy shooting in the school shed with an air-gun is an embryo volunteer, and the force will no longer be asked to run before it can walk. Where is the embryo officer? He must be learning other things besides shooting, and as he has more to learn so must he start even earlier to work.

At present the volunteer officers can play their part sufficiently well to conform with the regulations by doing little more than the privates do. Fortunately for the volunteer service many of

them do a great deal more, or else the system would have broken down long ago. Still many officers are not a bit better drilled than their men, and their knowledge of field work, if rather more extensive, is very far behind the requirements of modern war, which does not wait for either men or officers to learn their duty.

Under the present system a young officer comes to a battalion to be trained bringing with him a varying amount of general education, and plenty of good will. But this good will can only be made use of in the spare time his civil work allows him. How much spare time has the ordinary young man of the professional classes? This is a busy world, and men must live. If a man of this class takes up playing the piano, and not volunteering, as a hobby, at the age of twenty-two, is there much chance of his becoming an expert? Very little, unless in his youth he has been grounded in the elementary part of music sufficiently to make it possible for him later to work by himself in his spare time. If the volunteer officer's present system of work was putting into practice the results of an early training which made it possible to derive the fullest benefits from reading, it would suffice. But it is not. It is the moulding of the raw material, not the finishing of it off.

Many volunteer officers finish themselves off in a manner which is highly creditable to them and which makes us hopeful of the spirit of the nation. It also leads us to picture with an appreciative eye the results on the force of our instituting such establishments as West Point, and the College at Kingston, Canada.

Supposing that, instead of dubbing young professional men officers by a stroke of the pen and then relying on their individual interests and abilities for the production of something more than civilians dressed in uniform, we brought military knowledge into secondary education, and gave rewards for good leaving certificates. Supposing that we undertook to pay a man £50 a year for five years if he passed an examination in the necessary subjects, and undertook to be an efficient volunteer officer for that period. Let him then pass another test before renewing his engagement for another five years. A scholarship of the amount mentioned is a good deal to a young fellow just beginning life, and it would be well worth the attention both of parents starting their sons, and of the councils of educational establishments. On the other hand, by such a scheme we should educate our officers in

their youth at the time when all elementary work must begin, if advanced subjects, such as company-leading, are ever to be successfully tackled. It would also disseminate military knowledge, and educate public opinion in the requirements of useful forces, which might bring about a more efficient and less costly army system, and enable responsible ministers to make national strategy go hand in hand with national policy. Also it would assist in the forming of a reserve of officers, into which graduates could be passed if they did not engage to serve longer than the first period of five years. Enrolment in a cadet corps could be made compulsory, and in vacation time aspirant officers could be attached to regular battalions, or to army-training establishments. There is no need to fear that this would be working them too hard. The volunteer officer comes of a class which knows how to work, expects to work, and does not wish to be soft-soldered on inspection-day or to be given an idle time at classes of instruction.

So long as vacation work is insisted on this plan would be better, and more to our national tastes, as well as being less expensive, than institutions on the lines of West Point. A thorough military training is not needed for a man who is going to be an auxiliary officer, and it might militate against his making the most of his opportunities in civil life. But it should be so contrived that while he looks on his civil profession as his first consideration, he is brought to regard his military duties as the second. We do not want sport, games or other hobbies sandwiched between the two. Men of limited means cannot do everything, and if volunteering is to become a mere device for killing moments invulnerable to other enemies of time it is of no use to the country.

It is the fashion now to decry our love for games. That the use of them can become abuse is true, but people are apt to forget the part they play in forming what is essential for a leader of men, force of character. It is quite easy to understand why a young man prefers to play a game rather than drill in a hall. He is practising what he learnt the rudiments of, and perhaps was efficient in, at school. He is repaid for his trouble by the admiration of his friends and the satisfaction of getting the better, or of having the chance of doing so, of someone else. The majority of volunteer officers never do more than blunder over the dull elementary part of military work, and few admire

them for doing it. Can any contrast be greater for a young fellow not animated by a superhuman sense of patriotism?

Our fondness for games is a sure evidence that we are a people capable of combining into parties for the purpose of proving our skill at anything worth being skilled in. The *esprit de corps* inculcated in our school-days lasts throughout our lives, and is responsible for much of the same spirit in the Army. It is that which is most wanted in the volunteer force. The machinery is already in the race, all we have to do is to put it in motion. Give our young men the chance of becoming as efficient in soldiering as they are at cricket and football by the age of twenty-one, and the energy now used in the one direction, or at any rate a sufficient portion of it, will soon change its course for the other. That is, get the elementary part done at school and trust to the pride most men take in doing anything in which they excel for the rest. Ask any regular officer who takes a pride in the handling of his company how long he took to learn his work. Perhaps ten years of hard work, after he had done a stiff course under the adjutant immediately following a long study of theory for his entrance examination. The further he advanced in his art the keener he grew. Is it possible for anybody to remain keen if he never gets beyond the A.B.C.? Yet we expect the volunteer officer to work enthusiastically, not only without pay, but at much personal expense, at what the regular soldier regards as the dullest part of his profession. And we all hate being in the false position of having to make the best of work which we have never had a fair chance of learning. The real cause for wonder is that so many come forward to try it, and it is in this that the great hope for an efficient force is found.

The existing system admirably suited the time of the Brown Bess, but is out of date in these days of magazine-rifles. However willing they are, men have now no time for their volunteer work, if this is ever to be up to modern requirements. If the force was officered by a leisured class it would be different, but it is not so, and it is forced by the circumstances to surrender some part of its volunteer nature.

The knowledge of an officer's duties is of no advantage to the citizen as an individual. He cannot lead troops of his own on private enterprises. That kind of knowledge is a State asset, and only of use to the State. Therefore if the State wants this knowledge it should pay for it, or else it certainly will not get it,

for these are days of easily found distraction, when security of national life tends to make us follow our own inclinations rather than serve a public, which appears neither to be in any immediate danger nor to appreciate being served. It would be worth our while to reduce the establishment of the volunteer force by half if we spent the money so saved in raising a class of efficient officers. And it is not difficult to adapt the established love of games to warlike uses if we make the advantages of the one as apparent as those of the other, and remember the facts that the older we get the more we hate learning, and that a young man must earn his bread and butter. To expect good work out of the present system is about as reasonable as to expect a lawyer, who takes up surgery as a hobby, to cut one's leg off and to make a good job of it. The sick we have always with us, so we recognise the doctor as a scientific man. Let us hope we are not waiting for a disaster to make us realise that the officer, either volunteer or regular, in whose hands lie life and death and national honour and safety, is also a scientific man, and in need of training like the other.

The writer of this article is just finishing a period of five years as a volunteer adjutant, during which time he can honestly claim to have taken the volunteer officer often more seriously than that gentleman does himself, and to have been in sympathy with him, regarding him as the military leader of the future. During this time he has met many volunteers, both in his battalion and on staff tours, etc. He has compared notes, too, with many other adjutants. His final opinion, whatever it may be worth, is that few men now-a-days have the time to learn a volunteer officer's work, and to earn their livelihood as well. It is only by effecting a compromise between these two necessities that we can ever get the pick of the middle class, the most virile class of any. In manhood the struggle for existence is hard, and youth remains as the only time for that elementary instruction which makes possible matured thought and deep studies in after days.

LAUGHTER IN COURT

TOWARDS the end of a busy day in the Law Courts, not very long ago, a small group of men stood in one of the dimly-lighted corridors, on the King's Bench side, discussing the incidents of the sitting. The cause-list had been a more than usually interesting one, both from the legal and the social aspects, and one case in particular had attracted a special share of attention, because the nature of the issues and the personality of the litigants had given promise of an entertaining hearing. The action was now over, and the following reference to it by the little knot of professionals and laymen was overheard.

Well, how did the case go on? There was plenty of fun, I suppose.

Fun! not a bit. It was dismal and not worth listening to. The judge didn't make a single joke.

Why, how is that? Didn't it come before Justice X?

No, worse luck. He would have got some fun out of it. But it was transferred to Justice W.'s court, and W. never made a joke in his life.

To anyone unacquainted with the present-day conduct of some of our courts of law, such a revolutionary sentiment would have sounded shocking. To others it was merely repetition of a very common view to which expression is given every day. Beyond question there is growing a perverted idea of the functions of judges, a disposition to estimate his Lordship's fitness for his office not by the measure of his legal attainments but by his jesting qualities. It is regrettable, but true, that a section of the public turns to certain courts of law, which need not be specifically indicated, for such amusement as is the legitimate function of the music-hall or the circus. That being so, it surely indicates that the law, which once stood as the most solid embodiment of dignity in the British constitution, has somehow gone astray. Where does responsibility rest for this violation of

tradition? Unquestionably with a select few who are themselves administrators of the law, and who have persistently striven for and acquired the distinction of being the accredited wags of the bench.

For many months there has been in progress a mild form of agitation against these self-created humorists. Some of the more sober-minded judges themselves have joined in it, professional journals have lent it their support, and many laymen have espoused it in letters to the Press. Very few have denounced it as unjustified, or ventured to applaud these blithesome outbursts from the bench. It is not necessary to dwell upon the personalities that have been introduced. Names have been mentioned without restraint, and they are the names of clever, acute and just administrators of the law, but no purpose is to be served by introducing them in an article which attempts to deal with the subject broadly. It is but right, however, to disclaim association with the views of those who would have it believed that the judges who have entered their protest against indiscriminate joking on the bench are actuated by weak motives. No public servants as a body are less jealous of each other, or more generous in their acknowledgment of personal merit in their ranks, than his Majesty's judges, and there has ever been a kindly note in their admonition.

Two baleful effects are traceable to unregulated and systematic joking on the bench—loss of dignity, and waste of public time in places where delay and procrastination have become proverbial. In regard to loss of dignity there is perhaps a little to be said of a negative character, for it would be an ill compliment to pay to the law to hold it of such sorry substance that it cannot withstand the peculiarities and faults of any single judge or any half-dozen of judges. "It is satisfactory to know," said a writer many years ago, "that respect and veneration for our judicial tribunals do not depend upon any sentimental feelings, but on the moral influence which tends to righteous discharge of their duties by the judges." Be our judges but honest and fair in their decisions they may, it is true, display many defects in other directions without seriously imperilling the dignity of their calling. Yet, while all agree that the real dignity of the law lies in its justice, its strength, its honesty, which are unaffected by personal eccentricities, it is none the less obvious that any departure from dignified methods may tend to create harmful impressions upon the less intelligent

classes who view the law and its administration with some hostility.

Even the symbols of the law, wigs, gowns, halberd-men, and so on, grotesque as they may sometimes seem, serve a useful purpose, and could not be abandoned without prejudice. They rest upon tradition, and tradition has a mysterious power that it would be dangerous in this instance to seek to impair. It is seemly that the law should be dignified, and it may sustain its dignity without requiring of its dispensers any unreasonable restraint on personality. In every sphere there must be play of personality. Without it we should be a congregation of mechanical puppets. The solemn visage is the hall-mark of the judge, but to insist upon its presence in every conceivable circumstance would be foolish. Time and circumstance are the guides to its abandonment. There is compensation in the exercise of individuality. Each of us does his best work when the instrument of himself. Far better that a man should be allowed to labour in the spirit with which nature has endowed him than to impose upon him the restraint of alien conduct. Whether his fellows will it or not, he will so work. If the worst that can be said of him is that his temperament inclines to humour, the fault is not a wholly bad one. His judgments will not be less honest for being formulated in a cheerful mind. Courts of law are dull places at best; drowsiness often afflicts them heavily, and energy departs with the absence of interest. The stimulation of a lively passage, be it of language or narrative, is often longed for. When a member of the bar once apologised to Chief Justice Earle for setting the court in a roar with a quip, his Lordship observed, "The Court is very much obliged to any learned gentleman who beguiles the tedium of a legal argument with a little honest hilarity." Very many are of that opinion to-day, for "gentle dulness dearly loves a joke."

It was recently chronicled that a local magistrate was taken to task by the Home Office for making an observation in regard to motorists which was in no sense humorous except on the ground of its extravagance, although its utterance created much laughter amongst listeners. "It would be a good thing if a few motorists were shot," was the amiable sentiment delivered. It is not this, however, to which I would draw attention, but to the view his Worship expressed when the official rebuke reached him.

Observing then that in future he would try to conduct himself with the proverbial solemnity of a judge, he added a regret that a sense of humour appeared to be absent from persons possessed, it might be, of "qualities that were useful, but which perhaps could not be placed on an equal footing with that most excellent gift." With that elevation of the faculty of humour to a high position amongst judicial acquirements I disagree entirely. Although Addison said we would all be wits if we could, and although the judge and the magistrate have more temptation to indulge in witticism than most men could withstand, for litigants and witnesses often unconsciously supply them with the best of material to work upon, yet it is a new theory to advance that facility of jesting is even remotely necessary in a judge. An occasional diversion in appropriate circumstances is entirely pardonable. The judge and the magistrate are, like the rest of us, human beings, and it would be asking of them superhuman qualities to abstain entirely from airy remark which is neither misplaced nor harmful, and, had circumstances and discretion always directed the conduct of our wags of the bench, whether in the police courts or in the higher tribunals, complaint would never have been made, or if made would have been little heeded.

But what are the facts? A rude shock often awaits the man who enters some of our courts with pre-conceived notions of their sobriety. He finds men and women vibrating with laughter and, open-eared, hungering for more amusement, which wig and gown are striving to supply. Below sit the litigants wondering what it all means, and calculating the monetary cost to them of this irrelevant banter. They neither understand nor relish the contest of wits, although the law was made for them, and they have first claim to consideration. They are seeking redress from real or supposed wrongs, or defending their acts. There is no humour in the situation to them. More or less it is a tragedy, a serious epoch in their lives, with fortune, reputation, or even liberty at stake. They are in no mood for jokes; yet the flow of fun goes on continuously. In wit itself there is no merit. Its application gives it worth and value. To evolve a circumstance that shall justify the application is neither effective nor fair. Nevertheless this is positively attempted. That a bid is sometimes made for public favour cannot be denied. There is obvious deliberate preparation of facetious comment to embellish a hearing of which the theme is known beforehand; a "looking round

for applause" and "an itching inclination to be commended." This I have observed on many occasions, and my experience is shared by others. Habitual wags of the bench use an autocratic power. Be their jokes good or bad, they must be received with consuming satisfaction, expressed on sufferance. I have seen a judge do his best to excite his audience to merriment, and instantly threaten to have the court cleared if laughter did not cease. As well accuse the river of perversity in flowing downwards. The act struck me as intensely foolish: a belated effort to hide a piece of jugglery. All wags are prone to appraise their own wit highly, forgetful that every man is a judge of wit unto himself, and that what may send one into hysterics will but lengthen the face of another. When the occasion is congenial joking has an element of danger. When the time is ill-chosen it is decidedly harmful. When, regardless of time and circumstances, it is indulged in for mere self-gratification it is cruel—cruel to the innocent litigant who has to pay for the waste of time, cruel to those who have other business to attend to.

I am well aware there is liability in this matter to construct a mountain out of a molehill. It would be wrong to assume from the bitterness of some critics that from half-past ten in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon his Lordship or his Worship is industriously cracking jokes. Support of that belief may be engendered by newspaper reports, which are necessarily abbreviated and justifiably prepared with a view to the recording of the lighter and more entertaining incidents. The amount of time consumed by waggish interludes is not nearly so great as many people suppose. There may be half a dozen or a dozen quips and quirks distributed over a working day of five hours. He would be a judge of exceptional humour, with exceptional opportunities, who exceeded that number. And in their delivery perhaps as many minutes are absorbed. If time is to be wasted, far better waste it pleasantly than tediously. But it is better still not to waste it at all if waste can by any means be prevented, especially in places where there is already complaint of chronic delay. A passing jest in season no one will decry. But habitual jesting in and out of season is lamentable. Litigants, torn with the anxiety of suspense, professional men, labouring with pressure of work, the public, whose pockets maintain the law and its administrators,—these have a right to complain. No man should be condemned without the power of protest to have his greatest trials turned into

sources of judicial gaiety or of popular amusement. The time is his which he pays for. How often is that elementary fact disregarded !

If the wit dispensed were always of the sparkling kind there would be less disposition to rail against it, even though it wasted valuable time. But let us take a recent example of the kind of thing which passes for judicial humour, and is received in court with laughter and delight. A plaintiff brought an action to recover damages for personal injuries sustained through the upsetting of a waggonette in which he was riding while on a tour in Scotland.

Counsel (to witness) : You say the horses were restive, and looked as if they had had plenty of oats ?

The Judge : Is it not a fact that in Scotland the people eat all the oats ?

Counsel : It used to be so.

The Judge : I gather it from Johnson's dictionary, which says, "Oats, the food of horses in England, and of men in Scotland."

Another witness : The horses were perfectly quiet.

Counsel : As quiet as lambs ?

The Judge : Lambs are not quiet.

Counsel : I mean senile sheep.

When such brilliant wit is to be heard in the Royal Courts of Justice for nothing is it to be wondered at that idlers on whom time hangs wearily wend their way thither, and music-hall proprietors complain of bad business ? For the poor learned counsel there was some excuse ; to have resented his Lordship's joviality might have secured him disfavour. But for the judge there was no disfavour to be feared except perhaps from the contending parties, who of course do not count.

Sober-minded people view the position with excusable alarm. Quite rightly they point to the evil effects of indiscriminate joking upon jurors. The attitude of the judge weighs heavily with these gentlemen, most of them, perhaps, labouring for the first time with new duties. Small matters influence verdicts. The view a serious-minded jury are inclined to take on the merits of a case may be entirely subverted by the mood or the conduct of the judge. If he chooses to treat a matter lightly and frivolously, what wonder if an impressionable jury take the cue and frame their verdict accordingly. Thereby gross injustice may be done to some party seeking justice. An episode in the life of

Mr. Justice Stephen, himself prone at times to wander into realms of irrelevancy, forcibly illustrates how ultimately he came to appreciate this very important bearing of the matter. In a slander action emanating from Billingsgate both judge and counsel for the defence discovered in the strange colloquialisms of that enlightened locality excellent material for the exercise of humour, and for some time the court was kept in hilarious mood by the flow of banter. Fearing that by this diversion the real seriousness of the case was in danger of being overlooked, and that there was a possibility of injury being done to his client, counsel for the prosecution, when his turn came to speak again, made a strong protest. The judge at once saw the error he had committed, and after summing up in favour of the plaintiff, for whom judgment was eventually entered, he handed down to prosecuting counsel the following apologetic little note: "Dear ——, I am very grateful to you for preventing me from doing a great act of injustice."

In one of the last matters heard in the Court of Appeal before the recent Long Vacation, counsel advanced as a substantial ground of appeal the plea that at the trial of the action the jury were led away from the real issue by the amusing cross-examination of his learned opponent "assisted by the learned judge."

Making all allowance for the fact that the issues are usually not so serious in a civil as in a criminal trial, or in a police court as at an assize, there is still something inharmonious and jarring in the exercise of jocular remark where even civil rights only are being contested. If the disinterested observer experiences this, how much more so the interested and unfortunate party to the action. However ignorant or thick-skinned he be, a person defending his interests is entitled to the respect and tactful consideration of those who sit in judgment upon him. He is not, as a rule, a willing creator of humorous episode. The sally which sets the court in a roar may cut him to the quick and prolong his suspense. He pays for the glory which another thoughtlessly seeks to acquire—the glory of being regarded as clever and quick at repartee. He is a helpless victim, handicapped all round. Let him show ever so small a disposition to try a little joking on his own part, and down upon him comes the wrath of the horror-stricken, outraged monopolist—the "Be careful, sir, remember you are in a Court of Justice, not a theatre"; the "Answer the

question, sir, I am not here to bandy words with you"; the "Listen to me, sir, you must not waste the time of the court."

This is ungenerous. If there is to be a contest of wit, let it be open to all legitimate competitors—judges and magistrates, counsel and solicitors, litigants, witnesses and jurors. And why not the ushers too, for was it not an Irish usher, who, desiring to thin off the crowd in his court, cried, "All ye blackguar-r-ds as izn't lawyers lave the coort." In such competitions the cups and medals would not all go to the bench and the bar. But the ushers are too profoundly impressed with their dignified office to ask for latitude, the jurors court nothing that will prolong their attendance, the witnesses and litigants have no appetite for frivolity. Only the bench, the bar, and unoccupied spectators really relish the delectation, for they lose nothing by it. No one begrudges them a timely, applicable, and fleeting jest now and again, but the consistent turning of all manner of circumstances into occasions for humour, the dominant anxiety to utter that which will win the favours of the multitude, the absorbing desire to "go one better"—these are phases of conduct very prominent in some places, that are neither commendable nor legitimate. It was positively stated by a critic of the judicial humorist not long ago that during the trial of a man for murder he personally heard a jest attempted. If that be true, bad taste could go no further. But there is no need to drag in so extreme an illustration. Much less flagrant abuses give sufficient ground for protest. The purpose of the law should be borne in mind, the position and feelings of the litigant should be respected, the saving of public time, which involves the economy of both public money and private means, should not be subserved to that self-gratification which is too often the obvious end and aim of accredited wits of the bench.

FREDERICK PAYLER.

THE CLEVERNESS OF THE YOUNG

WITH steady but increasing pace the world is approaching a point at which the cleverness of the young will amount to a social problem. Already things are getting uncomfortable for persons of age and sobriety, whose notion of happiness is to ruminate a few solid and simple ideas in a freedom from disturbance. To be somewhat out of touch with the lively young generation is of course only what all sensible veterans expect. That the children should finish their dinner only to resume their game of pick-a-back is one of the facts of nature. We accept it with genial resignation, streaked with a touch of envy and a wild surmise that we ourselves, upon a time, assimilated food in bulk with a like unconscious facility. For the world we would not restrict the enjoyment of creatures in whom the natural ferment of growth is enough to throw off a perennial sparkle. To one provision only must the children conform. We desire our nap, and silence is requisite in the neighbourhood of our library window. On that proscribed area no games shall impinge.

If this law be broken, all our cheery humour, all our air of benevolent uncle, vanishes like a passing smoke, and the small heads are visited with a bolt that earns for us at once the terse, ungrateful description of "old beast." To tell the truth, this intercourse between old and young is in large measure artificial and supported only by a bond of mutual interest. It is a fragile compact in which we purchase peace by the dangled shilling. Imagine our feelings should a time arrive when these children, abating no jot of their exuberance, are grown callous to threat and impervious to bribery. Suppose they should besiege our place of siesta, fling open the casement, and mock our fury. Metaphorically, this is just what is happening. On all hands our fortress is stormed by an army of clever and noisy young men, while from no distant horizon come borne on the breeze the cultivated voices and steady tramp of the Amazon virgins.

Not only are our notions dismissed generically as old-fashioned : that would not offend us ; to each is affixed some legible tag of opprobrium, and the taunts of youth are conveyed in a set of portable and well chosen phrases. Our taste in furniture and ornament is "Victorian." If we shrink from Gorky (or whatever he be called) because he is gloomy, we are contemptuously told that fiction is an art, and not a penny reading. If it should appear to us a trifle odd that all serious modern plays are centrally concerned with unfortunate essays in matrimony, or interesting substitutes for that condition, our young friends are shocked by such conventionality. Presented on our birthday with certain thin volumes of minor poetry, we drop a rash question as to the general purport, the teaching, of these small erotic songsters. At once the stinging answer darts out, that if proverbial philosophy be our quest, Tupper would probably meet our liking, should a copy be extant. Emerging from Burlington House with a face of simple pleasure, we encounter in the very portal our nephew, who congeals our senile enthusiasm with a look of pity and a barbed epigram. Nowhere are we safe from the amused scrutiny of our younger and betters.

These clever creatures are not always positively rude. Sometimes their pity is the more cutting because it looks out from countenances restrained and cold. Their deepest contempt will have an air of patient fatigue. What they will be like at fifty is a question indeed. The principles which we in our dotage conceive to be profound, they with the insight of youth fastidiously brush aside as so much commonplace. Thoughts and sayings, which seem to us admirable, for them are obvious. What we call a conviction they entitle a catchword, and when we speak of a great movement we are told that it is nothing but a popular phase. Simple as we must appear to these mature weanlings, there is one respect, surely, in which they cannot but think us a puzzle. At twenty-five they have drained the wells of thoughtful life so effectually that our own continuance at fifty, in obtrusive health and vigour, must strike them as a miracle. Whence, they must wonder, do these hardy old evergreens get their fatuous complacency, after fifty years spent in a world so trite and explored ? Meanwhile, having found for their own part that life has no centre, they beguile existence by scouring the surface in a whirl of complex diversions. Taking for granted that what is out of date is past consideration, and that dissatisfaction with things

present is a cross which every thoughtful young mind is called upon to bear, their only aim is to extract from this empty show of things a certain amount of rapid and sceptical pleasure.

True, there are some of them who cultivate Alpine ideals and to all appearance live strenuously enough on the rare breezes of their own particular summit. Many are absorbed in a pursuit of art ; not such art as is an expression of the sorrow and joy, size and mystery, of life, but art which is superior to life and complains that in life it has a very dull pupil. The exponents of this kind of art fall into groups, each revolving round some youthful poet or painter who from his own tripod rebukes nature and utters law to his coeval acolytes. Some take up the ethical line : patch the mantle of Ruskin (outworn else) with shreds of Tolstoy and fragments of Nietzsche, live in the country, return to nature, and consider it impious to mow their lawn with a machine. We do not believe, however, that any of these young people find a whole-hearted satisfaction in their enthusiasms. They are too eclectic to be joyful fanatics. There is something hollow in all these novel forms of bustle. Each, in fact, at its core has the canker of cleverness.

To us it would appear that not much food is to be got from any cult, however seriously you take it, which assumes that, speaking generally, the world is on a wrong tack. This, we know, is the conservatism of age. With the advance of years comes a time when the only philosophy we desire is a quiet pipe in the garden. Just here, of course, lies our crowning offence in the eyes of the young. The very manner of our existence is a tacit plea for things as they are. Our steady indifference to clever notions, and the childlike interest with which we welcome a solid fact or two, amount to a reflection on our juniors. Not that we are sunk in a slough of blind complaisance with the world. That large ills exist unredressed, that humanity in general is not much to boast of, we have lived too long to be ignorant ; and though we have learnt to be fairly easy-going we can spare a mite of sympathy for recognised and intelligible forms of martyrdom. If our children were bent on joining the Salvation Army, or emigrating to convert the Chinese, our open demur would conceal a sneaking admiration. As it is, their passions, whether moral or artistic, are so far-fetched and refined as to wake no kindred spark in our own bosoms. To civilise the heathen, reform drunkards, abolish landlords, are aims we can understand.

In fact, we once entertained them rather seriously ourselves, though in the sequel fate preserved us from actually becoming missionaries, temperance orators or socialists.

But when we hear these youthful idealists declaiming excitedly because some fragile painter is unhung at the Academy, because the manager of a local concert has thoughtfully interspersed some interminable symphony with a few light numbers, because some intellectual young female has lapsed into contented matrimony with a husband who is merely a man, we snort angrily and tell them they are talking rubbish. Even in our greenest of salad days we had more solid reasons for excitement than these. We have no patience with such exotic sentiment and refined scruples, in a world where experience has taught us to think ourselves lucky if we can get apple-sauce to our goose.

To be quite candid, every healthy man is something of a Philistine at fifty. At fifty, however smooth may have been his personal experience, he has seen too many people relinquish divine philosophy for necessary bread, too many white hands brought down to scrubbing floors, to attach any longer a deep importance to the last phase of Symbolism, or the way in which somebody's orchestral music reveals the twenty-first century. To be fastidious, to pick and choose among a thousand new things and "hang the expense," is all very well for youth. To the clever, self-conscious young, life appears only as a ductile material for art, a great opportunity for pretty sensations and emotions. At our age we are grown incurious of what is new and pretty. We have found that life, after all, is intractable: that very soon it ceases to adapt itself to æsthetic expectations. Instead of living our life on a fine consecutive plan, as we once hoped, we have had to piece it together on a string of incongruous accidents. In place of that full existence, that harmonious development in which every sensibility was to play a part, and no faculty was to be neglected, we have achieved a hotch-potch of muddled thoughts and deeds ineffectual. Enough, if from the dark backward and abysm one or two memories are projected in a tender radiance to make us feel that not everything has been wasted. If the young could enter for a moment into our experience, they would understand what seems to them our inexplicable preference for serious poetry, and what are contemptuously known as standard authors. Perfumed lyrics, delicate vignettes of description, brilliant analyses of floating emotions, are not the

kind of literature we want. These things stand for wonder, curiosity, and delight in life. Our own need in literature is of something that will apologise for life, and invest it with a final significance. Long ago we mislaid our elegant map, and have stumbled for years across all kinds of ploughed land and pasture, with here and there a bit of ambiguous highway. The least sentimental of us would sometimes like to be assured that on the whole this mixed progress has been tending somewhither.

Hence our test question about an artist—"What does he think of life, what does he teach?"—which to our young friends would appear so hopelessly bourgeois in its neglect of art pure and simple, is really quite pathetic, if they only knew. Even the little tales of pious sentiment, family affection, unrewarded merit, and premature death, which have so large a vogue among the tearful section of the public, do not move our educated contempt as once they might have done. We have learnt that even here, in the circulation to sixty thousand copies of a mawkish travesty of life, is represented the wistful appeal of real men and women who have lived for some years, and, like Dogberry, "have had losses." The mass of people will never understand the meaning of art, but everybody by the time he is fifty has speculated, however dimly, on the meaning of life. Truth is truth, of course, and theoretically bad art is bad art. What becomes of the high ideal in literature, ask the youthful critics, if you tolerate this stuff? To them we callously reply that our zeal for the high ideal in literature, as an end in itself, is by this time a little rubbed. If several thousand people can somehow extract from a piece of bad art a bit of sentimental comfort, a suggestion that life, even in blank monotony, is not wholly futile, we for our own part are inclined to leave the bad artist alone. From a lofty point of view it is painful, of course, that public taste should be so uneducated. But crusades against the public taste no longer attract us. We leave those to the young men. Meanwhile, a certain proportion of the public, like ourselves, has attained middle age, and by so doing has acquired the right to amuse or console itself by any form of reading it may choose. It is too late to be converted: nothing is left but a few stages of declining road; and if the touching verses of Miss Charity Quiver, or the pathetic idylls of Dr. Sandy McTavish, have anything to beguile or alleviate the last years of countless semi-literate, we, while we marvel, are not intolerant.

It is natural that the young should not give us credit for our own attitude. They are not aware that we have an attitude worthy of the name. Our obstinate opinions on this or that question they put down to the mental inertia that comes of physical decay. No doubt our want of cleverness is due in some measure to the ossification of our brains, just as the exuberant fallacies of youth are due in some measure to vitality uncontained. But in the main, what seems our stolidity is really the expression of a painfully matured philosophy. We do not express our philosophy in set terms, partly because it is too complex for such expression, partly because we see nothing to be gained by exposing our inner life. When a young man believes himself to have achieved a philosophy, nay even a solitary idea, he at once proclaims it openly, as a point of duty. Naturally, therefore, he conceives that the old, who say nothing about life in general except in a negative, laconic, disconnected way, are suffering from mere exhaustion of their faculties. It would surprise him if he could realise that we, in our silent fashion, have long ago summed up, with merciless accuracy, the modes and stages through which he is passing. With grim amusement we watch him as he invents new names for old things and imagines he is transforming the world. We chuckle in our sleeve at his contempt of the commonplace, and we wonder how he will like it when he discovers for himself that what is commonplace has an unpleasant habit of squeezing people by the throat in proof that it declines to be ignored.

This amusement of contemplation, however, gives place to annoyance if the young man becomes too prevalent. Our present grievance is, that the young are too much with us. Given an inch, they have taken an ell. In a rash moment we allowed them down to dessert, and before we could apply an effective check they usurped not only regular places at table, but the functions of wit and patron to the company at large. Occupying, immovably as it would seem, the seats of the scornful, they are by this time so numerous as to exclude us from the conversation altogether. We, who have earned our places at the board of life by hard work and chequered experience, are permitted to sit by in grunting consternation while the young make phrases, and beautifully range the heavens and the earth in a series of comprehensively shallow propositions. On the whole, we have ground of complaint.

LAY CANONS IN FRANCE

THE correspondent of a London paper writing from Rome recently called attention to the fact that one minor result of the separation of Church and State in France has been that the President of the French Republic has ceased to be an honorary canon of the basilica of St. John Lateran. To many English readers it may well have seemed surprising, not so much perhaps that the President should have lost his ecclesiastical dignity, but that he should have had it to lose. That however was the case, and it may not be uninteresting to consider briefly the origin and growth of the custom which caused religious and civil dignities to overlap in this curious manner. The particular distinction mentioned was inherited from the kings of France, who were canons not only of this Roman basilica, but of a considerable number of churches in their own land. Nor was this privilege confined to the king, it was shared by the dauphin, by more than one of the great vassals of the French crown, and even by others of lower degree.

Among the churches of which the king was canon were some of the most notable in the kingdom. It would be wearisome to go through the list, and it must suffice for the moment to mention the cathedrals of Lyons and Le Puy and the collegiate churches of Brioude and Cléry. Lyons and Brioude would at once suggest themselves as being suitable chapters for a royal canon : in both, every canon by virtue of his stall was a count ; only nobles were admitted ; and at Lyons at any rate five generations of nobility on either side had to be proved. Le Puy was, till recent times, the most celebrated sanctuary of France ; its bishops had no ecclesiastical superior but the pope, and its canons were mitred. It was a favourite with the kings, several of whom are known to have taken part in the choir offices wearing their canon's dress. Whether if they happened to be present on great feasts they, like

the other canons, wore a mitre does not appear, but it is highly probable that they would have done so. And our Lady of Cléry will be remembered by readers of *QUENTIN DURWARD* for its connection with Louis the Eleventh, who built the present magnificent church in which, by his own direction, he was buried. Of two churches, St. Martin of Tours and St. Hilary of Poitiers, the kings were not only canons, but abbots—that is, heads of the chapter; and so late as 1614 Louis the Thirteenth was actually received as abbot of the former. The Dauphin was canon of Le Puy, of Vienne, and of Embrun; the Duke of Orleans was canon and abbot of St. Aignan in Orleans; and the Duke of Burgundy was canon of St. Martin's at Tours, and of the ducal chapel at Dijon. To mention but one other example, the head of the Espinay family had a stall in the cathedral of Rennes.

Occasionally one happens on the mention of a lady in a chapter of canons. Such a one was the Countess Adela of Vermandois, who, at the end of the eleventh century, had a prebend in the collegiate church of St. Quentin, in the town of that name, the capital of her county; of which church in later times the kings of France were canons. Speaking of a similar case, a modern French ecclesiastic tries to explain the distressing fact away; he seems unwilling to recognise that a lady could really hold such a position; but when one knows the positions which women have held, and still hold, in the ecclesiastical world, this does not seem a very grave matter.

A word must be said of another aspect of the lay canonry which in some ways is even stranger. According to a writer in *LA GRANDE ENCYCLOPÉDIE*, in France canonries were sometimes conferred not on an individual, but on a corporation—as if, for example, the master and fellows of a college, or one of the City companies, should be given a canonry in St. Paul's or in Westminster Abbey. This writer mentions several churches in Paris in which such canonries were found, and among them St. Victor's. Such a corporation, it seems, appointed a vicar, an ecclesiastic, to supply its place and do its duty in the choir.

To account for these anomalies one has to go to the reason which caused lay canonries to exist at all. In days when abbeys and chapters were the lords of large possessions, by no means immune from rapine and seizure, it is obvious that much was to be gained by enlisting the sympathies of powerful nobles who in the day of need would give a material return for spiritual

advantages. And no way of gaining such protection could be more potent than making those from whom it would be sought, actual members of the bodies whose possessions they might be called upon to defend. Experience proved this to be so; for illustration it is only necessary to refer to the example of the English king who refused to allow anything to be done to the detriment of the abbey of which he was a *confrater*. Secular chapters often made this more certain by requiring the lay canon when he took possession of his stall to swear that he would be faithful to the church and the chapter, and that he would do all in his power to help them and to keep them from harm.

For his part the lay canon obtained the distinction; and everyone knows how eagerly titles which differentiate a man from his fellows are sought for and how highly they are prized, perhaps the more if they bear no relation to his profession or occupation. We have doctors-of-law of our ancient universities whose claim to that distinction is based on their skill in war, mathematics, or surgery. To be a great actor is a sufficient qualification for a doctorate of letters. Probably no English university has ever considered state-craft as a qualification for a degree in divinity; but it is otherwise in Germany—the late Prince Bismarck was a doctor of divinity of a German university. No class is exempt from this love of distinction: kings seem pleased to receive not only orders of knighthood, but titular rank in the armies and navies of their brother sovereigns; and princes have honoured the inns-of-court by becoming benchers. One of the strangest examples of the kind was in France. The king was a scholar (*boursier*) of the College of Navarre in Paris, and was entitled to the income of his scholarship, but this he was good enough to apply for the benefit of his fellow scholars—it was laid out in rods for the maintenance of scholastic discipline, *en achapt de verges pour la discipline scolastique!*

It can then hardly be wondered at that laymen should be found eager to be connected with a great ecclesiastical institution; putting the spiritual benefit (which would be present to the minds of many of those so favoured) aside, an honorary canonry is at least as notable a distinction as an honorary degree. Occasionally a prebend may have been attached to the canonry, but even if this were so, the prebendary probably derived no benefit from it, as the income would almost certainly have been applied to charitable purposes. In another way, however, at least one honorary canon

derived real benefit from his connection with St. Martin's of Tours, which, it must be observed, was what is known in England as a *peculiar*—that is, it was exempt from the jurisdiction of the bishop. A certain historian, a monk of Marmoutiers, tells us that there was a count of Anjou who had a dispute with the archbishop of Tours. He, after the manner of prelates, proposed to settle the business by way of excommunication. "Because you have done this, that, and the other against the property of the church of which, by the authority of God, I am the head, know that I shall certainly excommunicate you."

The count, unruffled, replied: "My Lord Bishop, as to the injury of which you complain, I will either free myself of the charge or, if convicted of it, will make amends. But as to the threats of excommunication which you add I am altogether indifferent."

The bishop, highly displeased at this bold language, wanted an explanation. "You do not fear my sentence. You add to your wrong-doing by your insolence; and by your contempt of me, you offend the divine majesty. Are you not my subject? Ought I not to have charge of your soul as your father?"

But now comes the part which must have mightily pleased the good monk in the writing. Smiling, the count replied: "Good Shepherd, govern those whom you ought to govern, and have a care for those who have been committed to you. But have you any authority over the canons of St. Martin's or the monks of Marmoutiers? Now I am a canon of St. Martin's and I am a monk [*i.e.*, *confrater*] of Marmoutiers. Therefore bridle your claims as to your rights and powers, and execute on your own subjects the sentence with which you have threatened me." And so, the monk adds, this "wise man escaped the unjust sentence of the bishop and showed the greatness of his ecclesiastical privileges."

The lay canon was invested with his privileges by the bestowal of the surplice and the amess or almuce (a fur tippet, sometimes worn on the shoulders, sometimes carried on shoulder or arm), after he had taken the oath of fidelity, if this were required of him; and the ceremony would be completed by the mutual bestowal of the kiss of peace. The kings of France, on the occasions of taking possession of their stall in any church, were accustomed to hand their surplice and amess to some ecclesiastic, who was thereby created a "canon-expectant" of the church;

that is to say, he forthwith acquired a stall and a vote in the chapter, with the right of succession to the first vacant prebend.

Beyond the fact that the amess has come to be regarded as the peculiar badge of the clergy of a cathedral or collegiate church, there would be nothing very striking in a layman wearing the surplice and amess. But sometimes there was a combination of the church and the world which must have been truly startling. The head of the Tournon family was a canon of St. Just's at Lyons—according to some writers because he was of the same family as the fourth-century saint after whom the church was named! Paradin de Cuyseaulx, dean of Beaujeu, relates in his history of Lyons that in 1542 he saw the Tournon of the day inducted into his canonry, and that he wore a short damask robe, with a surplice over it, his amess on his arm and his sword by his side; a combination which made his brother, the bishop of Valence, say, "My brother truly represents the three estates!"

This mingling of the military and the ecclesiastical may be paralleled elsewhere—when, for instance, a soldier whom a great university delights to honour wears the scarlet robe of a doctor over his general's uniform. But it would be difficult to find, outside the ecclesiastical world, any parallel to what follows. There is a distinguished family in France, the Beauvoirs, counts of Chastellux, whose head, Claude de Beauvoir, in 1418, became marshal of France. Five years later he freed a place belonging to the chapter of Auxerre from brigands and restored it to its owners. In gratitude the chapter decreed that he and such of his descendants as should possess the lands and be the justiciar of the lordship of Chastellux should have a canonry in the cathedral of Auxerre; and further that they should be allowed to sit in the choir in a mixed military and ecclesiastical dress—to which, as will be seen, something was added in later times. The *MERCURE DE FRANCE* of June, 1732, gave an account, written by a canon of Auxerre, of the taking possession of his stall by the then count of Chastellux. He first of all took the oath of fidelity in the chapter-house. Then he went to the great gates of the choir, under the loft, in uniform, booted and spurred, a surplice over the uniform, sword hanging from a shoulder-belt over the surplice, gloves on both hands, a hat with a large white feather in his right hand, an amess on his left arm and—a falcon on his left wrist. And thus strangely attired he was led to his stall in the upper row and took his place between the penitentiary and the succentor.

The carrying of the hawk on the wrist in church was by no means a novelty at the beginning of the eighteenth century ; it was certainly done some three hundred years earlier. In the official account of the reception of a hereditary canon of the cathedral of Nevers, in 1405, it is recorded that he came to the church wearing golden spurs, having his sword girt, and carrying a falcon on his wrist. He was received in state at the door and then led by the hand by one of the archdeacons to the high altar, where high mass was sung. When the mass was finished he was taken to the chapter-house, where he swore on the Gospels that he would never reveal any secrets of the chapter to its prejudice ; and then he was received as a *confrère* and canon and kissed all the other canons on the mouth. The same usage, as to the hawk, seems to have been followed by the treasurers of some cathedrals. They were laymen. But another correspondent of the *MERCURE* speaks (giving proper authority for his statement) of a parish priest in the diocese of Evreux who had the right to place his hawk on the high altar of the cathedral, to be booted and spurred when he said mass, and to have a drum beating instead of the organ.

How many lay canonries in France survived the Revolution I am unable to say. Certainly, the head of the State, whether emperor or president, has been regarded, till only a month since, as a canon of the cathedrals of Le Mans and Le Puy, perhaps of others ; but from the nature of the case, it is highly probable that the head of the State has been the only lay canon in France since the Concordat of 1801.

In conclusion it is perhaps permissible to add (though it has no connection with France) that till the Reformation, and therefore long before the kings of France, the kings of England had a stall in a Roman basilica, that of St. Paul's-without-the-walls ; and more, that at the present day his majesty King Edward the Seventh is, like his predecessors, one of the cursal prebendaries of St. David's.

EGERTON BECK.

CHIMPAAPU

BUTILESI once acted as *espi*, or policeman, in the service of the most Excellent and Illustrious Signor Commandante Militaire of Mozambique and the neighbouring Portuguese East African coast. As irregularity of pay in his corps was compensated by opportunities for ostentation and the display of authority such as the African native loves, Butilesi, when on becoming superannuated he resigned his position and came into my service as *capitao* or headman of my household, found life as tedious as does a half-pay colonel. Authority had become the spice of life to him, and that he might continue to exercise it he chose to credit me with an official position to which, as a mere plantation overseer, I had no claim. This was not difficult, because the unsophisticated Zambesi native does not readily appreciate the difference between one white man who enjoys magisterial powers and another who is only a civilian. Ostensibly on account of my supposed authority and forensic ability, but in reality that he might swagger before his neighbours as a person of importance, he used to bring to me for arbitration any case of theft, land-grabbing, or wife-desertion that village squabbles occasioned, in the settlement of which he would officiate as interpreter, Crown prosecutor, counsel for the defence, and general court-functionary.

One evening, to his great delight, he discovered a flagrant case of slave-trading; two scoundrels had come to the village and were offering a little boy for sale. Knowing my views on the subject he asserted my authority, or rather the arbitrary powers that he was kind enough to attribute to me, and haled the party before me to hear what I proposed doing in the matter.

The purchase, sale, or possession of slaves has been illegal in Portuguese East Africa for the last quarter of a century; but

it is one thing to forbid a practice and another thing to abolish it. The palmy days of the slave-trade will never return so long as British and Portuguese gun-boats patrol the waters and stick on the sand-banks of the Zambesi; but the occasional kidnapping of an orphan child, to sell to a rich chief or half-caste petty trader, is there a crime too trivial to set in motion the somewhat clumsy machinery of the law.

Butilesi's prisoners were as evil-looking as it is possible for Africans to be,—which is saying much. They stood before me sullen and embarrassed, not from conscious guilt, but because their arrest had been too summary to allow of the preparation of an elaborate defence. They lied, of course. According to their statement, the poor little wretch they offered for sale was an orphan whom they had adopted from sheer benevolence, whom they could no longer afford to support, and for whom they wished to find a comfortable home.

The boy was as miserable a specimen of humanity as ever dogs took pity on. His scrap of bark loin-cloth was filthy and malodorous, his skin was verminous and ulcerated. Though the air was steaming hot and heavy with approaching thunder, he clasped his wasted arms across his chest and shivered. He flinched at every word that was spoken and rolled his eyes in mute terror as if he expected an instant flogging, to be followed possibly by a lingering death of torture.

"What is your name?" I asked.

There was no reply.

"Chimpaapu, perhaps," suggested Butilesi, amidst general laughter in which the prisoners joined nervously and without enthusiasm. Chimpaapu, which may be freely translated as the Shiverer, was certainly appropriate.

"Is your father alive?" I continued.

"*Paanu* (Perhaps, I don't know)," he whimpered.

"What is your village?"

"*Paanu*."

"Would you like to leave these men and stay here?"

"*Paanu*," he replied again, and began to cry. At this one of the ruffians burst into fierce denunciations of his ingratitude, causing the poor mite to shrink from him in terror and strive to choke down his sobs.

The local Commandante Militaire was not grateful to civilians

who troubled him with cases from which no costs were obtainable ; and, even if I had sent them to him, it was doubtful whether the prisoners, once out of my sight, would have submissively considered themselves under arrest. If the boy was to be set free, the simplest plan was to buy him from his present owners, a course which, though illegal, is, I believe, sometimes adopted by the tender-hearted Jesuits of the various Zambesi monasteries. The price demanded was *milreis* (3*s.* 4*d.* in English money), or not quite the local value of a goat, on receipt of which the ruffians cheered up, and one of them hastily began to demand payment for what the boy had eaten ; but a blow on the mouth from Butilesi showed him that the proceedings had terminated. I went indoors, and from a sound of scuffling, blows, and howls which I heard immediately afterwards, guessed that Butilesi and his friends, encouraged by an angry gleam in my eye, had taken upon themselves to administer a little extra-judicial punishment.

As an addition to my household Chimpaapu was not an unqualified success. Not realising that he was free, his immunity from ill-treatment probably engendered in him forebodings of some still greater evil. During the greater part of the day he hid among the out-houses or in the cane, and when fear of approaching darkness drove him home, he depressed everyone with his whimperings, his woe-begone attitude, and his unsavouriness. At first no persuasion would induce him to eat his share of the servants' food, but in a sneaking spiritless sort of way he stole everything eatable that was left within his reach, and, what was almost worse, left the imprint of his filthy little fingers on all he touched. One evening while waiting for dinner I heard sounds of scolding and curses, with an under-current of whimpering, proceed from the kitchen, and a moment afterwards, surrounded by the whole household, Butilesi ran out dragging by the hand the unfortunate Chimpaapu.

"Look, Signor," cried the headman, forcibly holding up one of the imp's grimy paws ; "this devil has spoilt your dinner, and now it must be thrown away, and you will have to eat meat from a tin."

The evidence of Chimpaapu's guilt was obvious. His hand was covered with the thick gravy of stewed chicken to which adhered particles of rice. Evidently he had first grabbed a fist-full of stew and then helped himself from the dish of rice. The first offence would probably have been hushed up in the kitchen,

where it was considered that trifles of the sort did not matter so long as I was kept in ignorance of them ; but the condition of the rice (held up for inspection and containing particles of stew), which would have had to come to table with the chicken, would have required explanation.

The anger of my servants at the spoiling of my dinner was largely personal. I made it a rule that whenever, on account of bad cooking or unclean serving, I had to send food from my table, it should be thrown into the refuse-box. The reason for this drastic regulation was that, since what was left over from my meals was a perquisite of the servants, the oftener I sent away a dish the more there would be for them to eat unless I took measures to ensure that what I could not eat they should not. By Chimpaapu's theft, therefore, they were restricted to their bare rations for the evening meal, and their anger was great.

"What shall be done to him, Signor?"

"Wash him," I replied sternly; "let the donkey-boy wash him, and all over his body."

Butilesi was astonished at my clemency. "But the dinner is spoilt, Signor, and you must needs eat meat from a tin," he reminded me, knowing from experience the frame of mind which the necessity of eating preserved food induced. "Would it not be well to beat him?"

"He shall not be beaten till he is as fat as a child of his age should be; but have him washed without mercy. That is punishment enough to him."

I had given strict orders that no one was to strike the waif, fearing that in his present state very little harshness might make him imbecile. I had had his sores attended to, and given orders that the *makimburu* (donkey-boy) should wash him daily. When punishment was necessary I ordered an additional bath.

"Zhee, Signor! it would be well to set him to work in the fields," suggested Butilesi. "Let him weed with the children's gang."

"He is not strong enough yet, and the other children would torment him so that he could not work."

"He works not here, Signor. If I send him to fetch water he breaks the pot; if I send him to cut grass for the *makimburu*, he sits all day in the cane and cries."

I sent Butilesi away to fetch my improvised dinner, and sat pondering. The poor little wretch must have suffered terribly

to be reduced to such a pitifully chronic condition of misery and terror. Before any improvement could be expected he must be made to feel less acutely conscious of his utter abjectness. I wanted him to acquire some of the conceit of my other servants, who swaggered like lords before any mere villagers who had not the honour of being in my personal service. I decided, therefore, that for the future he should wear my livery, snow-white vest, blue loin-cloth, and scarlet fez. Vanity might lead to some sense of real self-respect, and the rest might follow.

The success of the experiment was not immediately apparent. Instead of endeavouring to become worthy of his fine clothes he quickly reduced them to his own bedraggled condition, but the wearing of them had indirectly a beneficial effect. Having now a standard of cleanliness by which he could be judged, it was easier to distinguish between apparent and real dirtiness, and I gave him the benefit of the doubt less frequently than before. Chimpaapu soon learned that it was less disagreeable to wash himself than to submit to the rough and reluctantly-tendered ministrations of the donkey-boy. He soon learned to wash himself on his own initiative lest worse things should befall; and, after some weeks, whenever he became conscious of a severe look he snatched up his soap and scuttled down to the river like a rabbit.

His conduct in other respects was still irritating. If he had done anything really naughty, anything human or boyish, one could have punished him in an appropriate manner and have done with it; but his faults were of the mean sneaking order, like those of a pariah dog which one kicks and pelts with stones, never such as could be expiated by a good honest spanking. Reluctantly I was compelled to acknowledge that my headman was right, and that I must devise some work that would occupy the whole of Chimpaapu's attentions. My life at the time was embittered by another nuisance which was even worse than having Chimpaapu about the place. I was obliged to keep a stock of fowls for table use, as the local supply was untrustworthy. These wretched birds laid eggs on my bed, explored my sideboard and upset the crockery, and even, if for a moment my back was turned, flew off with scraps of meat from my table. Why not pit the two nuisances one against the other, and by so doing mitigate both? The idea seemed sound, and Chimpaapu was appointed fowl-herd,

with strict injunctions to see that the fowls never crossed the threshold of the huts in which I ate or slept.

From that day a marked improvement was noticeable in both nuisances. Without overtaking him, his new employment kept Chimpaapu occupied from sunrise to sunset. It may have been from a newly-awakened sense of responsibility, or it may have been because authority over creatures even lower than himself helped to give him that feeling of self-respect which his idle life had failed to inspire; whatever the cause, the fact remains that he performed his duties with a thoroughness that surprised me. When I was able to stay at home I often watched him, armed with a long reed and uttering shrill abuse, chasing any unfortunate fowl that dared to approach my huts. "Come back, come back," he would cry, "the master forbids"; and brandishing the reed he would make fierce thrusts at his troublesome charges. He would then squat for a while in the shade resting, yet keeping on the alert, ready at any moment to snatch up his reed and charge any fowl that dared to come within an imaginary radius of the hut. Sometimes a bewildered bird would fly into the cane-brake, whence it would cluck with as much excitement as if it had laid the original egg of the old controversy. At such times the responsibility of Chimpaapu's office seemed to become almost unbearable. He would tighten his loin-cloth and, much hampered by his long reed, plunge into the tangled maze of cane-stalks, imploring the creature to return before it was lost, bitten by snakes or carried off by thieves; then, when he had chased it back to cleared ground, he would hurry breathlessly back lest the other fowls should have taken advantage of his absence to violate my sanctuary.

With the general strengthening of character that was noticeable in Chimpaapu since undertaking the responsibilities of a chicken-herd, it was scarcely to be expected that such criminal tendencies as he possessed would remain dormant. He still stole sugar and bananas, but soon showed a talent for more ambitious and scientific forms of crime.

The simple savages of the Zambesi plains have a pretty habit of offering their masters from time to time such small presents as they can afford; a basket of green corn, perhaps, a water-melon, or a dish of stale fish. This custom, which seems so picturesque when described in a missionary's report,

is firmly established,—even Dr. Livingstone groaned under it—and is nothing more or less than a recognised form of robbery since, though one may always refuse to buy a thing, it is considered churlish to refuse a gift and inconsistent with a white man's dignity to offer in return less than three times the value of that which is presented to him. Butilesi fleeced me regularly in this way. Whenever it occurred to him that the local society needed enlivening he would gravely ask my acceptance of a pig. To a white man in a malarial country pork is under any conditions little better than poison, and native-fed pork has additional disadvantages which need not be specified. Local etiquette, however, forbids comment, and I would have no alternative but to offer my best thanks, exclaim at the munificence of the gift, entreat Butilesi to accept in return its equivalent in cotton cloth or other local currency, tell him to take a bucketful of my rice to cook with the pork, and give him permission to ask his friends to dinner.

One evening Chimpaapu, accompanied by Butilesi and my other servants, approached my verandah leading by a grass rope a lively and rebellious goat, of which he asked my gracious acceptance. Butilesi smiled benignly on him as on a promising pupil, and interpreted. Now I knew that Chimpaapu, not being in receipt of wages and having no property of his own, could not have come by the goat honestly. Therefore instead of murmuring elegant thanks I demanded sternly: "What's this?"

"A present for you, Signor."

"Where did you get it?"

Chimpaapu shuffled uneasily, vainly sought a hint from Butilesi, and tried to evade the question. "It's a goat, Signor, very young and fat; a present for you."

"Where did you get it?" I repeated grimly.

Butilesi, foreseeing trouble, abandoned his ambassadorial manner and assumed that of Crown prosecutor. "Speak, fool where did you get it?" he thundered.

This flagrant act of treachery utterly confounded Chimpaapu. He had no doubt counted on Butilesi's help to carry him through any difficulties that might occur. Yet,—and it spoke volumes for his improved mental and physical condition—he neither quailed nor whimpered, but bravely prepared to brazen

the matter out. In the delightfully informal manner characteristic of African natives a crowd gathered round us, and listened with critical appreciation to the ingenious but highly improbable explanation that Chimpaapu was offering. Suddenly there arose a hubbub on the outskirts of the crowd; a man broke through and snatched the goat's tether out of Chimpaapu's hand. He came from a neighbouring village, and, having strolled up our way to see if any fun was toward, had recognised his property in our midst and now demanded Chimpaapu's blood. The proceedings which followed were as summary as they were just. The owner of the goat recovered his property with costs (one hundred *reis* deducted from Butilesi's wages on the ground that he was accessory to the theft), and Chimpaapu was laid face downwards on the ground to receive a hearty spanking at the hands of the virtuously indignant headman.

I ought, perhaps, to have been deeply grieved at this lapse from virtue, but I could not regard it otherwise than as a sign of healthy progress. Hitherto I had been chiefly concerned with restoring the lad to his proper balance. He had now been naughty in a normal satisfactory way, in a way, too, that showed not only initiative but also a certain amount of daring, and I felt that my attempts at reclamation had been very fairly successful.

The failure of his first really penal venture had a wholesome effect on Chimpaapu, and for some time, if he was not actually honest, his misdeeds were not such as to involve him in unpleasant consequences.

Shortly afterwards I began to pay him a small wage, partly because with a little stretch of the imagination he might be supposed to be earning it, but principally because I wished to see whether it would improve his position among his fellows, since a man with an income must necessarily command more respect than one who is absolutely dependent on others. Whether the other servants helped him to spend his pay, or borrowed small sums in a friendly way, I was not able to ascertain, but I noticed that he gradually exchanged his customary apologetic mien for the free and easy bearing of a person with a stake in the country. His subsequent career might have been unblemished but for his desire to imitate the other servants in conciliating me with gifts. One evening

he begged my acceptance of a fowl, which I was about to accept in the customary manner with a return gift of greater value, when something familiar about the bird aroused my suspicions. I made stringent enquiries and found it was my own property, purchased a week before, and consequently one of his own charges. He was punished in the same manner as before, and in addition relieved of his duties as fowl-herd to the establishment.

This gave me an opportunity of giving him work which would bring him more into contact with natives outside my own household. I had hitherto hesitated to send him into the fields because he still appeared to be timid in the presence of natives other than those to whom he was accustomed, but the audacity of his latest offence gave most encouraging evidence that his nerves were becoming stronger. His new duty was to accompany me when I went into the cane-fields, carrying for me a box which contained my water-carafe, pipe, tobacco, and mackintosh. This work being the simplest to which one could possibly assign any human being was usually the worst performed. A man who failed to keep his eye on his *tengamanzi* (water-carrier) would often be obliged to search in the stifling heat of the cane-break for the boy who was sitting at ease gnawing some stolen cane, or, in view of an approaching thunderstorm, to stand on an ant-hill and shout for the mackintosh, under the shade of which its bearer was asleep. Chimpaapu never offended in this way. Perhaps because the habit of committing such offences (unlike thieving, which is instinctive,) has to be acquired, perhaps because he was shy of the other water-carriers, perhaps from a genuine desire to please, or as a salutary effect of his last whacking, Chimpaapu's position was never more than a few yards behind me, and he was always ready to hand me anything I wanted at a moment's notice. At this time I was engaged in the construction of a light tramway; an arduous business, since the native workmen, in whom matter predominated unduly over mind, were apt through misdirected energy to do as much mischief in two minutes as would require half-an-hour's careful supervision to set right. As I hurried from one group to another, showing one where to raise a curve, another where to drive wedges or place a sleeper, Chimpaapu, box on head, followed me, jumping sideways if I stepped backwards, or dodging to avoid me when I

turned abruptly. This employment was the final stage in the reclamation of Chimpaapu to normal boyhood. At first the noise and bustle confused him, but he soon learned to take care of himself amid the throng. The remarks that sometimes in moments of irritation I addressed to the workmen gave him a hint that there were other fools beside himself in the world, and he began to believe that he was not such an abject worm as he had supposed. He became interested in watching the gradual growth of the line, and shouted approval whenever in a trial trip a loaded truck passed without mishap over a newly-made section. Lastly, he acquired the art of defending himself good-humouredly against the coarse chaff with which the workmen beguiled their tedious hours.

Strolling through the village one Sunday afternoon I came upon a group of little darkies at play, piling stones in imitation of a tramway-embankment. Chimpaapu seemed to be directing operations, for instead of handling the stones himself he stood apart brandishing a big stick and shouting shrilly.

"Lapo, mabongwe, (there, you apes). Lapo, put it there, dam yer eyes."

"Are you the *capitao* of this gang, Chimpaapu?" I asked, chaffing him.

"Si, Signor," he responded cheerfully.

"Then you are big enough to work on the tramway. Tomorrow you shall do so."

His face fell. As my personal servant he led a more lazy and useless life, and was consequently considered more aristocratic, than the field-workers.

"Learn to work well, and some day you shall be *capitao* not of children but of men," I added encouragingly.

Next day in the chill dawn, a spanner in his hand and a grin all over his face, Chimpaapu presented himself at roll-call with the men of the field-gang.

RALPH A. DURAND.

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THE ENEMY'S CAMP

CHAPTER XVI

THE Admiral felt injured. He found himself, except for William, alone by the houseboat. He had offered to fish with Talbot, who had in the most uncomplimentary manner told him that he wanted to catch something for dinner and therefore must not be interrupted. With this Talbot had picked up his rod and basket and departed fiercely. Charles, it had come to be understood, was permanently occupied between breakfast and luncheon in trying to materialise an imaginary Gladstone bag. But on Majendie the Admiral had reckoned, for when he proposed a stroll the doctor had assented. Then Majendie had gone off, seemingly to the house-boat for tobacco, while the Admiral awaited his return.

When he had come to the end of his after-breakfast pipe he got up to look for his friend, but Majendie was nowhere to be seen. He asked William, who was washing up, what had happened. The doctor, it seemed, had taken the boat and gone off to get some eggs at the farm; and so the Admiral was deserted. He was not indignant exactly, still less was he suspicious. If he had known that Talbot was hastening, by way of a haystack, to a field with a scarecrow in it, and Majendie to another field of which two sides were skirted by a path and in which was a brindled cow with a crumpled horn, he would have received no enlightenment. And yet, if he believed in heredity, his profession should have taught him to expect duplicity in man, to whom the human boy is father.

He helped William to wash up, so much was he in need of society, and then he set out for a lonely walk, for William

having finished his task desired to fish for bream,—a lengthy occupation involving a great expenditure of silence. The Admiral therefore set off for a village some two miles away in which, he had heard, there were a church and a school, and presumably a pastor and a master with whom it might be possible to indulge in a little human conversation. And as he went he depreciated the scenery by apt comparisons to the scenery in Virgil and to the Alps and Lakes, and other things incidental to his profession.

History, being like schoolmasters fond of repetition, was repeating itself this very morning. The new camp had now been pitched long enough for its occupants to resume their ordinary life. Mrs. Lauriston, after breakfast was over, had retired to inspect the stock of provisions with Agatha and Martin. In consequence the elder Miss Neave presently emerged with the basket and announced that she was again going marketing. She set off with a quick decision that anticipated any offers of company.

Mr. Lauriston was smoking his cigar while watching the river with an air of dissatisfaction; it hardly supplied the place of his newspaper. Cicely had settled herself comfortably on a rug close to her uncle; her attitude suggested that her plans for the entire day were decided in favour of immobility. Miss Doris looked at her in envy.

When the cigar was nearly finished Mr. Lauriston arose and strolled unostentatiously away. His younger niece smiled; she guessed his destination, but the gleam of purpose in his eye puzzled her. Mr. Lauriston was indeed going to meet the magnificent Charles, but that was only a preliminary to more serious occupation.

“What are you going to do, Cicely?” enquired Doris when he had disappeared.

“There’s plenty of time,” was the answer.

“Would you like to go out for a row?” suggested Doris.

“You’d get dreadfully hot, dear,” said the unselfish Cicely.

“We’ll go out after tea, if you like,” she added as a concession.

“But it’s hours and hours to tea, and it’s such a lovely morning.”

“One never does anything in the morning,” stated Cicely generally.

Doris turned away with a half-sigh. She almost thought

of volunteering to help Mrs. Lauriston, but experience warned her against so rash an intrusion. Finally she gathered together her sketching materials and prepared for a solitary walk. Cicely watched her friend go with some little shame. She did not really mean to stay in the camp till luncheon, nor did she think of spending the hours and hours in question in doing exactly nothing.

Meanwhile Doris with her sketch-book, portable easel, paint-box, and one of Mrs. Lauriston's best cups, started off along a lane in search of a subject for her brush. A clock struck ten, and attracted her attention. Chimes imply a tower; a tower in the country suggests ivy, sunlight, old stones and perhaps an appropriate village elder on a bench below engaged in contemplating, with pardonable satisfaction, the modest headstone which distinguishes him as a widower. And in due course Doris found all these things, with the exception of the elder.

She sketched away happily for more than an hour, and then a catastrophe occurred. Mrs. Lauriston's best cup upset itself, and to replenish it she had to leave the churchyard gate at which she was sitting and go down to the river which skirted the other side of the meadow. The bank was steep and rather slippery, and in descending she nearly fell. The cup did fall, settling down comfortably in four feet of water, quite out of reach. Mrs. Lauriston's tea-set would be irremediably incomplete.

Doris looked round, but no one was near. She resolved to go to the village and borrow a long stick with which she might fish the treasure up. Leaving her sketch she hurried away, determining to buy a mug or something, to avoid the repetition of such accidents in the future. She had hardly turned the corner when the school-hour ended and the ordered droning, which had indicated intelligent response on the part of pupils in the little grey school next the church, gave place to a shrill babel of many keys as the released mob burst forth. The little girls naturally conducted themselves with seemly gravity and set off to walk home, nearly every one guiding some reluctant infant brother or sister by the hand.

Of their elder brothers some expended their compressed activity in leap-frog; two of insignificant size indulged in an ineffectual fight concerning the privilege of escorting the sister of a third; five or six, who boasted themselves to be the proud possessors of squirts, hastened to the river that they might secure

the needful ammunition in various receptacles. In returning they came upon Doris's easel and began a heated debate as to the subject of the sketch thus unguardedly displayed. From criticism they proceeded to action, emboldened by perceiving a parasol and gloves which argued the absent artist a woman, whose efforts with true chivalry they thought to assist.

"Jan Miles could do it better nor she," argued the biggest with pardonable local pride.

"There he be," said another, as a small boy emerged from the schoolroom holding a slate and pencil. He was captured and brought to the easel. Without wasting words the committee commanded him to complete the picture.

"Draw a peeg," said the biggest boy indicating the spot in the foreground which he wished it to occupy. Jan Miles protested. It did not seem to him a suitable subject for a churchyard; he would have preferred the village elder,—“a man” as he phrased it. But the artist is dependent on his public; the present public demanded pigs, and pigs they were going to have. After all, reflected Jan, a pig is easier to draw than a man, so he assented and grasped Doris's brush, which he dipped into one of the receptacles and dabbed vigorously into the little pot of crimson lake which was prominent in the paint-box. He had never handled so noble a brush or worked in so rich a colour before, and the scruples of the moralist vanished before the promptings of the artist. Soon a large pig, unusual in hue but recognisable in shape, lived on the sketching-block, and Jan stepping back with brush aloft shut one eye and surveyed it with pride.

"More peegs," demanded his enthusiastic patrons, and Jan, nothing loth, proceeded to add a litter of smaller pigs which followed the larger one in an obedient crimson row across the picture. The effect was striking, almost allegorical.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded a stern voice. "Come here. What have you boys been doing?"

The little artist paused in the middle of his eleventh pig, though he was almost too absorbed to understand. The others began to run. The Admiral re-arranged his tie, straightened his straw hat, put his pipe in his pocket, and prepared to cope with the situation. The boys showing no signs of obeying his command, he fell back upon a device imparted to him by a college friend who had served his apprenticeship in a primary

school on the way to the proud post of inspector ; the device, he had been told, never failed with the elementary schoolboy. "Boys ! Attention !" he commanded.

The effect was instantaneous. Strangely attired though he might be the Admiral spoke as one having authority, an authority which the boys dared not dispute. They stopped in their flight. Then in obedience to his gesture they approached him timidly, shuffled with their feet, and looked shamefacedly down as they stood in an orderly row, holding their squirts well behind their backs.

"When," began the Admiral after a brief but withering survey, "when I find one small boy engaged in a piece of mischief and five larger boys looking on, I find it invariably the case that the onlookers are the instigators. It is a mean and cowardly thing to make others do what you dare not do yourselves. Stand still !"

The shuffling of feet ceased and the boys assumed a military correctness of attitude that would have rejoiced Mr. Lauriston, had he been there to see. One or two actually dropped their squirts in the grass behind them. "Never do in a person's absence what you would not do before them," pursued the Admiral, who was quite in his element. He enunciated this principle, so entirely subversive of all schoolboy, indeed of all human practice, with an air of finality that impressed his impromptu form to its discomfort. "What have you got there?" he demanded of the biggest boy, who produced his squirt and meekly surrendered it. "I will consider the question of its retention at the end of the hour." The Admiral instinctively put out his hand to place the article on his desk, but quickly remembered himself and put it into his pocket. A slight fizz caused a quickly suppressed grin to flit across the portentously vacuous face of the late owner. His squirt had leaked and extinguished the Admiral's still glowing pipe. The Admiral was aware of it, but nothing would have induced him to betray his knowledge at this moment. Nevertheless he was sufficiently recalled to actual fact to remember that he was not in any real official capacity at present. His lecture was commendably brief, winding up with—"Must never occur again. You may go."

"Please teacher——" The biggest boy lingered. The Admiral's eye hardened ; but the hour was over and the con-

fiscated squirt was restored. The five culprits walked away with unwonted piety of aspect.

Little Jan Miles, however, stayed; he had not quite grasped the enormity of his offence and he had an explanation to offer. The Admiral's sternness had vanished with the departure of his class. The pipe was extracted and refilled, a match was struck, and then he very kindly asked the boy what he wanted. Jan explained that he didn't want to put in pigs really. The Admiral did not at first see that he had to deal with the artistic temperament, which is not recognised at our public schools. When Jan further explained, however, that his instinct had been to put in "a man" the Admiral realised it. He was not a schoolmaster at the moment, and in his leisure he painted himself. So he began to talk to the boy on the subject of the damaged sketch. From criticism he too proceeded to action, a rare feat in a critic, who is usually better pleased with explaining the deficiencies of his victim than with showing how it should be done. As a critic he should have talked; but as a schoolmaster he had the instinct of the fair copy.

When Doris returned with a hooked stick she found her stool occupied and a fresh sketch of the tower being rapidly executed by a male stranger, while a small boy looked on in round-eyed admiration. The situation baffled her. The exclamation "Oh"! did not seem wholly adequate, but fortunately the Admiral looked up. He saw the evidently rightful proprietor; she seemed becomingly embarrassed.

"I beg your pardon," he said getting up and bowing. "But some boys spoilt your sketch, and I was trying to put it right before you came back. This is the culprit, but don't be too hard on him; it wasn't altogether his fault." He showed her the original with the addition of ten and a half crimson pigs. He flowed on glibly in explanation, saying that he had meant to leave her a sketch in the same condition as her own, and asked if she would have discovered the change. The small boy also came to the rescue by expressing admiration of the stranger's feat, and Doris began to feel less alarmed. Then the Admiral dismissed the cause of the introduction with a pat on the head and a shilling to buy himself a box of paints. She ventured to remark that he must be very fond of children.

"I am a schoolmaster," said the Admiral. Perhaps the answer was ambiguous, but she did not think so.

"Oh, that is such a noble career," she said warmly. It was a new idea to the Admiral, but he received it with a docility which proved that, unlike most of his brother pedagogues, he was still capable of learning.

"You might have had everything broken." He evaded her opening, from modesty as she thought, so she did not press the point but told him instead how it was that she had had to leave her easel defenceless. She related the tale of the tea-cup's loss and explained its importance in the set with a solemnity that delighted the Admiral. He insisted on recovering the heirloom and after some difficulty succeeded in fishing it up with the hooked stick.

By now it was a quarter to one and luncheon was at half-past. The Admiral helped her to collect her belongings, and firmly appropriated the easel and the camp-stool. "You'll want morning light to finish it," he said, "or you'll miss all those fine shadows."

Doris guilelessly confessed her intention of returning next day, and the Admiral was satisfied. He walked beside her conversing on the suitable subjects for sketches that the neighbourhood supplied. She acquiesced in his escort, a little shocked but not ill-pleased. After all he was a schoolmaster and Doris had ideals. Next to a clergyman, as the instructor of souls, she ranked the instructor of youth; she had never had any intimate acquaintance with either. Their roads eventually parted shortly before they reached the camp.

For the rest of the way the easel and camp-stool seemed unusually heavy to Doris. She was surprised at suddenly meeting Cicely. Cicely was also surprised; she was carrying a fishing-basket and a rug and that was all. "Have you been sketching, dear?" enquired the younger Miss Neave quickly. However, before Doris could reply she vanished behind a bush to emerge with an addition to her burdens, a rod neatly packed in its case. "I'm so glad to meet you," she pursued hurriedly; "we'll keep each other company in being late." She cast a regretful look behind her, for the bait-tin still lay in its hiding-place; but it would never do to pick that up now. So she began gaily to question the unsuspecting Doris, who was full of her adventure.

“You met one of the house-boat? What fun!” said Cicely. “You must tell me all about it when we go out for a row. Only don’t tell the others just yet; I want to hear it all first; it’ll be so much nicer.”

CHAPTER XVII

To all appearance Mr. Lauriston, who, as has been seen, had strolled away from Cicely’s side before his cigar was quite finished, was taking a leisurely but absorbing interest in the minute things of the morning. The altitude of the sun, the direction of the wind, the shadows of the trees, all seemed fully to occupy his attention in turn. And then there was Martin who was chopping up the fallen limb of an elm-tree for firewood, a sight which is sufficiently engrossing for the after-breakfast mood.

But in reality Mr. Lauriston’s mind was only half open to these impressions; he was occupied with a problem which had now been perturbing him for several days and which even threatened to invade his nights also. “Martin,” he said suddenly, “you’ve been about a good deal. I suppose you haven’t happened to notice such a thing as a Gladstone bag anywhere?”

Martin, who had only been waiting to be spoken to that he might rest from the not over-congenial labour suggested by Mrs. Lauriston for his spare moments, found this an excellent excuse for straightening his back, and he looked at his master with as much astonishment as is permitted to a retainer who has had the advantage of seeing service in Ealing. “Gladstone bag, sir? No, I can’t say as I have. Have you any idea at all whereabouts you dropped it, sir?”

The habits inculcated by such a training as Martin had had soon reasserted their sway, and only in the repetition of the two words did his surprise affect his speech. The rest of his utterances betrayed no more than polite interest tempered by zeal.

Mr. Lauriston, however, was not unaware that he had nearly shaken the completeness of Martin’s confidence. “Oh, it is not mine,” he hastened to add; “it belongs to a friend of mine. If you should happen to come across it, you might let me know. It will be somewhere on the other side of the river.”

“Very good, sir,” said Martin with an impassivity that in the circumstances was highly creditable. It is doubtful if Mr. Lauriston’s explanatory effort was much less surprising than his original question.

“By the way, there will be no occasion to mention such a thing to your mistress,” added Mr. Lauriston, not that he doubted, but to disarm the possibility of doubt.

“Very good, sir,” said Martin again.

“And, Martin,” his master continued, “I want you to put me across the river in the boat. Some of the ladies may wish to use it this morning, so I had better not keep it there. I am going to take a walk. You can fetch me back about one o’clock.” So saying Mr. Lauriston threw away the stump of his cigar, and they both moved towards the little creek in which the boat was moored.

Martin landed his master on the other bank and returned shaking his head slowly and solemnly from side to side. “There don’t *look* nothing amiss with him,” he thought.

Mr. Lauriston now safely on the other bank turned his steps down stream, not observing a figure which disappeared behind a haystack in the furthest corner of the meadow. He soon came to the belt of wood already mentioned, and entering it turned to the left along a narrow path which led to a small clearing. Here he paused, sat down on an old stump, lighted a fresh cigar and waited. Presently there was a crackling of the undergrowth and Charles appeared carrying two bottles of beer and two glasses, which he placed on another stump as he greeted Mr. Lauriston.

“You haven’t found it yet, I suppose?” said the first comer.

Charles shook his head. “I pretty well finished this part of the wood yesterday, too,” he said. “It’s awfully good of you to come and help.”

Mr. Lauriston modestly disclaimed any special merit. “The fact is,” he explained, “it gives me something to do, and I like looking for things, always did from my childhood. I delighted in scouting when I was a volunteer.”

“I’m much obliged to you all the same,” said Charles, “I’ve covered twice the amount of ground since I’ve had you to help.”

“Not at all,” said Mr. Lauriston with the contradictory politeness so dear to the Briton. “I declare yesterday gave me quite an appetite. Now, where are we going to begin?”

"Well," said Charles reconnoitring the ground with his eye, "I don't think it's anywhere close at hand. I vote we leave this part and go right into the wood. You bear away to the left and I'll go to the right; then we shan't run the risk of covering the same ground twice. We'll come back here for a drink about twelve if that suits you."

This suggestion did suit Mr. Lauriston, and he was about to begin his task when a thought occurred to him. "By the way," he said, "I'm not so young as I was,"—Charles politely denied this—"and there is the chance of its being up a tree; I can't climb trees as I could."

A certain licence of reminiscent speech is permitted to gentlemen who are no longer young, and it is hardly worth mentioning that Mr. Lauriston had never been able to climb trees. That he could not do so now, however, was a point that Charles had to take into consideration. After a moment's reflection he answered: "These trees are not big enough to hide it, if it is anywhere in the branches; it's a good big bag; so you're certain to see it. Shout for me and I'll come and climb for it."

Mr. Lauriston promised to do so and they separated, each turning to his allotted portion of wood.

Of the search little need be said. Looking for a Gladstone bag in a wood is not unlike looking for a tennis-ball in a shrubbery, an occupation in which Mr. Lauriston, from frequent practice at Ealing, had become tolerably expert. There was a shrubbery at each end of the tennis-lawn and the netting was hardly adequate to cope with the variety of Cicely's strokes; she was accustomed to leave all that could be left to her partner, but now and then there comes a ball that cannot be avoided without great exertion; this ball it was her custom to remove as far from herself as she could, frequently employing the device by which the missile is received on the racket and transferred to some indefinite point behind one's right shoulder. Mr. Lauriston was, as a rule, his niece's partner by virtue of the social law which ordains that when of any given four three are women it shall be the masculine prerogative to be considered the best player and accordingly to pair off with the worst. So it came about that Mr. Lauriston spent much time in the shrubberies while Cicely made suggestions and calculations on the other side of the netting.

Cicely had a theory that when a ball was thoroughly lost you could effect much by throwing a second ball after it at a venture,

the idea being of course that one ball found the other ; but the effect, as her exasperated uncle had been known to declare, sometimes was that, though the one ball doubtless found the other, he himself lost both. It may have been the likeness of occupation that brought Cicely's theory to his mind after an hour of stooping, craning, poking into the undergrowth with his stick, and generally arduous searching. As he paused awhile to rest he could not help wondering whether there might not be something in it, and whether if he sent Martin to hide his own Gladstone bag in the wood the result might not be satisfactory.

In order to think the matter over he made his way to a gate which opened out of the wood into a meadow, for he had followed Charles's instructions as to keeping well to the left. Leaning on this gate he lighted another cigar (an excess of his morning allowance amply justified by the honest toil which made him mop his brow) and meditated dreamily. And as he meditated objections to the scheme began to rise up before him. For one thing, Martin might hide the bag somewhere where he would never think of looking,—in that haystack opposite for instance. No one ever puts Gladstone bags in haystacks ; no one ever looks for them there. And then Martin might forget where he had put it, and so there would be two Gladstone bags like Cicely's tennis-balls,—hopelessly lost. No, the idea was not feasible. And with this Mr. Lauriston shook himself into wakefulness once more, and remembering that Charles had talked of refreshment at about this hour, he went back to the rendezvous.

After they had rested and refreshed themselves there still remained a good half-hour of valuable time, which Charles suggested might be utilised for exploring a meadow or two. It would be a change, he said, from the confinement of the wood. Mr. Lauriston assented and they forthwith entered the meadow in the corner of which was the haystack with which the reader is now familiar. It caught Charles's practised eye at once. "Did you come on that by any chance?" he said. "You must have got pretty near it."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Lauriston, "it isn't there." And indeed he was under the impression that he had settled the point practically as well as logically, so curiously are the workings of an active mind and a tired body interwoven. Charles had complete confidence in Mr. Lauriston and he dismissed the haystack from his thoughts, turning to the river bank, which was thickly fringed

with tall reeds. Here an unscrupulous person who did not mind exposing another person's property to the risk of damp might have concealed many Gladstone bags.

Meanwhile in the next meadow, two people were engaged in argument. "But it's much too big," objected Cicely. "They won't believe I ever caught it all by myself." *It* was a large chub which Talbot, not without an uncomfortable remembrance of Izaak Walton's disinterested generosity to the milkmaid, was pressing upon Cicely's acceptance. The perch had not been on the feed, a fact which Cicely in feminine wise had been inclined to attribute to lack of skill on the part of her angler. When indeed an hour had passed by without a bite she had remarked that it was a pity that she had not brought her own rod, as she would not like to go back without anything. And then,—for they were now on sufficiently intimate terms for her to tease him—she had hinted that the fisherman was too smartly attired; his hat, she thought, had frightened the perch away.

Talbot was rather annoyed; he considered Cicely ungrateful, but there were several reasons why he could not say so. Instead he was inflicting upon her a long dissertation on the unstable nature of fishes, and was about to assure her somewhat warmly that even the best angler could not always succeed, when he had an unexpected bite and succeeded in landing the chub in question, a fish of some three pounds. Thereupon he altered the form of his peroration and pointed out that patience, not uncombined with skill, was bound to achieve result in the end. Cicely was convinced: there was no doubt as to the result and her opinion of Talbot went up; but she hesitated as to the propriety of accepting the fish. In the first place she felt that she would never be able to remember its Latin name, which was far more complicated than that of the perch: in the second she did not think so highly of its attributes, history, and habits, which she made Talbot recount to her; and lastly it was too big.

"Can't you catch me a little one?" she said.

Talbot had no doubt as to his ability to do so, but success had made him masterful and he insisted on her accepting the chub. "Say you just pulled it out," he advised; "they won't know any better."

Cicely admitted that they might not discover any technical inaccuracy in such a description, but was not sure as to the

attitude of her own conscience in the matter. At the word *conscience*, however, Talbot smiled a peculiar smile at his well-polished brown boots and Cicely decided not to insist on that point; instead she blushed and repeated her request for a little one. At that moment Talbot, who was leaning against a willow close to her in a studiously graceful attitude, suddenly looked up with an exclamation and then, whipping off his too conspicuous hat, sat down very quickly behind the tree. Cicely raised herself a little to see what was the matter, and perceived at the other end of the field two persons getting over the stile. "It's Uncle Henry," she exclaimed, "and a young man." They looked at each other in consternation.

"You must go and meet them," said Cicely after swift deliberation, "and say I'm not here if they are looking for me."

Talbot frowned at his brown boots again to collect his thoughts. He did not want to see Charles at this moment any more than Cicely desired to meet her uncle. Then he looked round hurriedly. Positively there was no cover in the field except this particular clump of willows. There was one course, however, if the worst came to the worst. "They're not coming this way yet," he said more cheerfully as he peered round the tree and saw the pair stopping and apparently poking into the hedge with sticks; "and I don't think they are looking for you."

"I shouldn't be in the hedge," Cicely admitted. "But they are looking for something," she added dubiously. "I think you'd better go and take them quite away."

This was the one impossible course. "No," said Talbot firmly; "that would make them suspicious. They'd want to know where I'd come from, and they'd insist on looking."

"Uncle Henry wouldn't insist," said Cicely.

"Haddon, the other man, would," Talbot asserted. "You don't know him; he's a most determined fellow. Besides they evidently don't suspect anything yet. They're only looking for mushrooms." Talbot counted on Cicely's ignorance of the locality in which mushrooms may be found.

"I like mushrooms," she confessed. "But do they grow among turnips?" she asked with vague doubts. "I thought they grew in frames like melons."

"Oh, they'll grow anywhere," said Talbot reassuringly.

But this did not altogether satisfy her. "Then they may be

growing all round us," she said, looking about her in alarm, "and they will be sure to look here too."

"Well, it won't matter if they only find you here alone, will it?" said Talbot, whose resolution was taken. "They mustn't see me, of course."

"No, that wouldn't matter," she admitted. "Uncle Henry would be more frightened than I should; in fact I shouldn't be frightened at all. But what will you do?"

Talbot pointed to the river. "I will get in and swim down to those reeds. No one could see me in the middle of them."

Cicely looked at him for one instant in a way which would have amply recompensed him even if he had done this heroic thing. "No," she said with decision, "you would be drowned or catch your death of cold, and spoil all your clothes too." This argument, it is to be feared, did not weigh very much with Talbot. But Cicely's pretty "you mustn't really," was conclusive. "We'll wait here and hope they don't come. If they do, I'm not afraid of Uncle Henry," she added, from knowledge that he was after all a partner in guilt. "And besides he eats nearly all the fish himself."

And so they waited, and Talbot in the intervals of keeping an eye on the other pair proceeded to make the best use of the opportunities opened out to him by Cicely's brief but self-revealing glance. "No, I shouldn't like you to be drowned," she confessed, and Talbot determined to remain and brave all storms, even the storm of the enraged Charles.

Fortunately, however, the storm-clouds passed away, or rather got over the stile again after having apparently exhausted the mushroom-bearing possibilities of the hedge. And when Cicely at last declared that she must go and meekly promised to take the chub with her, Talbot congratulated himself on a well-spent morning. There is nothing that helps the intimacy of two people so much as the discovery that they can both be brave in the face of a common danger.

CHAPTER XVIII

"HENRY," said Mrs. Lauriston, "I should like to have a word with you."

"Certainly, my dear," Mr. Lauriston answered without enthusiasm. He had hoped to escape as usual for his cigar after lunch, but as that was not to be he resettled himself resignedly,

wondering what had cast such a gloom over the meal. The three girls had also been sensible of Mrs. Lauriston's silent displeasure, and had exchanged glances of mute interrogation. Cicely rose first, rather elaborately at her ease; but her rising first was proof of her not feeling so. Agatha sat still for a similar reason.

"Where are you going, Cicely?" asked Mrs. Lauriston.

"I am going to get a book; Doris said she would take me for a row," said Cicely.

"We shall be punctual with tea," announced her aunt with purpose. Cicely nodded and took Doris away with her. "See that Martin washes up properly," said Mrs. Lauriston to Agatha, and then she led her husband away from the camp until they were out of sight and earshot.

Mr. Lauriston, oppressed with misgivings, selected a cigar with deliberate nonchalance and felt for his match-box. As an ex-volunteer the smell of smoke should fortify him for the encounter. Remembering that the last word belongs to the fair sex by right of conquest, he thought to secure the first. All was undoubtedly discovered, but even so a certain advantage rests with the offensive. He struck a match therefore, and murmured that he had found him looking for a Gladstone bag.

"Henry," said Mrs. Lauriston very firmly indeed, "we must go back to Ealing at once." She paid no attention to her husband's opening murmur. The match dropped without fulfilling its purpose, and, justly irritated, tried to burn a hole in Mr. Lauriston's white canvas shoe.

"My dear," he remonstrated, "what possible harm——"

"Mr. Lauriston," interjected his wife with increased severity, "if you have no proper feeling, I owe a duty to my poor sister. Mr. Neave may have been of good family,—the impertinence of his people to say poor Harriet was beneath him, and we daughters of an alderman who might have been Lord Mayor if he had lived, and a knight; but you, know as well as anyone what Mr. Neave was like! Agatha has repaid my care, but Cicely, she's like her father,—I ought not to have let those two go off in the boat! You must go to the farm and get the waggon to take our things to the station. I shan't feel safe till we are back at Bel Alp. The little wretch, pretending to be so quiet too!"

"My dear," began Mr. Lauriston again; but his wife had only paused for breath, and realising this he waited like

a wise man till he might get some clue to her meaning. He looked more cheerfully at the scenery, for, whatever might be the catastrophe in question, it evidently had nothing to do with a Gladstone bag. Even in her wildest moments Charlotte, he felt sure, would never call *him* a little wretch.

"I never could have supposed it, never!" she continued with gathering vehemence. "That's what comes of reading Ibsen and living one's own life and going to picture-galleries on Sunday instead of taking a bible-class and reading the lessons and the collect. I always said I never liked her. *She* lonely! Whatever induced you to give way when they asked you, I don't know. You ought to have seen what she was like and never had her in the house. I despise a man who can't say no. *She* lonely! She knows how to fill up her time well enough. I shouldn't wonder if she asked them all down here. Why else did they come down here at all?"

Mr. Lauriston passed a puzzled hand over his brow. What on earth was his wife talking about? Somebody, apparently, who read Ibsen, lived her own life, and went to picture-galleries on Sunday. The means of identification were not sufficient; but he felt that he could dismiss his first suspicion that Cicely was the object of attack. She lived her own life gracefully enough, it was true, but he did not think she could or would read Ibsen, though she had once been known to spend a morning over Hans Andersen in the German.

Mrs. Lauriston continued. "Have you got the return tickets safe and the packet of labels in the left-hand bottom corner of your trunk? You must send a telegram for me to Martha to re-engage her to cook, as Eliza said she wouldn't come back again when I gave her notice a month before we left,—as if they expected to have board-wages and nothing to do all the time we were away! But Martha can cook fairly well now, and we'll have Martin's sister in to help her and a charwoman to do the house-work. If I could only trust the registry office, but after that drunken kitchenmaid they sent me and their refusal to return the fee, though they put it on their prospectus that they would if she didn't give satisfaction,—*satisfaction*, and she drank two bottles of your best port, and wouldn't look at the port at one-and-six I got for Eliza's cold, though it was easier to get at, not that Eliza was grateful either—no, I won't go there again. But if you go over and telegraph to Martha we can go back to-morrow."

Mr. Lauriston gasped in marital sympathy, but being no wiser on the main point he still refrained from suggestion. Mrs. Lauriston resumed: "We ought to send her home, of course, but we can't do that as it is. Fancy her being so sly. Sketching! I'm thankful Cicely never would learn it if that's what it leads to. I should like to know how many of them have been helping her to sketch! You ought to go straight down and thrash the lot of them, Mr. Lauriston, that's what you ought to do. The—the—*fellows!*"

Mr. Lauriston began to have a glimmering as to the culprit, though he still could not deduce the crime. In any case the course of action suggested for himself called for protest. "I hardly think, my dear, such violent——"

"You're too good-natured, Henry, too good-natured. Why you wanted to keep Eliza just because she could do omelettes, and we none of us care for omelettes except you,—but if I see any of them, I'll say what I think of a set of idle, good-for-nothing young men, artists most likely and journalists that sit up to all hours and have breakfast in bed and call themselves Bohemian. And she'd be just such another. I heard her ask Agatha if she'd read *Endymion*, by that dreadful Lord Byron too, who ran away with somebody else's wife and got drowned in the Mediterranean—serve him right—and she wanted to see his statue, though they put it in an Oxford college because it hadn't any clothes on! Why even when they bathe in the morning——" but here Mrs. Lauriston broke off hurriedly. The vision of Charles on the house-boat was not a thing to talk about, least of all to a husband.

"My dear," said Mr. Lauriston, seeing that his wife had at last paused of her own accord, "I am quite prepared to agree with you as to what had better be done——"

"I should hope you were," she said with decision.

"—but I really don't understand——"

"Don't understand?" she exclaimed. "When I've been telling you all this time, that I saw that Miss Yonge walking along with a strange young man, who was carrying her sketching things as if he'd known her all his life, and they parted just near here, so that I couldn't have seen them unless I'd been going for a turn before luncheon—if you'd seen that, and seen her come back just as quietly as if nothing had happened (which shows how used she is to that kind of thing, and I shouldn't wonder if she goes out to work in the City and typewrites and smokes with

stock-brokers when she's at home—you know what the City is as well as I do, Henry!)—when I saw that I intended to tell her what decent people thought of such behaviour, but I remembered that Martin can never be trusted with a stew, and then Cicely met her, and I didn't like to speak to her before Cicely—why you don't know what ideas it might not put into the child's head!—so I just waited till I could talk it over quietly with you and arrange about going back to Bel Alp.”

Now a little time ago Mr. Lauriston had said in his heart that he wished nothing better than to be back in his pleasant residence of Bel Alp. Were there not his morning paper at breakfast and his evening stroll in the garden seasoned with interchange of courtesies over the wall with Mr. Waterhouse of Minnehaha, his completely detached neighbour? Was there not his own armchair in his study with the innocent-looking cabinet constructed for documents beside it, the cabinet whose contents were not entered in Mrs. Lauriston's weekly accounts? All these things he had in the past regretted; but now the country had claimed him and he was beginning to enter into the spirit of the life. If he was not staying long enough to turn farmer he had an occupation more engrossing than any dreamed of by the notoriously fortunate agriculturist. He had a purpose in life, a definite daily task, and a congenial fellow-labourer and leader. He felt that he could not without unending regret leave undecided the precise spot in the wood, which he and Charles were searching in systematically parcelled plots, where lay concealed the Gladstone bag. Wherefore Mr. Lauriston temporised. “Is that all you saw, my dear?” he hazarded.

“All?” demanded his wife in a tone which showed that he had opened ill. “All? What more do you expect, I should like to know? Do you think I was watching for more? Why he might have kissed her in those thick hedges and I should never have known it. I *saw* him take off his hat.” Mrs. Lauriston's voice was full of horror.

“It may have been an accidental meeting; perhaps she was tired.”

“Accidental! I can't have five idle, good-for-nothing actors making accidents like that. She led him on as likely as not. I'm sure I can't imagine what any man could see in her, except her eyes; I suppose she's got good eyes. You men never seem to care about anything else but a baby face with big eyes in it. Agatha and Cicely are much better looking, and five young men

don't come down into the country to look accidentally into their eyes. I should think not, indeed; they've been properly brought up. I never had such a thing happen to me."

"Yet if it comes to looks, my dear Charlotte—" artfully insinuated her lord and master.

"All the less excuse for her," continued his wife a little more calmly. "If she'd been a really pretty girl one might excuse her flirting a little, but to flirt with five men on a house-boat! And she's only got her eyes, as I said, though she seems to know how to use them, in spite of looking so demure. Five men indeed!"

Mr. Lauriston felt that this was a little unfair, but he knew not quite how he could explain it with the tact so necessary in domestic life. He was suffering from the usual masculine inability to follow the rapidity of the feminine intelligence, and realised not for the first time how inferior is mere logic to the unerring brilliancy of intuition. He caught, however, at statistics. "You said you only saw one young man with Miss Doris, my dear, and after all he may not have been one of the party on the house-boat."

"I'm certain of it," asserted Mrs. Lauriston.

This should have satisfied any reasonable husband, but Mr. Lauriston, with a prospect before him of returning to an Eliza-less and therefore omelette-less Bel Alp, was evidently not reasonable just now. "How can you be certain, unless he was the man you saw——"

"Mr. Lauriston!" exclaimed his indignant spouse. "Mr. Lauriston! Did you suppose I stopped? After we've been married twenty-three years next October too! I shall go and consult my niece. Miss Agatha Neave at least understands what is proper; I have brought her up myself. All you men are alike. All you want to do is to smoke your abominable tobacco, and you don't care if fifty house-boats come here. I believe you would like to join them yourself." With this Mrs. Lauriston returned to the camp, just in time to find the paragon Agatha drying the last salt-spoon.

Mr. Lauriston at last lit his cigar. "I shall never understand Charlotte," he observed to the curling blue smoke. "But all the same I don't think we shall go back to Bel Alp."

(To be continued.)

STEVENSON AT FONTAINEBLEAU

SCATTERED around the sixty mile border of the forest of Fontainebleau are a score or more small towns or villages, some half dozen of which have been, for many generations of art-students, the favoured haunts of landscape-painters. They are quaint, little hamlets, within a stone's throw or an easy walk of the wood, and though time has wrought changes in some of them, others still afford the brain-worker the quiet he so rarely gets in or near a great city; and yet, if "short retirement urges sweet return," he can be back on the Paris asphalté in little over an hour. There are cosy, home-like inns in these villages, with dark dining-rooms, plainly furnished and adorned with panels painted by hands long since dead, and perhaps, in the corner, a jingly, rattle-trap piano that has not been tuned for years but has echoed the chorus of many a good song.

A tradition exists in the studios of Montparnasse, where Stevenson has already become almost a legendary figure, that "cousin Bob" (R.A.M. Stevenson, the well-known art-critic) one day found his relative moping in the darkest corner of the *Crémérie* in the Rue Delambre,—an eating-house much frequented by artists, and familiarly known as The Greasy Spoon—and, to cheer him up, proposed a journey to Grez, and a canoe-trip on the Loing. Louis accepted without enthusiasm, but found the life at Grez and Barbizon so pleasant that, from 1874 to 1879, he spent most of his spare time in the forest.

The life in these village communities of painters exactly suited Stevenson's character. He loved solitude,—with a companion within call—and if he were afflicted with gloomy thoughts he had but to climb a knoll and make for the nearest white umbrella, with a certainty that under it he would find a friend who would interest and not bore him. He explored every part of the woods, he tracked the Loing almost to its source, and

boasted with perfect truth, that he knew the western and southern sides of the forest with "what he supposed he might call thoroughness."

How far the forest affected his literary art it would be difficult to say. It was from Barbizon that the *Arethusa* (Stevenson) and the *Cigarette* (Sir W. Simpson) set forth on that delightful Inland Voyage, and hither they returned, ignominiously, after the adventure with the Commissary of Police at Chatillon-sur-Loire. That book, and the two charming essays on Fontainebleau, which are the groundwork of the present article, are the only tangible assets of Stevenson's visits; but, indirectly, the forest played an important part in his life, and moulded the whole after-course of his career, for it was in the inn-garden at Grez that he first met his future wife, the staunch and true comrade to whose loving care, encouragement, and advice we owe the production of his best work, and the prolongation of a life that was precious to myriads of his admirers.

Three or four years after Stevenson had paid his last visit to Fontainebleau, he embodied his impressions in a couple of articles contributed to *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*. They were written in California, with no works of reference handy, and time and change of scene had partly effaced his recollections. Nevertheless they contain a very true and vivid picture of the village communities of painters as they were when Stevenson knew them, and there is but one error, and that of a trifling nature. Twice he makes a passing mention of Cernay, and we may infer from the text (perhaps there was a doubt lurking in his mind, and he was purposely ambiguous) that he thought that little town, which is a favourite resort of artists, was in the forest of Fontainebleau. As a matter of fact, Cernay-la-Ville lies to the south-west of Paris and Fontainebleau to the south-east, and they are a good fifty miles apart.

The major part of the first article was devoted to Barbizon, which was at that time the chief resort of the artists, and has given its name to the Barbizon School, that included among its members Millet, Corot, Daubigny, Rousseau, Diaz, and other lesser lights. Millet lived in the village, in a small house with green shutters, and was looked upon as a sort of demigod by the painters who lodged at Siron's inn. But the community was really acephalous, for as Millet did not reside in

the inn, he was not in constant touch with his followers, and, in any case, his gentle, patient character ill-fitted him to rule over the boisterous, high-spirited youths who flocked round him.

The life at Siron's inn, as described by Stevenson, seems to have been a curious and pleasant mixture of the idyllic and the Bohemian.

At any hour of the morning, you could get your coffee or cold milk, and set forth into the forest. The doves had perhaps awakened you fluttering into your chamber, and on the threshold of the inn you were met by the aroma of the forest. Close by were the great aisles, the mossy boulders, the interminable field of forest shadow. There you were free to draw and wander. And at noon, and again at six o'clock, a good meal awaited you on Siron's table. The whole of your accommodation . . . cost you five francs a day; your bill was never offered you till you asked for it; and, if you were out of luck's way, you might depart for where you pleased, and leave it pending.

There was a curious Bohemian custom at Siron's of helping yourself from the larder or cellar, when you returned late at night from wandering in the forest. The Siron's, being all locked in slumber, did not know who made these inroads on their provisions, but booked next day whatever was missing under the heading *estrats* (a compromise between *extras* and *extracts* probably) and divided the sum among the guests at the week's end,—those with the longest purses and the easiest dispositions paying the larger share.

Time has wrought many changes in a quarter of a century, and it is difficult to imagine the company at Siron's, in the present day, foraging in the pantry, or tolerating a vague charge for *estrats* if any of their number were so lost to decency and devoid of honesty as to help themselves and not inform the landlord. For the old social order at Barbizon has vanished with the men who created it.

In those days, the house was theoretically open to all comers; practically it was a kind of club. The bagman, the tourist, and the casual visitor from Paris were ostracised, or at best admitted on sufferance. If he proved a good fellow, he was permitted to stop; but dictatorial manners or patronising airs were not tolerated. "The formidable Bodmer" (son of Karl Bodmer, a once celebrated artist) would hold an interview with such a person, and there was an end of *him*, as the fairy tales say. He left early next morning, and never returned to Barbizon.

Now the company is cosmopolitan, and differs little, if at all, from the society found at the *table d'hôte* of any big Continental hotel. The last time I dined there my neighbours at table were a retired English doctor, who dabbled in art, and a French blue-stocking, who found the forest a nice, quiet place in which to study the Bas Breton dialect. To analyse the causes which have led to the decadence of Barbizon would be a waste of time. Perhaps, the advent of the American and British girl-student might have been, as Stevenson thought, the first little rift within the lute; at any rate, the steam-tram from Melun has given the *coup de grâce*; Barbizon is lost to the arts, probably for ever, and the painter has fallen back on Montigny and Grez, which are still happily free from the Philistine.

Montigny was almost unknown, and had been strangely neglected in Stevenson's day.

I never knew it inhabited but once [he says] when Will. H. Low installed himself there with a barrel of *piquette*, and entertained his friends in a leafy trellis above the weir, in sight of the green country, and to the music of the falling water. It was a most airy, quaint and pleasant place of residence, just too rustic to be stagey, and from my memories of the place in general, and that garden trellis in particular—at morning visited by the birds, or at night when the dew fell and the stars were of the party—I am inclined to think perhaps too favourably of the future of Montigny.

That leafy trellis is now part of a comfortable little inn, and serves as a lunch or dining-place, where any time in the summer months you may meet half a dozen American artists. It is pleasant to lounge and smoke there on a summer evening, and watch the miller's white ducks exploring, for the thousandth time, the tiny capes and bays of the mill eyot. Sometimes the artists from the pottery (Montigny ware is known all over the world) will drop in, and talk over old days at the schools with some of the men staying at the inn.

As the pretty little river Loing is at one end of the long, straggling village street, and the woods are at the other (the cottages at the upper end are built on plots nibbled out of the forest), the painter can find a variety of subjects close at hand. In this respect Montigny is superior to Barbizon, and also has the advantage of being near the picturesque towns of Moret and Nemours. These towns were little visited by painters in Stevenson's day,—perhaps, he thought, because they were too populous,

had manners of their own, and might resist the drastic process of colonisation. Nemours is still unduly neglected, but Moret, one of those delightful old fortified towns which abound in all parts of France, now possesses a flourishing art colony, and as it is an eminently paintable place, figures on the walls of the Salon as often as the bridge of Grez used to do.

Marlotte, the near neighbour of Montigny, once sheltered a colony of artists presided over by Olivier de Penne, but his name is almost forgotten, and the disciples who gathered round him belong to an unremembered generation. Stevenson seems to have visited the place but once or twice, and to have no pleasant associations connected with it.

I scarcely know Marlotte, and, very likely for that reason, am not much in love with it. It seems a glaring and unsightly hamlet. The inn of mother Antoine unattractive, and its more reputable rival, though comfortable enough, is commonplace. Marlotte has a name; it is famous; if I were the young painter, I would leave it alone in its glory.

Unsightly is perhaps too strong a word, but it is still glaring, showy, and pretentious. As at Barbizon, the bourgeois has taken full possession of the place, but the artist had evacuated the position before the enemy came. The inn (doubtless "the reputable rival") has developed into a good-sized hotel, where the waiters wear dress-coats, and there is a steam-engine in the grounds to work the dynamo for the electric light. No artist could be happy amidst such surroundings, and, moreover, the hotel is filled with stockbrokers' wives and, at the end of the week, their husbands, while the garden fairly teems with nursemaids and children. It is impossible to reach the village without passing through avenues of villas, more or less ugly (generally more) inhabited by Paris tradesmen, active or retired. Evidently Marlotte is lost to the painter for ever, but happily it is no great loss.

I have purposely reserved to the last some account of Grez-sur-Loing, the only one of Stevenson's haunts where his memory is yet kept green by Madame Chevillon,—still hale and hearty, her honest, kindly face brown and wrinkled as a frost-bitten russet, and capable of managing the modest, comfortable inn. But thirty years is a long spell, even in an uneventful life, and her recollections of M'sieu Louis are vague and misty. Only one incident of Stevenson's stay has impressed itself on her mind,

perhaps because it occurred, unfortunately, but too frequently. He was subject to violent headaches, and when suffering from one of these attacks would shut himself up in his bedroom, gloomy and ill-tempered, and see no one. "Many a time," says Madame Chevillon, in the soft carneying voice peculiar to the French peasant women, "have I made a little dish that I knew he liked, and taken it to his room, but he would refuse it with angry, cruel words that sent me away feeling hurt. But the next morning he would walk into my kitchen, hold out his hand, and say, 'You are a dear, kind, motherly soul, and I know it when I am in my right mind, but these cursed headaches make me forget it. You will forgive me for being rude and ill-tempered, won't you?'" And the old lady adds simply: "Poor lad! I understood that well enough, and had excused and forgotten his hard words five minutes after he said them. There was no need to beg my pardon, but I liked him to do it all the same, for it showed what a kind heart he had, and I loved him all the more; but then everybody loved M'sieu Louis. His cousin, too, I liked, but not so much as M'sieu Louis,—and now they are both dead, they say."

She still shows with pride the modest, plainly-furnished bedroom that Stevenson used to occupy.

To Stevenson, Grez was "a less inspiring place than Barbizon," but he owns that it was

A merry place after its kind, pretty to see, merry to inhabit. The course of its pellucid river, whether up or down, is full of gentle attractions for the navigator; islanded reed-mazes where, in autumn, the red berries cluster; the mirrored and inverted images of trees, lilies and mills, and the foam and thunder of weirs.

As a village Grez is common-place enough, and bears a family resemblance to hundreds of other French hamlets. A small, ugly church with a squat steeple, and the ruined walls of an old castle do not suffice to redeem its character, and the only picturesque thing about it is its ancient stone bridge, "the long-suffering bridge" which has figured on the walls of so many picture-galleries. The main advantages of Grez are that it lies hidden in a hollow, off the main road, a couple of miles from a railway station; and also that it has never been rendered famous as the residence of any great artist: for all which reasons it has escaped the *bourgeois*.

Chevillon's inn still exists, and, I hope, flourishes, though much of its former glory has departed. Once it was the haven of an art-colony little inferior to that of Barbizon, presided over by Palizzi, a clever and eccentric Italian artist, now forgotten. The white wood panels in the low, dark dining-room are decorated with indifferent sketches by artists of many nations,—French, American, British, Italian, and even Japanese. The long garden running down to the silver Loing is still pleasant, but the willow trees have grown and hidden the view of the bridge, and the trim canoes which used to lie at the landing-stage have given place to a couple of leaky punts.

There now lies before me a battered and stained photograph, taken in 1877, which Madame Chevillon's son gave me, fetching it from a coach-house where it had apparently lain for many years. It represents a group of some of the guests who were then staying at the inn. In the centre stands Palizzi, who then

Bore rule at Grez—urbane, superior rule—his memory rich in anecdotes of the great men of yore, his mind fertile in theories; sceptical, composed, and venerable to the eye; and yet beneath these outworks all twittering with Italian superstition, his eye scouting for omens, and the whole fabric of his manners giving way on the appearance of a hunchback.

Arm-in-arm with him is Robert Stevenson, evidently prepared for his favourite sport of canoeing. The young man in the polo cap to whom Palizzi is talking is Kenyon Cox, now Instructor of the Art Students' League in New York. The big man next to him is A. Henley, an extremely clever black-and-white draughtsman, now dead, and the brother of W. E. Henley. To the right of the picture are Mr. Homer Lee, now the head of the Homer Lee Bank-note Company; a French artist, name unknown; and, leaning against a tree, the late Sir Walter G. Simpson, Bart., Louis Stevenson's constant companion, and the Cigarette of the Inland Voyage. To the left of the picture are M^{lle}. G——, Mr. Enfield (in boat), and Mr. W. G. Bunce. The young man in the fez cap, with his back to the camera, attained notoriety many years later by assaulting President Loubet on Longchamp race-course, and knocking off his hat with a loaded stick.

The photograph would have been more interesting still had it included the portrait of Louis Stevenson. As his two constant companions, Cousin Bob and Sir Walter Simpson, are both

present, it is possible, though by no means certain, that he was not far away. It is not unlikely, always presuming he was staying at the inn at that time, that he had started on one of those long, solitary, rapid walks he was accustomed to take, perhaps, over to Barbizon, which is no mean distance from Grez. Or he may have been passing "an Arcadian day" in the depths of the forest, "leaving a portion of his soul buried in the woods."

To end with his own words :

And as one generation passes on and renovates the field of tillage for the next, I entertain a fancy that when the young men of to-day go forth into the forest, they shall find the air still vitalised by the spirits of their predecessors, and, like those 'unheard melodies' that are the sweetest of all, the memory of our laughter shall still haunt the field of trees. Those merry voices that in woods call the wanderer farther, those thrilling silences and whispers of the groves, surely in Fontainebleau they must be vocal of me and my companions? We are not content to pass away entirely from the scenes of our delight; we would leave, if but in gratitude, a pillar and a legend.

That pillar still endures in the stately bole of a thousand grand old trees, and the legend is graven on the hearts of all who love Fontainebleau, and reverence the dead man's genius.

ROBERT B. DOUGLAS.

MY DISTRICT

WHEN used by a member of one of the groups which carry out the social work of the Church in poor neighbourhoods the words *my district* are meant in their narrowest sense. The district is generally a street, or perhaps only one side of a street ; and the possessive pronoun is intended to convey a proprietorship of the vaguest nature, in fact, simply the right given to the visitor by the vicar of the parish to call at the houses in the district and to try to make friends with their inhabitants in the name of the Church.

District-visiting is a fairly general form of social work, but churches adopt different methods of introducing their visitors to the people whose welfare they are to endeavour to promote. The energetic vicar of the parish to which I was attached had instituted a Church Savings-Bank, and furnished his visitors with its cards as a means of introduction to his parishioners. This struck me as an excellent idea when I first began the work, and after several years' experience I still consider it the best of the various methods with which I have become acquainted. The first object of the visitor is to get a footing, some kind of right to call weekly. This the Savings-Bank card gives her ; and it is surprising how often, if the visitor has only sufficient patience, the most slatternly and careless of housewives will gradually assimilate the idea and contract the habit of saving. Another advantage in connection with the savings-card is that the subject of saving necessarily brings the visitor into immediate contact with the more intimate home affairs, and so gives her an insight into the character and habits of the family, which is absolutely necessary if she is to be of any real help to them.

The Savings-Clubs are worked at a slight loss by the Church, as some inducement has to be offered to encourage the habit. A bonus of a shilling in the pound on all money left until

Christmas, and the right to buy at actual cost-price clothing made by the Ladies' Working Party were the lures offered by my particular church. As the material for the clothing was bought in considerable quantities, and was economically cut and well made, this last advantage was a real boon to mothers of large families. I think if this system of help was more generally adopted by people who have kindly intentions and time to spare, it would strike a serious blow at the traffic in cheap ready-made rubbish which is, in the end, so expensive to the poor and cannot be good for body or soul of either the maker or wearer.

Armed with a number of savings-cards and high hopes of helpfulness I set forth some years ago to conquer a street, that had hitherto not been visited, in one of our poor London parishes. The street contained between forty and fifty houses, in each of which lived two or three families, and when I returned home after my first expedition, tired and depressed, I had only received a smile and kindly word from one occupant. The following week I started with the same number of savings-cards, but far less hope. My caution was justified, for I met with very little more success than before. I had to learn that the poor do not receive strangers with open arms. Like the rest of us they desire to choose their friends, and they have an intense objection to being "got at" or "talked to" by people they do not know. Week after week I received curt refusals to my enquiries whether they would not like to join the Savings-Club; week after week my spirits were chilled as I felt myself watched by cold suspicious eyes as I journeyed from house to house. But I owned fighting blood, and pride demanded no surrender. Gradually perseverance wore away prejudice, until there were not a dozen women in the street who had not joined the club for more or less lengthy periods, nor half a dozen houses where I was not welcome to look in for a chat. So I became and remained for several years the Visiting Lady.

Once accept you, and they do so thoroughly, giving you abundant confidence. As time went by I grew to know these women intimately, to understand their outlook and habits. Their faults are undoubtedly many, but their virtues spring from most unpromising soil and are generally of a nature that it must be most difficult to practise owing to the amount of self-sacrifice needed. Their troubles are often of their own making, though many of their mistakes occur from lack of knowledge. But the

thing that impressed me most, and the one, which, I think, must strike all observers of the poorer working-class woman, is the pathos of her patience. At times I have been made intensely miserable by their resignation. Toil, poverty, and trouble they accept as their lot in life ; they do not seem to expect praise or reward of any kind, and rarely, too rarely, become rebellious.

Being near the river a fair percentage of the men of my District (of whom, let me here say, I saw but little and knew mainly by repute) earned a living either on the water or at the water's edge. There are many mysterious trades connected with the river-side, and an air of romance clings to the wharves and works with their overhanging cranes under which lie the brown-sailed barges. But the romance fades when you follow the worker to his home, for often the waterman or stevedore's work is irregular, and where the income is uncertain the home is almost invariably neglected and more or less comfortless, while the children are disorderly and badly looked after. Sometimes more money is actually earned and spent by the family than in the better conducted houses, but the uncertainty and futile worry breed an understandable carelessness in the woman who has to provide the food and rent, which in time produces the easy-going sloven. I met with one or two fine exceptions ; but as a rule, however small the amount, the home with the steady income was brighter, cleaner, and better ordered than that with larger but more fickle resources.

But besides the waterman my District owned representatives of many other trades,—cabmen, carmen, composers, workers in various factories, and an assortment of odds and ends too numerous to mention. In addition there were the usual number of lonely women, widows and elderly spinsters, who lived in single rooms and earned a living by charing or by their needle. These lonely ones were the first to accept my advances. After a time most of them contracted the habit of saving a few coppers from their slender earnings ; the little hard-saved sum was found useful for coals and warm clothing when winter came. But what an intensely pathetic group those lonely women formed !

In one clean room, with a white counterpane on the bed and scarlet geraniums in the window, sat day by day an aged woman and her consumptive daughter, who was slowly, surely dying. But she was always cheerful and always professed herself better ; and rarely did she give way to her weakness and lie down before

the appointed hour ; "because," as she told me in confidence, "it would frighten Mother." They earned a pitiable small sum with their needles by making dainty lace-trimmed underclothing for a West-end house. Regularly the old dame trudged to the shop with the work, and returned joyfully with some cheap delicacy for the daughter she dearly loved. They were country people and had been better off ; as is usual in such cases, they were somewhat proud and reticent, and thus shut themselves off from the ready sympathy which the poor always offer to their kind. I was very glad when my District lost this couple, and a benevolent soul was found who took mother and daughter back to a country cottage, where I am afraid all that could be hoped was that they would die in comparative ease in sight of the fields and flowers that they loved.

Next door, in a back room on the top floor, lived a little bright-eyed, chirpy, old woman, who claimed seventy-five years. The only time when I could see her was in the evenings, for winter and summer she left her little home at a quarter to eight for the laundry where she earned her wage. She was hard and resolute and I never doubted that she did as much work as the younger people, but her employers considered it a charity to give her the work and they paid her only half wages. "Oh, I get all I want, my dear ; don't you worry," was the invariable reply to my enquiries. *My dear* was her form of address to everybody, man, woman, or child. She was known as Granny, although so far as I could ascertain she had neither chick nor child belonging to her. In spite of her hard work and long hours, she was always cheerfully to the fore when trouble or sickness assailed her near neighbours. They always said Granny would die in harness, and they were right. One morning she did not go out at her usual time. At nine o'clock the people in the house went to her room and found her in bed. In three days she died, and was buried from the proceeds of her insurance, the premiums of which she had always contrived to pay. Nobody knew her history ; at times I doubted if she had one ; she had just cheerfully lived and worked.

Miss W. had been a servant in good houses and she lived over a shop. I never quite knew which of these facts gave the old soul dignity, but one or both did. She insisted on being called *Miss*, and by sheer force of character had obtained the deference she desired. She was a gentle, amiable creature, and

always dressed in musty old-fashioned garments suggesting glories of the past. For years she had enjoyed a small pension, but the giver had died without making arrangements for its continuance. So poor Miss W. set herself to look for genteel employment before her little savings were all spent, and to our surprise she found it. She made for herself the profession of obliging her neighbours. She minded their houses, darned their clothes, saw the children to and from school, and so scraped together a modest living and remained independent and "superior."

Everyone has heard of the man who starved his wife and children in order to feed his dog on beefsteak, but personally I have never met him, nor his type. My District, however, possessed an old woman whose only interest in life was her dog. She was a tall, gaunt, emaciated old creature who lived and worked in one room, earning a hard and scanty living by sewing flour-sacks. Both the room and the living she shared with a big, fat, bob-tailed sheep-dog, and year by year the old soul, who could hardly obtain sufficient covering for her bones, managed to save sufficient for the dog's license. She was a strangely silent woman, always civil, but never offering a remark. Only the shortest of answers could be elicited, except on the subject of her dog, when to a sympathetic listener she would speak eloquently, though bitterly, of all she had suffered on his account, and how she had had to move from house to house and street to street because of intolerant people who did not like the "poor dumb beast." She was at constant enmity with her neighbours and suffered a regular boycott, except when they called for purposes of complaint. Nobody knew where my secret sympathies lay, but I must now confess they were with the neighbours. In his proper sphere Bobby would no doubt have been a sufficiently lovable beast, but in a densely populated street he was certainly a nuisance. Shut up in a small space for many hours his boisterous spirits knew no limits when he was let loose. He bounded in his rolling, lumbering fashion from end to end of the street, followed by cries of terror and distress from the little children whom he had rolled off their feet like so many ninepins. In time public feeling grew too strong: Bobby's mistress moved again, and I lost sight of her; but I am sure that while the dog lives she will not be quite lonely.

Yet another instance of strong, uncrushable spirit in an elderly woman comes to my mind. Mrs. H.'s husband, though

living, had unfortunately become quite useless, and it fell on her shoulders to earn the family bread. Right manfully she did it; and although she had to keep the helpless man as well as her two children, never one word of complaint fell from her lips. The man was hale and hearty enough, but it was useless to hope that he would ever again earn a living. He was not mad,—he had been confined in an asylum and been discharged—he was merely suffering from a harmless mania which took the form of believing that he was a private detective. He had often been given some simple job to do, such as cleaning windows; but before the work was finished he would invariably see someone whom he thought ought to be followed, and off he would go after the unfortunate recipient of his attentions half over London, until at last he was forced to retire from the chase and return home owing to sheer exhaustion. But a day or so later, when he had sufficiently recovered, he would repeat the process, and although I never heard of him molesting anyone, I have no doubt his action often aroused considerable anxiety in the minds of his victims.

In complete contrast to these strong-minded workers was old Mrs. F. When I first visited the District I called at her house, but I was always met on the clean doorstep by a neat little woman with black dress and apron and a blank, meaningless face, who, before I had time to speak, always said: "No, thank you, not to-day." Further than that I could not get, for she scarcely seemed to hear any remarks I might offer, and so after a time I discontinued calling.

I heard from the neighbours that she had lived there quietly with her husband for years, and that neither of them spoke to anyone unless spoken to. She was not considered to be *very bright* (with a significant tap on the forehead), but the man was in steady work and they appeared to be a quiet, comfortable old couple. Suddenly the man died. For a time Mrs. F. lived in the same way as before; her doorstep was as clean, her appearance as neat, and she was as uncommunicative as ever. Then the neighbours noticed that her furniture was being taken away, a piece at a time by night, and that week by week she grew whiter and more pinched. The good souls around her now considered it was their duty to interfere, and they found her literally starving amidst the worthless remnants of her comfortable little home. She was too mindless to offer suggestions

about her future ; her one agonised plea was : " Don't send me to the workhouse ; I've always been respectable ; don't send me to the workhouse." The problem was what to do with her. By sheer force of habit she could keep herself and her home clean, but removed from that she was hopeless, and there was no chance of her keeping any employment if obtained. The neighbours settled the problem in their own way. She could " share my girls' bed," said one, and she could " mind baby and have a bit of dinner with us " said another ; and so between them they kept her. For months she was to be seen in one house or another doing odd jobs, a silent black figure, expressionless except that her eyes were hag-ridden by a haunting fear of the workhouse. But nature was kind, and when through failing health it became impossible to keep her longer, her mind entirely left her, and she never knew that she was taken to the Infirmary, where after a few weeks she quietly died.

I have noticed constantly that, whether they are aiming at the same goal themselves or not, respectability as an ideal always wins the good opinion of the poor ; and that life-long respectability should be humiliated by the workhouse in old age appeals to them as something terribly unjust and highly pathetic.

The women with husbands and children work, I should say, equally hard, and have perhaps more violent troubles ; but the burden and responsibility are shared, and the work, however laborious it may be, is for their own children and should therefore be more interesting. Yet many of them seem to be almost as lonely as the officially lone woman. Far too often the working-man offers his wife neither companionship nor sympathy. He accepts her work for himself and his children as a matter of course, and so far as he thinks of her at all his actions show that he regards her as a being apart from himself, whose needs do not go beyond the four walls of her home. When trouble comes the man often lays the whole burden on the fact of his having married her, forgetting that the ceremony was not performed for her pleasure alone, and that possibly she too would have had an easier and happier life if she had stayed in service. The woman often accepts, or at all events soon gets used to, this position ; and in course of time, owing to this lack of appreciation and sympathy, she becomes a dreary, uninteresting, unbeautiful machine for work and child-bearing to the undoubted detriment of the race.

I remember one case of this kind which struck me as almost comical. When I knew the woman she was between forty and fifty. She must have married young, for she had brought up five children, all of whom were married. The man's work was intermittent. Sometimes W. (she always called him by his surname) had "gone up the river to do a bit of dredging," and sometimes he was "unloading," but more often he was "looking round a bit." Consequently the woman, who was of the big, strong, angular type, took in laundry-work and did most of the earning. But she was rarely without a black eye. It is not etiquette for the Visiting Lady to notice such things unless they are mentioned, but Mrs. W. generally apologised by saying W. had "had a drop." "He's all right, only he gets a drop too much. He never hardly hits me when he's sober, Miss," was her complacent way of apologising for his brutality. Several times she came to my house in evident haste to draw out some of her savings. "So-and-so haven't paid for the washing, Miss, and I must have a little to get a bit of dinner afore W. comes home." Seeing her agitation I once asked what would happen if there was no dinner when W. returned; it seemed to me that as he did not earn the money for it, occasional abstention would be good for him. With a somewhat ghastly grin she answered: "He'd give me a bit of a hiding, Miss, and like as not smash up some of the crocks." After that I said no more. It was a long time before I saw W., but I always imagined that the man who ruled so thoroughly had at least size and brute strength, if not logic, at his back. Imagine my surprise and, I must admit, amusement, when I one day saw him and found him to be a little, thin, dry slip of a man, whom Mrs. W. could have carried from end to end of the street without fatigue. I noticed a humorous twinkle in his hard little eyes, and concluded that it was by right of that possession, of which his wife was certainly bankrupt, that he ruled.

I can only suggest one remedy for this kind of thing, and that is the formation of more social clubs for men, with a mixed evening at least once a week. The promoters of such clubs should make a strong point of the men bringing their wives on that evening, even if it necessitates the presence of the younger children; and it would be desirable that more men of education, who feel interest in the welfare of their fellows, should join the clubs, and by means of natural conversation gradually raise the

standard of thought about the women-folk. The real difficulty is to get men of this unsatisfactory type into a club, and I think there is little hope of change in the older generation. But the young men who are growing up in these homes must be largely imbued with the same ideals and ideas ; and it is these that the clubs might capture and cure.

There is a healthy spirit of competition among the poor ; but, I think, little of that meaner feeling of envy which is too often found amongst their more fortunate neighbours. A good-tempered rivalry in window-flowers, gardens, birds, and children's clothes will soon be discovered, and the various aspirants to honour may prove a veritable shipwreck to the tactless visitor.

In my District first place for flowers, birds, and smartly kept children was unanimously given to the family of a man who might have stood for a permanent type of the Hansom-cab-driver. He was a well-built fellow with a clean-shaven, humorous, good-tempered face, always wearing a smart covert-coat with large buttons and a silk hat tilted to a jaunty angle that suggested a roguish wink. He had a good-looking, clever little woman for a wife, and a very large family, and was proud of both, with good reason. He owned his own horse and cab, and as it was a well set-up, well-kept vehicle he earned good money. Altogether the home formed as bright and pretty a picture of happy prosperity as one could wish.

I remarked before that the poor through ignorance often make their own troubles. That is true ; but quite as often the troubles come like a thunderbolt, unearned and unexpected. I have known many worthy families brought low through wholly undeserved misfortune. This was the case with my smart cabman.

A well-intentioned neighbour gave his steaming horse a bucket of cold water to drink, with the result that the animal died within an astonishingly short time. Cabby, who had been unable to save much, now bought an inferior horse ; but its life was short, and he was then compelled to hire. His wife, who was handy with her needle, made a hard struggle to keep up her supremacy in outward appearances ; but the covert-coat gradually lost its freshness and the hat its jaunty look. The man still retained his habit of cheerful banter, but he and it were somehow different ; the dash and spontaneity had departed with independence, and left him almost depressing to one who had known him in more prosperous times.

After so many unfortunate cases it is pleasant to be able to record one of improvement. The man, a steady and industrious fellow, was earning a pitiably small, though constant wage, when a legacy of £10 or £12 came to him, with which he determined to try to improve his position. A little shop was taken in a new neighbourhood, and under his wife's management it did astonishingly well, so well indeed that after some months the man determined to leave his situation and throw all his energy into the business. He gave notice to his firm, explaining the circumstances, but apparently his employers had known his real worth all the time. They immediately offered to double his money, and held out prospects of a better position. Of course, he accepted the offer, and after a while he was made foreman, with a sufficiently good income to enable his wife to retire into private life again ; but I am afraid the lack of nourishing food during their penurious days had left them a legacy of bad health that would not succumb to the persuasions of their better fortunes.

Mrs. H.'s husband I never saw, but his old father, who had retired from work and lived with them, was generally in the kitchen when I called. He was a thick-set, bluff-looking old boy who had earned his living on the water. Directly I entered he used to rise from his chair and, with a gigantic guffaw and a look of would-be mischievous raillery, beat a retreat, invariably saying with an indescribable chuckle as he went : "This ain't no place for me, I can see." One day I missed him, and Mrs. H. told me that he was ill. "He isn't really bad," she said in a whisper, "but he thinks he is, and he wants to see you." This surprised me very much, and I entered his room somewhat tremblingly, for visiting sick old men was not part of my programme. My entrance was greeted by a deep groan from Mr. H. senior, and in reply to my cheerful enquiries he returned a very mournful answer : "I'm bad, Miss, oh——bad !" An embarrassed silence on my part followed, and then I asked him if there was anything I could do for him. "I thought as you'd like to read a bit of Bible to me, Miss," was the reproachful reply. I hastily proposed fetching the vicar, who, I was sure, would be glad to do anything of that nature. The sick man sat up in alarmed surprise. "You don't think I'm bad enough for that, Miss, do you ?" he demanded. When I grasped the point of view I reassured him, and, succumbing to the inevitable, I

obtained a Bible. "What would you like me to read?" I asked; and again he looked hurt. "I thought you'd know what was best suited to my case, Miss," he said. I busily turned over the pages, and, when my voice was sufficiently steady, read for about a quarter of an hour. "Would you like any more?" I asked, as no remark was forthcoming from the bed. "As you think, Miss," was the meek reply; and I thought not. I do not believe he had heard or attempted to hear a single word; the reading was the proper thing and was all-sufficient. My visits and reading were continued for three days, after which I was given my release. "I think I'm all right now, Miss," he informed me; "I shall get up by and bye." I lost and gained by that illness. I gained at least five minutes of old Mr. H.'s company at each of my subsequent visits, but I never again heard him say, "This ain't no place for me, I can see," and I really think my loss was greater than our combined gains.

To offer and to make these people feel her sympathy is the *rôle* of the District Visitor. And in order to be successful she must have a certain amount of magnetic force, unlimited tact, and an earnest wish to help. Given these and a plenitude of patience, a realm of hearts is open to her, the possession of which must add a fullness to her own life. The reward is not so much gratitude as affection,—a brightening of faces and a gladdening of souls. Confidence once gained, the good that can be done is incalculable. Steady, sensible advice, subtle influence, sometimes the expenditure of a few pence on a pot of geraniums to start an interest, sometimes a judicious praising of the windows and doorstep of the next house. An old skirt cut before the mother's eye into a wearable garment for the little girl will open undreamed possibilities to her. In fact, opportunities for helpful help are endless. Sometimes the work is not at all pleasant; there is dirt and there is disease. I have been asked to look at Tommy's throat and found myself staring into fully developed diphtheria; and I have helped to hold down a strong woman suffering from a bad form of epilepsy. But the visitor must not be seen to shrink from her task. To do so would be to lose confidence and influence, and to lose that would be to forfeit her great and satisfying reward.

A. F. C.

BACK TO THE LAND

(A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE)

THOSE who, like Artemus Ward, have taken a brief glance at history will be aware that country life, with its activities of sport and agriculture, has been the nursery both of the domestic virtues and of the warlike spirit; such is still the belief of those who have been brought up at seminaries of classical learning, and who themselves live in towns, the more advanced spirits among them advocating rifle-clubs on the village green. I do not say that such was my belief, but still, when I read in the gardener's manual of the ecstasy produced by eating a cabbage fresh from its stalk, I thought there might be something in it. The unconscious deceit of photography made me think I was going to a modern red-brick villa. Further I was told that my next door neighbour would be one whose cry of *Back to the land* encircles the world, and may end in peopling the waste places with those whom an effete civilisation is depriving of the rich red blood that a country life sends coursing through the veins of a vigorous and honest peasantry. I did not aspire to do more than behold in the distance the actual figure, but I thought that here at least would be all the health-giving influences that Nature can bestow.

The first view of the country was not propitious. It was early spring, and the road-side borders were thick with the weeds that some parts of England produce spontaneously instead of herbage. I missed the incandescent light, and found all the lamps in the house not equal in candle-power to one C burner. But in comparison with health, and in justice to the right eminent physician who dwelt with curt authority on the bracing air, what is artificial illumination?

Next morning I rose in haste to look forth on the scene. I

was not acquainted with the subject, but I felt instinctively that my eyes rested on a cesspool. Still, had not the clerk of the district council told me the place possessed a main-drainage system, and the landlord that it discharged two miles away? They had; but, as the landlord's solicitors remarked, this could deceive no one, since it was merely an answer to a question. From the cesspool to the well is an easy transition in thought, and so also it was in fact,—a mere seventy-one feet. Analysis (I have often in the light of further experience pondered on the value of analysis) proved the water to be excellent for drinking; its solids were remarkably few. The Sanitary Inspector was sure the cesspool could not contaminate the well. The by-laws required nine inches of brickwork, and a lining of cement. I suggested to him on the advice of my own Medical Officer of Health, who gave me parting counsel before my sojourn far from his protection, that in order to see if the brickwork was discoloured he should descend the well. I offered out of my own head to supply him with a candle and to borrow a rope, and as an evidence of good faith to remain within hail. The Inspector regarded me with a suspicion of wanness in his glance; he should like to see my Medical Officer or any other Medical Officer go down that well. Silent we stood upon the brink, with a wild surmise that in the country was a Pacific of unexplored sanitation. Later, when the landlord refused to carry out any of the things required by the by-laws and I requested that the law should be put in force, he broke through his reserve:—"Things were very different in the country from the town, very different."

I feel still, like Newton, a child picking up pebbles on the shore of that ocean, and this in spite of my experiences. I give them chronologically, for in this way I live over again that one year in which I was caught to the breast of Nature, as she is known in an English country village. Presuming for the sake of argument that the cesspool did not pollute the well, how was it to be cleaned? To this the official answer was that I dwelt beyond the scavenging area. It was in vain to plead that the house paid rates; the Council was adamant. To scavenge half the village and rate the whole,—the system makes me suspect the introduction of Turkish blood from the seaboard. I was however at liberty to negotiate with the scavengers if I saw fit, or to deposit my refuse on my own lawn if I pleased. I summoned

the scavengers, and as they had never been there before we passed a peaceful summer evening in looking for the entrance to the cesspool ; they merely charged a few more shillings than the contract price, and bare politeness required whisky for five to relieve the strain of search, and to put things on a friendly footing. Business principles required it, too, seeing that they were under no legal obligation, and that, if they refused to work for me, I should have to clean the cesspool myself or abandon the house. They suggested in a spirit of good fellowship that they should place the contents on the kitchen-garden ; they quoted, I know not if truly, the dictum of the Medical Officer,—in twenty-four hours the odour (if any, as they say in legal documents) would have disappeared, while the fertilising effects would remain. Failing this the sands below were mentioned, but the fastidiousness of the town clung to me, and my ultimatum was removal from the premises. I retired into the house for the actual process, first begging the honour of the company of the senior scavenger in the morning that I might show myself sensible of his endeavours, and discuss any points of mutual interest. In going to the country to be braced it is of no use keeping up effete town habits ; the heart of things must be reached.

In this way I learned that my cesspool had an overflow ; there was really no reason to empty it at all ; it emptied itself. The Inspector hastily summoned admitted that in special cases the Council sanctioned an overflow ; mine it seemed was a special case. Refusing to scavenge for me, they very thoughtfully minimised the necessity for scavenging. I could not but ponder on the subject of the well-water. True, there was the official analysis, but which way did the overflow run ? I put this point to the Medical Officer later. He replied, "We know." The eye of science can pierce the earth as it has mapped the heavens, but can it do it without digging ? He based his opinion on something less laborious. That unerring eye scanning the cabbages perceived that in the seventy-one feet separating the water of life from the water of the overflow there was a fall of one foot ; on that foot hung typhoid and the rest. I could not help asking myself, was the fall the same underground, or had the labours of the gardener, the trenching and digging, made the difference ? Still the Local Government Board accepted this scientific survey as a quittance in full of all my grievances.

As one pain drives out another, so my chimneys made me intermittently forget my drains. Typhoid may or may not be on its way, but there is no doubt of the necessity of breathing. Like the exiles from Rome I was about to be deprived both of fire and water. One thing I have learnt, when building chimneys ; do not run them up straight, let them draw over to each other. Otherwise, as the sweep told me, all cures are vain ; at times they will smoke. Curiously enough these chimneys did not smoke till I came there. The landlord's solicitors were convinced of this, but being prudent men they added that it could not be guaranteed that they would not smoke, any or all of them, in a high wind. "So mote it be," as the masons remark at points of their ritual. But they smoked when the wind was not high. They smoked under different kinds of pots. The landlord being unable either to see or breathe on a fair May day admitted that they smoked now, "but never before." The blacksmith, hardened by his profession, entered the room declaring it was a fireman's business, while I at the open window called to him, who was invisible from time to time, to ascertain if he was still conscious. Even the gardening boy was moved to pause for a moment in mowing the lawn and glance towards the windows. When later I enquired the reason, he told me he had stayed the machine but for the instant thinking the house was on fire. The chimneys were heightened and still they smoked. But they did not smoke when there were gales. A friendly interlocutor informed me that he had prophesied what would happen when they were built. The landlord himself came over to enquire into this curious phenomenon. He stood on the hearthrug and contemplated the grate. He even asked my theory. I said, I had been told they were built wrongly. This calumny he hurled back in the teeth of their detractors ; they were perverters of plain truth. What the explanation was I did not gather ; it had something to do with the existence of a stable. Its failing to operate disadvantageously till I came he did not elucidate. Having spoken these winged words he left ; shortly after I left too, the chimneys still smoking.

The well went wrong. It seemed after excessive labour that the pipe wanted mending, for the water fell back down the well as it was being pumped up. The local hero who descended brought up a bucket from the bottom for my inspection. Its

appearance seconded the spoken word. He was against drinking the water till the well had been cleaned. One enthusiast advised me that there could be no greater possible proof of purity than a toad and creeping things in a well. He put it to me as a fair-minded man :—"Would they be found there, with all the wells of the neighbourhood to choose from, if the water was not of a superior quality?" I was unconvinced and had the well cleaned; it was interesting to see how it was done, and to watch for the buckets of slime to come up. Two hundredweights was the estimate; it formed a heavy barrowful. It was surmised that the well had never been cleaned before. As it had for some time turned the water-bottles green, I inclined to the same opinion. But then, to be fair to the well, there was the report of the county analyst; he and the toads were in agreement. Did the overflow go that way? Did slime matter?

While musing thus among the cabbages I heard that diphtheria was in the neighbouring village; should I trust to the toad, to the county analyst, to the local Council sanctioning an overflow? Having an only child I preferred not to take the odds. I then fathomed the reasons for the rural exodus. Even the birds and beasts take care of their young; possibly it might be the village fathers felt as I did; it might be that they too, God help them! felt as bitterly as I did with the diphtheria coming closer and closer. It came, and we had thirty cases with three deaths. How much suffering there must have been; pitiful to hear of some of them sending their little ones away. But this is not written in a serious mood. The serious mood is rather for the legislators who ponder deeply about the decay of national physique, while the reason is often in the nearest village. I have been delighted, too, to see Professor Sims Woodhead point out lately that the water-supply is a matter of national concern. On the diphtheria swept till it spread over thirteen miles, and no one made a sign.

Sometimes in the long evenings before it came,—it was a hot rainless summer—I have stood at my gate and watched the simple home-coming of the ploughmen o'er the lea. There were no village Hampdens among them. Their women toiled at the well. Now, to draw a bucket of water up a hundred feet by winding a chain over a drum is exhausting labour, forty pails being the estimate for a wash. Their rates were ten shillings and two pence in the pound. For this they had no

lighting or paving, no water, their cottages were four shillings and sixpence a week, and their wages low. They were scavenged at the discretion of the District Council. They sometimes asked where the money went, much as the Russian peasant might enquire. The County Surveyor, when I wrote stating that no one had mended highway or by-way for nine months, replied airily that it was very probable. The men had the evenings to themselves sometimes, and when they had they prepared the way for refreshing slumber by spreading the contents of their middens on the land. The enthusiast I have distantly alluded to writes that nowhere else have the vegetables the same wild flavour that they possess here ; this he attributes to the peculiar saltiness of the air. I remarked that it was the hour of sunset. What can we do at sunset but with faces golden (my gate faced west) whisper to each other softly of a hope—that he is right ?

Some one will say perhaps :—"I am surprised ! A man of education ! The villagers might not know, but an educated man ! This is not Russia ! There is justice in England ! There is the Local Government Board ! There are bishops and archbishops ! There are medical men of European reputation ! There are soldiers all eager to retard the deterioration of the race !" Such was precisely the line I took up. I wrote to the Local Government Board. I said : "The diphtheria is a mile or two away ; in these conditions [I told them the conditions] it must come here. This is a matter of public interest ; this is the reason why people are leaving the villages. Will you have my cesspool cleaned for me ? Will you have the cesspools of these other people cleaned for them ? Will you look to the water-supply ?"

They acknowledged my letters ; they always acknowledged my letters. They took a huge sheet of the finest foolscap paper, and wrote that they had received my letter. When the reply seemed to lack definiteness and I bombarded them again, they sometimes acknowledged again, and sometimes referred me to the previous reply. So the months slipped away. They could not act till they got a report, and when the report came, they still could not act. The report, I gathered, was sent about in sections, I think, to all complainants. Mine had three paragraphs. The first stated that the group of houses, of which mine was one, where the scavengers did not call could not be found. I asked the

Board to send an inspector and I would indicate them from my front gate. They refused. The second paragraph said, in effect, "We know," about the slope through the cabbage-garden. The third dwelt proudly on my distinguished neighbour. I admitted his distinction humbly, but asked how his proximity served as a substitute for scavenging or as a prophylactic against diphtheria. In vain I asked why they delayed; they told me there was no statutory duty to prevent an overflow near a well, or to scavenge, though levying the rate. They corresponded with unflagging diligence for nine months, before the diphtheria came; when it was there, when the schools were closed, and when I left, the place was in the throes of a contest over another overflow. Nero fiddled when Rome was burning, but he did not call for his tablets and write letters to the ædiles, docketing them and the replies for future reference; nor did he employ a staff of clerks at the public expense for this object; he merely misgoverned, and that was all about it. The mystery to me is why you should pay for schools which are closed for recurrent epidemics before you have installed a satisfactory water-supply.

It is sweet upon the shore, as, if I recollect aright, the Roman poet wrote, to watch the vessels struggling with the storm; I wonder if he had been made an ædile, with a salary. It is sweet to think of that overflow, and wonder who is bathing in it now, and who is drinking of its pellucid water. Last year I saw a visitor, whom I did not disturb from motives of genuine kindness, being forgetful for the moment of the facts, lying there upon his face, while his wife picked the flowers properly belonging to me, enjoying, no doubt, the peculiar saltiness that so favourably affects the vegetables. It did not strike me then that it was probably at that identical spot that the overflow bubbled up through the sands. I cannot say for certain, for the Medical Officer never got beyond "We know." What they know has not been revealed to me; perhaps it was better to leave it dubious.

It is sweet to think that others are trusting to this official guardianship. It is this that makes the artist in social problems deplore the rural exodus. It is this that makes them hold conferences in London where they speak with authority on rustic problems. I would like to lead them gently out and let them wind a bucket up a hundred feet instead of turning a tap. I would also like to leave them face to face with a cesspool and

without a scavenger. I would farther like, when, after seeking the rest-cure in some bracing place, they do not feel quite so well as they did, to ask if they have been bathing in or drinking from an overflow, mine or another's. When they hold a great meeting and try to search out the reasons for physical deterioration let them ask how many people's drains are right, how many villages have an adequate water-supply, and how much food is adulterated ; and when they have set those two little matters right, then is the time to talk of Swedish exercises and cadet corps.

But this is not the popular or scientific view. Science says majestically, "We know." The popular voice, when the spirits fail, and the children's appetites go off, and their eyes get wan in preparation for the great change, declares that the air is too strong for them, meaning that it is too salubrious, too life-giving. When the hopeful ones walk with you down the village street between the little gardens, on which the village economist or every-man-his-own-scavenger is spreading that whose scent disappears in twenty-four hours, before the first of those too necessary hours are passed, they ask through the nose, to which the handkerchief is gracefully held, "Is the air too pure for you ?" If, when you can draw a breath, you libel the air, they tell you passionately that never was there a bolder peasantry than when the women filled the kettle at the pond. The air itself, you are informed, is bracing, filled with ozone. Hither it is the London doctors send their patients. Look at the age of the people, some over eighty ! Look at the vegetables ! Those who catch typhoid, children who die of diphtheria, would die anywhere. Never think of it ; think of the air, of the fabulous sums paid in the summer for houses with overflows. It is the surpassing sweetness of the air, its ethereal fragrance that makes you feel unwell ; it was the scent of the roses just now that made them put up a handkerchief. Inure yourself to deep and frequent draughts, and if you do not mind hurrying a little past this garden, trust yourself to Nature confidingly as the vegetables do, and you will for the first time feel what it is to live. If you should happen not to live, that is only one more proof that the air of the country is too pure for you.

KENELM D. COTES.

WHERE THE FLAMINGO FEEDS

It was a flat, level stretch of swampy country, with patches of yellow dune sand overgrown by tall sedges that waved easily in the slightest breeze; in the foreground was a long white-grey line, the water-level of the salt *vley* or lake, shelving from the shore to a depth of barely six feet in the middle; behind, far in the background, were the low-lying dunes, on which grew large purple-flowered succulenta, sloping gradually to the smooth, shingly beach; that is the flamingoes' haunt, their feeding-place in summer-time when the lake is half dried up and the edges of the pan are heavily crusted with salt in dense, big crystalline masses that look like white sand spun into glassy fineness by the sea wind.

It was evening when I alighted from horseback and approached the little group of huts where lived the salt-scrapers, the only human denizens of this solitude between *veld* and sea. It was evening with the sky crimson in the west where the sun had set over the Atlantic, and fading into a dull grey green in the east beyond the expanse of yellow red veld over which the road lay in winding curves, lost now and again between the low hills. The intense heat of an African summer sun had faded, though the sand was hot still and gave out much of the warmth that it had gathered during the forenoon. On the smooth clay slates that were strewn over the surface of the ground near the pan the spiny veld lizards crawled lazily, lolling their tongues at the disturber, but making no effort to flee when approached. There was not a tree, scarcely a vestige of verdure to be seen, for the grey bushes on the dunes were indistinguishable against their sombre background. Overhead sailed a couple of cranes, very far overhead, uttering long-drawn plaintive cries as they flew inland away from the sea towards their resting-places. At the huts everything was equally silent and quiet. A thin fire burned in front of one of them,

watched by a half-naked native boy who sat sucking a piece of sugarcane, which delicacy he had obtained from some neighbouring farm. For a stretch of a couple of miles or so inland, beyond the dunes, lay the fertile valley of the river which flowed into this salt-pan, with well-tilled farms on both sides where fruit trees grew luxuriantly and even the oriental date flowered and bore eatable fruit in its season. Here alone everything seemed desert-like, uncultivated, barren, and now in the early evening bereft of everything save the ugly little lizards with their harness of green scales.

The little native boy came forward and held the horse, intimating in reply to a question that the "old master and the old mistress and the whole family of salt-scrapers had gone to the sea shore," presumably to enjoy the coolness of the twilight. While he spoke the old master's form appeared outlined against the skyline on the top of the dunes, striding vigorously forward to welcome the visitor. It is not often that a stranger comes to the pans. Regularly once a year the clergyman visits them to look after his flock and to hold service in one of the huts, perhaps a communion-service if there are sufficient communicants. Now and then a member of the local mounted police may find his way there, in his search for some unfortunate sheep-stealer. During the season, too, the salt-dealers come with their waggons to buy the scrapings of the pans, or the hawkers to barter cheap calicoes and tin-ware for the various local produce that may be obtainable there. But otherwise the salt-scraper lives a solitary life and sees very few new faces, and the days go by and the weeks during which he spends his time watching the leading-pans evaporating and the flamingoes feeding in the shallows.

The old master is a fat, buxom man of shiny countenance, wearing corduroy trousers neatly patched in several places, a broad-brimmed felt hat (the protection of which, however, has failed to keep his face from getting gloriously bronzed and ruddy), a striped linen shirt and a loose tweed coat, and a pair of home-made veld shoes on his stockingless feet. "Off-saddle, nephew?" he asks, shaking hands very vigorously. "But certainly. Tiens, you black villain, take the master's horse and lead him cool. And nephew's name, if I might make bold to ask?"

"Yes," says the old master a few minutes later as we sit outside the hut on the low chairs with their seats made out of

twisted leather thongs, "yes, life is a bit lonely here." He had ordered coffee in his hospitality, and the old mistress and the little mistress were busy with the servants in the kitchen-hut preparing it, while several young masters wandered aimlessly about in the vicinity. "It's a bit lonely, aye," says the old master, handing his tobacco-pouch to me as he speaks, "but it's a livelihood and it gives a relaxation. I like it, nephew. I have always loved the sea, though you may not believe it." He tells me that his farm lies three miles away inland, where his eldest son is looking after it. Now in the summer time he comes to the pans to scrape salt and for a holiday.

"Partly that, nephew," he says, sucking at his pipe, "and partly for my health's sake. For I have kidneys, nephew, though you may not believe it,—since five years now, and the doctor says it does me good. But when are you coming, then, mother?" The servant brings a tray with several pannikins of steaming black coffee, sparsely sweetened, for sugar is dear at the pans, and we sit and smoke, watching the evening advance and the shadows creeping over the lake, the colours deepening and fading in the sky and the green of the night veiling everything very gradually. "Fifteen years now, nephew, have I come here, scraping. I mind me when I was the only one that came. Now they all follow suit. To-morrow when you pass the big pan on your way to the bay you will see them swarm there, though you may not believe it. It pays, well not much, but still it brings something in one's pocket. And you, nephew? What, to look at the birds? Now speak; is that then a grown person's work?"

The old master does not quite understand the spirit which animates the field-naturalist. He is like all the salt-scrapers, eminently practical. He has a boat, fastened in a cove on the sea-shore, in which he goes fishing, using a huge drag-net and hauling half a ton of fish at one cast. It has never entered his head to cruise on the lake for the mere pleasure of the thing. There is nothing much to be got out of the lake, except salt. Springers there are, indeed, a kind of sea-trout, but these are easily caught with a hook and line, and besides they do not cure well, and they are too bony to make good pickled fish.

It is the most enjoyable part of the day, the early evening, when the cool breeze blows inland from the sea bringing the smell of the Atlantic with it, and now and again the faint far-off sound of the breakers splashing against the rocks on the shore.

It is the time when the old master is communicative and talks lightly, telling you all his hopes and fears (and he has many of both), of the religious state of the congregation in that part of the district, of the pending election in which he is supporting the Bond candidate, of the brewing troubles in the Transvaal, "where my cousin's brother is, nephew, though you may not believe it," and of divers other things that make conversation when visitor meets salt-scraper. All the while we are smoking and drinking pannikin after pannikin of black coffee.

"Yes, the *flaminks* (flamingoes), nephew," he says, when we come to the birds, "they are here in countless numbers, though you may not believe it. Now they are gone for the night, but to-morrow before you ride hence you will see them in regiments, in regiments, nephew, for they are like redneck soldiers. I sometimes think they have a human being's wit and understanding; but, *ach*, that cannot be, for after all the good little Lord has made them fowls. They are sharp, aye, like a wild cat, nephew, and you cannot get within small-shot range of them. With a Martini now, yes, at five hundred paces, or three if you are careful. To-morrow if you like to try, Gert my son will show you, and we can spare you a cartridge or two if you shoot us a couple of duck as well."

From far off comes a particularly shrill, chirruping cry, easily recognisable as that of the *merops* or bee-eater. Flocks of these gorgeous migrants haunt the pans, floating incessantly over the water yet never settling or seeming to take a rest. The old master knows them, and can tell you all about them. "They nest in the sand-banks near the river, higher up," he remarks, "like wind-swallows, with white eggs, nephew. I do not know where the flamingoes nest. The black creatures tell me it is far up the coast, where they build high nests on which the wife sits with her legs dangling down. I have not seen it, nephew, and you may not believe it, though I say it myself. The pan swarms with fowl, especially in winter time, and if you come then you can get scores of nests in the sedges, wild duck and snipe, and blue heron and red-breast finches, though you may not believe it. Coming, coming, mother."

He leads me into the hut where the evening meal has been prepared. A fairly large table that seems to fill the whole room is in the middle, spread with a cloth that is evenly white and obviously new, and laid with thick earthenware plates. At the

head sit the old master and his wife, the latter his counterpart in stoutness and affability, and round them are the family, healthily freckled youths and girls with huge appetites. The helpings are large, for the *menu* is not elaborate, the viands being homely and simple and quantity of greater account than quality. The meal ended, each one takes a sip of milk with which to rinse his mouth, and the male members withdraw their chairs while the females hurry to clear the table. Then come evening-prayers for which the whole native establishment of the estate troop in, squatting down on the mud floor with their backs to the wall and listening attentively to the old master as he reads, haltingly and with much rubbing of his spectacles, some familiar chapter from the Bible. This is followed by a hymn in which all present join, more or less in disunison, and after that the old master gets on his knees and offers up a prayer in which the visitor is cordially commended to the protection and care of the Almighty both while at the pan and while on his future wanderings.

Then come more pipes and coffee for the space of half an hour while the old master reverts to things in general and to his kidneys in particular. "It is a misery having them," he says, taking it for granted that the visitor comprehends that he is referring not to these viscera in their normal but in a pathological condition. "I do not drink much, though you may not believe it. It's hereditary,—my late father was much the same and his departed father before him. Now as I was saying, nephew, of the Jimison raid—scandalous, do you not say so yourself? I hold—" And then follows a lengthy political discussion which one strives in vain to turn into ornithological channels. These latter are children's questions; what has a grown man to do with fowls and their ways?

"I mind me, nephew," says the old master, "I mind me, three years ago there came hither a German,—a sort of lunatic that went about gathering plants and drying them. What for? Medicine? But he was no doctor. No, it beats me. Aye, and up from early morning to late at night when sensible folk are in their night-clothes, strutting about uprooting flowers. I call that wasting God's good time, though you may not believe it. Doubtless there are good plants, worth the gathering. There is the cancer-bush now. Though you may not believe it, my late grand-aunt had the cancer in her left breast,—horrid,

nephew, and the doctor said she would have to undergo the knife, but the cancer-bush cured her, tore the disease out by the roots, so to say. Aye, and there is the poison-bush. When you are snake-bitten, nephew, and have no powder at hand, take its roots and put a compress on the wound. It draws out the poison, though you may not believe it. Not but that powder is the best. Aye, so we will bedwards. Son Gert, show him to the out-hut. A good night to you, nephew ; sleep easily."

The out-hut, where the visitor sleeps with the youth of the family, is a roomy, mud-plastered building, the door of which stands open all night long admitting the fresh sea air and the early streaks of dawn. Lying on the skin *kaross* one can glance out over the salt-pan and watch the moonlight effect on the water and the dunes, hear the jackals and the rare strand wolf howl all night through, and the sharp cries of the snipe flying over the marshes. Sometimes a scorpion creeps in between the folds of the *kaross*, to be discovered at dawn and incontinently destroyed. Sometimes also a yellow-and-black banded centipede crawls into the hut and buries itself in the soft mud floor. But one soon falls asleep, undisturbed by the fluttering of the bats, or the thought that one's bedfellow may be a more or less venomous arachnid.

Early morning is the time of beauty on the salt-pans. Venice in all her glory boasts no such sky, such grey, crimson-flecked background, or such emerald-green middle-distances as here. A slight mist rises over the lake, and through it one sees objects dimly, half shrouded and made much softer. The first thing that strikes the eye is a long line of serried flamingoes, red-legged and red-breasted, with lilac backs and brilliant black wing scapularies. They stand in regimental array, two deep, marshalled in the shallows of the lake, each apparently resting on one leg, three hundred yards away. Approach three yards closer, and the lines dissolve, in orderly array, flying like a flock of starlings low down over the water to settle in the shallows a couple of hundred yards farther off. Less shy are the other waterfowl that seem to appear from everywhere in scores, crowding the shores and the shoal water. There are all sorts of them, enough varieties to make a rich field for the ornithologist and bird-lover. Cranes with tufted crests, red-legged moorhens, sea-fowl, bitterns, white egrets and grey herons, solitary snake birds, red-billed choughs, sometimes even

a pelican. Flocks of finches that have spent the night in the sedges are twittering as the sun rises, and all the veld seems alive and awake, until the sun has ascended higher and it becomes hot; then the flamingoes settle down lazily and the river birds go into the deeps, swimming silently between the reed polls, and the noonday silence broods over all once more.

Such are the salt-pans in the west of Cape Colony, close to the sea, in that barren part which trenches on Little Namaqualand, where railways are not yet and the influence of civilisation is still far off. They have a beauty which is all their own, a beauty enhanced by the solitariness of their situation and by the comparative absence of humanity. The salt-scrapers are not permanent residents; they only move thither in early or late summer when the water stands very low in the lake, and is therefore more or less concentrated so that it is easy to lead it off into shallower evaporating-flats from which the salt can readily be scraped away. It is coarse, containing much magnesia, which renders it bitter and unpalatable, but when re-crystallised it makes excellent curing salt, and is in great requisition among the fishermen along the sea coast. There are several small landing-places and inlets on the coast near at hand from which it may be shipped, and the scrapers find a ready market for it inland as well.

At this particular pan,—one of the smaller of the many that cluster in that neighbourhood—there are few scrapers. The old master and his family have practically the monopoly of the trade here, and make a fair living out of it. Added to this, they fish and sell their catches after having salted and cured, or simply dried them in the wind, for export to the up-country districts. Life at such a pan is a monotonous round of waiting, scraping, and waiting, relieved by occasional hunting expeditions, or by the advent of the parson who comes to hold service, or of the scab-inspector who comes to see if there are any infected sheep loitering among the small flocks of the scrapers. And yet it has its charm in the soft beauty of the shadow and light effects on the lake, in the glow of colours over the veld, in the many opportunities for the study of bird-life which it affords the field-naturalist who is patient enough to lie among the sedges with his glasses all day long watching the wary flamingoes and the less easily scared moorhens. But that,

after all, is not a grown person's work, and the scrapers call it a waste of God's good time.

Tiens has led forward the horse, and the old master gives parting directions as to the route to be followed to reach the bay. The old mistress stands ready with a final farewell pannikin of black coffee. You must shake hands with all the family; if you are in the furthest possibility a relation,—and the salt-scrapers are prone to discover relationships where no one else ever dreams of them—you are also expected to kiss the female members. Being a visitor who has the misfortune to have absolutely no connection with the family tree of either the old master or the old mistress, a shake of the hand is sufficient for me.

"Next time," says the old master, "next time—who knows? I may not be here, nephew. When one has kidneys,—you know; and we are all in the hands of the dear little Lord. But you will be welcome, nephew. Aye, and if you bring some shooting things with you, Gert will take you among the flaminks, though, finally said, that is children's play. So you go straight on till you come to the cross-roads and take the left-hand one,—the right-hand leads you to nephew Andrew's place, though you may not believe it. And be pleased to do the compliments of myself and mother here to folk at the Bay, and mention that I shall be coming thither myself one of these good days. Very well—is the girth tight, Tiens, you black thing? Well, again, good day; a good journey to you, nephew."

As you ride away in the warm morning sun and glance back you see that the old master has resumed his seat on the thong-seated chair in front of his hut, and that the female folk have disappeared inside to see after their domestic and culinary duties. For at the pans it is woman's work to cook and wash, and men's to scrape when it is time to scrape, and smoke and drink coffee the rest of the day.

C. LOUIS LEIPOLDT.

IS PORTIA POSSIBLE ?

WHEN we consider the evolution of the Modern Woman as an alarming symptom, we should remember that in all times the fair sex have shown a decided tendency towards emancipation. Even in the days of chivalry, when it was so easy for them to sit still and do nothing, when lances were too heavy for fair hands and armour too unyielding for fair limbs, Joan of Arc fought in the uncomfortable male attire of the period rather than not fight at all. And when iron cuirasses and plumed steel helmets have been worn, why not the easy and dignified wig ?

Of course one swallow does not make a summer : one woman-at-arms does not constitute a battalion, and one lady-lawyer cannot have an Inn all to herself ; but as a portent and a warning we of the twentieth century have to reckon with her. If we do not carefully follow the trend of the times a day may come when, being in a little difficulty as we all are sometimes, we may call on a solicitor and unexpectedly be invited to pour our woes into a dainty little ear, while a pair of brown, grey, or soft blue eyes throw the whole of our carefully prepared tale into hopeless confusion. The idea is attractive enough ; few would grudge six-and-eightpence for the privilege of a confidential chat with a pretty woman, if we do not care what becomes of our case ; but are we prepared to go that length ?

The danger of a female invasion (if we are sordidly minded to call it so) has grown apace in recent years, though the beginning of the campaign is already somewhat remote. Some of us can still remember the time when what was then called the Shrieking Sisterhood (a term, as these elections have shown us, by no means fallen obsolete) first awakened in us a sense of the insecurity of our exclusive tenure in all the good things of this life. The first demand for the latch-key having been grudgingly granted, others of more importance followed in due course.

Women are now doctors, overseers, guardians, clerks, Inspectors of Schools, of Nuisances and what not. Being by this time used to the new order of things we merely watch every fresh encroachment on what we begin to consider man's very doubtful and unenviable prerogatives with a mild wonder, not unmixed with amusement on discovering that our fair competitors in the battle of life not only want the good things but are willing to relieve us of some of the most tedious and unremunerative of our burdens. Imagine the astonished amusement of the thousands of briefless barristers who have found the Law a barren and profitless field, on hearing that women are also anxious to eat and pay for legal dinners and to wait for briefs that never come ! These possible Portias may argue that, men being in the minority, it would in the end be just as tedious to wait for husbands that never come. Let us briefly, however, examine what the qualifications of women actually are for this arduous, and in most cases dreadfully underpaid and already so badly overmanned, profession. The demand has actually been made, and it is some consolation to know that now at all events we know the worst, for nobody anticipates a new Joan of Arc and a request to be considered "an officer and a lady." Within certain limits we are prepared for, and would not very much mind, Emma Smith, K.C., if we can be sure that no Maud Robinson, K.G. or V.C., looms in the future.

The preliminary studies should go for granted, were it not that here already a temperamental difference has to be taken into account ;—no intellectual inferiority is for a moment suggested, perfect equality in that respect being of course (with certain small reservations presently to be mentioned) freely and fully granted. Women are industrious, but not in the slow and ponderous way of a man who stretches his legs under the table, puts his elbows upon it, his pipe between his lips, and his hands in his hair, and hour after hour plods steadily through the intricacies of what Cromwell called a Godless jungle. Women burn the midnight oil, as we sadly know, in the East End and elsewhere, but always in manual toil, always doing something with their hands. Whose mind's eye can see a young woman sitting perfectly still for hours, with idle hands, and only Blackstone and Coke-upon-Lyttleton for company ? We can more readily imagine (though the mental picture savours of the ludicrous) a future King's Counsel doing some knitting or crochet meanwhile ; reading Blackstone while mechanically

counting stitches. "By taking the profits thereof to the value (*seven, eight, nine*), of six shillings and eightpence and more, in rents corn and grass and into which the said David (*eleven, twelve, thirteen*) hath not entry unless as aforesaid, and thereupon he bringeth suit (*three, four, five, six*)." Hard work, my mistresses, tedious and unrelieved brainwork, and when done, how do you propose to put the learning so laboriously acquired to some profitable use?

When the other day a lady learned in the law insisted on explaining how her bicycle was injured and who was answerable for the injury, the judge politely intimated that he would be happy to hear her as a witness, but that he could not allow her to plead professionally in his Court. For the present, therefore, it seems we will not admit women as lawyers; and frankly speaking one cannot think of a profession, except the military, for which they would be less suitable. It may be a small point that a handsome and seductive advocate would have it all her own way with a susceptible jury; this advantage (or disadvantage) could be neutralised by appointing a good-looking lady as Public Prosecutor; but what guarantee have we that the time of the Court would not be scandalously wasted by unending arguments not bearing in the least on the question at issue? The feminine mind has a tendency that way. A course of legal training would teach a fair barrister that in a case of dog-stealing the straying propensities of her own Pomeranian would not be evidence; but "my learned sister" would be too apt, one cannot help thinking, to tell an impatient judge repeatedly, "I am coming to that, m' lud," while herself straying further and further from the legal argument.

The leading case of *Shylock v. Antonio*, naturally cited by those who are in favour of female barristers, is nothing to the purpose. Portia, it is true, hit upon a flaw, as a junior sometimes does when discovering that a troublesome document is not stamped; but so far as pleading goes, and supposing the case to have happened here, counsel for the defendant could not well help getting her man off when the judge himself had already been begging the plaintiff, by all that he held most sacred, to drop the case. When a judge goes so far out of his way and then throws himself back in his seat with the significant remark, "We all expect a gentle answer, Jew," looking at his finger-tips while waiting for that answer, everyone in court knows that

counsel for the plaintiff has no alternative but to gather up his papers and go. "After what has fallen from your lordship—"

A mere glance at this ancient law-report shows that it cannot in any way have established a precedent, the proceedings in that High Court of Venice having been of a most informal character.

It is a small detail that there was a man called Bassanio in the body of the court who continually interrupted the proceedings without being once rebuked from the Bench, but what is far more, Portia herself was not instructed by either party. She came as junior to counsel briefed by the judge himself. "My learned friend Bellario is—er—unavoidably detained in another court. If your lordship will allow—" "With all my heart! But stay though; you don't know the plaintiff from the defendant, being such a stranger; let the parties stand forth, and let this gentleman make their acquaintance." Not even before Mr. Justice Shallow can Shakespeare have experienced such shocking irregularities.

The Venetian judge did not succeed in preserving order in his court, and we may well ask whether women would be successful in this incidental, but very important, part of a judge's duties. Once called to the Bar, no valid objection could be raised against the successful she-barrister being raised to the Bench; and in that capacity, we must all admit, she has some contradictory qualifications, some admirable and some the reverse. We would cast no stone against her intellect; Dr. Johnson said that the sharpest and clearest intellect he ever encountered belonged to a young girl. Madame du Chatelet, Voltaire's Divine Emily, held her own in their frequent intellectual discussions at Cirey until the dinner-plates began to fly about; but history does not say whether it was the lady or the gentleman who used these weighty arguments, and this regrettable fact cannot therefore be used as a fearful anticipation of the day when a judge of the High Court shall fling her wig at a barrister not of her way of thinking.

A greater difficulty might be expected to arise from that wonderful power of intuition in which women are undoubtedly much superior to men. We may suppose a female judge seeing distinctly the truth, and nothing but the truth, shining, not from the confused jumble of legal contradictions, but from the innocent face of one of the contending parties, and yet not being able for the life of her to tell the jury how she arrived at her

conclusion. This defect in that otherwise priceless gift of intuition could be overcome by following the wise maxim once formulated by a learned judge who told a new arrival on the Bench : "Your judgments will probably be right, but never give your reasons for they will probably be wrong." But *could* a woman be trusted to follow that advice ? As far as our experience goes, our female friends and better halves will always insist on explaining what had better be left unexplained ; on explaining over and over again with wearisome iteration. "No, but don't you see, this is how it is—don't be tiresome now, but listen—" *ad infinitum*.

Speaking humbly, from the prosaic man's point of view, it is always better to begin with the beginning, and a course of training on a jury would gradually fit a woman for higher legal duties. In our legal system the theory holds good that the jury are the judges and that the Bench only gives legal sanction to their finding ; yet this opening, enticing enough one would think, does not seem to offer a sufficient inducement ; at least we have not heard so far of any agitation for women to sit upon a jury. They do so sit, as we know, on fortunately rare occasions, as a Jury of Matrons ; but the greater part of this unenviable and troublesome civic right is, strange to say, left to us without demur. Those of us who have been on a jury can best imagine how the twelve good women and true would behave in the jury-room when they retired to consider their verdict. If one petticoated judge would find some difficulty in stating her reasons, how on earth could twelve jurywomen ever convince one another even within the reasonable extension of time allowed them in consideration of their increased difficulties ?

It is a pleasing imaginary picture, these twelve ladies sitting round a large table (in our last case the table was round and admitted twelve persons easily with elbow-room to spare). Do we do them, fair creatures of the imagination as they are, any wrong by supposing that in the anticipation of being considerably looked at for a whole morning and afternoon, they would come to the Court in some reasonable finery, the latest creation in frocks, not to speak of divinely large *matinée* hats and the fluffiest of feather stoles ; all of which, sitting round the table as aforesaid, could not fail to have a distracting influence on their counsels ? We trow not. And it is just possible one of them might meet a friend or an acquaintance among the twelve. In

our own case we shake hands and grunt something like this : "Beastly nuisance, isn't it? Busiest time of the year, too. Ah, well, it's all in the day's work"; and that is all the notice we take of our friend for the time being. But two ladies! They would contrive to sit together side by side, putting the whole width of the table between themselves and the stern eyes of the forewoman. "Oh my dear, it was terrible. Harry was in such a passion, you know what men are; breakfast anyhow, toast burnt; I was so afraid of being late and being fined, and yet at the last moment I found I had to put a stitch in my blouse, and Willie smeared himself all over with jam, for that new nurse-girl, the one you know Mrs. Johnson recommended as such a pearl of perfection—" "Order, ladies, order! Let us consider our verdict."

Let it be remembered that they are only creatures of our fancy, these two delightful jurywomen. The reality would be entirely different no doubt, at least we hope so, if that equally imaginary time should ever come; and we may now give a slightly more serious attention to another feature of the question at issue, one which well understood is decidedly more flattering and ought highly to commend itself to the fair sex generally, though it unavoidably leads us to the same negative conclusion.

There is an abstract entity called the Legal Mind, without which no success can be attained in the forensic profession. It is a subtle, illusive, evasive, sophistic turn of mind which plays lightly round any given question, seeing it so to speak dissolved or dissected into all its component parts or elements, with a readiness to pounce with lightning speed on the strongest or the weakest point (as may be required), the very instant it is exposed to view. This keen instantaneous insight, acting like a flash of magnesium light in a dark chamber, not being the result of careful and mature deliberation, has much in common with intuition, though it should by no means be confounded with it, for the one is a rapid but conscious process, a clear if instantaneous sequence of thought which could afterwards be distinctly reproduced, while intuition is equally instantaneous but follows no process that we can trace. It must strike everyone that if qualities of the mind could be called either masculine or feminine, this quality of the legal mind has many feminine features, and yet curiously enough few women seem possessed of it. It would

appear to be an essentially masculine property, however little in keeping it may be with the massive, solid, and downright qualities which we attribute more specially to the mind of unimaginative man.

This contradiction probably arises from the fact that men are less emotional than women and keep their intellect and their emotions, such as they are, remarkably well apart. As a consequence their minds can go straight for their aim, not tempted into bye-paths and side-issues by those non-essentials which women are tempted by their emotional temperament to consider essentials. We do not at all object to the definition that men have the strongest heads and women the stronger hearts. By all means let us admit such an incontrovertible truth, which leaves us free to point out what is equally true, that in law the heart is comparatively of no account, the head supplying everything that is wanted. If anyone doubts this we can only refer him again to the leading case already quoted. When Portia spoke as a woman in her famous opening speech, "The quality of mercy is not strained," a pleading from the heart that will last so long as the English language endures, her success was *nil*. The Duke, Antonio, Bassanio, and the Magnificoes, all were in tears, but there was small help in that. "Very sorry," said the Duke; "the Court is with you but I see the law must take its course. It would establish a precedent if we listened to your gentle pleading, and people would do no more business in Venice." But when she spoke as a man, from the head; when she startled the plaintiff in true K.C. fashion, "Tarry a little; there is something else," and went straight for the flaw in Shylock's reckoning which everybody had overlooked; when, in short, she unexpectedly proved herself to possess the legal mind, her success was not for one moment doubtful.

Portia never existed, no more than the talkative jurywomen we imagined just now, but,—it may be an irrelevant and yet not altogether an indifferent consideration—would we exactly appreciate the legal mind in our wives and sweethearts? Would not briefs come in and husbands stay away? Cross-examination is an ordeal from which every man recoils with horror; who could contemplate with equanimity the possibility of introducing it into the home circle? A husband conscious of some slight peccadillo, some small sin of omission or commission, might well shake in his shoes if the wife of his bosom, K.C., stopped him,

when he tried to escape after breakfast, with the ominous formula, "Tarry a little ; there is something else !"

For this and all the other reasons we have given, and if this irrelevant consideration weighs at all with our fair competitors in public life, there ought to be more attraction for them in the other professions at present open to them. Men will always be tempted to marry their nurses ; we do not say that a lady Inspector of Nuisances would stand no chance of marriage ; a Guardian of the Poor should make a first-rate wife ; but we can confidently assure any fair law-student now poring over the Married Women Property Act, Scotch Marriage Law, or *Yelverton v. Yelverton*, that few men, queer creatures as they are, would care to marry a King's Counsel famous for her skill and success in cross-examination,—this, as she herself in legal parlance would say, "All Gilbertian and other comic-opera precedents to the contrary, notwithstanding."

The upshot of the whole enquiry—so far as we have been able to carry it, and the other side, it must be remembered, not having been heard—would seem to be that the times are not yet ripe for Portia, plead she never so gently. As solicitors or conveyancers perhaps something might be said for them, if it be true of women that they are more conscientious than men. We have not now, however, the leisure (and probably our editor has not the space) to pursue the question to these further issues ; and at any rate one exception would certainly have to be made,—the Family Solicitor, to wit. That embodiment of all that is stable and solid, pompous and suave, but secret as the very grave where family secrets are concerned, is not by the greatest effort of the imagination to be conceived as of the feminine gender. The objections are indeed so obvious that one would rather not specify them more definitely.

MARCUS REED.

OLD NORFOLK INNS

CITIES, beautiful and old cities especially, should be visited now and then at strange hours and uninviting seasons. I shall not forget my first glimpse of Norwich between two and three o'clock on a winter morning, after a detestable railway journey. A fellow traveller had slept aggressively from the outset of this journey. Many people who cannot sleep in the train must know that fellow traveller. He swathes himself scientifically in a great shawl or rug, curls up in his corner, and is off; when he wakes to see what o'clock it is, or to eat, he has not the least difficulty in sleeping again. You settle down to sleep too, but it will not do. Some portion of a leg or an arm will be escaping from the rug to grow as cold as if it were naked; the inclination to be changing your attitude ever so little grows and grows, till you feel shame at your restlessness, and fear to wake the sleeper opposite. Thoughts run riot after two or three hours of this, and there is no end to the misery till you step through the prison-door, the journey done. I had left London in a gloomy drizzle, but a sharp frost had set in by midnight, and the road and the roofs of the houses in Tombland and in Wensum Street, where is THE MAID'S HEAD, sparkled fresh and beautiful. Any fairly well-built city seen thus, all its meaner side in shade, might please; a strange one, known by report to the traveller to be full of good things, could not be entered more fortunately. I guess the gabled house near the cathedral, from the light at the window, to be THE MAID'S HEAD. A few minutes for refreshment, and then upstairs to the lighted room with a frost-clear fire in its prime, a fire such as we were used to find at the famous old sporting inn, THE RUTLAND ARMS at Bakewell, when a Derbyshire worthy, William Greaves, ruled there.

It is perhaps best, where it is practicable, to become conscious by degrees of the beauty and interest of the house you are staying

in. A march from room to room, till all has been seen, with a running comment on the proportions and shape and contents of each, may tire and over-pack the mind. It is so soon over, and you may feel that you have seen it all, and what is there next? If you have the time and the chance, you should let rare, interesting, and old things be borne in upon you leisurely; you should gain information in the course of talk without straining after it; take a glimpse of the house on the evening you arrive, see more next morning, and then what remains by easy stages. If I could give an account of *THE MAID'S HEAD* as I saw it and heard its story, I should have to break off now and again to tell of walks into the country round, of other inns not at nor near Norwich. This is convenient in real life, but not in print.

This *MAID'S HEAD* is a fine and ancient house, mewing a youth, which, if not mighty, must have been very comfortable many centuries ago. We owe much to antiquaries that is not paid in gratitude. Their books, often the outcome of years of labour in minute research, are thought to be dry stuff by many people; yet the district, or even parish, whose story they tell, may be a very microcosm. We owe much for instance to Mr. Walter Rye, of St. Leonard's Priory at Norwich, not on this literary score only, but for his public-spirited action in regard to *THE MAID'S HEAD*. At a time when the house, losing a good landlord, was in danger of degenerating to a mere commercial hotel, he took a lease of it, and spent a large sum of money in restoring it to something like its old self. How fine a taste in the adorning of an old house Mr. Rye has is seen clearly in some of the best rooms and the corridors of *THE MAID'S HEAD* to-day. The genuine Chippendale furniture was bought and put there by him. Mr. Rye is not entirely without reward if he knows of the pleasure which his work has given to many a traveller who has come and gone since his day at the old place.

The entrance to *THE MAID'S HEAD* is by a great courtyard gate of oak; old England to the core, these massy gates and doors have a fascination for us. Now, alas, the courtyard has been roofed over with glass and, like that of the ancient *GEORGE* at Winchester, made into a kind of lounge where you know you are bound to find wicker chairs, and small tables as unlovely and as much in request. The whole of the great gate need not often, therefore, be opened wide. One would have liked it better when there was no glass roof and the Norfolk Machine

ran hence to THE GREEN DRAGON in Bishopsgate Street and back "for the carrying four inside passengers at twenty-five shillings each, and outside at twelve shillings and sixpence each."

The courtyard is a true courtyard no more : the coach has stopped running these many years ; but a good deal of the genuine thing lives on. We have the minstrel's gallery in the assembly-room, the old smoking-room (now the snug bar-parlour), and in the coffee-room an alluring fire-place (fifteenth century I believe) brought to light by a former occupier after it had long been hid. Who would not choose of a mid-winter evening to dine within sight of the ingle-nook ? Give me the open grate and room for great logs,—so I have not to light my own fire on a difficult day. There is such character in a wood fire ; and different kinds of woods have their individualities. There is a sameness about the flicker and the voice of coal, a sordid sameness about that of a gas fire. The wood fire, whether the logs are of the ash-tree (which is best perhaps), oak, beech, or elm, is a cheerful, unobtrusive companion often playing just the right accompaniment to our thoughts as we brood over it, and toy with it, when darkness has closed in. This is the place and light, and not where the gas-jet flares, to muse in and let the current of life run upward against its fountain,—the mood of Will Waterproof at the tavern when

Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,
And phantom hopes assemble ;
And that child's heart within the man's
Begins to move and tremble.

Old rooms such as these, with the open grate, the fire-dogs, and sometimes the delightful fire-backs that you could buy for the price of old iron a while ago before the connoisseur came to think of them, are best lit by candles in old Sheffield plate. Failing these, electric light in the ceiling has a good effect ; it only offends when preposterous brackets and shades are used. This is probably one of the changes in THE MAID'S HEAD which have been to the good. The beautiful corridor and staircase on the left side of the courtyard-gates, leading up to the Queen Elizabeth and other bedrooms, are admirably shown after dark by electric lights.

There is no reason to suppose that Elizabeth when in Norwich, —she stayed with the Earl of Surrey at St. Leonard's Priory—

ever slept in the room which is named after her in **THE MAID'S HEAD**. So far as we know she was never inside the inn, but the tradition is not unusual. It would be more accurate to name it the best bedroom; I should say there are not many private houses of rich people that have a more beautifully furnished bedroom than this. Here we are well above the glass roof, and looking across the courtyard have a view of the high-pitched gables of that part of the house which has been little changed or touched. **THE MAID'S HEAD** is the inn referred to in **THE PASTON LETTERS**. Sir John Paston writes in 1472 to Margaret Paston, of a coming guest: "I pray you make him good cheer, and if it be so that he tarry, I must remember his costs; therefore if I shall be sent for, and he tarry at Norwich there whiles, it were best to set his horse at **THE MAID'S HEAD** and I shall be content for their expenses." This is the earliest certain reference to the house, though it is claimed that **THE MAID'S HEAD** is a hundred years older than even **THE GREAT INN** at Winchester now **THE GEORGE**.¹ Formerly **THE MAID'S HEAD** stood by the Cook's Row, a name associated with days when not every monk was an ascetic, and there is a possible allusion to it so far back as 1287 among the records of the Norwich Corporation. At Court Leet in that year there was a presentment of the jurors for the parish SS. Simon and Jude against one Robert the Fowler "because he spends much and has nothing to spend from, roves about by night, and he is ill thought of for that it must have been he that stole John de Ingham's goods at his tavern in the Cook Rowe." It was a great language that they spoke at these manorial courts of old time; it drove home surer than the more mincing and precise talk of the eighteenth century, or the more slovenly talk of the twentieth. What a music of words, an unknowing poetry, there is about some of these specimens! Mr. Capes dug a jewel out of some

¹ In a scarce little book called **TAVERN ANECDOTES** it is said that the sign of **THE GEORGE INN** was "set up in compliment to the House of Hanover, and like the King's Head, the King's Arms, &c., originated in loyalty to the powers that be." In the country they are more numerous in proportion than in the capital, as it frequently happened that where a sovereign happened to stop either for accident or design, the Boniface of the time has taken advantage of the circumstance, and set up the royal insignia." And the writer goes on to tell how George the Third "on his ascending and seating himself on the throne, was justly admired and commended by everyone." **THE GEORGE INN** at Winchester, however, had this, among other names, centuries before the Georges came to England.

Bramshott Court Baron records, a kind of commonplace-book of the steward's charges to the jury :

Walter of the Moor, thou art attached to answer in this court wherefore by night and against the Lord's grace, thou didst enter the presence of the Lord and didst carry off at thy will divers manners of fish.

Sir, for God's sake [Walter replies] do not take it ill of me if I tell thee the truth, how I went the other evening along the bank of the pond, and looked at the fish that were playing in the water, so beautiful and so bright, and for the great desire I had for a tench I laid me down at the bank, and just with my hands quite simply and without any other device I caught that tench and carried it off, and now I will tell thee the cause of my covetousness and desire ; my dear wife had been abed a full month, and she could never eat or drink anything to her liking, and for the great desire which she had to eat a tench, I went to the pond, &c.

Kingsley's Bad Squire might almost have melted before such an appeal.

It is a question whether people of old got so very drunk as they are reported to have done ; but there must have been riotous times a century since in these English towns. One of the clubs that met in the seventeenth or eighteenth century at THE MAID'S HEAD was called the Everlasting Club, because, it is said, the members broke up at so late an hour that no outsider ever saw the end. And the tradition is that a new member was not allowed to go home till he had ridden "the stone horse,"—sitting astride the coping stone of the wall of SS. Simon and Jude almost opposite THE MAID'S HEAD in Wensum Street. If he fell, he could go home to bed ; if he kept his seat, he was taken back to the house and made to drink again. It is a word-of-mouth story, of a sort familiar ; true or not, it points, like other stories and facts of the place, to a past not sedate ; the Guild processions with their trappings and finery, the coaching and posting, the Parliamentary election, the hustings,—these made for tipping in cities like Norwich. The trickery of time tones down even tipsiness. What is hateful in a man of to-day may in our deep-drinking forefathers be for a sign that they were hard-bitten men. Has it not sometimes suggested even good breeding ? Until recent years, when the complaint became general and vulgar, there were people rather vain of having gout in their family ; it was suggestive of fine old porty ancestors. It is hard to feel completely shocked by these excesses of our forefathers ; they lend such colour to the scene. THE MAID'S HEAD was in the thick of it,

Tombland, which the house abuts on, being a favourite gathering and festive place of the citizens. Now it is all changed. Norwich strikes you at this spot as quite the cathedral town. Close to the inn, on the site of Sir John Fastolf's fifteenth century home, stands the Samson and Hercules house, four-gabled and with open timber-work carefully restored. Next, is a curious and beautiful piece of sixteenth century domestic architecture, the place of business and the home of a rich merchant. Both houses have come into the keeping of a dealer in old furniture, who understands and respects their beauty. In Salisbury, Winchester, and elsewhere one notices the same care shown by men for the fine old houses at which they carry on their trade ; taste in these matters is not restricted to people of rank and reading.

I rambled about the city with no very fixed plan, presently to find myself in the midst of a wonderful scene, the great cattle-market in the square beneath the castle. Never before was the prime beefiness of England borne in upon me so strongly. It was Saturday, the great market-day, and thousands and thousands of sheep and cattle were passing hands, "thick-lowing herds." From pen to pen hard-fisted buyers moved, trying to drive shrewd bargains with hard-fisted sellers. The flush of business was on their faces. They tapped the beasts with their sticks, and by the rough and sure figures of experience reckoned up the worth of this group of cattle, that flock of sheep. Weather-beaten, case-hardened drivers of cattle stood about the pens to show off the cattle to the connoisseurs in flesh, and to settle about the carriage by train or the driving by road of the beasts that changed hands. At THE DOLPHIN INN on one side of the market many a deal was being done over a glass or two of liquor and a plate of meat ; for it was an atmosphere of beefiness ; beef, or beef to be, in the pens, beef in the great faces and heavy frames of the bargainers, beef on the table at the farmers' ordinary. Apart from the æsthetic side, the colour of it, the life and movement, there is a powerful attraction in such a scene. It is English to the marrow ; there is no escaping this. If I am to be sickened and horrified by such a scene of sheer materialism,—and it is this—it seems to me that, to be consistent, I must be offended by the brawn and bone of England. It is beefiness,—by which I do not mean ox alone—that has gone to make our country great. To have pride and interest in one side only, the side of Shakespeare and Shelley, Falkland and Sidney,—soul and intellect—this is to

be but half an Englishman at heart. It is vain to overlook or shrink from the carnal side in English history and progress when we are all the while waxing on it. We must take Norwich, typical in this of England, as a whole : the English-Norman cathedral lifting its spire to the blue sky, and yet within a few steps the meat-market with the haggle over the hides among the strapping fellows who might sit for John Bull himself ; and at the very hour the bargaining is near its height the bells are calling to prayer. What a field, too, for the watcher of character this Saturday scene in the castle precincts of Norwich would offer ! You see character in almost every line of many of the faces of men who have had a hard fight of it to get to the fore, or near it, in their calling of the land ; grit, doggedness, but not an unkindly, certainly not a base look.

After THE MAID'S HEAD, and the scene in and about THE DOLPHIN on market-day, there is not much of interest in Norwich inns, though inside THE BOAR'S HEAD there are some remains of the old house, of interest to the antiquary. At Great Yarmouth there is the more famous STAR HOTEL, with work well worth seeing. If you go to Yarmouth to see the true Dickens type of Londoner at play, to exult in down-right British middle-class realism, mid-winter is not the time. It is a good season, though, to have the Nelson room at the inn there to yourself. Between Norwich and Yarmouth lie the reedy swamps and plains that can scarcely be explored thoroughly except by boat and in the long summer days. Yet when the shortest and barest days draw in there are moving sights even for the traveller. There is Breydon Water, the haunt of the sea-gull and wading fowl, a primordial spot, forlorn at all seasons after dark ; so aloof, and yet so near the flaunting life of Yarmouth. I saw the night close in and brood upon it, blotting out its glistening mud flats and its lapping channels. I saw on a dead winter day the browns, the hoary whites, and greys, of the great drained marsh hard by, and the black alder scrub ; and later, after a smoky sunset, these flats again with their long lines of light drawn across the blackness, lines that flash and bicker wondrously on a night lit only a little by moon or star, but which on such a cloud-shrouded night as that in January can just be traced and not more, serving to make the blackness blacker, as a sound may make silence deeper. I shall never forget Breydon and the great glooming flats at dusk with their dreary wind-mills.

THE STAR HOTEL of Yarmouth is a house of little outward distinction. It wears a flinty look; I have noticed much the same look about houses in the quays of other sea-ports. It is the kind of house-face that does not mellow with age. This is a peculiarity about flint, which takes on no colour, and to the end remains aggressive. Yet the house is ancient without question, Elizabethan. It has been associated with a name of some renown. Bradshaw, Charles the First's judge, has been mentioned as its owner in the seventeenth century, but he had no more to do with it, to tell the truth, than Elizabeth with THE MAID'S HEAD at Norwich. The Nelson room upstairs has carved panelling nine feet high, black almost as bog-oak. This fine panel work is in squares, divided by fluted pilasters, and is richly carved. The room has an open Elizabethan fireplace, which was long filled up and hid; the original chimney-piece, made of Caen stone, was discovered about thirty years ago. The ceiling is grand work, of a very heavy kind, with its mouldings of flower and fruit. The banqueting-room, or "house," has disappeared, but in the smoking-room on the ground floor there is another very heavily-moulded ceiling and an Elizabethan window of many lights. The room upstairs is called the Nelson room merely because Keymer, a member of the Society of Friends which still meets there each year, was allowed to paint a portrait of Nelson, still hanging on the wall.

The house was built towards the close of the sixteenth century by William Crowe, a rich merchant. In high relief over the fireplace are the arms of the Company of Merchant Adventurers, which the builder of this house was no doubt a member of. This was one of the greatest chartered companies that played a part in the making of England's sea-borne trade and power, and set her on the high seas. Its makers practised what enjoyers of an earlier monopoly had called "the feat and mystery of merchandise" so well in several reigns that Elizabeth gave them a great charter. No doubt the Merchant Adventurers wished to control trade with Russia and other countries, and keep up prices, that they might make great gain for themselves. They grew into a monopoly, like that which they had fought against, the old city merchants; but the enterprise of the Company and the splendid imagination of the governor, Sebastian Cabot, served England well. Here in the old sea-port town, itself won from the water, the story of Cabot's great schemes for rivalling Spain and

Portugal, and of the daring Willoughby sailing for the frozen seas, come to us with a rare spice of romance. There are few stories of the admiralty of English worthies more stirring than this one, though many are far better known. It was Cabot's grand idea to find a way to India and Cathay round the North Cape, some north-eastern passage with a strait like that of Magellan, which would enable his country to compete in trade with Spain and Portugal. Sir Hugh Willoughby, not for any great knowledge he had of the sea, but for his brave and ardent spirit, would lead the three ships,—the largest was only one hundred and sixty tons—with Richard Chancellor as second in command. Master Henry Sidney (the great Philip's father) seems to have been Chancellor's patron. He tells the Adventurers in a speech how Chancellor will commit his safety to barbarous and cruel people and hazard his life among "the monstrous and terrible beasts of the sea." Six thousand pounds are subscribed, the ships are victualled for eighteen months. They fare down the Thames one May day three hundred and fifty years ago, in their three ships, the sailors all clad in cloth of sky colour, the courtiers hastening out at Greenwich to wave them a godspeed.

There is a Homeric flavour about some of the incidents of the voyage out and round Norway. The people at the Lafoden Islands cannot tell Sir Hugh and his men how far away the mainland may be. Ulysses might have struck upon such isles as these. And then there is a pathetic account, truly Homeric, of Willoughby calling out directions with the loudest voice he can muster to the other ships, when they are in a raging sea. And after this Willoughby passes away. He and his crew of sixty-five are seen no more by any eyes; only their bones are found in the white North and brought home, together with a sort of pitiful log, in which Willoughby has written some things, while on the cover a few words have been added. The good ship *CONFIDENTIA*, in which Chancellor sails, is more fortunate; and he and his men do land and reach Moscow to negotiate with the Emperor of Russia. So Cabot's dazzling plan does not wholly miscarry; England's first great sea-expedition stands to his credit. But the way to Cathay, which Cabot thought was to baffle the great Armadas of Spain and Portugal, is left for Nordenskiöld to discover centuries later.

THE BLACK PERIL IN SOUTH AFRICA

DURING the last quarter of a century the struggle for supremacy between Boer and Briton has loomed so large on the political horizon of South Africa, that men have become prone to regard the quarrel between the two white races as the principal menace to the future prosperity of the great sub-continent. At the close of the Boer War the British nation, as a whole, breathed a sigh of relief; for, though many considered that the Transvaal and Orange Free State had been bought too dearly, there were but very few who understood that, though the question of hegemony between the white races might be settled for ever, the greatest problem of all, the native problem, had yet to be solved, and that the latter presented far greater difficulties, and would probably arouse far more bitter feelings, than the struggle which had just drawn to a close.

To the men who know the true conditions in South Africa the native question, the Black Peril, has always seemed one of such vital importance that the apathy and ignorance displayed on the subject by the general public often appears little short of criminal. There is a disposition to shirk the whole issue, to dismiss the matter with a few hopeful platitudes. Yet, perhaps, this attitude is but natural. After a long series of disasters, such as that from which the sub-continent is now recovering, men are ready to close their eyes to all but the immediate future; wearied with past troubles they are glad of a temporary respite, and unwilling to look too far ahead. Those who do know the dangers of delay are often loth to speak, for fear of incurring the odium which ever attaches to the prophet of evil; and consequently, the nation at large never hears of the impending danger, until it has assumed such serious proportions that further concealment or delay is impossible. Such is the

situation in South Africa to-day. Men will discuss anything, agitate on anything,—except the Black Peril.

The native problem is one of vast importance. It bristles with difficulties ; and its gravity is enormously increased by the fact that it cannot be handled without arousing a storm of fanaticism and religious prejudice, in addition to the ordinary party strife which arises over every great issue. Briefly stated, the question which has to be decided is this : what is to be the future status of the African native ? Is he to become the equal of the white man, or is he to remain a savage ? Is the white man to continue paramount, or is he ultimately to be swamped by the descendants of the present-day barbarians ?

The danger is of old standing. It may be said to have come into being when the first white man set foot on African soil ; and it has become more deadly with every increase in the alien population. At first, the savage resisted civilisation because he failed to understand its aims ; it was strange, incomprehensible, and, therefore, hateful to him. He hurled himself against it with blind passion, again and again, until he found the task hopeless. Then, gradually though quite insensibly, his attitude changed. Finding that the new force would never yield to his spasmodic attacks, he settled down to live beside it as best he could ; and, while doing that, he studied it, learned to see weaknesses he had never perceived before, discovered a way in which he might eventually overmaster the thing which he hated, though imitating it. The process was slow, almost imperceptible to the white man, entirely so to the native. The latter, as a whole, was unaware of the change within himself. The Boers, experienced in the ways of the African savage, perceived the difference, which they had long foreseen ; but the British failed to notice it, declined, and still decline, to recognise that the relations between black and white had entered on a new phase, that the crude troubles of former days, troubles which could be settled by mere physical force, had become things of the past, and that the new conditions required the hand of the statesman, in addition to that of the soldier.

The native wars of the past, though numerous and bloody, seldom assumed a very serious aspect, inter-tribal jealousies effectually preventing a general combination for the expulsion of the white man. As a rule, they were merely the irresponsible outbursts of a barbarism irritated by the advance of civilisation.

Their fury was quickly spent; and they were usually ended by an indefinite compromise, which left any points at issue still undecided. Had the various tribes united their forces, they might have driven the white man into the sea; but their mutual hostility was always as great, or greater, than their hatred for the stranger; and, consequently, the latter was able to overcome them piecemeal. The new comers never drew back from the territory they had once occupied; but, until recent years, the extent of this was, comparatively speaking, so small that the irreconcilable element among the natives could always retreat before the advance of civilisation, and find a new land in which it could live the wild, unfettered existence it loved. While this state of affairs lasted, the immediate outlook presented no very alarming features; but during the last fifteen years the amazing development of the sub-continent has wrought a complete change. The white man has rapidly encroached on the native territories; and to-day not only the southern portions, but the central and eastern zones as well are in his hands. The native can no longer escape, as formerly; but must remain and live beside his new ruler, whose ways he learns, and whose weaknesses he is quick to perceive. The tribes, as a whole, scarcely understood the change until it was complete. The vast territory formerly ruled by Lobengula, the king of the Matabele, and now known as Southern Rhodesia, was the last to lose its freedom; and, until it was conquered by the Chartered Company, its existence as an independent State served to keep up the animosities among the various races throughout the sub-continent; for, while the Zulus and their kindred, the Swazi and MaTchangana, sympathised with the Matabele (their own blood-relations), the Basutu and the Bechuana peoples looked on the northern warriors with a hatred born of many mutual injuries. But when once the Matabele power had gone down before the guns of the white man, this cause of disunion vanished. In the whole of South Africa, from the Zambesi to Cape Agulhas, there was not an independent chieftain left; and even the dullest native began to realise that the old days of barbarism were gone for ever.

Lobengula fell in 1894. Since that date a great change has come over the coloured population. The enforced cessation of inter-tribal warfare, coupled with the knowledge that men of all tribes were the same in the eyes of the Government, led to a rapid breaking down of the old barriers between the various

peoples, a process that was aided greatly by the introduction of railroads which enabled natives to travel about, and mix far more freely with each other than had been the case hitherto. At any time, with the exception of the Hottentots and Bushmen who are now numerically unimportant, the differences between the tribes were very largely those of sentiment and tradition; and under the influence of the Pax Britannica these are rapidly vanishing. Every day the union of the races is becoming stronger: tribal distinctions are disappearing; and, in the place of a number of mutually hostile units, there is growing up a homogeneous black nation.

In former times the points of contact between white man and native were but few. Each lived his own life, and had as little as possible to do with the other. But as the number of the invaders increased, and the opening of the mines led to an enormous demand for coloured labour, the native began to know his new ruler more intimately. The result was disastrous. While seen from afar, the white man had appeared to the savage as a species of superior being, one to be respected and feared, even though hated. So long as the African remained a barbarian, he was impressed by the evident superiority of the European, and was always ready to acknowledge himself the inferior of the latter. But when he began to understand the invader better, when he had seen his weaknesses and his vices, and had fathomed the sources of his strength, he lost all the semi-superstitious reverence he formerly possessed, and acquired instead a semi-contemptuous envy, which fear alone kept him from displaying. The process of disillusionment was largely aided by the ill-judged attempts at education made by a host of well-meaning people who, through ignorance or fanaticism, instilled into the native mind a number of ill-digested theories and facts, which, while doing him no good morally, rendered him conceited and discontented with his lot.

The native to-day is very different from the light-hearted, irresponsible savage of a few years back. In those days he was content to live in his village, and to lead the life his fathers had led before him. Sometimes he would break out, as every savage is prone to do; but on the whole he was harmless, so long as he was left alone. He knew nothing of the white man's ways, or the white man's learning; and he asked to know nothing. He was an African, the other was a European, and their paths

should lie far apart ; such was his attitude. But since he has become tinctured with Northern ideals, and has had them forced upon his notice, either in the schools or on the mines, this spirit has vanished to a great extent. The native wants to do as the white man does. He considers himself as good as a white man, and is beginning to demand the same political privileges. He is becoming aggressive, not as a savage, but as a pseudo-civilised man. His vast numerical superiority gives him a sense of strength, which is intensified by the consciousness of the growing union that is replacing the old inter-tribal animosities. From the fact of his greatly out-numbering the white population, he was always a danger ; now he is becoming more,—he is growing into a power.

If the present process be permitted to go on unchecked, it is not difficult to foresee the end. The native will demand equal privileges, both social and political, with the white man ; and when his demand is refused, he will endeavour to obtain them by force. A long and sanguinary fight will be the inevitable consequence, a fight which can end only with the virtual extirpation of the coloured race ; for the sole alternative to that would be the evacuation of Africa by the white man. White and black cannot live side by side as equals : the eternal barrier of colour renders that impossible ; and even more impossible is it that black should rule. Any fusion of races would be repulsive to nature. The sole solution of the problem, therefore, lies in some system which will keep the natives permanently in subjection, and this is a matter of enormous difficulty, for it cannot be arranged without inflicting a certain degree of injustice on the subject race.

But, in this connection, it must be remembered that the very presence of the white man on African soil is, in itself, a technical injustice ; and, that being so, it becomes impossible to deal with the relations between the two peoples, black and white, without infringing some law of theoretical morality, unless the European withdraws from the sub-continent altogether,—an absurd hypothesis.

As yet, the British Government has taken no effective steps with regard to the Black Peril. Yet something must be done and done soon. The right of dealing with the problem was one of the doubtful spoils of the victory over the Boer Republics. The bitterness between the two white nations primarily arose over this very matter ; although the issue was almost forgotten while the

rival powers strove for the mastery of the sub-continent. But, now that the question of supremacy has been settled beyond the possibility of further dispute, it remains for the victors to deal with the original source of contention.

The difference between the native policies of Boer and Briton was strongly marked. The Dutch people, which from its early struggles in Cape Colony had acquired a hereditary hatred for the aboriginal, always endeavoured to accentuate the difference between black and white. The barrier of colour was a sacred institution, something to be preserved at all costs. The total disappearance of the native would have been regarded with equanimity, if not with pleasure. He was considered an objectionable and unnecessary person, barely fitted even to be a slave. The Briton, on the other hand, knowing less of the problem, desired to handle it in a different manner. He endeavoured consistently to save the savage, both from himself and from others, and to raise him in the social scale. But this policy, though unimpeachable from the humanitarian standpoint, is of doubtful wisdom when judged in the light of purely political considerations. Under the mild British rule freedom from domestic warfare, impartial justice, and improved methods of agriculture have saved the native from the usual fate of aboriginal races. With the exception of one or two utterly irreconcilable tribes, the tendency has been towards increase rather than diminution; while the attempts which have been made to educate and civilise the savages have partially broken down the barrier between white and black, and have caused the latter to lose that sense of inferiority which formerly did much towards keeping him in the sphere to which he properly belonged.

The great mistake of the British policy has lain in its inability to recognise that the native is a savage. The Boer not only avoided this error, but committed one even greater by going to the other extreme, and treating the savage as something scarcely human. Both methods were wrong. The correct treatment for a native would be that meted out to a child,—a child too young to begin its education, yet old enough to learn the rudiments of good manners. Possessing no innate moral sense, knowing no restraining influence but his dread of the spirit-world, the African is too low in the scale of evolution to comprehend even the most elementary principles of civilisation

or religion ; and to endeavour to instil these into his mind is not merely a waste of time,—in which case the attempt would be harmless—but it also involves the conversion of a respectable heathen into a useless dissolute ruffian, who has lost his former beliefs, which at least kept him within bounds, and has gained nothing in place of them, except the ability to repeat certain formulæ, which his limited intelligence does not enable him to understand.

The whole idea of raising the native in the social scale by means of education is based on a fallacy. The African savage is not untaught, but unteachable,—at least from a practical point of view. He is a quick learner, certainly, and he can rapidly acquire an outward civilisation, if removed from contact with his own people ; but, sooner or later, he always reverts to his natural state. There is no exception to this rule ; the savage is always the savage. Natives may be taken to Europe, educated in a good school, trained as barristers or clergymen, and then sent back to their own country, apparently civilised men ; but the moment they get among the villages, hear the drums beating, smell the blood of the freshly-killed sacrificial bullock, they throw their European clothes aside, and with them their cloak of civilisation ; a moment later, and they are dancing round the drums, or tearing the half raw flesh with their teeth, primitive men once more.

It is hard to make the people at home realise this ; and the mere statement always arouses a storm of indignation from the well-meaning fanatics, who will lavish on their "black brother" the charity which they will not bestow on the suffering poor of their own land. But the fact remains. Not only is their money being spent uselessly, but it is generally doing a very serious amount of harm. Unfortunate as the missionary influence has often been in other parts of the world, nowhere has it had such disastrous effects as in South Africa. The cases of the natives of China and India,—heirs of civilisations older than our own—furnish no parallels ; for, with them, conversion to Western customs of religion involves a change in the ideal aimed at, rather than a sudden elevation of the whole race in the scale of humanity. But the African savage is countless generations behind the lowest civilised race. In dealing with him this fact should be consistently kept in view. The evolution of centuries cannot be accomplished in a few years. A knowledge of Euclid

and geography will not supply the deficiency of a moral sense. Education, the knowledge of facts, is not civilisation; and though, when constantly brought into contact with Western habits, the savage may acquire a veneer of polish, it is merely a veneer, and does not qualify him for the suffrage, or even for acceptance in civilised circles. At heart he always remains an irresponsible barbarian; and he should be treated as such.

This judgment of the native character, and of its limitations, may seem harsh; but unfortunately it is based on practical experience. The only influence which appears to have any good effect is that of the Industrial Missions, which endeavour to make him a decent savage first, by teaching him the rudiments of cleanliness and self-restraint, and then, after the lapse of generations, hope to be able to lift him to the level of a member of a civilised native society,—not of white society. This plan commands the hearty respect and sympathy of every thinking man in the sub-continent. On the east coast, it was carried out with complete success by the Mahommedan missionaries of former times, who, prior to the advent of the Portuguese, preached the gospel of personal cleanliness among the tribes of the seaboard, with the result that, though three centuries have elapsed since the downfall of the Arab dominion, the natives of those parts are still infinitely superior to any of the peoples of the interior.

The Black Peril in South Africa has not yet reached an acute stage. Ten, perhaps twenty, years may pass before it becomes an immediate danger; but every day of delay makes the final settlement more difficult. Sooner or later the British nation must awake to its responsibility in the matter, and must decide whether white or black is to be the paramount race in the sub-continent. A few more years of procrastination, and a great racial war will be inevitable,—not a war between the white man and the tribes, but between the Empire and a united black nation. Every day the native is becoming more and more insolent and self-assertive. Every day the influence of the schools and the mines teaches him more, both of the weaknesses and of the sources of strength of his rulers. Every day the thinking section of the community becomes more exasperated at the delay in dealing with the problem.

There is only one solution possible, if the white man is to retain his present ascendancy. The native must be kept as a native. He must live his own life apart from the white man.

The points of contact between the two must be made as few as possible. In reservations set apart for his exclusive use, into which no unauthorised white man may intrude, the savage must work out his salvation in his own way, must develop, degenerate, or disappear entirely, according to the innate possibilities he possesses. The white man must give him protection, both from himself and from others; but, with that, the efforts of the rulers must end. Black and white must be two separate worlds.

If once the opposition of the ignorant classes at home could be overcome, such a policy would not be difficult to carry out. The native prefers the low country; the white man can only live on the high plateau. There is ample room for native reserves in land which the European will never require, either for mining or agriculture. The most serious trouble would be the question of labour; but this is, even now, being partially overcome by the importation of Chinese into the Transvaal; while in Natal the Indian coolie is doing the work which the Zulu is too lazy, or too ignorant, to undertake. The teeming millions of Hindustan could supply all the wants of the sub-continent ten times over, both in the matter of labourers and servants. The African native in any capacity is so useless and unsatisfactory that the white community would rejoice to be rid of his presence for ever, were it able to secure substitutes in the form of Indians or Chinese; and it needs but a little legislation to make this possible.

The native question is one which can only be handled by a very strong man, a statesman powerful enough to withstand a torrent of abuse and calumny, one who is willing to fight against popular prejudice, fanaticism, and ignorance, until he has worn down the opposition, and is able to impose his own policy on the nation. At the moment, there is no public man in the British Empire who seems ready to undertake the task. Cecil Rhodes, who might have done it, died all too soon, leaving no successor. Yet, perhaps, the urgent need will produce the saviour, and, despite the apathy and procrastination which is now the order of the day, the great racial conflict may be averted. But the salvation must come soon. A few years more of delay, and it will be too late.

STANLEY P. HYATT.

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THE ENEMY'S CAMP

CHAPTER XIX

CICELY had hurried off to the boat with unusual speed. Not until she was settled in the stern, with the rudder-lines carefully crossed, did she breathe freely. Then she called for Martin to supply her with what she thought necessary for the sport of rowing, a book, cushions, and some selected greengages; these articles represented her minimum of equipment when taking exercise. Doris sat down to the sculls, and Martin pushed the voyagers off into mid-stream. But they did not remain long in that perilous position, for at the first turn they ran aground, thereby upsetting Miss Yonge's sketching-basket, which was propped in the bows.

"You've got your lines wrong, Cicely," protested Doris.

"Oh dear, I forgot to remember that," Cicely admitted. "Can you reach the boat-hook?" Doris could; but in pushing off she lost a scull, which was only recovered by a desperate clutch that shook the other into the water. This, however, was easily re-captured while the boat drifted very slowly back again.

"Don't row till they're quite dry," said Cicely; "and I'll try to steer." She wobbled the rudder energetically, without, however, altering the direction of the boat which, rather to her surprise, held on its slow course.

Cicely was resigned and Doris thoughtful. The uncrossing of the lines having failed to alter matters, the younger Miss Neave abandoned speculations about the coxswain's art. She never could be sure which string to pull, but as she usually pulled the wrong one she had resolved to try the experiment of changing hands, and even this had produced no very satisfactory result.

Usually, of course, to drift pleasantly would not have troubled her, but as it was she suddenly heard her aunt's voice uplifted in expostulation with the uncomprehending male.

"Pull!" she said with unexpected energy. "We shall be running into one of those things called 'Dangerous'; you always do when one is having a nice time on the river."

Doris obeyed, and they meandered elegantly up towards the bend.

"You'll run us aground," protested the rower.

"Oh, no, dear; I quite remember now. When I go so," Cicely tugged gently at one string, "you go so. And when I go so," here she pulled the other, "we go so. I've tried it several times and it's always the same. But when I pull both hard, or don't pull at all, it doesn't seem to make any difference except that we always go a little to the right."

"Well, I wish you'd keep us a little straighter," said Doris mildly; "I don't think it would be quite so hard for me."

"But the river isn't at all straight," objected Cicely with triumph. "Now we've got to get round the corner. Let me see; so—yes, and it goes so. Oh, I must pull the other string,—"

This she did with a will. Luckily Doris counterbalanced with a crab on the needed side, and they achieved the perilous passage,—to run harmlessly into some reeds.

Though on the same side as the camp they were fairly well screened from observation, and very firmly fixed alongside the bank.

"No, don't push it off again," said Cicely; "you'll lose the oars again; and that tree's quite pretty enough for you to sketch."

Doris acquiesced meekly and began to undo the portfolio. The topmost sketch displayed a church-tower in a promising way to completion. It did not escape Cicely, though her friend would have covered it up. "Not quite finished yet?" asked Cicely slyly. "Were you interrupted again?"

"No, the boys didn't—" Doris paused with a slightly embarrassed air.

"He came to rescue you, in case?" Cicely suggested.

"He's fond of sketching, and he gave me some hints," said Doris still somewhat embarrassed. "I must go again to carry them out," she added.

"Under tuition?" Cicely's gravity was praiseworthy.

Doris looked at her in some wonder. "Tuition?" she repeated.

"I thought you said he was a schoolmaster, dear."

Doris admitted this point. "He did tell me a good deal. He says there is a fine old oak which hid King Charles after the battle of Worcester, standing all by itself in a glade over there,"—she pointed towards the west—"I shouldn't have known of it if he hadn't."

Cicely smiled to herself. Her opinion of the intelligence of the scholastic profession began to rise rapidly. She was on the point of testing her friend's innocence, but refrained nobly. Doris might then not go sketching in the expected quarter.

"I thought you wouldn't have got far," said a somewhat scornful voice from the bank.

"We took ever so long to get here," returned Cicely in self-defence.

"You would if *you* steered," said Agatha. "Are you sketching, Doris?"

"Yes, I was going to, but if,"—Doris began to put up her things unselfishly.

"No, do go on, dear, it's such a pretty view. We'll take a turn round the field." Agatha's glance at Cicely was a youthful reproduction of Aunt Charlotte's ominous expression during lunch. Cicely felt rebellious; she was very comfortable, and the greengages were deliciously ripe and fresh. However she rose, under protest if in silence, and jumped out with surprising decision. Her usual leisurely disembarkation was a thing that counted somewhat on assistance. The sisters went off together.

"We're going back to town directly, to prevent it happening again," began Agatha abruptly.

"To prevent what happening again?" asked Cicely rather timorously and with a rapid review of recent events.

"It's Doris," said Agatha with indignation. "I should never have thought it of her, never."

Cicely was relieved. She could even have smiled, but—going back to town! That was indeed a catastrophe,—when there might be other kinds of fish to catch too. She must be diplomatic. "What's the matter with Doris, dear?" she returned. "I didn't notice anything unusual."

"Aunt Charlotte saw her walking with a strange man, who was carrying her things."

"How dreadful of her!" Cicely assented. "Was he a nice man?"

"I suppose she thought so, but Aunt Charlotte didn't,—quite rightly," said Agatha. "Anyhow she says he's one of the house-boat and she's going back to Ealing at once."

"If it was only she—" thought Cicely. Aloud she said, "One of those horrid criminals?"

"They're not horrid criminals," Agatha retorted, warmly but unguardedly.

"Oh!" was all Cicely said, but her expectant look evidently demanded a sisterly explanation. It expressed plainly enough, "Why have *you* changed your mind?"

Agatha avoided this look but conceded the explanation. "One of them was very good to me," she said.

"Oh!" said Cicely again. "You've met one of them too—like Doris I mean," she added hastily. "What was he like?"

"He was a doctor. He saved me from a mad cow. He was very kind, and to-day——" Agatha stopped. Her tale was not being told exactly as she could have wished.

"And to-day he saved you again?" suggested Cicely amiably. Talbot was not a doctor, though she knew now enough about the house-boat to be aware that there was such a person on board.

"Don't be silly," said Agatha with a creditable attempt at severity. "He goes to the shop. Of course he asked me how I was after my fright——"

"And carried your things for you?" Cicely was perfectly at her ease now; she was in the best of company, and she had half a mind to narrate certain facts not unconnected with angling. Yet, if confidence is pleasant, still more pleasant is a sense of superiority, albeit temporary, over an accredited paragon. "I'm afraid you're just as bad as Doris," she said judiciously; "—that is, just as unlucky," she amended.

The first idea was new to Agatha, who defended herself hotly. "It wasn't my fault," she insisted.

"No, the cow's," Cicely admitted; "I quite understand, dear. But what will Aunt Charlotte say? I think I shall have to chaperone you two about."

Agatha would have liked to be scornful, but Cicely's air of superior righteousness rather baffled her. She tried to think things out. "He ought not to have come twice," she pronounced.

"Which he? Yours or Doris's?" began Cicely innocently, but she ended with, "Well, of course Doris's. Yours was a doctor, and of course he had to see that it was all right."

Agatha was not convinced of Cicely's good faith, but her position was insecure. "We don't want to go back to town," she stated.

"Of course you don't, dear, with your health wanting to be looked after—I mean, with the sketch to be finished—"

"Be serious, Cicely." Agatha was getting really provoked.

"Certainly, dear. Yours was an accident and it's quite all right; but we've got to find out about Doris. It would be dreadful if she got herself engaged to one of those horrid house-boat people,—of course doctors aren't horrid—but if it was only an accident we can make it right, you know."

"Aunt Charlotte says—" began Agatha.

"She always *says*, dear," Cicely returned not very dutifully. "Luckily she always talks to Uncle Henry first. We mustn't let her talk to Doris."

"I'll speak to her myself, then," said Agatha with decision. They turned back towards the boat.

Meanwhile the unconscious Miss Yonge had begun a new sketch; that is to say, she had chosen her pencil, and sharpened it to a satisfactory point, and then she had fixed her paper; after which she had looked at the subject proposed so long and carefully that she fell into a contemplative mood, her thoughts insensibly leading her towards a certain church-tower.

"Doris, you really shouldn't." Doris looked up surprised, and encountered Agatha's determined gaze with innocent eyes.

"You shouldn't have been seen; it was very careless of you," explained Cicely.

"Aunt Charlotte," began Agatha.

"Would be dreadfully distressed, if she knew how you had been annoyed," continued Cicely.

"What is it, dear? What have I done? I do hope I haven't hurt her cups or anything."

Cicely laughed, but Agatha was stern. "I'm afraid you must have encouraged him," she declared.

Doris blushed indignantly. "I don't know what you mean," she said, having just realised what they were talking about.

"You must tell us, how it all happened," said Cicely insinuatingly. "It's such fun. You mustn't keep all the adventures to yourself. Why, if it had happened to Agatha or me,—she's quite jealous of you. Now what's he like?"

Agatha had become silent under Cicely's treatment, and Doris was gradually induced to tell all the story.

"It's such a pretty beginning, isn't it?" Cicely appealed to Agatha. "And he's got curly hair and is tall. Only, if you want to finish your sketch to-morrow, another path—" Cicely smiled suggestively.

"But why?" enquired Doris.

"Because, when he carries your things back again—"

"Why should he?" protested Doris, beginning to blush a little.

"You don't think he'd let you carry them yourself?" Cicely caught her up. "Aunt Charlotte must not see. You did it very cleverly—"

"Cicely, how dare you?" Doris was getting really angry now.

"It's not your fault, dear; don't be so vexed. But he will come again to-morrow."

"How do you know? Why should he?" Doris fell back on her old lines.

"Agatha could tell you, dear." Cicely saw that Agatha was about to give some really proper advice. "He comes after her just the same. Only you need neither of you mind. Agatha's 'he' is a doctor, and yours is a schoolmaster, isn't he?"

"Oh, I shall never, never go near that church again," Doris complained.

"But Agatha will go to the shop though," Cicely observed; "that is, if we don't all go back to town."

"Oh, dear, has anything happened? Is anybody ill?" Doris forgot her own affairs at once.

"It was just a figure of speech," Cicely put in hurriedly before Agatha had the chance of explaining. "Only Aunt Charlotte saw your schoolmaster and thought he was a tramp or a burglar or something. But if you let me tell her how it all happened it would relieve her mind. I believe she's sending Uncle Henry for a guard or a policeman or a beadle to parade round the camp."

"Yes, perhaps you had better explain," conceded Agatha with meaning. "I'll wait here."

"You can tell me which is the nicer, the schoolmaster or the doctor, when I come back," laughed Cicely, who saw that Doris was still in some danger of having good advice.

Mrs. Lauriston was already packing up when Cicely reached the camp, and Martin was collecting heavy articles. Her uncle was nowhere to be seen, and Cicely resolved to be unseen herself. She reconnoitred from afar, noting with alarm the vigorous manner of Aunt Charlotte's movements. After a while she saw her uncle returning from the direction of the farm. She executed a flanking movement and effected a junction.

"Uncle Henry," she said in low tones; "do come here a minute." Mr. Lauriston recognised the arrival of supports. He took in the enemy's position with the eye of an ex-volunteer, and prepared for a council of war. "We're not going, are we?" she asked.

"The waggon is ordered," he replied rather tamely.

"When for?"

"To-morrow morning. We move, but whether to Bel Alp—"

"I suppose we shall have to move,"—Cicely could hear the sounds of packing—"but need we move far? We could get quite out of reach so easily. We might never have left our old camping-ground."

"The house-boat's not there now," observed her uncle.

"Isn't it?" Cicely's air of naïve surprise was perfect. "I suppose you ought to know, Uncle Henry," she added slyly. "Now I'm going to tell Aunt Charlotte how it happened, and perhaps we mayn't go back to Bel Alp after all. You'd miss the house-boat, wouldn't you? So you must help." She led the advance in open order, commanding the supports to bring up the rear.

Aunt Charlotte saw her approaching. "Oh, it's Cicely," she said. "Make yourself useful, child, and count the tea-cups. Be careful of the cracked one; it's the only moustache-cup we have. I can't imagine what that girl was thinking of; here's one all over some horrid mess of paint; I'll never drink out of it again; green paint, too, which is sure to be full of prussic acid or strychnine or something;—just like her!"

"Oh Aunt Charlotte, it's all a mistake; she told me all about it," responded Cicely in an ingenuous voice.

"I should hope she didn't. Five men on a house-boat!" replied Mrs. Lauriston in warm confusion.

"But it can't be the house-boat, Aunt Charlotte," Cicely persisted. "It's gone; Uncle Henry,"—she pointed to Mr. Lauriston who came up—"says so. He was walking near our old camping-ground this morning."

"Gone?" repeated her aunt. "Why wasn't I told, Henry? I hate concealments. But that makes no difference at all. We must go back to Bel Alp."

"But why, Aunt Charlotte?" Mrs. Lauriston met the innocent gaze in a somewhat embarrassed fashion. No, she could not tell Cicely; it might put ideas into the child's head, as she had said already. "Agatha says," pursued her niece, "that you thought Doris was being molested; but it wasn't so at all."

"I should hope not. But, in case it occurs again——"

"Oh, but it can't, Aunt Charlotte. A lot of rough men came when she was sketching and tried to steal her paints. And then a strange gentleman came up and drove them away, and as Doris was frightened he carried her things. She was afraid to tell us for fear we should be alarmed. And he didn't want to intrude."

"That's how it was, was it?" said Mrs. Lauriston a little mollified. "But she ought to have told me at once; I am not easily frightened." Mr. Lauriston looked as if he endorsed this sentiment, while his wife considered the question. "But," she said presently, "we've ordered the waggon, and the things are half-packed, and your uncle has telegraphed to Martha."

"I can easily send another to put her off," said Mr. Lauriston.

"Another telegram! You men think nothing of telegrams. Such an expense too!" returned his wife with indignation.

"Not so great as going back to Bel Alp," said Mr. Lauriston valorously.

"And we are so comfortable here," put in Cicely.

"Not half so comfortable as we were before," exclaimed her aunt, "if those detestable young men hadn't come. I declare I've half a mind to go back."

At this point Mr. Lauriston showed himself a strategist. "I think, as you have decided on it, we may as well go back to Bel Alp," he said.

"What are we to do when we get there?" Cicely asked.

"Stay there," responded her uncle gloomily. "I can't afford any more travelling this year."

"Oh, we'll pull down the front blinds," laughed Cicely, "and pretend we're at the seaside, as Mr. Waterhouse did last year. Only everybody will know, of course."

"We ought to have stayed where we were," said Aunt Charlotte in decided tones. "Going back at the beginning of August! Do you want to make us ridiculous, Henry? We should be expected to pay ready money at the shops, and they wouldn't leave parcels without being paid. If you had told those men to go away at first it would have saved all this trouble. They showed very good taste in moving of their own accord. We shall go back to the old ground to-morrow morning."

And so it was settled, not wholly to Cicely's satisfaction. To-morrow morning she had meant to spend in fishing; but anything was better than a return to Bel Alp.

CHAPTER XX

"No," said Talbot, "I have *not*." His tone can only be described as snappish, and he addressed himself to his lunch in the surly manner of one who eats to keep up his strength rather than to appease hunger. William, who had innocently enquired whether his friend had caught anything, saw that something was amiss and left him alone. Conversation, however, must be sustained, so he turned to Majendie. "Did you get those eggs all right?" he asked.

"No," said Majendie briefly.

William looked at him in surprise. "Why not?" he enquired in a tone bordering on irritation.

"I forgot," Majendie replied in a tone of similar tendency, and with a resolute snap of his mouth.

"How the devil do you expect to be fed if you don't fetch the food?" demanded William, now justly annoyed.

"Food be damned!" retorted Majendie. "You all eat a lot too much; every one does, as you would know if you had had my professional experience." Therewith he adjusted his eye-glasses, rose from the table, and marched off in dudgeon.

William looked round for sympathy, but Talbot was still eating tongue and bread in moody silence, and the Admiral was rolling a cigarette with an air of haughty disdain both of the cigarette and of his surroundings. Charles had not yet returned.

William did not find the Admiral's expression promising, but he addressed him. "What's up with Majendie?"

"I really could not say," returned the Admiral icily, and then, as though much offended at being spoken to, he also rose from his seat and went his way.

William looked after him in indignation. "Tell that ass Majendie," he cried, "that he won't get any supper unless he brings that food as he promised." The Admiral drew himself up still more stiffly and vouchsafed no answer.

William swore a little at the injustice and wrong-headedness of this behaviour and the unaccustomed sound roused Talbot from his reverie; or perhaps it was that, after meditating on gloomy matters sufficiently, he had come to a determination. "Couple of fools," he observed. "What do we want? Eggs?"

"Yes," said William rather stiffly, "and bacon."

"All right," replied Talbot. "I'll get them. I'm going that way presently." So saying he picked up his rod and basket and departed, leaving William to ruminate on the curious epidemic of ill-temper that seemed to have fallen on his party.

He was, however, relieved to see that Charles, who was approaching, showed no signs of having caught the infection, though he looked rather thoughtful. They exchanged a few words on indifferent topics (it had now come to be a recognised thing on the house-boat that Gladstone bags, imaginary or real, were excluded from conversation), and William told him of the obvious dissatisfaction of the other three, to which Charles listened with a glad smile. It was pleasant to hear that things were not going comfortably for the conspirators. Then William went away to fish, leaving Charles to eat his lunch and to wash up.

Charles, as has been intimated, was thoughtful. An incident had occurred during the morning which had caused him to revolve his plans. He had reached the rendezvous in the wood with his two bottles and the glasses, but had not found Mr. Lauriston there, and after waiting for some time had decided that he could not be coming, when a respectable-looking individual with mutton-chop whiskers suddenly appeared and addressed him. "Excuse me, sir, for speaking to you, but might you be the gentleman that is looking for a Gladstone bag?" Charles asked eagerly if the stranger had seen it. No, the stranger had not seen it, but he brought a message;

and then Martin, for it was he, proceeded to tell Charles that Mr. Lauriston much regretted being unable to come that morning, as he was under the urgent necessity of moving his camp. Charles gathered particulars as to the spot chosen for the removal, and learned that it was no other than the old site. Martin, it appeared, who was conveying the boat down-stream, had been privately instructed by Mr. Lauriston to stop and tell Charles of the occurrences on his way. Charles was not too much surprised to remember the duties of hospitality, and he made Martin drink the bottle of beer that had been intended for his master, a feat which he was willing enough to perform. Then he dismissed him with thanks, and an intimation that if he should come across such a thing as a Gladstone bag his services would not be forgotten.

Martin rowed away in his boat meditatively. The Gladstone bag was hard to understand, but it certainly seemed less extraordinary when considered in the attractive light of a possible reward. It became more approximate to those pleasing mysteries with which a benevolent and inexpensive Press entertains an appreciative public, such as the burial of a bag of gold or the mislaying of a lady-journalist ; of those things Martin had kept himself informed even though, being a man of small leisure, he had not been able to dig for the one or hunt for the other in Ealing. Accordingly he considered the Gladstone bag more favourably than heretofore, and determined, if possible, to ask his master a few discreet questions.

Charles remained behind on his stump deep in thought, wondering whether he should again try to precipitate a crisis in the affairs of the house-boat or no, and also considering if he still had the power to do so. It had not escaped him that of late his occasional references to his friends in the other camp had been received with considerably less agitation than of old. Talbot, he fancied, had once or twice smiled sardonically, and Majendie and the Admiral had also looked at him in a curious manner. These things had made Charles a little uneasy, for he began to suspect that they knew more than he supposed, and he was now doubtful if he could again raise the cry of *Wolf* with much effect. Moreover a certain physical change had taken place in him ; by dint of his arduous daily occupation he was feeling extremely healthy, and two miles did not now seem to him the insuperable obstacle that it had seemed a week ago. He felt indeed that he could

walk double the distance without inconvenience, when once he had discovered his property ; and then he could return Mr. Lauriston's call, and ultimately enjoy all the sweets of revenge. This train of reflection lasted all the morning, and only after lunch did Charles decide that he would not take any steps at present. His friends need never know that the other camp had ever moved up stream at all ; in certain possible eventualities it might be better that they should not have known it. And with this Charles proceeded to wash up with a quiet mind.

Meanwhile Majendie after his rude words to William had made for the boat, and was just pushing off when the Admiral came up and surveyed him with displeasure. "I want that boat," he said in a tone of haughty determination.

"Well, you won't have it," returned Majendie, gloomily satisfied at the Admiral's discomfiture, and he pushed off.

The Admiral's eye shot ineffectual lightning ; instinct told him to dance with rage and hurl maledictions at the Doctor, but instinct is a thing that does not answer in his profession ; calm must always be preserved, for thereon hangs dignity. Besides, Majendie had the upper hand. "Unless you want the other bank as well," he said with frigid politeness, "you might put me across. If it will not be taking you too much out of your way," he added in his sixth-form voice.

Majendie grunted out an ungracious assent. "Hurry up, then," he said as he backed the boat into the bank. The Admiral stepped in and the boat moved across the river in silence.

Majendie got out on the other bank, stuck the boat-hook into the turf and tied the painter to it. The Admiral also got out, and then, one turning to the left and the other to the right, they parted without a word. Both being too much offended with the world and with each other to feel any interest in each other's movements, they did not notice that they were both making, by a somewhat circuitous route, for the same stile in the hedge furthest away from the river.

Here it may not be amiss to give some clue to the offence under which they conceived themselves to labour. Each had that morning had what he chose to consider an appointment ; at any rate each had got into the habit of meeting a certain person at a certain place at a certain hour ; and each had that morning been disappointed, for the certain person was not there. Nor did the person come, though each waited for some considerable

time. This period of waiting had naturally been spent in a review of the situation, with the result that each began to consider himself a very ill-used man. Before, the abstract idea of the certain person's non-arrival might have seemed a trivial circumstance, to be passed over without regret as a slight occasion for surprise ; but in the event it assumed more importance and became a matter first for surprise, then regret, and lastly, something approaching consternation, a process which only shows how a habit will take hold of one before one realises that one has formed it. It was this consternation that had remained, and had been taken for ill-temper by William, and it was this consternation that had brought them across the river, and was leading them to the stile. In a word they were both bent on finding out if possible why the certain person had not come to the trysting-place, and where she was, and all about her, all, that is, that could be ascertained by the means at their disposal, which were few. To begin with, they proposed to get as near to the other camp as they could and to reconnoitre ; and thus they met again unexpectedly at the stile.

"After you," said the Admiral, still much offended.

"Not at all," Majendie returned in a tone which showed clearly that he did not choose to be beholden to the other even in so small a matter. And for some time they stood in silence looking contemptuously at the stile as though it was not worth crossing. At last it occurred to them both simultaneously that the situation was rather ridiculous, and they both moved at the same moment. Fortunately the stile was broad, and as having once moved neither would give way, they got over it together.

It then became apparent that they were going the same way. The footpath led straight across the meadow to a plank bridge which spanned the back-water, here an inconsiderable brook, though nearer the river, where the camp was, it broadened out. It was worthy of notice that neither deigned to set foot on the path itself ; they preferred to stalk along two yards on either side of it. When they reached the bridge it was plain that they had also reached a crisis, for hereon two men could not walk abreast.

Then it was that Majendie became magnanimous. "This is absurd," he said.

"It is," agreed the Admiral, willingly enough.

"William rubs one the wrong way sometimes," Majendie confessed apologetically.

"He does," said the Admiral with feeling.

"After you, old man," continued Majendie, making amends.

"My dear chap," protested the Admiral, but he was constrained to cross the bridge. He waited in renewed friendship for the Doctor to catch him up, reflecting that Majendie was a downright good fellow at bottom. Majendie on the other hand thought, as he followed across the plank, that a man might do much worse than consult the Admiral on a knotty point, for he had a quick judgment and, for all his magisterial moments, a fund of pleasant sympathy.

"Are you going anywhere in particular?" he asked as he reached him.

"Only strolling round," said the Admiral. "I half expected to meet a man," he added for no very clear reason.

"So did I," replied Majendie fraternally. Then a dire misgiving seized him suddenly. What if the Admiral—— "What colour are your man's eyes?" he demanded in abrupt anxiety.

The misgiving was communicated to the Admiral also, and he could not answer. "What colour are yours?" he returned hastily, with a disregard of grammar that he would have gravely censured in one of his pupils.

The suspense was too great. Majendie gave way. "Black," he said, watching his friend's expression eagerly.

The lines of the Admiral's face relaxed and he positively beamed. "Oh, that's all right," he said, "mine are grey or blue, I'm not sure which,—they change so with the light. Anyhow, they're not black."

Majendie pointed interrogatively in the direction of the now deserted camping-ground, which was hidden behind the trees. The Admiral nodded, and then they both laughed very loud and long. When they had somewhat recovered they told their respective tales. "And as I can't understand why she didn't turn up, I was going to spy out the land," concluded Majendie.

"So was I," said the Admiral. And they agreed to reconnoitre in company, setting out in the direction indicated, and amicably exchanging symptoms.

"What would Talbot say?" suddenly exclaimed Majendie, feeling uncomfortable.

"What *wouldn't* he say?" the Admiral agreed. "But he needn't know, if we manage properly. He's not the sort of man to take into one's confidence,—doesn't understand these things."

"He's a bear," Majendie opined.

"Not fit for ladies' society," the Admiral chimed in. "It'll be a score off Charles too." This thought kept them merry until they reached the little copse that cut them off from the camping-ground. Then they proceeded with great caution, making their way noiselessly among the trees until they came to the other side. The Admiral was a little ahead and Majendie was startled to hear a loud exclamation from him when he emerged from the copse. Flinging caution to the winds he hurried across the last few yards, and together they surveyed with blank faces the spot where the tents had so lately been.

While these things were taking place Talbot was walking along the river bank towards the mill in an extremely cynical frame of mind. It was not so much that his opinion of the sex in general had altered, but that the exception, the one bright exception, had proved herself no more constant than the others. Since the gloomy lunch by the house-boat his movements had been erratic, or would have seemed so to anyone not acquainted with their underlying purpose. After that depressing meal he had re-visited the haystack and then the field containing the scarecrow, and had specially reconnoitred a favourite feeding-ground of perch and chub. But his thoughts were not concerned with perch and chub, nor even with Gladstone bags, an equally engrossing subject. She was not there, and had not been there that day.

Talbot was disappointed; he was also indignant. A promise had been made, and according to his ideas promises were things to be kept, especially when made to him. Was it for this, he asked himself, that he had been daily, at much personal sacrifice, getting the brown boots of the magnificent Charles into a shape suited to a foot of reasonable proportions? Was it for this that he had been at pains to make that ingrate's too neat suit presentable by removing its obnoxious appearance of newness? Was it for this,—but women were all alike, and the one consoling feature about the situation was that this afternoon he had not tarried by the haystack longer than was necessary to make up his mind not to endure discomfort twice in one day. Even then he had a presentiment that Cicely would not come.

While he had begun to revolve the aphorisms of the ungallant sages of old touching the indispensable sex, he suddenly remembered that he had promised William to procure eggs and bacon from the village, a promise that providence evidently meant

him to keep, and he left the field with the scarecrow in it, reflecting on the comparative values of truth in its different manifestations. The outcome of his meditations was that men always kept their promise, and women never, and the outcome of this was, again, that women are all alike. This statement, in the male mouth, has seldom been uttered in any true spirit of chivalry. Cicely was a woman after all; and this again, strange to say, was not intended as a compliment. She probably played hockey,—a palpably unjust accusation which immediately recoiled on the accuser. No, she was after all a woman,—the same conclusion, but with a difference. But why?

Talbot ceased to try and reason; the hypothesis, that she was a woman, seemed to answer the question. All the paths of logic and philosophy started from that inevitable hypothesis and led round in a circle to that insufficient conclusion. So he availed himself of the male prerogative and abandoned his mind to indignation. This was the third time that she had failed him, and Talbot was not a patient man. Cicely was manifestly a flirt; but if she thought she could play with him——Talbot left his reflection grimly unfinished. No, he would have no more of it. She should not find him a tame lap-dog to be whistled to her every whim. He would begin to fish again seriously, and take no further thought of women. Then with human inconsistency he began to think of her more than ever, albeit with bitterness. *This* was the girl whom he had initiated into the mysteries of angling. *This* was the girl for whom he had played traitor to his convictions, this fickle——Talbot's heart overflowed with indignation. However, come what might, he would think of her no more.

Thus resolved he mounted the hill to the farm and demanded eggs in an alarming voice; then he went on to the village shop and savagely enquired about bacon. The obvious terror and mistrust with which he was regarded in both places appeased him a little,—it is always soothing to communicate suffering—and he descended again towards the mill resolved to fish stoically for chub for the rest of the afternoon. Fish, he meditated, have this great advantage over women. If you catch a very large one you can get it stuffed and put in a glass case, with a moral certainty that your neighbour cannot show a finer one. But with a wife it is otherwise; she is not worth stuffing, for almost any of your neighbours can produce one that is larger and finer in every

way. He was just extracting the last iota of consolation from this train of argument when he turned round a bush and saw, sitting with her rug and cushions, the rod, basket, and, strange to say, the worm-tin (at some little distance), the inconstant Cicely, her head bent pensively over one hand, and her whole attitude suggestive of graceful melancholy.

CHAPTER XXI

TALBOT, approaching with the caution of an angler, had made no sound, and thus for a minute he was able to meditate on his discovery without betraying his presence. A minute is not a long period, but to an active mind it gives adequate time for the re-adjustment of ideas, and Talbot, as he watched her, found it long enough to wipe from the slate of memory the various reflections and determinations that had been inscribed thereon earlier in the day. They were now clearly no longer necessary. Having decided this point he spoke. "History repeats itself."

Cicely started as he stepped down the bank and made her a low bow, in which chivalrous inclination lurked a certain irony. But she was only conscious of two things; that Talbot had come, and that she was blushing. The first was gratifying, the second disconcerting, but both afforded him unmixed satisfaction. "I thought I should find you here," he began mendaciously.

"Indeed?" said Cicely with a touch of haughtiness. "And pray, why?"

"So keen an angler——" He smiled in return.

"I came here because I wanted to be quiet," she answered with chilling composure. Talbot looked at her unabashed. Cicely leaned back against the tree-trunk among her cushions, and bending her head seemed only concerned with picking out a particularly desirable greengage. This done she glanced up under the brim of her hat, to discover that he was still looking at her. Despite herself she coloured again, though it was what she had expected.

"Cicely," began Talbot, with sudden seriousness. It was the first time he had called her so to herself, and the realisation of this checked him momentarily.

"You were going to say something, Mr. Talbot?" she enquired very politely.

Talbot made certain postponements. "I was going to ask if you wanted to be *very* quiet," he said.

"Didn't I say so?" Cicely was judicial.

"Then in that case I'll be very quiet too," said Talbot cheerfully.

"That's not taking a hint, is it?" Cicely suggested.

"It's not so bad as not keeping a promise," he replied.

Cicely condescended to meet this attack. "One can't always keep a promise, you know."

"And one can't always take a hint," was his ready retort.

"Oh, but that's confessing yourself very stupid," she decided.

"Not if one doesn't want to take it," Talbot sat down firmly.

"Worse and worse!" Cicely's hat suggested a shake of a pretty head. "I've a good mind to command you, sir."

"And this is the best perch-hole in the river," he pleaded.

"I thought you said the one by the scarecrow was the best."

"Next best perhaps."

"No, you said it was the best; you said so yesterday."

"This isn't yesterday," he retorted. "Shall I have to teach you the difference?"

"I didn't come here to be taught," she protested. "You always want to teach us things. If it isn't fishing it's sketching perhaps." She looked at him with exaggerated innocence.

"Has anyone been teaching you sketching?" Talbot demanded in a tone of startling ferocity.

Cicely smiled a far-away smile. "Haven't you a friend who is very good-looking with nice curly hair, who speaks always very precisely and clearly, and has such a pleasant smile and is a schoolmaster and fond of children?"

Parts of this description seemed to apply to the Admiral. "I should never have called him good-looking," Talbot stated with evident conviction and unabated ferocity.

Cicely's smile became more pensive than ever. He was really delightfully jealous, and he deserved a little punishment. "Oh, don't you think so? Any girl would," she averred.

"Women have no taste," said Talbot, forgetting in his indignation that a libel is the greater for publishing a great truth.

"If you can't take a hint, Mr. Talbot," said Cicely sternly, "I can take my departure."

"I beg your pardon," he said hastily; "I didn't think what I was saying."

"That makes it all the worse," said Cicely gravely.

"I really——" Talbot was nonplussed.

"When people speak without thinking they always say what they do think," Cicely pronounced with authority. "Mrs. Lauriston is my aunt," she appended to his bewilderment.

"Well, I know I oughtn't to have said it," he conceded.

"But you do think it?" she insisted. Talbot was silent, so she let it rest there. "You don't like Mr. Crichton, I'm afraid," she pursued.

Talbot heroically paid his debt to friendship. "The Admiral, Crichton I mean, is one of the best fellows I know. If I had a sister,—but I shouldn't have called him good-looking," he concluded, and collected his belongings as if preparing to rise.

"That's because you're a man," said Cicely, smiling at him a little mischievously. But his face was so grave that she felt some slight compunction.

"Good-bye, Miss Neave." He stood up suddenly.

"You've not done much fishing to-day," she said artlessly.

"I should not have intruded," he returned. "I am spoiling your view for sketching."

"Sketching?" repeated Cicely in surprise. "I never sketch."

"But you said——"

"I never said I did, and I never do."

Talbot looked at her; she was delightfully provoking, but he thought he began to see a little. He sat down to see better. "I may fish then?" he enquired. "It's my hole, you know."

"I was the first discoverer," said Cicely, looking with pride at Martin's rod which was leaning idly against a tree.

Talbot put out his hand and grasped the rod. "But I caught the first fish," he said.

"I hooked it," Cicely averred.

Talbot smiled. "Well, it's our hole at any rate." He stretched out his other hand and seized the worm-tin and proceeded to bait Martin's hook. Cicely was so impressed by the horrid fact that the worm-tin was now open that she allowed the joint ownership of the perch-hole to pass unchallenged. Perhaps the idea was not displeasing to either, for they were silent until the worm had been consigned to the depths.

But in a few minutes Talbot began to puzzle out the subject of dispute, and his perplexed countenance induced her to begin with a suggestive, "Well?"

"If you don't sketch," he said slowly.

"I don't *really* fish," teased Cicely. The rod jerked up viciously though there had been no bite. She caught a glimpse of Talbot's face and it frightened her. "But I know who does really sketch," she hastened to add. Talbot seemed still unappeased, so she made a further concession—"and to whom he gives lessons."

"You have met him then?"

"No, never." Truth was a necessity at this moment, but Cicely always rebelled against necessity. "How inquisitive you're getting," she said. "I thought men were not supposed to be curious."

"An intelligent interest in matters that concern oneself is hardly curiosity," Talbot observed loftily.

"Indeed," she pursued. "And how do Mr. Crichton's sketching lessons——"

"He is one of my most intimate friends," he returned.

Cicely made a little nod of acknowledgment; he had marked a point. "I'm sure he'd be very grateful for your intelligent interest," she hazarded.

Talbot ignored this. "Didn't you say your friend Miss Yonge sketched?" he asked.

"She paints very well," Cicely corrected him.

"But is not quite beyond a little help?"

"I don't think I ought to tell you any more." Cicely was demure.

"She knows you fish though?" he suggested in some anxiety.

"She doesn't know I don't really fish." Cicely was conscious of a distinction.

"Ah!" Talbot was relieved.

"Now you mustn't tease him about sketching," she decreed.

"Could I be guilty of such baseness?" he exclaimed in his most noble tones.

Cicely pursed up her mouth. "It wouldn't be fair," she said.

"You've not been fair, I see."

"I don't," Cicely asserted stoutly.

"You've not been keeping Miss Yonge's secrets, and she thinks you are a genuine angler."

"If people can't keep their own secrets," she said dispassionately, "I can't keep them for them."

"Very just," Talbot agreed. He was pleased to find he was safe from the Admiral.

Cicely thought he required another frightening; he looked too self-assured. "He was very gallant, I believe,—Mr. Crichton I mean—but I know someone much braver," she said.

Talbot looked at her quickly. A man ought to sympathise with valour, but her air of enthusiasm was not communicated in its entirety. "Oh," was all his comment.

Cicely was not to be put off. "What would you do if you met a mad cow?" she demanded.

"A mad cow? Do you mean a mad bull?"

"Well, it's all the same." Cicely was not to be vexed with minutiae. "But what would you do?"

"It depends on circumstances," he returned cautiously.

"That means you'd run away," she said in some scorn.

"One is not Sandow," Talbot conceded; but he surveyed himself without any notable dissatisfaction. Regarding himself as of average size he was accustomed to remark on the smallness of most men.

Cicely, however, thought that one's not being Sandow was not in itself an excuse. "He didn't," she declared. "He made the mad bull run away instead; he is a really brave man."

"It couldn't have been very mad," Talbot decided.

"It was; it had eaten a whole packet of mustard. I call it very brave."

"So do I," Talbot agreed. "It deserves a medal. Even Sandow wouldn't eat a whole packet of mustard." Cicely attempted disdain, without much success. "I quite understand," he pursued calmly.

Cicely was aware that her bolt had missed its mark. "Did he tell you?" she asked with obvious disappointment.

Talbot enjoyed his accidental advantage and took a small revenge. "We leave that to the ladies," he answered.

"I think you require another hint, Mr. Talbot," said Cicely, falling back on her impregnable position.

Talbot, however, retorted with the *argumentum ad feminam*. "After I came all this long way to see you?" he protested.

"Did you really do that?" She appeared to relent.

"With what other object could I be accused of coming?"

"I don't think that's quite truthful," she deliberated.

"I never pretended there was anyone else," he began in sudden heat.

"Are you sure it wasn't for perch or chub or fish of some sort?" She passed by his rebuke and looked at his attire with a discriminating eye. Talbot suddenly, and for the first time, remembered that he had not after all had recourse to the Gladstone bag.

"I did come for that, all the same," he said slowly.

"For the fish?"

"Because you had been here, and because you might come here again. And you came?" he ended with a question.

"You are forgiven," she said with dignity.

Talbot bowed. "I have some small matters to forgive too," he insinuated.

"That's usurping our privilege," Cicely declared. "Men never have anything to forgive. If they have, it's their own fault."

"Was it my fault you weren't fishing this morning?" he asked submissively.

"No, but it was Mr. —, the Admiral, I think you call him. Why do you call him that?"

"What else could one call him?" Talbot was too surprised to devote much attention to the question. "How was it his fault?"

"Intelligent interest again?" asked Cicely cruelly. She resented the insufficient answer.

"What a dreadful memory?" he said in mock reproach.

"Why not?" she replied. "It sounds so nice. I'll never talk of curiosity any more."

"So that is always to be remembered against me. How long will you remember fishing?"

"That depends upon circumstances." She quoted him again.

"Napoleon," said Talbot, trying to look Napoleonic, "created circumstances."

"Oh, dear!" Cicely sighed. "I thought I should be taught something soon."

He decided that it might be unwise to create circumstances just then, but determined to reserve the right for the future. "I'll promise to teach you nothing but fishing. Only you mustn't learn anything else."

"That's easily promised," agreed Cicely. "Learning isn't being taught, is it?"

"I'm afraid you do sometimes promise rather easily." Talbot was injured.

"Still thinking of this morning?"

"It's only fair you should teach me a little sometimes. I want to learn all about it."

"Because what concerns your friend concerns you, I suppose," she said.

"Partly."

"You are making reservations," she objected.

"In which I am in good company," he pointed out.

Cicely nodded. "The Admiral—why do you call him that?"

"You are not to learn anything but fishing," he reminded her.

"You don't deserve to hear any more," she said.

"I am all attention."

"Well," Cicely began, "your friend managed very nicely the first time, but Aunt Charlotte saw him the second. That was yesterday, and we nearly went back to town; she thought all kinds of things."

Past dangers awoke no thrill in Talbot at this moment. "Would you have been very much distressed?" he asked.

"Uncle Henry would have been in such a bad temper," she admitted.

"Only Uncle Henry?"

"That's not quite right, is it?" Cicely reproved him. "You shouldn't accuse us like that."

Talbot abandoned the point. "How was the calamity averted—your return, I mean? I was speaking personally. The Admiral would have been so much grieved."

Cicely explained. "I had to tell her how it really happened that they met."

"Or didn't happen," he murmured. Cicely heard, but let it pass. "So you compromised by coming here?" he enquired.

"Yes, she thinks you are all gone, because you are hidden upstream. And she really would have gone," Cicely continued, "if she thought Mr. Crichton was one of your party."

"You must be very clever at telling facts," laughed Talbot.

"I didn't tell her anything that didn't happen," she protested.

"Poor Mrs. Lauriston, is she so very terrible? I don't think you treat her very well."

"She's a very nice aunt," said Cicely, "when she doesn't know things she doesn't like."

"So you've been keeping her very nice, I see. But does the Admiral know you've moved?"

"Doris hasn't sketched again, and she won't go near that church, ever."

Talbot elicited further details of the affair, and of Majendie's heroism which followed in natural sequence. "I understand now why everyone was so dull at lunch," he said.

"Were they? That was very nice of them," Cicely applauded.

"I didn't think it very nice at the time," he confessed; "but, you see, I didn't know myself why, when, or where you had gone. Majendie's all right."

"He can always go to the shop, of course," assented Cicely.

"The church is not the only thing to sketch," suggested Talbot.

"I believe Mr. Crichton said there was a pretty old oak with King Charles in it," she confessed.

"And your friend?"

"She might go, but she wouldn't if she thought——" Cicely paused in some perplexity.

"She needn't think," said Talbot, decisively. "But," he broke out on a sudden thought, "Mr. Lauriston knows Haddon and Smith; I don't see why——"

"Oh, no, no," pleaded Cicely. "You don't know my aunt."

"I shall have to know her some day," he stated. Cicely remembered the greengages. "But it needn't be to-morrow, if it's a good morning for fishing," he concluded.

(To be continued.)

SOME MORE WORDS ABOUT BREAD

SINCE the publication of an article on this subject in the pages of this magazine in November last, much attention has been directed to the question, and correspondence has been received from all parts of the kingdom. The remarkable unanimity that prevails throughout these letters is a proof that a real evil has been unearthed, for, although it was known to the trade, the ordinary public were hopelessly in the dark, and were entirely ignorant of the reasons which made the very white bread indigestive and objectionable.

It is evident that the blame for the present condition of things is not to be laid at the doors of our millers nor of our bakers; many of them condemn what they are producing, and plainly state that as long as the public demand white bread so long shall they produce white flour, while deploring the fact. Even some of the makers of the machinery for grinding, and for that further craze of flour-bleaching by electricity and nitrous acid, admit that it is wrong.

When Tennyson wrote MAUD he described what was then prevalent in the country :

Chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.

This was done to secure the whiteness of the loaf, any duskiness being then attributed to dirt in the flour. But this evil has, it is believed, passed away, and whiteness is not now attained by the addition of adulterants, but by the abstraction of some of the valuable constituents of the wheat.

Let there be no misapprehension on this point. The desirable bread, that is, a loaf which contains the phosphates and the germ, is still a white bread; but it is not the snow-white anæmic material, which has been emasculated and impoverished by the

abstraction of all ingredients not absolutely white. It is the fine Hungarian flour introduced some thirty years ago that is responsible for all the trouble, and it is almost pathetic to see how the necessity for this snowy-whiteness has incorporated itself into the minds of our millers. If we speak to them about their flour, they do not, as one would have anticipated, dilate upon its nutritious qualities, but they descant upon its beautiful and fine whiteness; and it is said that, at the various exhibitions at which prizes have been awarded for bread, the test applied is not as to nutritive and palatable qualities, but as to whiteness. At a recent Bakers' Lecture the chairman asked the judges, who were sitting behind him on the platform, whether they had taken into consideration any of the qualities of bread, as to its being nutritive, palatable, and digestible. The answer he received was laughter at the bare idea of such questions being considered, and it is understood that the only tests applied were as to its whiteness, texture, and general appearance, and that not a sample was submitted to the tasting test.

It has been pointed out that when a man eats his bread in the dark, the question of colour is not involved, but that what is required is a thoroughly wholesome and nutritive material, even at the risk of its being a somewhat golden colour.

It is an interesting fact that the evils of roller-grinding were predicted by Mr. Stephen Terry in a letter written to THE LANCET so long ago as June 10th, 1882; he seems to have been gifted with prescience upon the subject, and he is still bringing his influence to bear in the efforts to recover to the people of these lands the old-fashioned farm-bread of our forefathers. "The second, third and fourth coatings of the grain," he wrote, "contain nitrogenous substances, phosphates, and other salts which are necessary for the formation of bone, teeth and muscle"; and in later communications he has said, that "indigestible food, or food made so by preservatives and cloying bread, is the predisposing cause of appendicitis."

One of the leading Bakers' Journals wrote the other day to the following effect: "Much as we prefer stone-milled flour and the dusky loaf, and we are at one with Mr. Fox in the preference, we fear there is no hope for a return to the old-fashioned flour and bread so long as the public evince no desire to do so." But it is a subject for congratulation that the public are beginning to express such a desire, and millers and bakers are now turning

their attention to the increased demand for stone-ground flour. Even children who have once tasted the right material are no longer satisfied with ordinary baker's bread, but ask for that which satisfies them better and is more pleasant to their taste ; and it is an encouraging fact that since the subject has been brought to the notice of the public some of the millers have doubled their trade.

Let it once more, and very briefly, be pointed out what is desired and aimed at,—the rejection of the bran, and the retention in the flour of some of the inner coating of the grain and fine “middlings” together with the germ.

If wheat be ground between stones, all is reduced to powder with the exception of the bran, and whole-meal bread is the result. But whole-meal does not suit most people, and although a bran-mash may be suitable for horses, and bran may be useful for stuffing dolls and pincushions, yet it is not desirable for the majority of people. Therefore let it and the larger proportion of the “middlings” be extracted by one or more sieves or silks ; the remaining powder contains all the other constituents of the wheat, and the old-fashioned farm-bread is obtained.

Some little while ago, at a lecture given on Bread, a loaf which had been made more than a month previously was produced for inspection and tasting by the audience. In outward appearance there was nothing to show it had been baked so long ago. It was hard and crisp on the surface ; but inside it was sweet, moist, and perfectly eatable. Many of those present, including some bakers, submitted it to a critical examination, and unanimously expressed their opinion in its favour. There was no sign of sourness or mouldiness about it, not even of the staleness of white bread ; in fact it had been kept in its excellent condition by the presence and action of the germ which is destroyed in order to procure the white bread.

The remark of a working man who has recently adopted the farmhouse-bread was instructive ; he said that no one in his senses having once tasted it would return to the very white loaf, as the former was far sweeter, more nourishing and satisfying, and that such a loaf would feed more children. Consequently, he feared the bakers would not care for the demand for bread made from stone-ground flour, as it would reduce the bills of their customers. This, however, need not be feared, for although a smaller quan-

tity may be required at a meal it would bring bread much more into request and use.

It is, I believe, no secret that our late Queen was supplied, while in London, with stone-ground flour from a well known Surrey mill ; and, having recently visited that mill, I was much impressed with the care devoted to the preparation of the grain. There is no branch of trade in which greater ingenuity and skill have been employed than in milling, and for the benefit of ordinary readers it may be well to explain what is done. The grain is gathered, maybe in some distant part of the world, by reaping machines and self-binders. These latter tie the sheaves round with iron wire, and this in threshing frequently gets mixed up with the grain. It is then shipped, often in a dirty condition, with a proportion of soil, sand, and stones, and on reaching Great Britain is stored in granaries. These consist generally of vertical bins, and as they are used for all kinds of cereals, it is inevitable that a small quantity of other kinds of grain becomes mixed with the wheat. A merchant, sending in a thousand tons of wheat, finds, when it comes out, that it is short weight by several hundred-weights, in consequence of the dust and dirt having been removed. The result is that he has less weight to sell and to be paid for ; and although the grain is better and worth a higher price for being clean, as a rule he prefers the greater weight, and consequently grain and dust go to the mill mixed together as they arrived.

But now the miller appears on the scene, and he has a number of most ingenious machines, which seem almost to be endowed with human intelligence. In the first place, all such rubbish as bits of rope and string, sticks and straw, are taken out ; in the next, the grain passes over magnets which attract to themselves all the pieces of iron wire, nails, screws, even lumps of iron ; how, one wonders, did such materials ever get in ? The next series of machines carefully pick out and deposit in separate sacks such foreign substances as maize, oats, barley, cockle, beans, peas, etc., by which time the grain consists merely of the desired wheat.

But it has still to be freed from the soil and sand of the prairie, and for this object it is washed in cold or warm water, and afterwards dried by means of hot air, by which time it is clean and bright and ready to be ground. This is next effected, either by stones or rollers, and here we are at the parting of the ways.

If stones are used, the resulting bran is removed by the first sieves, and if a fine flour be desired, it is passed through other sieves, but the germ having been disintegrated, remains to the greater extent in the flour, and the yield from good English wheat varies from seventy to seventy-five per cent. If rollers are employed, the bran is removed during the whole process of gradual reduction, and the germ which has not been disintegrated but rolled out flat, is taken out by sieves. The material which is separated is termed by millers *offal*, which is a wrongly applied word, and one much to be regretted, as it conveys to the minds of people exactly the converse of the fact. According to the dictionaries, *offal* means, "the rejected or waste parts of a slaughtered animal, a dead body, carrion, that which is thrown away as worthless or unfit for use, refuse, rubbish." So far from this being the case with that which is abstracted from flour, it constitutes the richest, the most valuable, and most nutritious portion of the grain. Then, by additional grindings and siftings, the superfine white flour is produced. It contains less percentage of the original wheat (probably sixty-eight to seventy-two), requires more costly machinery and more elaborate processes, and when finished is a more expensive and less desirable product.

The Americans show their wisdom by shipping flour to this country in place of wheat, for by so doing they retain the bran, germ, and phosphates in their own country for the feeding of their cattle and other purposes; and they sell to us the comparatively innutritious white flour, to our injury in many ways and to their own enormous profit.

It is far better for us as a nation to receive only wheat and to grind it ourselves; by this course, what may be called the by-products of flour are secured for our own use; but still better, and far better, would it be if we could grow our own wheat and bring back the agricultural labourer to the fields, thus in some degree assisting to solve the vexed question of the unemployed.

The late Sir Arthur Cotton, of Indian fame, wrote a pamphlet on the cultivation of wheat in this country, and advocated deep tillage, wherever the character of the soil permitted it. He states that the yield of wheat per acre, which at present is thirty-two bushels, could be increased to 160 bushels; and in some of his experiments he had obtained as many as 6,000 grains of wheat from a single seed. If his facts and figures be correct, they would go a long way towards enabling the greater quantity of

wheat required by the nation to be grown within the borders of our own country.

In conclusion, it is only fair to point out that it is claimed by roller-millers that they can produce the right kind of flour by their mills, should the public demand it. If it be true, it of course matters not whether stones or rollers are used. All we ask is that they should abandon the manufacture of white flour, that they should adopt low grinding, extracting all dirt, leaving in the flour all the ingredients essential to the formation of bone, teeth, and muscle, and to the general health and stamina of the nation.

It is perhaps desirable to state that having no pecuniary interest in flour or wheat, nor in any milling enterprise, this article has been written solely in the interest of the community, and especially of the rising generation.

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THE ARRESTED STROKE

FIRE and darkness and clamour,—the fire of forges, the darkness of smoky roof and rafters, the high clamour of iron ringing on iron, and the strokes of furious sledges smiting the red-hot metal with dulled blows. Loud hissings are heard as glowing masses are plunged into water, and the water itself rises in voluminous billows of steam, as though they were the ghosts of the iron shapes that have grown cold and dead. The steam is the only thing here that is white, and that soon fades away. All is strange, unnatural, Plutonic. Flitting shadows come and go; flames leap forth, as though from some huge dragon's jaws, and as suddenly die away, leaving floating blots of deepest blackness where the blaze had been. The eye swims in these obscurities and is oppressed by the unexpected assaults of intense radiance; the ear is deafened by the vast volume of percussive sound. On the sandy floor of the place dusky figures dart about; sudden bursts of fire gleam on their grimy faces and naked red arms, red as the fire. These figures toil and strain; they carry great weights and shift tremendous bulks; they swing swift hammers, and deftly play with coruscating, metallic liquescences, hissing white. Sparks fly like tiny meteors through the gloom: bellows breathe and belch; and amid all this uproar one hears the voices of men,—of men or of demons, or of beings of the race of Cyclops? Can it be that this is Vulcan's infernal stithy deep in the bowels of Ætna and that these are his swarthy journeymen, forging invincible arms and armour for shining Olympian gods or earthly heroes? So might it seem to one who from a point of detachment and isolation beholds this spot, this region of gloom and lurid light, so strangely out of time and out of place. But the fallow light

that lies inert upon the dingy glass of the roof falls down from England's skies. This is the interior of an iron-works in the black country of the Midlands forty-five years ago, not differing greatly from similar places of to-day ; and though their aspect is the aspect of demons, the voices of these workers are the voices of men.

"That will do, Tom," says smith James Cordell, to his apprentice, a powerful young Titan, half-naked, who, with tremendous blows of a heavy hammer, had welded together the two parts of a long rod which Cordell had been turning on the anvil with a pair of great tongs. The apprentice pauses with uplifted sledge, a splendid figure ; the powerful torso with its quivering masses of muscle gleams like some masterpiece in bronze, relieved by the furnace-glare against the background of sombre confusion ; the sledge at his master's command descends no more upon the iron, but sinks slowly to the ground.

James Cordell inspects the weld of the long rod ; to him it seems perfect, and it is then taken by two other men towards a great crescent-shaped skeleton of iron rib-work which shows dimly through the dusk at the farther end of this huge shed. It is a roof-truss for a railway station ; the rod is the all-important tie-rod which holds the whole together,—the cord of the arc, the string which gives the bow its strength. Perfect from the outside appears the juncture in that rod, a perfect marriage and close bond of overlapping iron fibres. But deep down in its heart are divorce and dissension between the unintermingled molecules. They still await the consummating blow that shall force and bind them together in the fervency of fire. The blow does not fall ; they cool, and, though outwardly all is well, yet inwardly the molecules have undergone no interfusion. There is, as technically expressed, no union in the weld.

So it was that this uncompleted hammer-stroke, arrested in air by command of James Cordell, fell not then, but far-off in the future after five and forty years,—fell like the scythe of Death and slew six men. For the Fates and the Powers and the Destinies that plan their purposes and weave and interweave deep into the current of life their intricate and complicated plots, so ordered it that the seemingly innocent hand of James Cordell, since then mere dust in the grave, should reach forth out of the past and its shadows, and pluck away the lives of six human beings who in his time were still unborn and who knew not, while they lived,

that their end had been written for them, in the unrealised hammer-stroke in that dark stithy of destiny and doom, forty-five years before.

II

High into the air the roof-truss with its guilty rod arose, and there, for many years, at Charing Cross, it upheld the colossal span of glass and iron which vaulted from wall to wall. It was the first truss, the first from the open end of the famous station, and it faced the river. Day after day, through those many years, the unintermittent trains sped in and out, and myriads of human beings came and went, from and to all the regions of earth, and every morning thousands of toilers in the metropolis streamed in darkly from their homes, and at night, like an ebbing tide, they flowed back again to loving hearts and household cheer. Life, like a great river, ran beneath this huge shell upborne so high by the stiff and stubborn trusses, and through all the hours the tumult of humanity surged to and fro. It seemed as if all had been thus forever, and thus would forever remain, knowing no change. The dusty steel crescents hung in air like gigantic spiders' webs, still and patient and motionless, expanding a little with the summer's heat, contracting a little with the winter's cold. It was their duty, they thought, to be fixed there eternally passive, changeless, and still.

Their bright, swift brethren, polished metal monsters of fire and steam, roared and thundered below, groaning, shrieking, heaving, and puffing, drawing long and heavy trains like great serpents to and fro and always vanishing somewhere beyond the river, whence they afterwards returned again. They, too, were kindred of iron, and it was their duty to pull and puff and roar, as it was that of the iron trusses to lie in calm and uncomplaining repose. The robust, turbulent animalisms of wheels belched up from their wide, black throats great clouds of sulphurous smoke and snowy steam. The acid of the fumes clung to the iron; the steam congealed in millions of microscopic gems. The fog came, too, and the river-mists like sheeted apparitions, and breathed upon the stays and rods of the trusses, but most upon that one which stood first of their number. Their damp breath brought a rust, and the rust gnawed hungrily into the iron, as

the rust of age into the bones of the bodies of men. The silent, gray dust that sheathes and clothes all things, spread its films upon the metal ribs, hiding the rust that was red as blood beneath.

In the microcosm that existed in the imperfect joint of the enfeebled tie-rod, the faithful, adherent molecules were ill-content. From without, their enemy rust devoured them remorselessly and without cessation; from within, the rift that lay between the unwelded laps of metal, widened and tore into their crowded ranks. In that little community ensued dreadful cataclysms, enormous shocks, upheavals and avalanches of dead or disintegrating particles, minute, atomic, imperceptible to man, but in that infinitesimal world corresponding to the most stupendous convulsions in our own. Little knew the busy, struggling human world below, of the titanic, elemental war being waged high above its head; it knew nothing of the struggle until, in its finality, it shook all England and echoed across the continents. It was like some great unuttered thought nursed in some small human skull until it is loosed in a thunder-blaze upon astonished mankind.

The spinning Fates who sit in darkness, shooting their swift shuttles to and fro, had gathered the life-threads of six men into their hands and tied them to the fatal rod. All circumstances, inclinations, influences, and impulses connected with the lives of these fated six, and of those whose lives were most closely interwoven with theirs, had conspired and inevitably led to this. Nothing was lacking in this development; the mystic net-work, inter-responsive as a delicate system of nerves, throbbed with impending doom. In proportion as the rod grew weaker, the faithful molecules slowly surrendering to their death in rust or to the ruptures of the two divisions, the strain grew greater and ever greater. The immense crescent hovered upon the brink of a vast collapse. The strength of the structure, which had borne tons of its own weight and the enormous stress of wind and rain, was at last so delicately balanced that a few additional strains would have crumpled it into a thunderous ruin. Yet it still hung for many days, for many weeks and months above the ceaseless currents of life that swept on so restlessly below. The effects of the hammer-strokes of James Cordell's apprentice had been slowly, as it were, unravelled by the non-effect of the stroke never delivered; their transient

utility had been undone. The hammer-stroke of Death in a parallax with Destiny was yet to fall.

One December morning, when the skies were very gray and sad, many men came to their labour at Charing Cross. Some were there to paint the metal-work in the great arches of the glass roof ; others were occupied in an adjoining theatre. Among them were the six whose warm, human lives were bound up with the life of the cold, inanimate and weary tie-rod of the overloaded truss. Others there were, too, who in the unsuspected, looming battle between animal and mineral bodies, were to emerge with life left to them, but wounded or maimed. In such wise had the distribution of these tragic doles been predetermined. The un conjectured conspiracy of dumb and malignant matter was complete. Slowly, yet ceaselessly, invasion into the domain of the uncorrupted molecules had been advancing, until now their combined strength in the joint of the rod was exactly equal to the weight of the truss. When, suddenly and without warning, the splendid marble campanile of St. Mark's at Venice, a structure that had stood beautiful and strong through the ages, fell like a fainting woman into a heap upon the sunny piazza, men wondered and deemed it strange. They did not take into account this unalterable truth,—that surely the patience of lifeless bodies passes away and the seemingly undiminishing strength that depends upon the negative resistance of ponderable things. A subsidence in the foundations, men said, brought low the Venetian bell-tower ; that was, perhaps, the direct cause, but neither the first nor the deepest. Men forgot that machines and structures, as though they were sentient beings, grow weary and work or stand no more.

Men mounted upon the airy, yet massive, glass shell of Charing Cross station. Throughout the hours of the day they laboured at their tasks, and the day was almost done. Three of the men fore-ordained to share the destruction of the fabric were upon the roof directly over the fatal truss ; they were joined by a fourth. The added weight of this man was to the truss as the proverbial straw to the camel's back. It was like the added feather that tips the beam of a delicate balance. Such a balance, it might be conceived, was held by Fate. On one side the six human lives shot swiftly downwards into darkness and demolition, while in the other and empty scale the lacking hammer-stroke that had been stayed by James Cordell ere it fell upon the

welded rod in the iron works five and forty years before, soared upward as swiftly. It had fallen, dead and useless, into the balance of Fate.

The station for a brief space was silent and empty. No trains departed and none arrived. The iron coursers stood still in their trappings of brass, breathing with composure. Destiny, in kindly mood, had chosen such a moment, as with an unwillingness to sacrifice more than the six lives whose threads had turned to chains and fettered them to this doom. Two of these life-flames were burning brightly, aglow with vigour, in the adjacent theatre, predestined victims of a tragedy more realistic than was ever to be simulated there. When the fourth man had ascended the roof over the truss, the molecules in the joint of the tie-rod could bear no more. They were torn swiftly asunder, and reluctantly the two separated sections of the rod fell far apart.

III

Safely had I passed through the constant perils of the rail in vast new continents, safely made the winter-passages of storm-swept oceans, had emerged unscathed from the thousand possibilities of disaster that infest the path of the traveller, and now, after a tour through all the countries of the Continent, found myself safe and sound in this world-metropolis. On that day in the early part of December it chanced that I awaited a friend from Canterbury and that I entered Charing Cross station somewhat earlier than the time the train was to have arrived. Not being certain of this time, I looked for some official to give me the required information. Few employes were about and few travellers; the station seemed full of a strange and intermittent lull, which, now that I recall it, seems to me to have been instinct with some sense of impending disaster, some looming, portentous imminence, solemn with the hush of significant awe, such as I had often experienced in California when a suppression of all life and motion lies in the torpid air before the coming of the earthquake.

The vast gray void of the station was haunted by this unaccustomed silence and gloom; a wan, sickly light filtered through the great span of murky glass overarching the gleaming tracks and

empty trains. At the open end of the building the melancholy skies sent in a flood of cold and ashen light. Through the temporarily unguarded gates that led to the platforms I espied one of the ticket-collectors at the forward end of a train. Passing through the barrier, I approached him, when there came a sharp and swift report, and two great lengths of an iron rod swung up and down, high in air, at the open end of the station. Then followed a violent sound of creaking and rending, a crackling of dislocated metal, glass, and wood; the great crescent trembled terribly and swayed as with dizziness. Instantly, with the oceanic roar of some gigantic, ice-bound Niagara breaking loose, with hollow and resonant thunder-bursts and deafening salvoes of wild artillery, the light was blotted out from the face of things and some vast curtain or eclipse passed between the outer and inner day, bringing a sudden dusk. The platform shook from the impact of immense and formidable masses, and through my ears, unequal to the volume of the uproar, this thought was, for a brief instant, translated to the brain: all the locomotives in the place have blown up at once! Crash succeeded crash; the dreadful din and the thick dust struggled fiercely for possession of the air.

I found myself again at the barrier dazed, stunned, aghast. Men and women ran madly hither and thither; some had fainted and lay like dead upon the floor. An awful quiet ensued, and the sallow daylight, wallowing through the dust-clouds, showed a great wound of ragged brick walls, of torn and splintered wood and twisted iron, of bristling struts and rods and jagged ends of broken purlins. Below lay a mountain of wreckage, like a confused heap of the slain after a battle. From this, distinctly and fearfully, came groans and smothered cries. It was as if that pitiful, mangled mass of helpless remains, that ruined work of man's cunning contrivance and fruit of science, invention, and industry, in which matter had been subjugated to useful form and end, now suddenly all undone and "cast as rubbish to the void," resolved to aching disorder and abortive chaos, was lamenting with these dread cries the tragedy of its own destruction. The aspect bore in it the heavy grief that invests matter that has lost its meaning, the sorrow that clings to all dead and useless things, due, perhaps, to some Dionysian sense of our corporeal relation to all substance. But to my reassembling senses, dizzied by sound and shock, came the realisation of a greater tragedy. Human cries rang in my ears. I ran forward and noticed what seemed

to be a woman's arm projecting upright from the confused débris, mutely appealing with a spasmodic opening and closing of the fingers to the cold, implacable skies that now looked down so drearily. Only the forearm was visible, and that was covered to the elbow with a long, grey glove. We toiled about that beseeching arm, clearing away many stubborn obstructions, and, at last, from beneath a burthen of mortar, brick, and shattered glass, lifted from its grave of agony a bleeding wreck. It was not a woman ; it was one of the painters who had fallen with the roof. He had worn an old pair of woman's long gloves to protect his arms from the paint. As he was lifted up, a helpless, crumpled mass, and placed in the ready ambulance, rills of blood ran out from under the end of the gloves and wrote some strange red message along the sooty dust.

Two bays of the wide roof had fallen ; the great wind-screen with its innumerable panes of glass lay on the top of the ruin, twisted and dashed to pieces, and across the coaches of the trains, which it had cleft completely in twain, stretched a steel girder of a hundred tons, like some immense Damoclean sword suddenly released from its suspending hair. The roof of the theatre hard by had been demolished, crushed by the avalanche of the collapsing brick wall. I looked aloft ; the imperturbable firmament stared down calmly with a blind and stony massiveness, and all Nature seemed a remote, remorseless, and unchanging thing.

In those depths of distance beyond the mists I knew that the clashing discords of scattered worlds, drifting uncontrollably and at random, were yet, for all that, weaving some universal diaper of cosmic fate as they tore through immensities of time and space. Was this the law, the harmony we claim to recognise in the universe, or but the progression towards some great and ultimate anarchy ? Perhaps all life was anarchy, and necessity the only law or condition. Upon the rod of what had been the truss of the third bay, and was now that of the first, a piece of light board balanced and trembled, marvellously poised. It was as though it were a symbol of the scales of Fate wherein human lives and human works had been weighed and mysteriously found wanting.

To me there came a strange knowledge of how the perpetration of my own death had been thwarted, how, through many years, this moment, this place, this occasion had lain in wait for me who had been approaching it from great distances since the

very day of my birth. Yet, so far as the duration of my own life was concerned, the intricate and long-maturing plot had failed by a few seconds of time, by a few steps of my feet. My death lay farther off ; it was not to have been now, but was still to be, in the future years, infallibly, by other means, in another place, at another time, unknown, inscrutable, yet no less sure. Somewhere along the path of those future years, disease, perhaps, lay a-lurk for me in Palermo or Yokohama, or a rattlesnake in the Californian hills, or drowning in the Caspian sea, or a fever in the swamps of Florida, or a draught in the hall of a friend's house, the bullet of some rash amateur huntsman, a railway collision in America or Algeria,—the time would bring the means as the hour brings the man. I would go to meet it from this very moment, and I would find it ready.

Six men were killed in the accident at Charing Cross railway station. At the official investigation by the authorities a famous scientific engineer spoke thus : "The direct cause of the collapse of the roof was due to the imperfect welding of the iron in the joint of the tie-rod. There had been no union of the metal."

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

WORK AND WAGES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

BRITISH COLUMBIA has been frequently advertised as the paradise of the sportsman and of the capitalist, especially of such capitalists as choose to invest in mines. It is not the present writer's business to press either of these contentions. It is true beyond all shadow of doubt that the hunting of big game, of considerable variety, rewarded by as much success as any genuine sportsman should desire, may be indulged in here at much less expense than in most other countries rich in wild animals, and with perfect immunity from malaria and other forms of ill health which spoil the amusement in South Africa, and to a certain extent in India. It is equally true that, now that British Columbia has passed the perilous time of her infancy as a mining country, there are a large number of low-grade mining-properties in the copper districts which can, thanks to the introduction of cheaper methods of treatment and greater facilities for transport, as well as to the early decease of a large portion of our wild-cat speculators, be made to pay men who understand their business and put trust in nobody but themselves. There are silver-lead properties in the Slocan, so rich in value that even the conditions which have prevailed could scarcely prevent their development; and there are undoubtedly bodies of gold gravel in the northern parts of British Columbia, rich perhaps as some of those in Cassiar, of which we skimmed the cream in the Seventies, but certainly rich enough to pay a handsome dividend upon capital judiciously invested in hydraulic operations.

But both capitalist and hunter may go wrong in British Columbia, and both from the same cause. Neither will succeed if he is not prepared to take care of himself. Agents, and all the paraphernalia by which idle men surround and protect themselves from trouble in the older countries, are practically valueless,

I believe, in all colonies. The successes of the colonies are not for infants in arms, but for men who can take care of themselves. Therefore such infants are really of no more good to the new country than they are to themselves. They may fill some individual's pocket, but their failure to fill their own does the country as much harm as it does themselves.

There is one class of man absolutely certain to better his condition by coming to British Columbia. It is the class of man who can and will labour with his hands, and abstain from whiskey and politics. Want of labour and a plethora of politics are the curses of Western Canada. It is almost impossible to find white labour with any experience for farm-work; and, in spite of the intense prejudice against Chinese, and the recent legislation which, by putting a head-tax of £100 upon Chinamen, has decreased their number and raised their wages, most men are obliged to employ them, although it is generally admitted that Chinamen are of no use with horses, and that three Chinamen will not do more work than two average white men. The Japanese, against whom there is less prejudice and no valid legislation, do not much affect the question of farm-labour. They can work if they like to do so, but they do not like the work and will not stick to it. So soon as the fishing-season comes round, your Japanese will leave you, nor is there any means by which you can contract him out of his liberty to go when he likes. As the fishing-season and the harvest-time here are identical, it is not difficult to understand the disadvantage of employing Japanese labour. There is one other class of labour, the native Indian labour of the country; but though Indians are excellent clearers of land, and in some cases good axe-men, they do not take kindly to any steady work, and are only useful occasionally in contract labour. Nature is too liberal, and the Indian too easily contented. With his spear and his trolling-line the native can catch all the fish he wants, and round the coast his gun and rifle supply him with as many ducks, deer, and so forth as suffice him for food.

The result of all this is that in the field of farm-labour an English farm-hand would have no class to compete against in British Columbia.

The writer is himself farming not far from the capital, and in two years has not been able to obtain a genuine farm-labourer who can plough and do such other things as most farm-labourers are supposed to do.

¹ The wages paid run from \$20 a month and board of the best, to \$45 without board, for men who are not experts in any sense but simply competent (more frequently incompetent) farm-hands, and the vacancies have to be filled by young English lads of the public-school class, whose will is excellent, but whose knowledge, as a rule, is very much less obvious. Of really cheap labour, the boy's labour of stone-picking, fruit-gathering, tending stock, and such like, we have absolutely none in British Columbia. It all has to be done by adults, and paid for at the rates paid here to grown men. The working woman is an unknown person. It is doubtful whether a couple of dozen female cooks could be found in private houses in the capital of British Columbia, but that there is a demand for them is beyond question. Their wages would range from \$18 a month upwards, and all that would be demanded of them would be such simple skill as produces well-cooked meats and apple-puddings in the old country. The farm-labourer with a wife who would cook for the house, and a couple of small boys who would make themselves useful about a farm, would be a godsend indeed, and might easily earn \$50 a month and their board.

In THE YEAR BOOK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, a conscientiously compiled volume of statistics, we may read that—

Chinese are mainly employed throughout the province for farm-labour. They received from \$10 to \$20 a month. Last year a considerable number of white farm-labourers were employed and were paid from \$20 to \$30 a month with board. A large demand exists for skilled milkers, who are paid as high as \$40 a month and board.

This is probably a general statement of averages and as such is no doubt accurate; but I have never been lucky enough to find a Chinese farm-hand who would work at \$10 a month, and at present have to pay my cook and ploughman \$20 a month each and board. Although bitterly opposed to Chinese labour as tending to fill the place of marrying, breeding white men who would form the nucleus of a population worthy of the province, I am obliged to employ them, or do the work of house and farm myself.

The only alternative to a Chinese cook is your own wife. The lady-help is a rank impostor; she is too much *lady* and too little

¹ Throughout this article the dollar may be taken as equivalent to four shillings sterling.

help. She puts her boots outside her door every night and wonders who cleans them ; she can play the piano moderately, but she knows nothing of making butter ; and " the one thing she cannot do " includes all those things which she is wanted to do. As a practical man I say for heaven's sake let her stop at home, unless she comes here expressly to be married ; in which case, if she be good-looking, let her come.

Very nearly the same may be said of the gentleman-labourer. He is an expensive luxury, and although in time he may grow into a first-rate workman, it is better that he should do so at some other man's expense. Farm-pupils, who pay £100 per annum to be taught their business by being worked upon a bush-farm, may put a little money into the employer's pocket if his wife is a good (or mean) housekeeper and he a good slave-driver ; but a pupil who cuts your new harness to pieces to make it fit the wrong team has his drawbacks.

The people we want in this country are the old-fashioned general servants who can cook plainly, wash and scrub, and the farm-labourers who can do any ordinary job upon a mixed farm. For them the outlook is bright enough. At first the man should get his \$18 to \$20 a month and board all the year round ; and in this he would be better off than in many forms of labour in British Columbia which, though better paid, are apt to fail a man for a few months in the winter season. The woman should get about the same.

It is the boast of this province, a boast for which we pay somewhat heavily, that the working man is better treated here than elsewhere. He is too well treated for the prosperity of the province, since the free educational advantages of this country are out of all proportion to its income, and the taxes paid by the working man bear no relation whatever to the advantages he enjoys. Nor, if he be ambitious, is there any limit to the position to which he may climb. In one of the best farming districts of British Columbia, four of the best farms are owned by four brothers who came out as Welsh farm-labourers. Better fellows for the country you could not find, and it is well that one of them is in the local Parliament, the late premier of which was a working miner's son.

One word in addition to people among whom the writer was brought up. They were then, and probably are still, sportsmen every one of them. As a land-owner I called them poachers,

but if I had not been a land-owner I should have been a poacher myself. Excellent rough shooting and excellent fishing are free here to all ; land, for those who save enough to be able to make a home for themselves, is reasonably cheap and plentiful ; the necessaries of life are cheap, and the world is beginning to realise that the centre of enterprise and development is shifting westwards, and that the small things and small men of the Pacific coast are likely to grow more rapidly into great things and great men in the next fifty years than anywhere else on the world's surface.

A BRITISH COLUMBIAN COLONIST.

THE PRACTICAL ANGLER¹

STEWART'S PRACTICAL ANGLER, which has emerged from a period of oblivion just half a century after its first publication and popularity, will help some of us at least to renew our youth in its once familiar pages. For my own part, when the book fell open at some beautifully reproduced illustrations from Stewart's old patterns, of spiders black and red, grouse and woodcock, time and space were annihilated. I seemed to feel once more the waters of the Whitadder gurgling about my feet, and to hear the Cheviot sheep bleating on the hills around St. Bathans, and the grouse and curlews calling in the solitudes of Cranshaws and Priestlaw. The Whitadder was one of Stewart's many rivers, and he was a king among us,—if two long seasons, from February to October, may entitle the writer of this modest tribute to account himself sealed of the tribe. For what an age is a year or two of youth when one lived and rejoiced in every day of them!

My first impulse was to hunt for an old fly-book that has been with me for over thirty years unused, and for twenty at least unopened. This is not surprising, for in library parlance it would be classified as a medium quarto. In the fishing circles of my youth there was a robust abhorrence of anything finnikin, or, as we called it, cockneyfied, and a prodigious veneration for home-made articles. Indeed the prejudices of some localities in these trifles would be inconceivable to the modern mind. This particular relic is constructed out of some parchment deeds relating to an Exmoor church, lawfully come by in an Exmoor rectory, and no doubt, therefore, intrinsically worthless. It is interleaved, of course, with generous breadths of flannel, and filled with compartments in the parchment of all shapes and

¹ THE PRACTICAL ANGLER; by W. C. Stewart (with an introduction by W. Earl Hodgson). London, 1905.

sizes, for the storing of flies, casts, silk, fur, feathers, loose hooks, scissors, tweezers, and so on ; for most of us made part at any rate of our own flies. As a schoolboy I was passing proud of the design, which was thought out somewhat carefully, and above all of the result, contributed to by the deft needle and thread of some female relative. It was not, to be sure, altogether original, being inspired, at least, by one that an old gentleman (who taught me to tie flies of a kind) had carried about North Wales from Waterloo to the Crimean War. Nothing but a shooting-pocket would hold it, and it generally travelled in a special compartment of the creel, often, in periods of excitement, actually among the fish. In these days of eye'd flies and neat tin boxes it presents a most uncouth appearance ; even in those it must have had a picturesque and antique flavour, since a weak youth and would-be fisherman from East Anglia, more concerned with the appearances than the realities of sport, used periodically to offer me considerable sums of money for it, honestly affirming it would be the making of his reputation in his own country where there were no trout. It still contains some odds and ends of tackle, moth-eaten flies, rotten gut, the wing of an Exmoor snipe, the ear of an East Lothian hare, feathers from a Peebleshire blackcock, hackles of barndoor fowls from anywhere. But what I have been trying to arrive at is the discovery in the depths of one of its pockets of a bunch of wonderfully well preserved spiders, patterns and relics of the Stewart period (speaking piscatorially, not historically) and of the rivers he used to fish. What memories an ancient fly-book like this invokes ! though here we are only concerned with those relating to the reign of this angling Stewart, and near the end of it too, for this king of Border fishers died in the winter of 1872. I was in East Lothian at the time and remember hearing much obituary talk and reading long accounts in the Scottish papers of his funeral, which was attended by a goodly following of the craft. He must surely have been regarded as a great man ; for when I found myself, on the only occasion I can remember to have set eyes on him, fishing in the same field, much the same sensations stirred my breast as had swelled it not long previously on being in with W. G. Grace in a provincial cricket-match ; an elation, by the way, somewhat damped by being promptly run out by him.

Stewart's name was certainly one to conjure with, beside the banks of those Eastern Border streams at any rate, while round

the firesides of the little homely fishing-inns his prowess and his opinions were a frequent theme. His entomological scepticism was not seldom combated, particularly by the occasional alien. But how could you stand up against a man who proved his theories by always killing more fish than anybody else, and that too in waters open to the public and frequented by hosts of practised fishermen? Stewart believed that the way in which a fly was put to a trout and put into him was nearly all the battle, so long as the fly was unremarkable, naturally, and, above all, sparingly dressed. Sizes, within reason, and still less shades, he set small store by, except so far as they were adapted to the trout's vision in various states of water. The imitation of the natural insect of the moment, except perhaps a drake, he laughed to scorn; and yet no one killed more fish than he did season after season, and very few so many. Black or red hackles (then and doubtless still known as *spiders* in southern Scotland), dressed very scantily with a plain silk wrapping for body, were his favourites, with two or three winged flies and as many other varieties of hackles. When the March brown was thick on the water he would usually put one on; but he held that any other of his half-dozen stock varieties of the same size was just as serviceable. I have myself often fished through heavy rises of March brown, for which the Welsh Dee is notable, and am forced to own that the orange dun or February red, or whatever the second fly might be, has been sometimes just as effective; though not to have a March brown mounted, and that too of the popular local tying, would require a robustness of faith, or lack of it, that only Stewart perhaps was capable of. It is certainly difficult for any one who once came within Stewart's influence, directly or indirectly, who knew his rivers and was face to face with his methods and their results, ever to recover entirely from the effects of his convincing demonstrations. His English contemporaries, Mr. Francis Francis at the head of them, covered his four or six fly theory with ridicule, just as he in turn scoffed at their redundant entomology. Unfortunately Mr. Francis (whose book was another classic of my youth) interpreted Scotland as the Highlands, as so many Southerners with less excuse still often do, and twitted Mr. Stewart with practising his theories on the unsophisticated troutlings of Highland burns. The latter, who, like many Scotsmen of his, and possibly of this, time, held the ways and even the fish of the Southron in some contempt,

invited his critics to come and fish the Gala water over which an average of thirty rods passed every day. Think of that, ye secretaries of modern fishing-clubs! As a matter of fact practically all the streams of the Scottish Border, certainly the northern tributaries of the Tweed, including much of that famous river itself, were open to the trouting public; and the fishing public of Southern Scotland, even at that time, was a prodigiously large and an extremely enterprising one. Even in 1857 Stewart complains that there were fifty fishermen for one there had been early in the century. He quotes the evidence of an elderly friend that in his youth there were only two men in a long stretch of the Tweed who ever threw a line on it, and that the trout, when in a reasonable mood, would take anything that was put over them, no matter how inartistically presented. I am sure there is not a stretch of river in Great Britain to-day in that elementary condition. Any one, moreover, who has experienced this phenomenon in wild unsettled countries knows how soon it palls, and how quickly the charm of angling vanishes when skill ceases to be a factor. Stewart went so far as to profess a dislike to fishing in preserved waters even in this country, a sentiment I fancy that few anglers nowadays would echo. Five and thirty years ago it was not easy to get away from brother anglers in those regions which were Stewart's favourite fishing-ground, comparatively remote and far from railways though many of their waters were. And yet they still held an amazing lot of fish, if tolerably well educated ones. It must be remembered, too, that the bicycle, that good friend of the modern angler, was then unknown, and it was no uncommon thing for enthusiasts to walk seven or eight miles at the beginning and end of a long day's fishing. I wonder what the modern youth would say to that?

Yet half a century ago we find Stewart lamenting the decrease of trout, but at the same time undertaking to kill twelve pounds' weight with his spider flies on any but the most hopeless days; and I remember those who knew him used to say that he was as good as his word. He lamented, too, as we lament with much greater reason, the rapid running away of flood-water owing to the increase of drainage. What would he say now? For this seems to me the only possible reason to account for a decline of fish that I can vouch for within my memory on streams that have neither been over-fished nor poached. We need not therefore go to the many that have been thus treated and put

down their shrinkage to such causes, as is so often done ; for over-fishing and poaching are no new things. It is a common saying (and I have Wales for the moment in my mind) among the humbler sort of anglers that there were far more trout when poachers worked their will unchecked, and streams were much less preserved by individuals or Associations, than there are now, and it is impossible to deny that there is often absolute truth in this seeming paradox. Some of these simple folk connect the recent deterioration with more stringent laws and preservation, a palpable superstition, of course. But it seems plain enough that if all the bottom food of a river is whirled away to the sea in a day, instead of filtering slowly in for several days, the stock of fish must suffer ; and this leaves out of account any damage done to the breeding-grounds of both flies and fish by such unnatural freshets. Indeed I do not imagine this is disputed ; but I should like to quote in further proof of it the case of the only unpampered river known to me in which the natives admit, or almost admit, that there are as many trout as ever. This is the Cardiganshire Teifi, "the noble river Teifi," as Giraldus Cambrensis by virtue of its fish styled it seven hundred years ago. Now the Teifi, soon after leaving the mountains and passing by the ruins of Strata Florida Abbey and the village of Pontrhydfendigaiad, enters the great bog of Tregaron, the only real flat Irish bog in England or Wales, and courses through it for many miles. Here the peaty waters are held as in a sponge and let gradually into the river with something of the deliberation of olden times, and for the remaining forty miles of its course both fish and fishermen enjoy to a considerable extent the conditions that existed everywhere in the golden age. In some parts it is flogged to death, in others strictly preserved ; but here you may yet see a fine river retaining both its waters and its normal fecundity without help. Stewart's editor, Mr. Hodgson (an authority of note), is of opinion that his author's pessimism with regard to the future has not been justified, and that on the whole there are as many trout in the country as ever. If one takes the reservoirs and private pools that have been artificially stocked, and all the chalk streams that by the same means and constant care have been brought to the highest point of production, this view, though expressed with reserve by Mr. Hodgson, might be reasonable. Scarcely anyone can get very far outside his own experience in attempting an estimate, but I feel competent to assert without fear of contradic-

tion that almost every river in Wales has declined immensely in the last quarter of a century. The Avon, again, is the best trouting-river in South Devon; the Barle is the chief river of Exmoor; in neither of these could one-half the baskets be taken to-day that were killed there when I was a boy; of this there is not the smallest doubt. The one has been the subject of much interesting evidence: the other I have myself tested abundantly in both periods as boy and man; and these are both most typical waters as well as examples, for no extraneous causes for so great a decline are present except drainage. As for Stewart's country I would venture to say, even without recent experience, that the situation is very similar.

I have a somewhat remarkable journal left to me by a departed friend who hated writing, but who from the time he was sixteen till the week of his death thirty years later, kept a most exact and laborious private record of every day's hunting, shooting, or fishing in a life which largely consisted of these pursuits. Not far from the beginning of this bulky and singular volume, I find it noted (though indeed I remember every circumstance well enough) that on June 5th, 1871, he and I, then hardly out of our teens, after an eighteen mile walk began fishing the much flogged waters of the Whitadder at Ellemford at three o'clock on an afternoon of showers and sunshine. We were back at our inn to dinner most certainly before sunset, and had sixty fish between us including two over a pound weight, large ones for that country. Stewart would easily have taken that number by himself, especially as my friend, though a mighty Nimrod otherwise, was then and ever a poor fisherman. Could a couple of striplings, nay, could Stewart himself, do this much in the Whitadder or any other heavily fished open water to-day? I think not.

But of all the changes in angling fashions the dry-fly cult would most surprise the shade of our author. I sometimes wonder how many of its younger disciples realise that at the date last mentioned it was practically unknown. Having been reared on the banks of the Upper Kennett, I can vouch for the fact that such a thing was never dreamed of there. As a boy I had the run of a short stretch near the head of that classic river, and was accustomed to put a cast of Stewart's spiders or of Devonshire palmers and blue uprights over its well-fed fastidious fish, with some small success when the wind blew up stream. But it was dubious work, and the May-fly does not hatch much above Ramsbury.

If the personal note may be yet further borne with I should like to recall my own introduction to the new method and what a shock it gave me. It happened that I had been in foreign parts for a decade and doubtless had read some of the new dry-fly talk in *THE FIELD*, though most certainly without any particular grasp of its meaning. For the cult of Stewart and his four stock flies had waxed rather than waned with me among the less sophisticated trout of the Alleghany streams, a better school for bush-casting than for entomology and precision. But in the early Eighties I found myself once again in the familiar atmosphere of the Wiltshire Downs, and on this occasion by the banks of the Upper Avon in the Pewsey Vale, a veritable Rip van Winkle, as I was soon to discover. It was a sunny day, I remember, in early summer, just before the May-fly was due. I had two useful stock flies mounted and was whistling for a wind, the necessary concomitant of trouting in North Wiltshire from my primitive and reminiscent point of view. I had tried the two or three little rapids of my friend's water without success, and was sitting down in somewhat disconsolate fashion by a long still reach which grew glassier as the sun mounted higher and the scarcely perceptible zephyrs died wholly away. I possessed my soul in patience and gathered what consolation I might from being surrounded once again with the familiar landmarks of youth; the low barrier of Salisbury plain, with its fir-tufted summits; to the south the steeper ridge of the Marlborough Downs, and Martinsell hanging high and hazy upon the north. I wondered whether Archdeacon Grantley was still alive, whether the gig, whisking over the bridge yonder under the poplars, held Dr. Thorne, whether the distant clatter of a saddle-horse on the road was carrying the Vicar of Bullhampton with comforting news of Mary Lowther to his love-sick friend, Harry Gilmore. These dreams, however, were rudely broken by the sudden apparition of a strange angler upon the scene, who, after the usual courtesies, proceeded to make remarks of so hopeful a nature regarding the prospects of fish that I should have taken them for a sorry jest if he had not looked such a thorough workman, as, indeed, he very soon proved to be. He surveyed the long stretch beside us and seemed perhaps just a trifle put out that there were no fish breaking the water. This in no way deterred him, however, for moving cautiously up a few paces, and announcing shortly that he could see a good fish lying at a spot which seemed to me about

thirty yards away, asked me if I could not see it. I most assuredly could not, and in any case it did not appear to me to alter our somewhat gloomy prospects. The notion of hunting for one's fish before catching them seemed subversive of every canon of the angler's creed as I had known it.

However, this professor proceeded to convince me that the world had turned upside down since I had last thrown a fly amid these pastoral scenes, not merely by his long accurate casting and manipulation generally of a floating sedge but by actually taking this fish and coaxing up two more pounders, that he subsequently marked at a long range, from out of this sunlit and pellucid stretch. I learnt a good deal of theory, as we eat our lunch upon the bank, from this reconstructed Wiltshire angler who had once been even as myself, and from a very little practice in this strange method afterwards. My two flies were dismantled, not without a secret sense of humiliation, though it gave me some consolation to think that the whole business would have made my old master turn in his grave. But all this was nearly a quarter of a century ago, and Stewart had by then been ten years dead.

Dry-fly fishing is no longer a new thing, and has assuredly been exalted to a wonderful art by its best exponents ; but at the same time it has caused a great deal of nonsense to be talked by indifferent ones with a circumscribed experience. One might fancy, to hear some of these gentlemen, that fishing up a rapid stream with a wet-fly was beneath their notice. One longs to see them at it, especially where thick timber complicates the situation, as it often does. Indeed I have more than once actually stumbled on one of the smaller fry of this persuasion, from the middle or east South, seated in despair beside a Western stream with half his stock of flies in the surrounding trees and all at odds with the fair world about him. Dry-fly fishing, in short, has its tolerably well defined area, and its special class of water peculiarly adapted to the art ; waters, too, that were not as a rule conspicuously attractive in the old wet-fly days and not usually half as much fished or half as well stocked. It has given the chalk streams, and other slow moving ones, a wholly different value from of old and a fascination that cannot truly be said to have formerly distinguished most of them. Writing in 1857, Stewart remarks that not one in a hundred anglers fish up-stream. This is strange hearing now. Probably the heavier water of those days encouraged what is a pernicious habit in any but a big river. My own

recollections a decade later both in the West of England and the Border country are that one fished whichever way the wind favoured, but in very clear water always up. Stewart describes the much greater difficulties of the latter to beginners, and then attempts the still more difficult task of instructing them how to do it. I am inclined to think that few men are entirely comfortable and successful at fishing rapid water up-stream who have not acquired the knack in youth. There is so much instinct and intuition about it, not only as to where fish will be lying under different circumstances of water and weather, but in the "nicking" of that large proportion who do not show themselves when they come at the fly, and only give notice of their intent by various subtle sensations that are altogether indescribable. Then, again, more often than not, as I have already said, overhanging foliage is a serious factor to be encountered, not only in the actual casting but in the striking at short-rising fish. Though there are far more trout-fishers in the country than in the days when Stewart lamented their increase, a much greater proportion now seem to serve their apprenticeship as adults. One certainly sees far fewer ardent youngsters by the river-side; perhaps they have more distractions and are more catered for in gregarious fashion than of old. It must be easier for the adult novice to acquire some modest success at dry-fly fishing than in the vaguer and more tormenting art of fishing up broken waters, nor is it everybody that can wade a rocky bottom with facility and comfort. The rising fish shows the dry-fly man exactly where to cast; he knows precisely what he has got to do, and he can at least further his skill by practising on his own lawn.

One other great change has come over trout-fishing. In Stewart's day one might be almost certain that a native of the troutless counties of England, except a few groups from the big cities, took no account of this particular form of sport in their scheme of life. Now the cult is in no sense confined to its own districts. The prosperous classes go everywhere, and take a hand at everything. Even the chalk stream regions to-day are not fishing countries in the sense that Devon, Hereford, or Wales are, nor were they ever. I venture to think that in wet-fly times these chalk streams were not heavily fished by local rods and very little by strangers, though always closely preserved. Weeds, too, that hopeless obstacle in neglected chalk streams, were often never cut, while the stock of fish, in many places now so abundantly renewed,

had no doubt deteriorated. The number of trout and grayling now visible anywhere, in the lengthy club-water of the Wylie for instance, is an extraordinary sight; though it by no means follows that their would-be captors always catch their limit of five brace, or anything like it. The pedigree of many of these modern chalk stream fish, however, would be complicated. But at least three-fourths of the men who fish these streams are aliens, nor have the populace of these counties any fishing instincts like those of the North and West. For obvious reasons the humble fishermen, boys and men, who swarm in the latter, have never been an item in Wiltshire and Hampshire and are without piscatorial instincts. Local prejudice in angling matters, too, was tremendous when I was a boy, fortunate, as I think now, if only for the memories of much casual fishing in many different and far sundered districts. The flies of one region were laughed to scorn in another; London flies excited derision everywhere; even the fashion of a landing-net was enough to condemn an alien to outer darkness. In Weardale, I remember, where the trout were consistently small but shy, it was the thing to carry a large wooden-hooped net on a pole six feet long, pointed with a spike which was supposed to be a necessary support and guide while wading. Any more convenient contrivance was regarded with loathing, and it would have been no use protesting that you did not require support. The master of a decadent grammar-school of some half-dozen pupils, who employed his ample leisure till the Education Commissioners pounced on the venerable institution and gave him still more, devoted nearly a page of an admirable book on fishing, which I still have, to a denunciation of "cabbage-nets," his designation for every other variety. They made all their own rods too in that country, and they were the best-balanced and lightest I had ever at that time handled. A jointed rod from a tackle-maker was there regarded with only less disfavour than a convenient landing-net. Something of this fine old prejudice appears even in Stewart's pages and gives flavour to his utterances. As his editor truly says, his hints on rods are hopelessly out of date, but his disquisitions on the art of using them are admirable, shrewdly phrased, and as valuable as ever.

A. G. BRADLEY.

THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF FORMOSA

THE ignorance of the average person in geographical details was rather happily exemplified in the United States at the time of the Spanish War. When it was announced that an attack was about to be made on the Philippine Islands, the question was generally asked, "Where are they?" The subject of the present article is the island immediately north of the Philippines, which has only of late become familiar to all who followed the movements of the Baltic fleet.

Formosa lies near one of the great trade-routes, and is easily accessible from Hongkong, Nagasaki, or the China ports; but the fact remains that very few foreign residents in the Far East ever visit it: their holidays are generally spent at some of the famous health-resorts of China or Japan; and Formosa, lying out of the beaten track and not possessing a good climate, remains one of the few places unknown to Western men. Hence its great fascination, which is increased by the fact that the mountainous interior is inhabited by a race of bloodthirsty savages, whose chief delight is to sally forth on head-hunting raids. Few strangers (the exceptions being some intrepid Japanese explorers) have ever penetrated far into the wild mountain-country which is the home of these savages; even to go near its fringe is not always safe, and therefore to one who enjoys a spice of excitement a visit to the border-posts is a pleasant experience, while lovers of beautiful scenery are amply rewarded for their journey.

First a word as to the head-hunting tribes. They appear to be akin to the Dyaks of Borneo, but no definite study of their language or habits has yet been made, though interesting details will be found in Consul Davidson's voluminous book on Formosa. For hundreds of years the tribes, eight in number, have withstood their enemies, who have never been able to

penetrate to their fastnesses. The Chinese, who first invaded Taiwan (as they call the island) in comparatively recent times, found the occupation of the plains an easy task. Those of the aborigines who were willing to submit to their yoke were allowed to remain in peace, and are called Pe-po-hoan; but there was never any question of the Chinese making an entrance into the mountains. In their labyrinthine recesses an army would be immediately swallowed up; they are covered with the densest network of tropical vegetation, whose inaccessibility cannot be conceived by those who have never been beyond the shores of England. Neither did the Portuguese nor Dutch, when in their turn they seized Formosa, make any attempt to attack the savages in their lair, and to this day their mountains are unconquered. There is something attractive about a people which has never known a master. These savages may be wild and cruel, but they have never felt the yoke; liberty has existed among them from the dawn of history. It remains to be seen what success will attend the more systematic efforts of the Japanese to subdue them.

But this is not the place for dry facts of history. Some account of the methods by which the Japanese intend to introduce civilisation into the interior will be given later; I will now proceed to the details of my visit to this interesting people.

When passing through Formosa in 1904, I heard that it would be possible to obtain a glimpse of a few savages at one of the Japanese border-posts, and I eagerly embraced the opportunity. Before setting out I obtained as much information as I could collect on the subject of the savages in the capital Taipeh. This town, which owes its prosperity entirely to the Japanese, lies a few miles inland up a river, and some ten miles from the mountains. It is almost incredible that even the headquarters of the army should not be safe from the savages' raids, but it is the case. About a year before my visit a band of Atayals, the most northerly tribe, travelled swiftly down from the hills, and creeping in the dead of night into Banka, a suburb of Taipeh, began the deadly work of head-lifting, sparing neither age nor sex. The attack was so unexpected that no effectual resistance was made for some time. So soon as the police and infantry arrived on the scene the savages fled, but not before they had taken as trophies a score of heads. A raid on this scale is uncommon, but it shows what the hillmen are capable of under

a good leader. Their more usual method is to stalk the Chinese of either sex when they are engaged in tea-picking ; the savage creeps up unobserved to his victim, transfixes him with his spear, secures his head, and is lost in a moment in the neighbouring jungle. The villages lying in the borderland are occasionally attacked, but no regular warfare is carried on.

In order to get to the border, it is necessary to make an early start ; accordingly I set out at six o'clock one bright morning, and soon, leaving the bustling streets of the capital, found myself on the way along a rough unmetalled road. I had hired a jinricksha, which was drawn by a sturdy little Japanese and pushed by a stalwart Chinaman, the latter by no means, however, the better man. With these good runners I made rapid progress, and after two hours' jolting and bumping found myself at a large market-town, where I was only too glad to alight and stretch my stiffened limbs. Shortly before this we passed a mountain-battery returning from manœuvres near the hills, and I was much impressed by the smart appearance of the sturdy khaki-clad artillerymen, who were no doubt longing to be off to Manchuria, whence news of victory had just come in.

In the market-town referred to there are no troops, but a strong body of police, who go their rounds armed with rifles and bayonets. As there are few other Japanese in the town, I repaired to the police-station, where I was received by a courteous constable, who kindly procured me a mountain-chair (made of bamboo) and three bearers for the second stage of the journey. The road now ceased, and its place was taken by a rough track. We were ferried across a river, along whose banks our journey lay. The path ran now high above the river, now along its banks, while several times we were ferried across. We were gradually penetrating into the mountains, which became wilder in appearance as we advanced. The lower hills, however, were under cultivation, for the Pe-po-hoan and Hakka Chinese live in this borderland, and the soil is favourable for the cultivation of the tea-plant. Their occupation is a dangerous one, and they are a hardy race ; I have lived several years in different parts of China, but have never seen better-looking or more vigorous Chinamen than these Hakkas. In these parts it is hardly safe to travel alone, or at least unarmed, and it is a common sight to see coolies with a rifle on one shoulder and a bundle on the other, while a bandolier, or cartridge-belt, encircles their bodies.

After two hours over the rough mountain-tracks we arrived at Kushu, an outlying village of the Pe-po-hoan, placed where the glen has broadened out into a fertile valley, bright, as are the neighbouring hill-sides, with the pleasant green tea-shrubs. After a slight halt I set out on the final stage, and cross the river with the strange sensation that civilisation has been left on the bank behind me ; for after this there are no more villages. My destination is a border-post, held by the Japanese police who guard this part of the border. Soon, following the course of the river, we are in a narrow gorge ; the towering mountains, covered to their summits with the dense vivid green of the tropics, close us in on every side. Along the left bank of this river an aqueduct is being constructed, and hundreds of coolies, Japanese and Chinese, are employed on it. In time it will carry the pure mountain-water to the capital, a sign of the energy of the Colonial Public Works Department. It is not long now before, turning an abrupt bend in the path, I come in sight of Dogura, the chief station in this district. Here are several neat, clean Japanese houses, the residence of the Commissioner, the police quarters, and a little shop where various articles are kept for sale to the savages.

I was very kindly received by the Commissioner, who, with the natural courtesy of the Japanese, did his utmost to make me comfortable and to enable me to see as much as was possible. In order to get a glimpse of the savages I had to go on to the next post, which, being further from civilisation, is more often resorted to by them. I was now compelled to abandon my chair and walk, but the distance was not great, and there was no danger, as gangs of workmen were engaged on the aqueduct. In a few minutes, crossing the river by ferry again, I reached the next post, a small wooden structure, where, after a rest and some conversation with an English-speaking Japanese, I was rewarded for my exertions by the arrival of several savages, who came in to taste the sweets of civilisation in the form of *samshu* (native spirits) and canned goods.

This post had not long before been treacherously fired upon in the early morning, but no damage had been done. However, the savages are not allowed to carry rifles on their visits, and their only weapon was a long, heavy knife resembling the *machete* of the Filipino. The first arrival was a young boy, whose sole garment was a loin-cloth ; indeed, none of the men

wore anything else. He was a bright-faced lad with clear sparkling eyes, from which he gazed in wonder on the first white man he had ever seen. The men were small but athletic and supple; they resembled the Malays in cast of feature and general appearance, but were treacherous and cruel-looking. The Japanese, unlike the Chinese, treat them well, and, encouraged by this, they come in very often to these posts, bringing with them deer-horns and hides of all kinds, which they barter for canned provisions and trinkets. Nevertheless they are not to be trusted; their wild nature cannot but assert itself at times, and a close watch has to be kept on them. On the very day of my visit, when I was returning, I came across sad evidence of their untrustworthiness: we passed an unfortunate Chinaman whose white garment was stained with the blood which ran in streams from several wounds received from a lurking savage. He was fortunate to escape with his life.

On this occasion, however, the savages were very friendly; they manifested as much interest in the white stranger as he did in them. Two or three women had accompanied them. There is none of the seclusion of women among these tribes which is such a feature of civilised Asia, and they contrast favourably in appearance with their sisters of the plains. Their dress was totally different from that of either the Japanese or Chinese; but it must not be thought that they were content with a simpler costume, for the love of coquetry was evident especially with the maidens. The married women were satisfied with a skirt; but the maidens were clothed in stylish fashion, with garments of one piece of gaudy crimson or green cloth wound round their busts and forming a skirt below. To add to their beauty they wore carved and painted pieces of bamboo through their ears. Men and women alike had their faces painted in a peculiar fashion, regular curves from the ears meeting at the lips; green being the fashionable colour. The hair was not dressed, but was allowed to hang over the shoulders in the case of the women, while the men wore theirs wound round the head.

Thanks to the kindness of the Chief Inspector I was able to go to the remotest post, five miles up the gorge and deep in the bosom of the mountains, with an escort of sturdy little Japanese armed with service rifles and the keen-bladed *katana*. I followed a path leading along the banks of the river which dashes on its way over boulders. The hills here are covered with vegetation

so dense that it is impossible to make one's way through it. All the glories of the tropical forest are here, great ferns, cruel thorns, and a variety of trees unknown to those who have lived only in the temperate zones; among them the camphor-tree, so much sought after by civilised man, and so difficult to find. This variety of form and colour made the forest very beautiful, but I was not tempted to leave the track, for in the dense thickets there might be lurking unseen enemies, eager to add one more head to their collection, and—who knows?—the head of a white man might be regarded as a special prize. At length, crossing the river for the last time by a ferry-boat, provided even in these wilds by the Japanese, we reached the last outpost of civilisation, a small square shed perched on a hillock overlooking the foaming river. This station is the centre of a few huts where the camphor-gatherers live, and is occupied by a guard of police, who received me with the unfailing courtesy of the Japanese. One cannot fail to be impressed by these gallant men, who live in the midst of danger no less real because it is unseen, and who besides are constantly exposed to illness in this fever-stricken spot, but who are always cheerful and staunch in the performance of their duty, gallant servants of their Emperor.

One last look from this place, whence a good view is obtained over the countless miles of dark forest and the lofty green mountains (wooded to a greater height than any others in the world, report says), and we turn back, for beyond this place no one can go; the silent forest stretches for mile after mile beyond the ken of civilised man, its denizens, man and beast (and the mountains are filled with a great variety of carnivora and game) alike savage and unapproachable. The second part of the return journey is by boat, a thrilling performance,—twelve miles covered in two hours at most, down fifteen rapids—a fitting conclusion to an interesting and exciting day.

Such was my visit to one of the few places in the Far East where civilisation has not yet laid her hand. Before concluding I wish to give my meed of praise to the Japanese authorities for the manner in which they have set about the solution of the very difficult problem which for centuries has proved beyond the abilities of the Chinese. The Japanese, recognising that systematic warfare against the savages is impracticable (for a hundred thousand men would be lost in those dense jungles in a moment, and the ravages of fever would probably decimate an army), have

adopted the wiser policy of conciliation, entirely abandoning the treacherous methods of the Chinese mandarins. They are establishing a chain of posts which is intended in time to completely encircle the savage territory. Each of these border-posts is in constant communication with its neighbours. The telephone is used, and as daily visits are paid from the bases by patrols of armed police, there is no danger of their being cut off. The Chinese are being trained as police, and are protected from the savages. But the chief use of these border-posts is not for defence, but as a means of introducing civilisation. The savages are taught confidence in the Japanese, and are encouraged to bring in articles for barter in the villages and make themselves acquainted with the arts of civilisation. Not many of them have been touched as yet, but the thin end of the wedge has been inserted, and those who live in the remoter regions will be gradually reached. A few savages have even been induced to give up their children to the Japanese for education, and these children will doubtless be able to do wonders when they return to their people.

The Japanese Government is to be commended for its wise and conciliatory policy. There can be no doubt that in time it will achieve its purpose, which no armies could do; and that even these virgin forests will at length yield.

It is interesting to see a people which was itself comparatively unknown to the world half a century since, and is now at the height of its fame at the close of a successful war, working out the problem of civilising an uncivilised people,—a problem which is part of the burden of its colonial policy.

NORMAN SHAW.

THE REGULATION OF ADVERTISEMENTS

IN the old legends the wicked fairy did not usually accomplish her end by compelling or frightening her victim, or even by weaving spells ; as a matter of common form her method was to make a plausible suggestion. And, since it was only when the victim had followed the bad advice given that the malevolent witch could transform him into a cow, or a frog, or a piece of crockery, the almost invariable moral deduced was, do not listen to plausible suggestions unless you have good reason to believe that the person who makes them has no ulterior motive.

The present generation prides itself on very much greater wisdom than the simple folk of medieval times could claim ; and if a fairy now came to a school-child and offered three wishes, the precocious infant would have no difficulty in adopting Mr. Jerome's advice and refusing point blank, on the ground that the real aim of the lady was to make a fool of him. Similarly, if a gentleman with hoofs and a forked tail came to a modern youth and promised specious advantages on signing an agreement in his own blood, he would be referred to some respectable firm of solicitors and informed that writing fluids, made for the purpose, are now both cheap and legally recognised ; while to a mermaid a Don Juan of the twentieth century would explain that her request for his company at the bottom of the sea was impossible from elementary considerations. The particular confidence trick at the bottom of these three cases has in truth been worked out, a fact which may explain the prolonged absence of those who used to employ it. But it does not follow, although the child of the twentieth century stands astounded at his own sagacity, that the confidence trickster has not also brought himself up to date ; and an intelligent medieval freeman, if he could be brought back, might still have a few pertinent questions to put to the heir of all the ages. The worldly success of the company promoter might serve for one line of cross-examination, and Dr. Elijah Dowie

and Mr. Smyth-Pigott for another. But perhaps the visitor would be most impressed with one suggestion, alike delicate, personal, reiterated, obtrusive, persuasive, and pervasive. Probably his own sense of modesty in other circumstances might have prevented him from alluding to it, but as it continued to blaze at him from every hoarding he would doubtless feel in time that this reserve was mere squeamishness. Therefore the fact that some person entirely unknown to him urgently and ardently desired him to take a pill (promising him, of course, untold health and happiness if he did so) would become in its place a matter for his grave consideration.

Following his rude logic, he would conclude that as the invitation was delivered to him only as a member of the general public, those who gave it could neither claim a personal regard for him, nor a knowledge of his constitution; nor, he might be persuaded, could they be actuated by motives of charity, for in such case it would be clear that they could give away gratis enough pills to upset every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom for half the price the printed appeals cost them. He would therefore deduce (and, no doubt, the proprietors would acknowledge it frankly if he put it to them) that they desired him to take pills because of the profit that accrued to them when he purchased a box. An American would put it in his own way, that he was not advertising for his health; the question for the cautious buyer would be whether he was doing it for a stranger's.

Applying the excellent moral instruction derived from his experience with the fairy, the mermaid, and the other personage, he would reluctantly but inevitably be driven to the negative conclusion; that is, that his health was but a secondary consideration to the seller of the bolus, and that the latter's primary object was to get his money. To the use made of the purchase (provided it was not crammed down his own throat) he would probably be completely indifferent. Travelling by this safe road, therefore, the philosophic freeman would come to an obvious conclusion; and if everybody took as much pains, the trade in aloes would decrease and, it may be, certain machinery well fitted for its purpose by a wise Providence would have very much less written off yearly for depreciation.

But at this point it is impossible to ignore the fact that arguments which seem irrefutable to some minds do not appeal at all to others. Placards by the million cost much money; putting

them up costs more, and of course railway companies and individuals owning suitable sites for hoardings exact appropriate rents. Without going through a chain of very obvious deduction it may be assumed that this money ultimately comes out of the pockets of those who buy pills, and presumably swallow them ; and as at least one manufacturer is known to enjoy an income which could be measured on the scale of an American millionaire's, the sale of his concoctions must plainly be colossal.

Logical persons,—those who read these pages, and at whom advertisers might no doubt bawl a request to take a pill from every visible hoarding for a hundred years without the slightest effect—will find no connection between the excellence of pills, soap, beef-juices, tobacco, or whiskey and that of pictures and appeals to buy them, other than the fact that the purchaser of an advertised article pays for both article and advertisement. Therefore the more costly the latter, whether by reason of its artistic style, its dimensions, or its ubiquity, the less he gets of his money's worth. Production on a large scale is of course made possible by advertising, but the cost of world-wide advertisement usually represents very much more than the difference between wholesale and retail prices.

For the state of mind of those who are persuaded by advertisements, perhaps a hint may come from an observation of the Butcher to the Beaver in *THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK*. After giving the animal a lesson in arithmetic, and emphasising his chief points by repetition, he remarks, "What I say three times is true." The only difference seems to be that the intelligence of the folk who buy articles because they are puffed seems now to require a fiftyfold or hundredfold iteration before they consider the proposition proved. It has been said with regard to advertising a new article that an expenditure of £50,000 is thrown away, £100,000 just comes back, and £250,000 doubles itself. Perhaps a mathematician could thus calculate exactly how often the average buyer is likely to see a given advertisement, and what amount of repetition persuades him.

The old habit of believing what is printed is apparently still prevalent and must account for some successes. Testimonials, too, as appeared clearly in the case of the electric belts which generated no current, can be got for anything ; and whatever may be thought about the intelligence of those who give them it is not necessary to impugn their honesty.

The practical and economic problems raised by the enormous growth of advertising have perhaps an importance which is not apparent at first sight. Huge sums spent upon armies of printers, paper-makers, and bill-stickers represent an industry that is very indirectly productive, if at all; and the tendency of competition is to make advertising rather more than less expensive. Probably, on the same principle that a disease inoculates against itself, or that the person who is once bitten shies twice, the great majority will ultimately discover that a puff is no real recommendation, and then advertising will cease to pay. But this consummation still seems far distant, and meanwhile any distrust that has been created by exaggerated statements has made matters worse; for if a tradesman can boil a fairly edible jam, or mix a decently palatable cocoa, nothing short of a most expensive and broadcast pæan of praise with flamboyant testimonials will convince the public that a new article is on the market at all, and in consequence he has to sell it at twice its value, or more, to get a profit.

Then again, though it may be urged that those impervious to the blandishments of young ladies sprawling over the hoardings and having their feet washed with somebody's soap have no grievance in the free supply of artistic pictures for nothing whenever they go for a walk, and that a man who resents the sheer vulgarity of selfish assertion is altogether too delicately-minded for the twentieth century, it is generally realised that the hoarding or open-air advertisement is capable of gross abuse, and that such abuse actually exists in many concrete forms. The classical instance of the advertisement on the Great Pyramid still probably ranks by itself; but posters of staring letters and crude colouring are now produced in large numbers, and often are placed where they spoil and degrade beautiful scenery. No doubt some are drawn by real artists, and have whatever merits their use allows; but even Botticelli, using his own scroll-work and his own dancing maidens to invite the passer-by to eat somebody's sauce and pickles and beware of substitutes, would be hard put to it to make his production tolerable in a view of Dover Cliff or Durham Cathedral. And when the merciful twilight softens and finally obliterates the caricatures of royal personages telling each other that somebody's beer is the best, or of eminent statesmen acting as lay-figures for the nearest slop-tailor (what harm would there be in a reasonable law of *lèse-majesté* to prevent such outrages?), the wayfarer is confronted with the dip-and-dazzle electrical

arrangements, coiling and uncoiling with the most intolerable persistence. If it is possible by use or effort of will to overlook a hoarding, and see a landscape as if it did not exist, a hundred incandescent lamps blinking in and out cannot be ignored so readily.

However, to the reformer who seeks a remedy several very obvious difficulties present themselves. If it was to nobody's interest or profit to sell him anything he did not want to buy, advertising would at once die a natural death; but he would probably consider a complete socialism for this one end as too drastic, and nothing short of this would be effective on such lines. Moreover, a man objecting to advertisements and desirous of abolishing them would have some ethical difficulty in demonstrating what is wrong in the theory of advertising,—that vendors are simply bringing notice of their wares to purchasers desirous of buying such articles.

Thus, on the assumption that advertisements must continue until everybody is educated not to believe statements because they are printed or very often repeated (which is not likely to be in the immediate future), control rather than prohibition must be the watchword of the reformer.

It may be right to point out that under the present law control is not entirely absent, though an irritable artist travelling on an English railway might imagine otherwise. Apart from the laws regarding libel and regulating decency, to which advertisements as well as all other publications are subject (in the latter respect a special statute passed in 1889 now applies to advertisements), a few by-laws are in existence regulating such matters as sky-signs, and though hoardings are not taxed, as some would desire, they are now subject to be rated. In this connection the London Hackney Carriage Act may also be mentioned, which so long ago as 1853 prohibited advertisements by "crawling" vehicles in the Metropolis.

But it is clear that this control is in some cases too limited; and following a movement in which a London journalist took a prominent part, a short Bill, under the title of the Advertisements Regulation Act, was last year introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Balfour of Burleigh. Unfortunately it did not pass into law; and as the agitation is non-political, and its success might be supposed to menace certain powerful interests, its prospects are somewhat doubtful. Were it not for vested interests, the

power to be given to a Borough or County Council to make by-laws to prevent the disfigurement of "the amenities of a pleasure resort, public park, promenade or residential district" or "the natural beauty of a landscape" would seem to be both reasonable and necessary, and it is to be hoped that this sub-section at least will become law before long. By another sub-section the owners of existing advertisements offending in this respect are given a certain reasonable time to remove them, and yet another authorises the limitation in height of advertisement hoardings. An amendment, proposed by Lord Camperdown, dealing with the placing of advertisements upon trees, walls, fences, and the like, without the consent of owners, was added, a clause calculated to keep country roads clearer; but a useful provision enabling the authorities to deal with "advertising by means of dazzling light or special use of light and sound, advertising on pavements and scattering of advertising papers," was dropped, perhaps as jetsam.

If this Bill were passed as a whole, including the last-mentioned clause, much improvement might be effected, especially if a model by-law was directed to the protection of the railway passenger from eyesores. This should deal drastically with field advertisements clearly meant for railway passengers and disfiguring beautiful scenery, which to the patriotic ought to include every view of British field, mountain, or woodland. If this were done advertisers would probably soon become reconciled to it, for competitive clamour is expensive and compulsory silence for all in this particular direction would at least mean retrenchment, of which no rival could take advantage. The real losers would of course be the owners of land adjacent to railways, who would cease to receive the rents paid for many ugly erections. It may be observed, as an answer to any grievance that they were deprived of an Englishman's right to use his land as he pleased, that no such unqualified right exists under our system. "*Sic utere tuo ut alienum non ledas* (use your land, but not to injure your neighbour)," is a maxim whose force anyone who smoked out his vicinity with continuous bonfires, or established a fish-manure business in a fashionable London suburb, would soon discover. And to extend the law dealing with offences to the organs of smell and hearing to those affecting the sense of sight would involve no new principle, though of course its application would have to be carefully safeguarded. The railway companies themselves should be subject

to the regulations, with, if necessary, a saving clause for advertisements in open stations.

One exception to Lord Camperdown's amendment suggests itself, that it would have to be abrogated within a fortnight of an election in favour of all candidates, otherwise a political landowner might seriously prejudice the chances of an opponent. Perhaps such an exception would be tacitly allowed without express words.

Reform on such lines would put an end to one kind of abuse of advertisements, but would not touch another almost as bad, the dishonest announcements too often found in the advertisement columns of newspapers and periodicals. A type much in vogue at present may be suggested by the statement that Professor Bunkum Q. Walker, of the United States, after forty years of continuous travelling, has at length found a herb in the forests of South America which positively cures all ills that flesh is heir to. Professor Walker is far too rich and philanthropic to use this great discovery for his own ends, but gives it freely, merely wishing to know who desire to avail themselves of this stupendous opportunity. Address, Box 9999, Eden City; remember postage is $2\frac{1}{2}d$.

In considering such rubbish some propositions are obvious. It is clear that no one need buy a newspaper, that no buyer need read matter which is openly advertisement, and it may be argued that if any man chooses to do so and believes stuff of this sort no Act of Parliament could save him. However, the same chain of reasoning would apply to a company prospectus, for the statements in which promoter and directors are now held strictly responsible. And, as advertisements are just as much invitations to the public to buy wares as a prospectus is to buy shares, and pill-takers are at least as feeble a folk as investors, the rules applicable to protect either class might very well be of the same stringency. At present there are certain technicalities checking the effect of the doctrine of "making good representations," and though in at least one case an advertiser who offered the definite sum of £100 to anybody who suffered from influenza after using his nostrum was compelled to fulfil his promise, there is no adequate machinery to deal with a deliberately misleading statement in an advertisement, however profitable to its maker. An Act making advertisers responsible on the lines of the Directors' Liability Act of 1890 could do no honest tradesman harm, and would be

a powerful engine to deal with fraudulent advertisements when those responsible were within the jurisdiction.

In considering how to deal with Continental or American frauds of the Bunkum Q. Walker type, the delicate question must be faced, as to how far the proprietors of a journal ought to be responsible for inserted advertisements which are fraudulent, either on the face of them or otherwise. That there should be no responsibility would, if the law were altered as above, protect the foreign swindler at the expense of his English brother, which the most ardent Free Trader would hardly desire; full responsibility would make journalism a very different thing from what it is at present, and perhaps raise the price of newspapers a hundred per cent. or more. This might be thought too large a price to pay to save the foolish from their folly. But liability where the advertiser required money to be sent abroad (the fiction of free treatments, or free portraits, or free distributions could soon be swept aside) might be introduced, and would stop many apparently profitable French and American swindles. It might also be useful if, when an advertisement was found to be fraudulent, every newspaper which had inserted it was compelled to devote a space at least as large as that of the original advertisement to the announcement that it was a fraud, specifying also the dates and particulars of the original insertions.

In this connection the example of a morning newspaper recently started may be commended to its contemporaries. Not only is the announcement made that the advertisement columns will be supervised to eliminate anything fraudulent or offensive (which of course is done elsewhere), but it is also stated that the insertion of any advertisement which does not accurately describe the article sold will be stopped upon the purchaser producing satisfactory evidence to the advertisement manager that this is the case. This rule properly enforced would probably stop many advertisements now appearing in periodicals owned by proprietors who might well have initiated it for themselves, considering their position in journalism.

By a system introduced in the United States, the Post Office can get a "fraud-order" against an advertiser, by virtue of which authorities have power to open letters addressed to him and return money to the senders,—a drastic and effective way of dealing with the matter, which some have wished to see inaugurated in England. But as the law can punish an actually

fraudulent advertiser by imprisonment and thus stop his operations quite as surely, the fraud-order would only be useful in cases stopping short of indictable fraud. And since no legal offence would be in question, its justification would have to be that the Post Office ought to be able to refuse its assistance upon certain specified grounds. Post Office censorship, however, is looked on with some jealousy in our islands ; and an advertiser by using successive "accommodation addresses" and slight changes of verbiage might reap new harvests long before legal process could come abreast of his performances.

Perhaps, on the whole, the voluntary efforts of newspaper proprietors make the best promise of stopping abuses effectively ; and the writer here offers one reform as a suggestion for all respectable journals, which by agreement they could effect without troubling the Legislature. Testimonials, as seen above, can be procured for every useful or useless article under the sun, and, as they are just as likely to mislead as to inform, their use should be checked or abolished. This could be done if editors and proprietors banded themselves together to make the watchword *no testimonials printed* the hall-mark of their good repute. And if this be Utopian, the portraits of those who give the testimonials should be suppressed as a preliminary measure. To judge from most of these, quack remedies have their greatest use and efficacy in the systems of potential murderers.

In conclusion, a check to the enterprise of advertisers may seem to some despotic ; but that Englishmen should preserve their heritage undefiled is worth a little despotism, and that they should have to tell the truth is probably in the end the lesser hardship. On such principles the regulation of advertisements on the lines suggested is a matter at least worth consideration.

ALFRED FELLOWS.

A CASE FOR THE PSYCHICAL SOCIETY

"I WAS a new chum then," he began, turning a fresh bottle the regulation three times over against his own palm, "a new chum, cadetting with old man Kennet out on the West Coast there."

He jerked his head towards the wall where hung the gorgeous portrait of a Highlander that advertised a popular whiskey. The speaker was a hard-faced stockrider, with a red moustache, a hide like sun-dried brick, and a knowledge of cattle-beasts and of the legs of a horse. His capacity for malt liquors I have only once seen equalled. Who or what he was, or may once have been, I do not know, except that he was doing stock-work for Huntland and Nobuck, the big auctioneers and cattle-dealers of Auckland. We met after a cattle-sale in the one and only "hotel" of a certain embryonic township, and we talked because there was nothing else to do. Although he had drunk the better part of a bottle of remarkably inferior whiskey when he told the tale, he was perfectly and culpably sober, which is a worse sign than mere commonplace intoxication. And this was the story he told that night between the drinks.

It was one day in the winter of '81, I think, but it's getting a long way astern now, so I won't be certain. Anyhow we'll say '81 for argument. One day a chap called Baltbee—you've met him?—a hard nut, wasn't he?—well, he and I were out after some stray steers, part of a store mob we'd lost on the Big Flat. You know the spot?—one of those places the Almighty forgot to finish—couple o' hundred square miles of gum-land, where you may ride all day across burnt bare ridges and tea-tree swamps and only meet two lean steers and a half-starved gum-digger. I believe the Government has induced settlers to take up blocks there now, where they'll plough pipeclay and live on the Advances

to Settlers racket at five per cent. for a few years, and then file their schedules ; but in those days there was only one house on the Flat, and that was on the far edge of it down by the creek.

That afternoon we rode right across down to the harbour-side and saw a few poor frames of cattle, but no sign of our brand. Just at sundown we drew up on a bit of a rise, and took a last look round for the beasts we wanted, but there wasn't a sign of them. Baltbee cursed and said : " We'll have to give it best and let 'em go. Come on ; it'll be dark in half-an-hour."

He shoved in the spurs and went down the slope at a gallop.

I rode a big-boned brute of a half-bred mare, with a mouth like a steam-launch, and as pretty a figure-of-eight buck-jump as ever I left the top of. Being a new chum, of course they had stuck me on the worst mount in the place. Well, like a youngster without sense, when I saw Balt jam in the spurs, of course I forgot the mare's ways and stuck in mine too ; and after that I seemed to be playing leap-frog on a switchback railway. When I came down the third time the mare had gone on, and I landed on my back in a little swampy creek below. While I was wallowing around in the slime trying to get on end, I heard Balt's voice in the distance bellowing compliments to the mare while he tried to catch her ; and just as I waded ashore, knee-deep in oozy green mud, he reappeared on foot. His hands were covered with blood, and he was wiping a sheath knife on a bunch of tea-tree.

" Where's the mare ?" I said.

" Gone home," says he calmly.

" Gone home ! Confound it, why didn't you catch her ?"

" Couldn't run fast enough."

" Where's the grey ?" He rode a grey gelding.

" Over the ridge there," says he, pointing, as if nothing had happened. " Put his foot in a gum-hole, came a purler, and broke his near fetlock. I saw he was done for, so cut his throat."

" Here's a nice mess ! How're we to get home ?"

" Must get in and foot-slog it, that's all."

It wasn't much of a contract I can tell you, the thick end of thirty miles from the station, ten from anywhere, and night coming down. Being a new hand I thought it a deuce of a bad fix, and looked sick enough, I suppose, especially as I was wet through and smothered in foul green slime. It was one of

those cloudless winter evenings with faint southerly breezes and a touch of frost in the air. I shivered.

"We'll make for Shag Point," said Baltbee. "Needn't look so blue; it's only about five or six miles."

Well, there was no help for it, so we took the saddle from the dead quad and set off. The dark came up over those God-forsaken bare ridges behind us like a racer up the straight. The stars lit up all at once, as if they'd been turned on; and the harbour faded out into a dull steel-grey sheet on the right. It was a rotten spot to spend a night. Far ahead a light winked out among trees.

"See that?" said Baltbee. "That's our mark,—old John McCandlish's store at the Point."

We trudged on. The air fell chilly, and there was a frosty pale glow above the red streak on the mountains in the west; you know that look in the sky? I heard Balt swear softly.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Fog," he said, pointing to the sea.

A thin haze was gathering upon the water, and presently long wisps of vapour came creeping up the creeks and swamps and settled in the hollows of the tea-tree flats. Baltbee quickened the pace, but I was humping the saddle with the girths over my shoulder, and could not keep up with him.

"Step out, man," he said. "Put some sprint in it, unless you want to bunk under the lee of a tea-tree bush to-night."

I did my level best, but he struck a five-mile-an-hour gait that set me puffing before we'd gone five chains. I began to lag. Suddenly he stopped and swung round. "Give me that saddle," he said, and snatching it from me swung it over his shoulder, and set off again. Even then I had to trot to keep at his heels.

Gradually the fog drew down over us. In the starlight the mist came floating round us in cold ghostly shreds that seemed to rise out of the ground, until as we walked along the bare crest of a ridge, we were on an island in a still grey sea. The fog rose just like a flood-tide round our knees, and presently rolled round our faces and swallowed us. Still Baltbee tore along, but slower. I could see his burly back like a smudge on the greyness of the mist through which starlight still dribbled down. But after a bit as the fog thickened it grew black as charcoal, and every now and again Balt would sing out, "Are you there, youngster?" and would stand until I came up with him.

We'd been following one of the ridges by an old native trail, but now we lost it and suddenly found ourselves floundering first in a deep swamp and then in high scrub, dripping with wet mist. I heard Balt saying things to himself in the clammy darkness.

After a bit we made high ground again, but had not gone far when Baltbee suddenly flung down the saddle.

"Tell you what," he said; "it's my belief that we're going back in our own tracks." He stood still listening. "Can't make it out," he went on; "we ought to hear the sea, but I don't. You stand here by the saddle while I prospect around a bit. Sing out like a little man if you hear me shout."

I heard him crackling away among burnt tea-tree stumps, and after what seemed a longish time he *cooed*. I answered.

"That's no good," he said when he got back. I couldn't see him, though he stood within a yard of me. Then he set off in another direction. As I heard his footfalls grow faint and die away, in the dead silence there came a little whispering sound above my head. I stretched out a hand and struck something cold and hard. For a second it scared me; then I dropped to it that I'd been standing all this time under a tree and hadn't known it.

Just then came a far-away *cooee*, and presently Balt made his way back, guided by my shouts.

"A cabbage-tree," said he, feeling the bark; "that's good. These trees generally mark the old native tracks along the ridges hereabouts. We can't be so very far out of our reckoning."

He struck off in a new direction, but before he'd gone twenty yards found himself swamped. He tried another course and in five paces ran into high scrub. After two or three more attempts he gave it up. "Can't understand it," he growled; "seem to be swamps all round us. It's no use; we must just camp here till daybreak."

This was not joyful. I was wet and cold and uncommon hungry; but there was no help for it, and we set to work to make a fire. It was no easy job, but we'd plenty of matches and we managed it at last. We collected fuel, got up a decent blaze, spread Balt's oilskin coat (which was strapped to the saddle) over a low mound at the foot of the tree; and there we sat and smoked and tried to think we were warm.

About midnight I rose to fetch more wood for the fire and crossed to the high tea-tree just beyond the firelight. When I turned round again and looked at the camp, right in the fog-halo round the fire where Balt lay with his head on the saddle, to my surprise I saw another figure. It was a tall man with a bushy beard and thin dark face who sat on the opposite side of the fire to Baltbee. I'd never seen the chap before.

"Good-evening," I said as I sat down; "have you got bushed like us?"

The man gave a little nod but did not speak. He sat and gazed into the flames and stretched long skinny hands to the warmth. It struck me that something was the matter with him, though what I couldn't exactly say. He was a miserable-looking chap, with a morose sort of face, and the air of a man just recovering from an illness.

Baltbee woke, looked at him, and tried to talk to him; but the man only nodded without even looking up, and drew a little nearer to the fire. As he moved I caught sight under his hat-brim of a big blue scar on the left temple.

"Were you out gum-digging?" I asked, for the only people that came to the flats were the gum-diggers.

He took no notice of the question, and I saw that his eyes were dull and glassy as though he were half asleep. "He's ill," I whispered to Baltbee.

After a while we tired of trying to get anything out of the man and made up our minds that he was either very ill or dumb. He just sat there, silent and gaunt with the firelight flickering across his face. The thin veil of fog between him and me made his figure look hazy, almost transparent.

I was tired, and presently fell into a doze. Some movement awoke me. The stranger had risen and stood staring down at me with his dull eyes and a kind of wistful look like a dog's in them.

"Are you going?" I asked.

He did not seem to hear, but turned without a word, passed out of the ring of light and melted into the fog. I felt uncomfortable somehow; that stranger's face stayed with me. Baltbee stirred and woke; I was glad of his company. "Hullo!" he said; "where am I? Oh, I remember,—where's the undertaker chap?"

"Gone," I said; "he walked off without a word."

“Unsociable cuss,” said Balt; “I couldn’t get a syllable out of him.” He yawned, turned his other side to the fire to dry, and settled off to sleep again. But for a long while I could not do the same. I kept starting up, imagining that stranger had returned and was looking down at me.

Next morning I woke in the raw-smelling dawn, feeling like a corpse. The fire had burnt out; the damp hung in big drops in my hair, and I felt sick for want of food. The fog had thinned a little, and I saw that the cabbage-tree under which we had spent the night stood in an angle of a patch of tea-tree scrub. I got up to stretch my stiff joints, and saw about twenty paces off the remains of a sod-chimney such as gum-diggers build to their tents; but it was old and fallen, and the tent-poles were rotting on the ground.

The fog lifted with the sunrise and we found ourselves hardly half a mile off the right track. Not far away under the lee of a little rising ground a couple of gum-diggers’ tents showed up white against the dark scrub. It didn’t take us long to reach those tents, you can bet; and we soon were giving those gummies a hand to get some tucker ready, for we were hungry as sharks.

“One of your mates was over at our camp in the night,” said Balt as we sat wolfing down the bacon and camp bread, “but I don’t see him here.”

“It wasn’t none of our push,” said the eldest of the four diggers. “None of us left camp last night.”

“Well, somebody came to our fire, stayed an hour or so, and then cleared.”

“What was he like?” asked the digger.

“A surly ghost o’ misery. He wouldn’t speak a word.”

There was a long silence before one of the men said: “You were camped by the mound under the cabbage-tree, I expect?”

“Yes,” replied Balt, looking surprised; “how did you know?”

The men said nothing, but glanced at each other.

“Are there any other diggers about here?” I asked.

“Not a soul nearer than the Point,” answered one.

“Some swagger that missed his way, I suppose,” said Baltbee. No more was said, but I felt somehow that our hosts could have told us more if they’d chosen, and I didn’t like their reserve.

We left them presently, and about nine o’clock reached the

store at the Point. It was the ordinary sort of little slab-built shanty you see around, with a corrugated iron roof and a big wooden chimney. It stood in a poor forsaken spot, but there was deep water close to the rocks where the little steamer stopped two or three times a week. Old McCandlish was not a bad sort. He trotted out some liquor,—sly grog of course that never had paid duty, but was the real thing. We sampled it while we waited for the steamer, which was not due until mid-day.

As we sat round the big fireplace Baltbee told the old store-keeper about our visitor of the night before and asked if he'd seen a sundowner about. McCandlish cocked his eye at us and gave a grim smile. "Ay," said he slowly; "you saw *him*, did you? You'd be camped under yon cabbage-tree with a bit mound under it near an old camp chimney, I expect?"

"You know that too?" cried Baltbee, regularly taken aback. "Look here,—there's something queer about this. How d'you know?"

"Well, ye see," said McCandlish slowly, hitching up his blue dungaree trousers, with a strange look. "I've heard o' the place afore. What like a body would he be?" Baltbee described the man. "H'm, h'm," said the old man in his infernal deliberate fashion. "Would ye know his likeness if ye saw it?" He turned and rummaged among the shelves behind the gum-bags and cases of tinned meat. "Would that be the man?" he asked, holding out a dirty photograph.

"It's the very man," said Baltbee; "who is he?"

"He *was* a gum-digger body by the name o' Shalders—Shotover Shalders was the name he always got. He made a pile once, so they say, in the Shotover mine at the Thames; but like a heap o' mining gentry he was terrible lavish wi' his siller. It just slipped through his fingers like sand. And what with this and that, the drink, and all manner o' daft speculations, he just came down and down, and in the end did what many a better man has done, just shouldered his spade and spear and away to the gum-digging. He used to come to me for his stores and that. I took his gum of course, and the balance of his cheque would go down his throat, for he was an awful one for his glass. He'd a wife and bairns, too, but I'm thinking it was just the wife that sent him astray. I mind on seeing her at the Thames years back,—a fine upstanding black-eyed lass, with a small foot and a lang tongue. Poor Shotover, he was terrible fond o' the

woman, till she run off wi' a man they called Trent and fair broke his heart. Shotover went a bit daft over it, poor body."

As old Mac stopped to fill his pannikin, Baltbee asked, "And what become of him?"

"Oh, he just put a bullet through his own head one day; that's what became of him," replied Mac. "There's some thinks there was queer work. Some o' the diggers they will have it there was foul play. They say Trent was over this way and—but that's just havers. What for would Trent be wanting to kill him? More like he'd keep clear of him. Anyway poor Shotover he never came down this way to get his drop or sell his gum, and when two-three weeks went and he didn't come I just ran over to his camp. He was owing me money, you see. But all I found was hardly worth the burying. It was summer time, you understand. Well, but I buried what there was under the cabbage-tree yonder myself with his own spade, and there he is. Ay, ay, poor Shotover, that was the last o' him. It'll be good five year back now."

"Good lord!" I said. "We must have been sitting all night on his grave."

"I was thinking that," said Mac quietly. "You see, you're not the first that's done that; and there's a good few has seen him too. I doubt he's no just very easy where he is."

Well, that was old Mac's yarn, and what clinched it was that about a year after that night a green hand of a gummy, that hadn't quite got the trick of it yet, went poking around that very cabbage-tree with his gum-spear, got on something hard, and not having caught on to the feel of the gum, thought he'd struck a patch, and started and dug up the mound. The first thing he howked out was a human skull, and after that he jacked it up and tried another field. He told me himself there was a bullet-hole in the skull.

But the queerest part of the thing is that two years after that I met Shotover Shalders himself. Alive? You bet,—as much alive as I am. It was in the bar of the Tivoli in Apia, Samoa. You know it? Nice, roomy, cool place. He was standing at the bar when I went in. I'd just landed. I knew the face at once, but till someone mentioned the name couldn't remember where I'd heard it. Then I began to wonder things. I shouted drinks and made an excuse to talk. "I think we've met before," I said.

He gave me a blank look. "Where was that?" he asked.

“Don’t you recollect?—the night you came into our camp on the Big Flat beyond Shag Point?”

“No, I don’t,” he said.

It struck me he didn’t seem to want to recollect. “We were camped on the mound under the cabbage-tree there,—just by your old camp,” I went on.

The man’s face was naturally sallow, but now it turned a faint green. There was something as like funk as could be in his eyes for a moment; then he gave me a look that wasn’t very loving; but that passed like a flash. He gulped down his drink, and then turned sharp round to me and asked me to come up to his house and talk.

When we were sitting cross-legged on the *tappa*-mats on the floor of one of those dome-roofed native huts, I tried him again. I was sure there was something funny behind it all, and meant to get to the bottom of it if I could. So I asked him if he knew he was dead, and told him McCandlish’s story. Shalders didn’t answer at once, but I fancied a look of relief came over his face. A Samoan girl squatted in a corner before one of those four-legged *tanea* things, stirring and straining *kava*. I can see Shalders now, sitting like a white carved image in the brown dusk of the hut, and the trade-wind piping in the tops of the cocoanut palms outside, and flapping the mat-walls of the house. He waited until he’d swallowed his *kava*,—soapy-looking stuff, isn’t it?—and sent the cocoanut *hipu* spinning back along the mats to the girl in regular Samoan style, and then he turned to me.

“It’s true enough,” he said slowly, “that I was gum-digging on the Big Flat a good many years back, but I certainly didn’t peg out, as you see. And I’ve been here five years.” As he spoke he pushed back his hat and I saw the scar on his left temple.

“But it’s only three years since I saw you there,” said I.

He shook his head. “I left New Zealand in ’77,” he replied, “went over to Sydney, got drifting round the Islands, and fetched up here. I’ve never been back to New Zealand again.”

“But I saw you myself,” I cried; “I knew your face again the minute we met.”

A kind of grim smile came over his face, but I fancied he looked rather puzzled himself. “There must be some mistake,” he said. “Perhaps I’ve a double knocking round. Anyhow it wasn’t me.”

I stared. The man meant what he said, that was plain enough. I came near doubting my own eyes. "But old MacCandlish says he buried you himself," I said.

"He's been pulling your leg, I expect," Shalders replied a little hastily.

"But what about this?" I asked, and told him the story of the gum-digger finding the skull.

Shalders at that became suddenly testy. "What the devil has that got to do with me?" he asked with a black glance. And then in a moment he recovered himself and laughed,—a curious laugh. "You're an inquisitive chap," he said. "But—well, I don't mind telling you; I *was* over in New Zealand three years ago, and sure enough I did drop into your camp that night; but there's business reasons why I didn't want it known, so keep it to yourself, will you?" He laughed again, a little awkwardly. "Have another? *Talo-fa!*" he emptied the cocoanut again and rose.

As I walked back to the landing-place I thought of that last speech of his and I knew he had lied then, just as surely as I knew he had told the truth when he said he had never been back in New Zealand. But then, who was the man that lies buried beneath the lonely cabbage-tree on the Flat? How came he to have a bullet-hole in his skull? Why did Shalders lie to me,—unless to satisfy my curiosity and hide something? I took the trouble to enquire, and could lay my hand on half a dozen witnesses to prove that Shalders had not left Samoa for more than five years before I met him. Yet if I am certain of anything, I am certain that it was him I saw in our camp that night. There was the scar on his head in proof. The question is, can a living man be in two places at once, or appear where he is not? I tell you the thing has puzzled me properly. What do you think?

That is the stockman's yarn. What I think is that he was sober and appeared to be speaking the truth. The explanation seems a matter for the Society for Psychical Research.

GEORGE MAKGILL.

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THE ENEMY'S CAMP

CHAPTER XXII

"IN the course of my professional experience," said Majendie, gloomily, "I have come across several instances of malaria arising out of the bite of the English mosquito or gnat,—a very virulent type, too."

"All this mud must be bad, too," suggested the Admiral with equal gloom.

"Couldn't be in a worse place," Majendie admitted. "This is an unhealthy part of England. It was noted for leprosy at one time. Nice, cheerful disease, leprosy!"

"There's more about than is generally known now, isn't there?" the Admiral enquired.

Majendie laughed a sardonic laugh. "The number of lepers in London at this moment would astonish you," he said. "We know, but the public doesn't realise that there is such a thing."

The speakers were stretched at full length on the roof of the houseboat. Talbot, who was also on the roof, was extended comfortably in a deck-chair close to them. Supper had been over some time, and it was now dark except for the stars, the glowing end of the Admiral's cigarette, and the beam of light which was reflected across the stream from the cabin below. Inside, Charles was playing cut-throat poker with William, having in vain tried to get a four for bridge; the Admiral and Majendie were pessimistic with regard to the pleasure to be obtained from cards, while Talbot had been pondering on the advisability of leading a better life, though of course he did not put it in that way,—he merely said that he was hanged if he had come into the country to play cards.

Out of this train of circumstances arose the somewhat depressing conversation that we have recorded. The medical impulse had been given by Talbot, who had remarked cheerfully that he could not remember when he last felt so able-bodied; the only thing that pained him, he said, was a gnat that had bitten him on the neck. To this Majendie replied with his malarial mosquito; and then the conversation wandered into the very arcana of medical horror.

"Oh stop that, you body-snatcher," said Talbot at last. "To listen to you, one would think it marvellous that anyone managed to live at all."

"In the whole course of my experience," said Majendie, dis regarding this remonstrance, "I have only met one layman besides yourself, Admiral, who had anything like an adequate conception of the risks a man runs daily."

"I always took an interest in diseases," returned the Admiral with some modesty. "But is cancer of the tongue——"

Talbot judged it to be about time to divert the conversation more effectually. "By the way, Admiral," he broke in, "have you brought your paints and things with you?" Talbot thought that the Admiral started, though it was too dark to see his face. "You ought to take a sketch or two of the neighbourhood," he continued. "I came on an admirable subject the other day,—Millcote Church, as pretty an ivied tower as I've seen for years."

The Admiral started again. This time there was no doubt about it; his cigarette betrayed him by emitting sparks. "No," he said after a slight pause, "I didn't bring any paints. I don't do much at it now."

"Pity to drop it," said Talbot, amiably. "A parlour trick of some kind is useful to have; never could do anything of the sort, myself. Seeing an easel this afternoon put it into my head, I suppose."

"An easel?" repeated the Admiral, quickly. "Where?"

"Oh, in a wood," said Talbot. "I was taking a short cut by that horse-ride where King Charles's oak is."

"Was there anyone," the Admiral began, but he checked himself. It would never do even to hint at interest before the brutal, but not obtuse, Talbot.

He however seemed unsuspecting. "Oh, only a female," he replied.

“Any good?”—the Admiral thought he might venture on this ambiguous question. An answer to either interpretation would give some enlightenment.

“I didn’t look,” Talbot returned indifferently. “But as I passed her portfolio was open, and I saw a sketch of Millcote Church which I recognised,—though it was poor enough stuff. That reminded me of the place, and I thought something decent could be made of it.”

The Admiral hugged himself silently. The evidence was all in his favour, and he forgot to be annoyed at the slighting reference to what in part at least was his own work. “Women can’t paint,” he admitted for caution’s sake.

Majendie had listened to the dialogue almost as intently as the Admiral, and now he sought to draw Talbot out. “Did you come back by way of the mill?” he asked.

“Yes,” was the answer. “We did quite right to move. I saw another woman close to the mill, a black-haired girl with a basket and a parasol.”

Majendie also started. The answer to his inmost thoughts seemed almost too abrupt for reality. “A lady?” he asked as indifferently as he could.

“Yes, I should think so,” said Talbot; “but you can’t tell nowadays till you hear them speak, and not always then. I didn’t wait for that, naturally. I took her to belong to that infernal camp; I suppose the other did, too.”

“Is the camp still there, then?” asked the Admiral in a voice from which he could not quite eliminate a note of eagerness.

“Oh yes,” said Talbot, wearily. “I saw the tents through the trees.”

After this there was a period of silence, during which Majendie and the Admiral exchanged furtive but congratulatory kicks, and Talbot smiled to himself.

“By the way,” said Majendie, presently, “is Charles’s Gladstone bag quite safe?” The Gladstone bag had been on his mind for two days. The last time he had met Agatha he had suddenly become conscious that his appearance was hardly in accordance with the traditions of his profession, and that had naturally led him to reflect on clothes in general, and to a fervent hope that Charles would not suddenly find his Gladstone bag; and yet it seemed a pity that good raiment should be hidden, like the talent, where moth and rust doth corrupt. In fact Majendie

was in two minds about the Gladstone bag when he made the distressing discovery that Agatha had apparently gone for ever. This had driven all thought of clothes from his mind for the time, but now that he had been restored to a measure of equanimity he naturally recurred to the interrupted train of meditation.

It was Talbot who started this time; he was at that very moment occupied with the same subject. Fortunately Majendie could not see that he started, and was not looking out for so unwonted a spectacle. "Quite safe," returned Talbot, decidedly; "he won't find it if he looks for a month." Indeed, Talbot had taken a good deal of trouble to make his excavation in the haystack imperceptible to curious eyes, and thought he had succeeded.

"I don't know," said Majendie, dubiously; "he's an obstinate chap. Whereabouts is it?"

"It's a long way from here," said Talbot, cautiously.

"Are you quite sure of the place?" asked the Admiral. Curiously enough he, too, had from time to time been thinking of the Gladstone bag.

"Absolutely," returned Talbot.

"It came into my mind," said Majendie, ingenuously, "because I came on an ideal hiding-place for it yesterday. It struck me at the time that one might put a thing there for years without anyone being the wiser."

Talbot did not give him much encouragement. "Really?" he said in a tone that displayed very little interest.

Majendie, however, persevered. "And so if you're not really satisfied with your place, I mean if you think he might by any chance happen on it, I could easily put it in my place. I don't see why you should have all the anxiety."

By this time Talbot was smiling to himself; Majendie was really too transparent. His smile broadened when the Admiral also made a generous offer. "That's funny," said he, "because I found just such a place myself. In my place you could hide a thing for centuries; I'll put it there if you like."

"Thanks very much," said Talbot, answering them both; "but there's no necessity to move it. The crack of doom will find it where it is now, unless I take it away myself."

The faces of his friends fell in the darkness, but they made no further attempt to extract information which was so clearly not

to be extracted. There was therefore a silence until Talbot yawned and, stretching himself, said he thought it was about time to turn in.

The witching hour had struck by the clock of Millcote Church some time when Charles's uneasy slumbers (he was dreaming that he was still playing poker, but with his Gladstone bag instead of William, and he had just said that he would "see" his adversary) were broken by a noise. He opened his eyes and listened—yes, there it was again, a distinct sound of wood knocking against wood, which he had no difficulty in recognising as the contact of an oar with the side of a boat. "Burglars," thought Charles, promptly sitting up in his bunk and feeling for some clothes. He swiftly put them on and made for the door of the house-boat; he would creep along the roof and take the marauder unawares from above. Very quietly he mounted the companion-ladder and made his way towards the stern. Here, as he expected, was a dark figure faintly outlined against the paler background of the river; it appeared to be stooping down, but there was not light enough to see what it was doing.

Then the figure moved and there was the unmistakable sound made when a man steps into a boat. Without a moment's hesitation Charles sprang from the roof on to the after-deck. It was evident that someone was trying to steal the dinghy, and he instinctively groped in the dark for the painter that he might frustrate this nefarious intention. But instead of the painter his hands encountered some large smooth object which was lying on the edge of the deck, an object that sent a thrill through him. There was no mistaking that excellent leather. But hardly had the thrill been transferred from his fingers to his brain when the object was snatched away, and there was a great swirl in the water indicating that the boat had been pushed violently off. Before Charles could recover from his surprise came the sound of oars, and it was apparent that the marauder was proceeding down-stream at the rate of thirty-eight strokes to the minute. Charles stared blankly in the direction of the sound for a full minute, and then springing impetuously ashore, set off at full speed down the bank. The boat had a long start; a swift runner, however, can keep up with a racing eight without difficulty, and he calculated upon soon overtaking the heavy dinghy. But it is not easy to run along a river bank on a dark night, and Charles's course was impeded by various obstacles of

Nature. Several times he stumbled and fell, but he ran gamely on, realising after a while that he was gaining on the boat.

It was an impressive race. Talbot was well aware that he was being pursued,—from time to time he could hear observations as the pursuer stumbled, which left no doubt of it—and he strained every nerve to hustle the boat along. He was a powerful, if not a very scientific, oar, but a heavy tub is hardly the vessel for a two-mile race. He set his teeth and put his back into it, the perspiration dripping from every pore. Fortunately by this time he knew the course of the river fairly well, but there was a great danger of running into the bank on so dark a night, and he had to trust largely to instinct for steering. Meanwhile Charles was gaining foot by foot, and when they had covered about a mile he realised that he was not more than fifty yards behind. This increased his confidence but diminished his caution, and he straightway blundered into a low bush and measured his length on the grass, where he lay for a time too shaken to move. Talbot, gathering from further heated observations that there had been an accident, quickened to forty strokes and gained another hundred yards. His breath was now coming painfully and every muscle in his body was aching; he felt that soon he would be done. However, he knew from experience that a man can go on rowing long after he is to all intents and purposes dead. Though there is the roar of ocean in his ears, though his eyes see nothing but a blood-red curtain of fire, though heart and lungs have ceased work, the limbs and back continue to move automatically; and indeed some hold that a man rows better in this state than when he is in possession of his faculties. Talbot's last use of his faculties was to reflect that he was doing it for Cicely; then he became a heroic automaton.

Charles also was in bad case. His fall had knocked all the breath out of him, and he had not had much to spare at the time; moreover he was bruised and scratched, and confused by the darkness. However, he picked himself up and ran on savagely. He blundered over the next stile, and then found himself in the long meadow at whose extremity was their old camping-ground. This was in his favour; there were no more hedges and he knew the country better. He began to recover the distance, and in another quarter of a mile the competitors were neck and neck. Talbot had slackened his stroke to thirty-two, unconscious of everything except that he had to go somewhere

in a boat. Charles's hands were working convulsively, and his heart threatened to burst its bounds ; he, too, was only conscious that he had to get somewhere in order to prevent something—what, he knew not. So the two automata continued racing side by side until they had nearly reached the old camping-ground, and here accident befell both. Charles fell headlong into a dry ditch which he should have crossed by a plank, and this finished him. He lay motionless, almost too beaten to breathe and unaware that Talbot had run the boat hard into the bank close by, and was now lying on his back with his head on the bow seat in a state of collapse.

In this lamentable condition both remained for several minutes, and then Talbot became aware that he was able to breathe once more ; thought succeeded consciousness, and he remembered that he had done some noble deed for Cicely's sake,—what it was he could not be sure. Then it came to him that he was in a boat and rather uncomfortable, and he put out an enquiring hand and felt about. The hand lighted on the Gladstone bag just behind him, and this recalled everything. He raised himself stiffly into his seat and listened. He could hear nothing, and he concluded that he must have shaken off the pursuit. Then, grasping a scull, he pushed the boat out from the bank and proceeded to paddle gently down to the osier-bed.

Charles took longer to recover, for he suffered from shock as well as exhaustion. His first perception was that he heard the sound of oars as his adversary went on down-stream, and he lay wondering who could be rowing past the house-boat at this time of night. Slowly he began to realise where he was ; the ditch was dry so far as the river was concerned, but dew was beginning to fall and he felt damp. Then he, too, raised himself into a sitting posture and endeavoured to remember what had happened. He had just got so far as to recall the fact that he had been running, when he heard the sound of oars again. Talbot had placed the Gladstone bag in temporary security and was coming back at an easy stroke. He passed Charles and the sound gradually went further and further up stream. Charles arose, stretched himself, and proceeded to follow slowly. His thoughts grew clearer, and he perceived that he had lost the race ; however he knew approximately where the bag was once more, and he determined to search the osier-bed the first thing on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXIII

MAJENDIE and the Admiral got determinedly into the boat without wasting words in explaining their intentions. However, there was no one to demand explanations. William was not in sight, and Charles was resting languidly in his deck-chair. He did not feel that he had had enough sleep to compensate him for his really unheard-of exertions during the silent hours ; presently, indeed, he intended to stroll down to the osier-bed, but just now he wanted repose. Talbot, that man of iron, had departed with his fishing-tackle immediately after breakfast. If he felt tired he did not say so ; there are certain exalted frames of mind in which the body is unconscious of fatigue.

The Admiral elected to be landed on the other bank, and Majendie went on down stream alone, sculling briskly. On nearing a field that contained a brindled cow, however, he slackened speed and gazed reflectively at a certain willow. Then he remembered Talbot, and bent to the sculls again abruptly. It was full early when he reached the village shop, which he entered demanding a pound of tea. While it was being wrapped up he casually asked if there had been any other customer that morning, and finding that Agatha had not yet come he left without completing his purchases. Then he reconnoitred the approaches. Majendie had never been a volunteer and the survey did not appeal to any professional instincts. Therefore, going a little way along the lane that led down to the mill, he sat down on a bank under the hedge, close to the locked gate, out of sight of a person coming up the hill, and waited.

He had long to wait. His first pipe, which he had postponed in order to get off sooner, fizzled out to the relief of all the gnats in the neighbourhood, who sought revenge for their temporary defeat at once. Majendie grew impatient, and lit a second pipe, justifying this excess by telling himself that there might be a malarial mosquito among the number of his persecutors. He was even about to fill a third when he heard a quick, decided, yet light tread approaching. He put his pipe in his pocket and adjusted his eye-glasses.

“Good-morning, Miss Neave,” he said, standing up and bowing in his best manner. It would have impressed any reasonable invalid with the utmost confidence, being an exact copy of

that calculated inclination which had distinguished his father among those who help to preserve our duchesses for us, had procured that eminent physician a knighthood, and would doubtless grace a baronetcy.

But Agatha was by this time sure that she was an invalid no longer, and she was not impressed. Perhaps the bow was hardly congruous with holiday attire. Majendie himself realised this almost as soon as it was made, and reflected that the magnificent Charles would never have perpetrated it in the circumstances. Sir Seymour had made a study of the art of bowing, and he would have instructed the tyro somewhat after this fashion. A hat of soft felt, being at best an un-English head-gear, justifies a slight exaggeration in profundity, a graceful sweep of the arm in its replacement. A panama demands a certain ease of execution, conveying a suggestion of correct informality. But the delicate nuances of the art are only attained by the medium of an immaculate silk hat, not unaided by the concomitant frock-coat. Only by their conjoint employment can be conveyed the bow proper, which should completely express the history, social status, profession, or (preferably) lack thereof, of the artistic performer. The "interior" of a Dutch master cannot be emulated when the artist has only the tools of a house-painter; in such circumstances he must content himself with broad impressionist effects. It was here that Majendie erred. Yet it would have puzzled the magnificent Charles to have accomplished an adequate performance with the cloth cap at Majendie's disposal. Had Talbot only fallen in with his suggestion of hiding the Gladstone bag in a really safe place it might have been different.

As it was Agatha passed him with an acknowledgment, polite but distant, of the kind given to over-pertinacious acquaintances, and quite in the grand manner as practised in Ealing. She had determined on this precise greeting in the event of his reappearance, a contingency Cicely's artless assumptions had rendered distasteful. She pursued her walk a little flushed, but hoping the incident was closed. But Majendie was something of a strategist; her advance was impeded by the locked and five-barred gate, and she was impeded by a basket and a parasol. "Permit me," he said.

The lane was too narrow for her to dodge him, if indeed such an undignified idea had even occurred to her, so she perforce

surrendered her basket and allowed him to help her across. A wild scheme of seizing the basket and hurrying on to the shop before he could get over came into her head, but Majendie did not offer to give it up. Instead he surmounted the stile without hurry and shook her outstretched hand with effusion. Agatha had been preparing a set speech, but this rapid movement baffled her. "You are going to the shop?" he enquired, settling the basket comfortably on his arm.

"Yes," Agatha admitted. "Pray do not trouble to carry my basket; I can manage quite well."

"No trouble at all," he said cheerfully; "I'm going there too."

Agatha, inwardly rebellious, saw no way out for the moment. She was reduced to silence, and began to walk rather quickly. It was evident that she did not intend to speak to him more than was absolutely necessary. Majendie again cursed the stroke of fortune that had given to Talbot the sole access to the Gladstone bag,—Talbot, to whom a knowledge of its whereabouts could be of no possible utility. However, professional appearance or unprofessional appearance, he was not to be baffled. "You are not compelled to hurry, I hope," he said. "Walking fast is not a good thing when the sun is so hot."

"I've got to get back as soon as I can," she stated, but slackening her pace a little.

"What a pity," said Majendie; "I've been waiting for you such a long time."

"You shouldn't have done that," she objected.

"May I not hope for forgiveness,—if it *is* an offence?" he asked, smiling.

"I oughtn't to be talking to you at all," Agatha returned with severity.

"Because we've not been properly introduced?" he questioned. His tone suggested a suspicion of irony that was fortunately lost upon Agatha.

"My aunt would not like it at all," she replied.

Majendie suddenly displayed contrition for past offences. "Do you think I ought to have waited for an introduction before—when you——?"

"You said it *wasn't* mad," Agatha broke in irrelevantly. Then she was angry with herself for having answered him; silence, she remembered, is considered the most truly dignified course to take in Ealing.

"But you deigned to require me then," pursued he. "Shall I have to hire a cow, as to whose sanity there may be two opinions, every time I want to speak to you?"

"You oughtn't to want to speak to me at all." Agatha's tone was uncompromising. She hated being bantered, and that was evidently her fate just now. "Give me my basket, please," she concluded.

"Let you carry a basket, when I am going your way! I couldn't think of such a thing," said Majendie in chivalrous horror. "Besides, Miss Neave, you really must not be angry with me, because I want to ask you a favour. That's why I've been waiting here so long. I've been sent out to buy stores for my party, and I've lost the list they gave me. I don't know any more about house-keeping than,—you do about mad cows," he was going to add, but suppressed it for fear it should weaken his argument. "So I was hoping you might be able to tell me the sort of things I ought to buy. Otherwise we shall all starve, and I haven't done anything so very dreadful that you should want that, have I?"

Agatha relented a little. "But how can I know what you want?" she asked.

"If you don't it will be dreadful," he replied. "I ordered a shilling's worth of salt once, and they gave me a block so big that I had to bury it in a field. It would have killed all the fish in the river, and I am sure I shall do much worse now if I am left to my own devices. So you really must help."

"But how can I? What ought you to get?"

"Everything. There's nothing in the larder, I'm told, and they gave me a list about a yard long."

"You ought always to have a reserve to fall back upon," stated Agatha in Aunt Charlotte's most practical manner. She was beginning to be interested. First and foremost a woman loves shopping on her own behalf; next she loves shopping for someone else. "Do you drink tea or coffee?" she asked.

"I drink both," said Majendie. "Talbot generally drinks beer."

"Not for breakfast?" said Agatha, a little shocked.

"Oh, not for breakfast, of course," he agreed hastily; "coffee then, tea later."

"Two ounces a head," Agatha began to calculate, "ought to last you a week, say a pound. I expect you waste a little if you

do all your own cooking," she added with a touch of feminine scorn. As his pound was only estimated for two days this was perhaps justified.

"Thanks awfully," said he ; "and how much coffee ?"

"Twice as much as the tea, my aunt says. Then you'll want bacon——"

"Do let us sit down," Majendie pleaded, "and then I can write it all on a piece of paper. It's awfully good of you."

Agatha yielded unthinkingly. At her dictation Majendie recorded a number of details with which he purposed to confound William. Meanwhile her manner perceptibly softened, to his secret amusement. Of set purpose he was allowing himself to be instructed, and Agatha enjoyed few opportunities of imparting instruction except to Cicely, and Cicely, though on occasion a patient listener, after all remained Cicely ; here Agatha had a seemingly genuine pupil, and had also the opportunity of recovering her lost dignity. In her heart she had been vexed at being in so ridiculous a plight when they first met. It was a position wholly unworthy of a niece of Mrs. Lauriston, a daughter of Bel Alp. Now, however, she was rapidly regaining her prestige.

Majendie scribbled away, thinking of other things, and when the lesson was over they proceeded amicably to the shop. Here he did not give his orders, but seized Agatha's basket so soon as it was full. "The least I can do is to carry it back part of the way," he said. Agatha's scruples began to return, as he perceived. "No, I am not going to take *no*," he continued when they were out of the shop ; "when you've saved me my work for a week, too. It is a pity I don't know Mrs. Lauriston, but perhaps Mr. Lauriston will introduce me. Meantime I'm going to carry your basket."

"You know my uncle ?" said Agatha, a little relieved but somewhat surprised.

"Oh yes," returned Majendie untruthfully, for he had never had the pleasure of actually meeting that gentleman ; "but I'm hardly in calling trim just now, or I'd carry the basket a little further. I won't tell about the cow anyhow."

Agatha submitted to his escort. It was not quite what she had expected, but then she had not anticipated such pertinacity. After all he knew Uncle Henry, a puzzling but on the whole reassuring circumstance. Moreover it was not unflattering to

find that he was anxious for her society, and, for all his unconventional attire, he compared favourably with the young men who combined "something in the City" with a residence in Ealing. And lastly, though Agatha was the niece of Mrs. Lauriston, she was also the daughter of Mr. Neave; and Mr. Neave had never been remarkable for a devoted adherence to the principles of decorum which obtain in that elegant suburb; and it may be that she found it not unalluring, just for once, to make an experiment in what Mrs. Lauriston would have called "living her own life."

CHAPTER XXIV

"Yes, dear, it is a lovely glade, and King Charles's oak is very interesting; but can't we go for a row?"

"It's so soon after breakfast," was the objection.

"I'll do all the rowing; we'll go to that place where the weeping willows are, where the water is so clear and still,—the mermaids' corner we called it."

"Yes, it is almost as good as a looking-glass, except that you would get giddy if you always had to stoop to see what your hair looked like. And then it would never get dry, and just imagine being a mermaid in winter when it was frozen; it makes me cold to think of it." The speaker gave a little graceful shiver. "I'm going to sit quite still in a sunny place and fish."

"Can't I come with you, dear?"

"But you don't fish, you know, and you'd be dreadfully bored with me; you'd have to sit quite still, too, and not talk at all."

"I think I could do that for ever and always by the river," Doris decided poetically.

"But you wouldn't be by the river," Cicely continued; "you'd have to sit quite a long way from the bank or you'd frighten the fish."

"Oh, I'll do that if I can come," Doris pleaded. "I don't seem to have seen you to talk to for days and days; and we said we would spend all the mornings together while Agatha and your aunt were housekeeping."

At this reproach Cicely had the grace to feel a little ashamed of herself; Doris was her friend, and of late Doris had been cruelly abandoned for—an angling acquaintance. Had Miss Yonge known the circumstances it would have been easier.

There comes a time when most friendships are, by the intrusion of an acquaintance of the opposite sex, interrupted, altered, ended. Doris, with the facts in her possession, would doubtless have acquiesced meekly. As it was, she conceived herself neglected, and did not suspect that she was merely superseded. Hence Doris looked at Cicely with trusting eyes, reproachful indeed but thinking not of guile.

"Doris, dear," said Cicely with sudden solemnity, "do you ever feel a desire to be alone, alone with the sea and the illimitable sky, alone in communion with——?" She stopped with an uneasy feeling that her speech would hardly carry conviction. She was, however, more fortunate than she deserved to be.

"With Nature?" Doris completed the period for her. "Ah yes, I understand." She put her arm round Cicely's waist in sympathy.

"It's all for her good," said that young lady to herself, attempting justification before the inner tribunal; but conscience as counsel for the prosecution tore this argument to pieces. Cicely let the trial proceed while she continued the crime. "It's so nice of you to understand, dear," she went on. "I must"—she vaguely waved a soft little hand in no particular direction; "so you won't mind doing a picture of King Charles's oak this morning; I should so much like to see a sketch of it, and this afternoon"—here her manner suddenly brightened—"we'll escape together for a nice talk, before Uncle Henry lights his cigar."

Doris patted the slightly ashamed cheek of the devotee to solitary communing with Nature, and departed towards the glade as Cicely directed. The internal trial was ended, and conscience, who unfairly acted as jury in addition to prosecuting, pronounced a verdict against the younger Miss Neave. Talbot found her exceedingly elusive and very prettily despotic all that morning; she was, of course, undergoing sentence. However, when he told her that he had dropped certain necessary hints, Cicely allowed herself a ticket-of-leave to enjoy their becoming accessories to certain duplicities to come.

Meantime the Admiral, after being landed by Majendie on the further bank, had set off for his walk, ruminating in secret amusement on what he considered a gratuitous piece of information from the enemy Talbot. The form of the intelligence was questionable, but its clarity was unmistakable. While taking his basket that constant angler had remarked to him: "Just see

that Charles doesn't go near Taylor's copse ; that female is sure to be sketching his royal namesake's oak again to-day, and he'll be bringing her back to tea, confound him."

At this Majendie and the Admiral exchanged a sympathetic glance while Talbot strode haughtily away. But the heavy frown his gait suggested was entirely absent from his face, as the magnificent Charles, who was just emerging sleepily from the house-boat, observed. Sir Seymour, taking too large a view of his own importance, attributed the pleasant expression of humour on Talbot's countenance to further direful plots against the Gladstone bag.

Therefore the Admiral resolved to carry out the instructions given to him, and he set off with every intention of preventing Charles from making the acquaintance of the fair artist ; this could undoubtedly be best effected by monopolising her himself. He walked rapidly, and had covered half a mile before it occurred to him that it was rather early yet for the expected appearance. A convenient stile suggested a halt, and a halt a pipe. From where he sat he commanded a view of the lane leading from the mill to Taylor's copse. The heat-haze that mellowed the distant hills had hardly yet melted away though the sun was coming to his own, and all the world was awake and busy. A dairy-maid was searching the grass in a distant field which harboured a brindled cow. The Admiral thought out an appropriate quotation from the Georgics, and mused on the poetry of milking-time. He was, however, at fault in his reckoning ; the dairy-maid was searching the field for different reasons. The diet supplied by Agatha had taken the milkmaid's occupation away from her so far as that particular cow was concerned, and she was now looking to see if the meadow contained any herb sufficiently noxious to dry up the animal's milk unexpectedly and out of all due season. The Admiral, however, quoted happily, with much academic satisfaction.

Presently a ploughboy joined the dairy-maid, and the Admiral had recourse to Theocritus. A passing bumble-bee droned clumsily by, and the Georgics were again in request. Then he began to review the classics to find something appropriate to Doris. He dismissed Ovid with haste, and was considering the possibilities of Tibullus when a slight figure carrying an easel appeared in the expected quarter. The classics were momentarily forgotten, and knocking the ashes out of his pipe the Admiral rose briskly. "I

should like to thank Talbot, poor Talbot," he remarked irrelevantly. A blackbird departed in haste at this utterance, but the Admiral missed the reference. He was already on his way to the lane.

"I must claim the privilege again," he said a few minutes later, taking hold of the easel. Doris started, for she had not heard his approach. He only just rescued it from falling. "I'm glad you've managed to retain my name," he resumed in answer to an exclamation of frightened recognition. "But why did you never finish your sketch of the tower?"

"I—I couldn't," she said confusedly.

"I'm afraid you're not very persevering," said the Admiral firmly. "It was going on very well too; you must let me see it if you've got it with you."

"I haven't got it," she declared.

"Did you throw it away altogether?" he asked. "You shouldn't give a thing up so easily."

"Oh, I wouldn't throw it away ever; I mean I never do throw them away," she returned, still in confusion.

The Admiral again said "Poor Talbot!" but not aloud. He was leading her towards the wood, and she had no choice but to follow submissively. Now and again she looked hurriedly about her, whether seeking a way of escape or fearing that Mrs. Lauriston might be at hand was not quite clear even to herself.

"Do you want the easel put here?" he asked, for they had now reached the grass ride and were face to face with the great oak which, in common with most other great oaks, had had the honour of affording shelter to the royal personage.

Doris acquiesced. He set up the easel, procured some water for her from a ditch, and asked how far she had got with the sketch. "But I haven't done any at all," she said.

"Fortune favours the brave," remarked the Admiral.

Doris looked rather doubtful as to whether fortune was strictly impartial between the brave and the fair, and the Admiral asked if she had not been there the day before. She had not, but the Admiral did not suspect. He laughed at poor Talbot again and explained boldly. "Yes, I'm very fortunate. You see, a friend told me he'd seen a lady painting here yesterday, so I came to see if it wasn't you."

"Oh, you meant——" Doris paused. The meeting, then, was not accidental.

"Yes, I meant to meet you, and now I have I'm going to stay. You shouldn't go about alone in the country; you might meet another lot of boys." The Admiral's tone was full of decision.

"I don't think you ought to have come," Doris enunciated slowly.

"Are you afraid Mrs. Lauriston wouldn't like it?" he asked.

"I know she wouldn't." On this point Doris was assured.

"Mrs. Lauriston is not the only person to be considered," said the Admiral firmly. "*Ætas parentum*—I mean, I often find,—everyone in any profession does—that parents and people *in loco parentis* object to things in the most unreasonable manner. We often have to disregard their wishes, or schools simply could not go on. Of course, if you yourself would rather I went away it would be different. If that is what you mean when you say 'Mrs. Lauriston,' I can only apologise and go. Your work interested me, and having been of some small service, I had hoped to be so again." The Admiral was loftily reproachful.

"No, I don't mean that, I don't really," said Doris in some confusion. "Only I'm her guest, and what can I say to her?"

"You are not responsible to Mrs. Lauriston," observed the Admiral.

"I can't do what would displease her, when I'm here, can I?" Doris was firm.

She had appealed to the Admiral's professional sense of discipline, and he was momentarily at a loss. Truthfulness and sincerity were qualities which he was dutifully bound to approve, and indeed to inculcate. "At any rate since I'm here, you're not going to send me away this morning?" he temporised.

Doris felt that since he *was* there, perhaps he might be allowed to remain. The sketch was begun under his tuition, and Miss Yonge fell back into the part of pupil. He made the best use of his time, endeavouring by incidental questions to ascertain if they had any mutual acquaintance. Presently he said, "I knew a Yonge at Oxford. I wonder if he was any relation of yours." Doris confessed to having had a brother at Trinity. "I thought I recognised the resemblance," said the Admiral gaily. As his Yonge was a Magdalen man this was perhaps odd. It seemed odd to Doris, though for another reason.

"I'm not a bit like him," said she. "He's tall and dark."

"Outsiders see family likenesses best," returned the Admiral hastily. "He was a good oar, your brother."

"He never told me that he rowed," commented Doris doubtfully.

"That was his modesty," put in the Admiral. Apparently Yonge of Trinity was not a man to be relied upon; however, he persevered. "What's he doing now? I haven't heard for a long time."

"He's reading for something," she said, "some dreadful examination."

"I wish I could help him," sighed the sympathetic Admiral. Distinction in the humaner letters naturally makes for distinction in the humaner feelings.

"He's my favourite brother," she confessed; "I'm so glad you met him."

The Admiral was a little ashamed of himself. He had not the criminal capacities of his chief, and the tradition of blameless rectitude being strong upon him, he diverted her attention to the landscape. The time passed rapidly; it progressed indeed faster than the sketch, which the Admiral retarded with able criticism. However, the lesson had eventually to end. "I must carry your things a little of the way back," he said. Doris permitted this without demur. "And you should finish the sketch in morning light. I shall hope to see it completed some day; in fact I hope to assist in its completion."

"But you promised," began Doris reproachfully.

"I think a man in my position can be trusted," returned the Admiral, coming to a resolution. "I shall be here to-morrow. I cannot call on Mrs. Lauriston to-day, as unfortunately I did not expect to meet Mr. Yonge's sister in this part of the country and am hardly suitably attired. But I shall not, if you will excuse me, deny myself the pleasure of helping your sketch until Mr. Lauriston, whom I know, satisfies the conventions on my behalf." The Admiral uttered Mr. Lauriston's name with a confidence not quite justified by his knowledge of the owner, which, like Majendie's, was purely vicarious as yet. It had, however, an effect on Doris, and when he added, "After all this is the country. Don't you think it would be rather absurd of you to run away?" she gave a somewhat dubious assent. "I'm sure of it," said the Admiral firmly.

(To be continued.)

GERMANY IN THE PACIFIC

THE little YSABEL, struggling against the bad coal of Bellambi, a three-knot current, and her short deep squat lines, panted along the Papuan Coast at four knots. The green high slopes and palms of Suan shone abeam, with the lofty boomerang of Wedge Island prinked in magnolia greens and the crimson fire of the flame-tree. Nearer China Straits the grassy slopes show torn and riven as if hills and valleys had been suddenly overwhelmed by ocean, the pines making a running fight with the sea, and many palms lifting out of the surge their boles and suckers in the brine. Behind the foreshores stretches a wild tangle of palms, lianas, lawyer-vines, and india-rubber trees, with cedar, ebony, teak, and sandal-wood on the heights that in a few miles from the coast become almost impassable,—the ranges which are the backbone of New Guinea. The seas are paved with pearl-shell for along a thousand miles of coast; the land is wondrously fertile; behind the ranges are enormous areas, of alluvial gold-fields, whose existence caused the early Spanish explorers to name the north-east coast *Isola del Oro*; the jungles are full of beauty; the scrubs and forests teem with strange and splendid birds and butterflies, from the great crested Goura pigeon, as big as a goose, to the wondrous Raggiana, the Bird of Paradise.

This is the land that, but for the stupid officialism of the Colonial Office, would have been ours to-day, with all the islands to the north-east for five hundred miles. As it is, Eastern New Guinea is partitioned with the Germans, who neither discovered nor explored, having neither the genius nor the desire for exploration: New Britain and New Ireland have become the Bismarck group; and the thing which the Australian statesman, who annexed all Eastern New Guinea and the Eastern Islands, attempted to prevent, the thing which Lord Derby helped in disallowing,—the annexation by Australia—has

happened. Germany has secured rich and fertile islands in the Eastern and Western Pacific, and a great section of New Guinea; and having played the camp-follower in exploration, has, by bounties and subsidies, almost succeeded in forcing the Australian traders, who were here the pioneers of commerce, out of the trade of the Northern and Western Pacific.

The ousting of the Australian firm of Burns, Phelp and Co. from the trade of the Marshall Isles is already the subject of a claim by the Australian firm on the German Government. The *YSABEL*, the smallest steamer of the Burns and Phelp fleet, trades monthly from Thursday Island, in North Australian waters, along the thousand miles of the coast of British New Guinea, and as far east as the Woodlark Isles. The *YSABEL* was built by Germans and was once owned by them. Now she has an Irish captain, Australian officers and engineers, an English steward, Scotch and Scandinavian deck-hands and firemen, and Papuan boat-boys, and,—every officer too good for the ship. All that is Teuton of her now is her deliberativeness, and her German-phrased bridge-telegraph, with its *Halt* and *Backwärts*.

The cheerful captain of the *YSABEL* has but two anxieties, fresh water for the engines, with the necessitated dodging in and out of unknown bays in search of native villages, and the laborious loading of the water-boats; and sufficient depth of sea between the mazes of the coral to float his squat and ugly craft. His one desire is that every night shall have a full moon the year round; failing this impossibility, he often wriggles through the reefs of the coral sea to his anchorage with but the wicked streaked and banded phosphorescence of the black water to light him in the darkness of the tropic night.

As we crawled past Gado in the waning afternoon, making for the west channel that leads to Samarai, the captain lounged by the starboard rail of the bridge, and sang to himself,

Oh! I wish I was married and nothing to rue,
Plenty of money and nothing to do.

Toorali—oorali—oorali—oo.

He finished his song in a falsetto howl that sounded like E flat, and I knew he was in trouble. I had heard him sing it one dark night as we stumbled through the coral channels up to Yule, and again while we waited anxiously at Dedele for a boat from the land; the trouble was unmistakable.

"What's the trouble, Captain?" I asked.

"To-morrow's Sunday, and they won't let me work cargo at Samarai; and if I don't get away first thing on Monday to Woodlark, I'll be late on the homeward run. You see I've got to go out of my track this trip, to Dobu."

"Why this trip?"

"I've a lot of missionary timber to put out. The MORESBY ought to have taken it but she's got something new on, and she goes direct to Herbertshoe from the Solomons."

A week later at Samarai I found why the MORESBY left out Dobu, and the YSABEL, overworked consumptive as she is, took up the running.

All the planters of New Britain and New Ireland (now part of the Bismarck group) have made an agreement with the Norddeutscher Lloyd Company to ship all their copra for five years at a rate of freight so low that only the German Government's heavy subsidies to the Company make it possible. This agreement came into force on the first day of last October.

The MORESBY is a steamer of seventeen hundred tons register, and is owned by Burns, Phelp and Co., of Sydney, known to almost every native of the Pacific by the corrupted pronunciation of the firm's initials, Beepi. The MORESBY's regular run is through the Solomon Islands to New Guinea and the Eastern Islands, back to the Solomons, and on to Sydney. On this September run she sacrificed a quarter of a million cubic feet of timber freight for the Solomons, taking only a very little of it; cutting out the run to Dobu, and making a dash to Herbertshoe for September 30th, on a venture that paid in moral satisfaction, even if it showed a loss in hard cash.

There were two hundred and fifty tons of copra at Herbertshoe, which after September 30th would become freight for the Norddeutscher Lloyd. In the last days of September the MORESBY steamed her very best westward from the Solomons, and helped by the strong south-easterly breeze shipped the copra with only a few hours to spare, and left again on her way south with £250 of freight-money, which another day would have given to the subsidised German. But the little victory is the last possible for at least five years; the trade has been captured by the Teuton.

To-day, in its effect on peoples, the war of trade counts for more than the war of soldiers, because it is a permanent war that

never knows white flag or armistice. And the German, having beaten us in trade by his policy of extra-protection, is otherwise making ready for us in a manner so whole-hearted as to suggest him as a glad aggressor when the dispute does come. But for England's distraction by the South African trouble, Germany, it is safe to say, would never have secured Savai and Upolu in exchange for certain of the Solomon Islands. With her possession of the Solomon and the Bismarck group, her Pacific influence was practically confined to the north-eastern portion; by securing Samoa, which is but five days from Australia and two days from the British Colony of Fiji, she has greatly strengthened herself in Australian waters.

In Australia the German is a good, thrifty, and productive citizen; in the tropics the mere climate gives the Australian the upper hand, if he is subject only to fair opposition. The alluvial goldfields of British New Guinea have been traced over the German boundary; but although the German Government has sent out prospecting parties, they have been uniformly unsuccessful. Trouble may be looked for immediately the Australian miner follows the gold over the border. A miner on gold will not give up his chances for the existence of an imaginary line, and he will not abandon his claim except to a vastly superior force. The Germans are leaving undeveloped the mineral and metalliferous areas of their territory; the allurements of the unknown drifts will sooner or later lead the Australian on out of his own territory, and it may be that the rupture will be caused in this manner. Already there is irritation, which only seems to become exaggerated as the races know one another. The other day a German steamer, bringing to Australia the returned crews of two Australian steamers which had been sold to Japan, put into Samarai to land rice; the Australians marked their bitter appreciation of the German ship by cheering until they were hoarse at the first sight of the English flag since leaving Hong-Kong and passing through Germany's possessions in the Pacific.

All these German possessions are from their latitude practically valueless for their purpose of colonisation by Germans. In the seven years prior to 1900 Germany annexed an empire inferior in extent only to the possessions of Great Britain or France, securing it without war or great expenditure, whereas the two other Powers built their empires at the cost of great treasure,

bloody wars, and centuries of toil. But Germany's millions of square miles of possessions with their thirteen and a half millions of subjects are of sentimental value only to Germany. Since 1884 she has expended £17,000,000 in colonial votes and subsidies, and as a result, and at the end of twenty-one years, she has in her colonies a German population of eight thousand eight hundred, of whom more than half are soldiers and officials.

There is nothing to fear from German colonisation in its present limits ; there is much to fear in the use of these fertile islands as naval bases, dangerously near to Australia with most of its development in the temperate South, so assimilable with German habit. Simpsonshafen, in the western arm of Blanche Bay (New Britain), where Germany is now building her Northern Pacific naval base and coaling-station, is a fine harbour, completely landlocked and easily fortifiable from the surrounding hills. With this, and the base at Kiao Chow, the Germans will command all the Australian sea-routes to Eastern Asia, and the northern and eastern coasts of Australia herself.

The attempted German colonies in the Pacific are daily finding colonisation more and more difficult. Eight Germans recently emigrated from Queensland to New Britain in response to the German Government's offer of two hundred and fifty acres of free land to each man, free maize and cocoanuts for planting, and free labour in the early years of the plantations. But for the Australian duty on maize the Germans would have stayed in New Britain, and competed successfully, by reason of black labour, with the Australian farmer ; as it is, most of the immigrants have returned to Queensland.

With the native the German settler and official are almost as unsuccessful. The native learns pidgeon English easily, and as all attempts to teach him German result in failure, all the German shipmasters and traders, and all the Government officials from the governor down to the junior clerk, are forced to speak to the native in pidgeon English, all their national objections notwithstanding.

But despite native and climate, and the Papuan and Pacific islander, all unconsciously fighting against German occupation, there is the fortified base of Simpsonshafen to menace peaceful British and Australian trade. Considering the long-strained relations of Germany and England in the Old World, the armament of Germany in the Southern Hemisphere is an event no

Australian, who loves his country and his race, can witness unmoved.

Germany has every right to carry on a special branch of trade at a loss if she pleases ; it is the manifest duty of Australia to follow the lead given her by the small result of her import-duty on maize. Germany, and in a lesser degree France, unfairly compete with us by subsidising their shipping ; let us retaliate with a Navigation Bill on the lines of the United States Act prohibiting the carriage of passengers or freight by oversea ships on the Australian coast. Germany menaces us with the fort of Simpsons-hafen ; let us prepare ourselves with our own explosives factory and arsenal ; with conscription, or at least national defence on the lines of the Swiss system ; with forts and heavier guns ; and if need be with our own navy. Canada pays nothing to Imperial Defence, and has better defences than Australia ; Australia pays £200,000 a year, receives a perfunctory naval defence over which she has no control, and is blamed for her mean contribution into the bargain. The idea that Australia's best point of defence is in the English Channel is an exploded theory ; the Old World is moving south to our front doors, and our own arms are the best bulwark of our own homes.

RANDOLPH BEDFORD.

Samarai, New Guinea.

RELIGIOUS DRAMA

DURING the course of the last few months two articles have appeared in separate publications, each of which seems to mark a curious reversion to primitive ideas, and to the unsophisticated may give rise to hopes unwarranted by history. I refer to Mr. Findon's PLEA FOR RELIGIOUS DRAMA, which appeared in a contemporary, and to Mr. Sturge Moore's paper in a weekly journal on THE BIBLE AND THE STAGE. Adverting to the performances of EVERYMAN, BEN HUR, and THE PRODIGAL SON, the former writer cites these plays as combining religious instruction with secular entertainment, from which he deduces certain facts. The public are divided into two classes: one of them tacitly acknowledges a religious belief, while making no outward profession; the other is so spiritually inclined that anything not associated with religion fails to attract it. To these two opposing elements he considers that the religious drama should appeal. Mr. Sturge Moore, poet-like arguing for a higher ideal, states that things wait to be done which might directly forward the spiritual life with its ideal communions, religion, art, and science. "The importance of the theatre," he writes, "as an intellectual and spiritual engine capable of moulding and expressing a nation's character is now obvious to the educated classes." This remark, it will be admitted, is trite enough, although less perhaps can be said for the truth of it. Both writers refer to the intimate connection which existed between religion and the drama in Greek and medieval days; and in this connection it is worth while to examine the alleged relationship, in order that we may thoroughly understand the original purpose it served in this regard. And, as it is to Greek drama both look for the inspirational source of their plea, it will be well to recapitulate the initial steps in its foundation.

The drama originally arose from the desire of the Greek to render in concrete terms the subject of his contemplations. Man's misty way through life was lit up by the images of the gods who, to him, represented the varied forces of Nature. War had a creator, Love a goddess, and the dominant chord that held the elements together, as the warrior holds his hounds in leash, gave him Zeus, god of gods, and thus he went on until he had built up the whole hierarchy of the heavens, and filled the earth with visible presentations of invisible powers. To the Dorian religion of the god Apollo the Phœnicians brought the worship of Dionysius, the youthful god of wine, who was also the god of generation. As one writer points out, Apollo and his sister corresponded to the Pelasgian and Achæan divinities of sun and moon, whom the Phœnician Dionysius and Demeter superseded, or with whose worship theirs was blended. It was out of the joint-worship of gods such as Dionysius (or Bacchus), Apollo, and Demeter, that the beginnings of the Greek drama sprang. The Dorians had invented public hymns and dances in honour of the gods. As a military nation their dances and chants were characteristically warlike, the dances being descriptive of martial movements. The germ of the chorus is to be found in their hymns, which were sung to an accompaniment of flutes. A further stage was reached when they introduced trained singers and dancers who performed as the proxies of the people. When the Dorians celebrated the birth and adventures of Bacchus (or Dionysius) they sung the dithyramb, a reveller's song. Lesbian Arion made a further improvement by changing the moving band into a cyclic chorus, and inventing regular poems set to suitable music, calling the songs goat-songs, or tragedies. Having reached lyrical tragedy, it only wanted one other step to complete the evolution towards regular drama. The hiatus was bridged by the Ionian rhapsodists who recited their epics at the public assemblies. Cyclic chorus having been added to rhapsody, and chorus and epic being now complete, there remained for Thespis the honour of introducing the first actor to perfect the transformation. The idea was gladly accepted, as relieving the monotony of the chorus. From a small platform the actor carried on his dialogue with the chorus-leader, who, with his chorus, was stationed by the altar. When Æschylus had added a second actor and Sophocles a third, the drama was perfect for all practical purposes.

But in considering this evolution, the fact must not be lost sight of that Dionysius was worshipped in most cases under the form of a wrathful and cruel Moloch, to whom the blood of human victims was an essential offering. It was as the god of generation, however, and as the giver of wine that Dionysius retained his place in the worship of ancient Greece. Some notion of the original spirit with which these festivals were entered into may be gleaned from Archilochus, when he says he "knows how to lead off the dithyramb, the beautiful song of Dionysius, when his mind is dizzy with the thunder of wine."

The later Greek drama gradually lost its Dionysian colouring, or, at any rate, its festive character, and gradually became an event of public importance. The theatre was to all intents and purposes a municipal affair. The poorer class of citizens, whose names appeared on the city registers, were accorded free admission. Chorus was employed by the choragus, who was considered the representative of the people, and was supposed to be performing its work. All persons possessing property exceeding in value three talents (about £732) were liable to subscribe for its maintenance, the actors being supplied by the poet. But the fact that competitions were held and trilogies adjudged cannot be regarded as forming part of a religious ceremony. If one contemplates the personages represented in the best days of the Greek drama, it will be admitted they did but approximate to human types because the tragedian's ideal was to represent men either better than they could be, or worse than they were. After all the aim of their tragedies was to appeal to the æsthetic perceptions, to purify the passions, a dictum which modern tragedy has not yet ceased to disregard. To listen to the chorus in *ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS* one catches its essentially pessimistic character: "Therefore, while our eyes wait to see the destined final day, we must call no one happy who is of mortal race." Thus it was the blind chance of a man struggling against the will of the gods, and the auditor had to face two attitudes, either of which he might adopt,—that of the chorus in *ŒDIPUS*, or the view of Lucretius as expressed in Mr. Mallock's translation:

When storms blow loud, 'tis sweet to watch at ease,
 From shore, the sailor labouring with the seas:
 Because the sense, not that such pains are his,
 But that they are not ours, must always please.

The whole question, then, is one which rests upon the interpretation of the word religion. If the reader is to look upon the Bacchanalian orgies of the earlier Greek as essentially religious, it might be argued that it is equally rational for him to regard a musical comedy (which, after all, has a little more refined interpretation) as a sacred ordinance to the god of Mirth. If by religious ordinance is meant such a play as *ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS* (and that is one which Mr. Sturge Moore seems to indicate) then this argument applies also to Ford's *'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE*, and that cannot be considered as religious in any sense. It is true that the gods did appear in Greek tragedy, and in the elementary sense which would classify a religious play as one in which the gods intervened, the description is correct; but what can be said for so vindictive a god as Zeus in the *PROMETHEUS VINCTUS*, or the act of Hera in *HERCULES FURENS*, who incites the protagonist to madness, which is followed by the murder of his wife and children. And coming to the region of mere man, take the *ORESTES* of Euripides, in which almost all the characters are morally moribund, or that of *HIPPOLYTUS*, where the unhappy Phædra unlawfully loves. It is difficult to realise that any of these can on the religious score have a claim to the suffrage of the spiritually inclined. The statement that an altar stood in the centre of the theatre possesses to me no more significance than the fact that an orchestra's usual performance of the National Anthem is a sign of the sanctity of the modern theatre. Taking a broad view of the case, it may be said that the worship of the Greek was only concerned with external acts. The soul of man had little claim to consideration. In Schlegel's words: "Superstition contributed to their freest developments. It cherished the arts by which it was adorned, and its idols became the models of ideal beauty. At best it was an ennobled sensuality."

It is a curious reflection to find that it was only with those races who were notoriously polytheistic in worship that the arts seemed to flourish. The case of Solomon, who was compelled to bring foreign workmen to build a temple to the true God, is one notable proof of this contention. The case which both Mr. Findon and Mr. Moore make out from the religious standpoint, in view of the evidence, is somewhat weak. To begin with, it is hardly fair to set up a relationship between modern drama and modern religion by quoting the precedent

of Greek drama, which derived from a polytheistic source and owed its existence to the belief in the conflicting wills of gods and men. It can easily be demonstrated that no race with monotheistic proclivities found the necessity of drama. The consolations of their religion provided food enough for their spiritual needs without the adventitious aid of arts such as the drama. It would be perfectly justifiable to argue that in the contemplation of the conflict between the protagonist and the gods the dignity of man was upheld; but that would only prove an eloquent plea for rationalism. On the same principle it could be affirmed that the problem-play is in perfect accordance with the demands of what is called religious drama, as the main teaching inculcates the moral that weakness is crime.

It is Mr. Findon who reverts to the use the Church had made of the drama in the Middle Ages. In doing so he omits to take note of the salient fact which characterised all its manifestations, whether in Saxony, France, Germany, England, or Scotland,—that it was welcomed gladly as the readiest means for making the people acquainted with such spiritual events as the Nativity, Passion, Resurrection, and Redemption, and that having served its purpose in that way, Mystery gave place to the Miracle with its legends of Saints, and the Miracle to the Morality dealing with allegorical representations of the Virtues. The inevitable result culminated in most instances; just as in the Grecian case tragedy gave way to farce, so the Morality gave place to levity, a notable instance of its practice, among dozens of similar performances, being the *Fête des Fous*, with a description of which *NOTRE DAME* opens. Already the Church had begun to be zealous of its monopoly. The *MANUEL DE PECHE*, a well-known Anglo-French poem (about 1235) speaks of the performance of Miracle-plays as a *sin en les rues de citez*, a warning directed against their representation by the Town Guilds.

In the year 1278 the choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral presented a petition to Richard the Second praying him to prohibit some ignorant and inexperienced persons from acting the history of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the clergy of the Church. When Mr. Sturge Moore mentions the Act of 1543 which inveighed against anyone playing in interludes, or rhyming any matter contrary to the New Religion, he neglects to mention the proviso in favour of "songs, plays, and interludes, which

have for object the rebuking and reproaching of vices and the setting forth of virtue, so always the said songs, plays, or interludes meddle not with the interpretation of Scripture." But when the same writer exclaims, "How many spiritual and intellectual tyrannies subsist which might have been overthrown, had we had a national theatre representing the deepest and most momentous national interests, can never be known," it is doubtful whether he has fully realised the exact significance of such an eventuality. Despite the vigilance of the Master of the Revels during the early part of the seventeenth century, the players were introducing political matters in their plays, and the Elizabethan dramatists had many hidden political allusions in their works.

Granted the liberty of subject indicated by the writer, there is no valid guarantee that in treatment the matter dramatised might not prove "to the great prejudice of the Clergy of the Church," or to the discomfiture of either political party.

Both writers mention *EVERYMAN* as an example of the success of a play with a religious bias. The present writer saw it both at St. George's Hall and at the Coronet Theatre. Its contrasted reception at those buildings was another instance of the potency which the spirit of place possesses. At St. George's Hall there was a solemnity in its presentation which could only be attributed to its totally untheatrical surroundings; at the Coronet, the one convincing impression was the theatricality of the whole subject, and the air of commerce which pervaded the theatre. In either case, sceptical or unsceptical, it assisted one to realise the childlike simplicity of the mid-century mind, an impression confirmed by the clerical papers themselves.

As to *BEN HUR*, I do not think it could appeal to the most reverent minds as orthodox; and although the lightning effects were calculated to assist in the realisation of the sacred scene, the thought that lime-light ingenuity could achieve so much must have detracted from one's sense of the miraculous. It has been claimed for *THE PRODIGAL SON* that here, at least, is one play capable of pleasing Mr. Findon's two classes of playgoers. To judge from the reception accorded to it by one of the leading clergy, and it may be fairly assumed that he is representative of a goodly body of the class mentioned, its usefulness as religious drama is a moot point.

The Passion-play at Oberammergau is mentioned by both as

an instance of reverent work ; but to regard curious tourists with dilettante minds as worshippers, and stage-struck peasants as spiritually inclined people, is to place the religious atmosphere on a lower level than it is commonly placed.

Biblical stories such as those of Jacob, Job, Joseph, Samson, David, and others are indicated as likely subjects, and, presumably, to preclude the modernising of these standard heroes Mr. Findon proposes to have them dealt with in poetic drama. It would then be the business of the Censor to license no play which was not sufficiently reverent in tone. I for one do not anticipate such an attempt with any degree of pleasure. As a nation we have become a little more interested in the philosophy of things in general, and, incidentally, in psychology. Mark, for instance, our progress politically in diplomacy, which surely indicates our appreciation of the endeavour to appeal to the weakest or strongest susceptibilities of our neighbours. Even the religiously-minded have had their theology tinged with German metaphysics, and it is questionable whether the precise representation of a Biblical story in dramatic form, which to be true must be confined solely to the externals of the narrative, would interest the classes who are spiritually inclined ; or whether to depict the same story by means of the modern psychological process would be reputed as reverent, or, if irreverent, as precisely true. If Muller's definition of art, as "a representation by means of which a subject becomes an object," be right, and the characters in a pseudo-Biblical drama become objects instead of subjects, clearly there will be little left for the religious mind to dwell upon.

The intervention of a Censor whose business it would be to judge of the reverence, or irreverence, of a given play may be left to the imagination. In any case, the task would be arduous.

There is yet one other phase which both writers seem to have neglected,—the dominance of stage tradition. If you have reverent plays, the question of their being acted in a reverent way naturally arises. It is no aspersion on the moral character of the actor to express a doubt as to his falling in with that scheme. The most religious play, by that very temperamental nature which is the chief equipment of the player, would have a tendency to become monotonous through the progress of a long run. It is too much to expect of

human nature that the essential spirit of reverence would always be present in its enactment. The mere repetition of a part has its deadening effect ; sincerity could not always be assured in its interpretation, and to the religious mind the lack of sincerity would be the unforgivable sin.

And what shall be said by way of criticism ? Are those writers certain that in every case it would be reverent ? It is difficult to discuss the question without giving offence, but one contemplates with trepidation the spectacle of a theatrical programme interlarded with notes attributing the various articles of dress to sundry costumiers, Joseph's coat by A. of Regent Street, and those of the Brethren by B., Eastern Costume Expert.

As to the use of the drama as a platform for controversy upon matters of national interest, there is little to be hoped for from that source. So long as party politics exist, the strong power of the majority will never be any match for the sweet reasonableness of the minority. Even to-day it is impossible to hold an ordinary public meeting without inciting the passions of people who are opposed to the business in hand. Theatrical riots have been too expensive in past times to tempt managers, or even the nation itself, to risk consequent damage.

One thing is certain ; the theatre will continue to be, as it has always been, a platform for the problems of life. Its ideal in the plays of our foremost dramatists has been the representation of life, whether repulsive or moral, provided the drama contained the embodiment of a vital idea, and the issue was one as to its spiritual or moral worth.

For the present, however, I do not look hopefully to the future for a religious drama with the main purpose of forwarding the spiritual life. That desirable consummation, it seems to me, will only be attained by a clearer understanding of the strength and weakness of the human spirit,—a wider tolerance, recognising the essence of religion to be purity of motive as distinguished from respectability of morals, whose spirit of charity will be as wide as its knowledge of psychology is sure, and which will hold as its aim the cultivation of the moral factor in everything that appertains to the relationship of man to his fellow.

ROBB LAWSON.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT

THE promptitude and vigour with which the new Lord Chancellor has set about the task of effecting legal reforms will raise complaint in no quarter. The field before him is a large one, and has been long neglected. In first dealing with the question of appeal in criminal cases he has perhaps hit upon the matter that is most prominent in the eye of the public. The Bill he has drafted, and which will, no doubt, become an Act of Parliament, with or without amendment, before the present session has closed, is as drastic and far reaching as could well be conceived. The need for some measure of reform is beyond dispute. Whether the Lord Chancellor has devised a wise solution is another matter. As it stands the measure is open to very serious objection in many of its provisions. It goes so far as to almost savour of panic legislation, and in the committee stage the most severe criticism of several of its clauses may be expected at the hands of the many lawyers sitting in the present House of Commons. At the very outset it is inconceivable that any measure for establishing a permanent Court of Criminal Appeal can be workable unless it also provides for an addition to the judiciary. No such provision is made in the Lord Chancellor's Bill. With business in a chronic state of arrears, due to causes which have been pointed out in a previous paper, it is impossible for the present staff of judges to undertake additional work. They have more than they can keep pace with under existing arrangements; and on other grounds than the mere inadequacy of the staff to cope with extra duties fresh appointments will be necessary. Under no conditions is it desirable that the appellate tribunal should include those judges who tried the cases in which appeal is brought. This is already recognised in regard to civil appeals. It is a common occurrence for a Lord Justice of Appeal to find himself for some months after his

appointment faced by cases in which he adjudicated as a judge of first instance. The invariable practice in such circumstances is for him to retire in favour of another judge, who is wholly disinterested. Unless the same obviously just arrangement obtains in regard to criminal appeals, absolutely satisfactory results can never be secured. And how this could be effected by any possible manipulation of the present staff of judges, in view of the constant flow of appeals that must inevitably come, without causing serious dislocation of the business of the courts, it is difficult to see. Delay in these matters would be insufferable. To unnecessarily prolong by so much as a single day the anxiety of a prisoner charged, say, with the capital offence, would be cruel and inhuman. Already there is an outcry against the unreasonably long detention of prisoners before they are brought to trial. In this initial respect, therefore, the Bill discloses a conspicuous defect, for which the only remedy is radical amendment before it becomes law, or a supplementary Bill providing for additional judges.

Advocates of reform in this manner point to the example set us by other countries. In almost every civilised country appeal in criminal cases both as to law and as to fact is permitted. But this reference to extraneous systems hardly does us credit as a nation. We have not hitherto been accustomed to go to other lands for our law. On the contrary, it has always been our boast that we lead the way in justice and equity. Moreover, the data supplied by other countries on this momentous subject is not so voluminous and convincing as to be a safe basis on which to frame legislation applicable to our own peculiar system of jurisprudence. There is solid ground for the suggestion that appeal in criminal cases is not an unmixed blessing in all countries where it obtains. Nevertheless it is generally agreed that we do not treat our criminals with unquestioned fairness. The danger is, and the Lord Chancellor's proposals accentuate it, that in seeking for a cure we may give to the man charged with a criminal offence advantages which so far we have withheld from the civil litigant on grounds of fairness. The Criminal Appeal Bill errs seriously in this respect. Let us consider the facts. In a civil action both the plaintiff and the defendant may appeal on any one or on all of four grounds: (1) that the verdict is against the weight of evidence; (2) that the judge has misdirected the jury; (3) that certain evidence was wrongly admitted; and (4) that evidence which should have been admitted has been withheld. These

points involve questions of law and questions of fact. As to questions of law, the Court of Appeal deals with them absolutely. As to questions of fact, the Court as often as not abides by the findings of the jury, on the principle that, having had the witnesses before them, the jury are better able than they to come to a right decision, being assisted to that end as much by the demeanour of the witnesses as by their evidence. The Court of Appeal may, if it so elects, call witnesses before it, but this is so rarely done as to render resort to the privilege hardly actual practice. The obvious desire is to interfere as little as possible with the functions of juries. At the present moment the only appeal in a criminal case can be on a point of law. The verdict of the jury is final as to fact, but appeal on a point of law can only take place at the discretion of the judge who tried the case. If he states a case the matter goes before the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved, constituted under Lord Campbell's Act. Should he refuse to interfere, there is an end of the matter, except by way of petition to the Home Secretary. What does Lord Loreburn's Bill propose? It gives every prisoner convicted on indictment at assizes or quarter-sessions a right to appeal both as to questions of fact and questions of law, and not only as to the verdict but as to the sentence, except as regards sentence in the case of murder. Further, it empowers the appeal tribunal to reduce but not to increase sentences; it gives them the right to call witnesses, whether they were or were not called at the trial; and if the prisoner be poor he may have counsel and solicitor allocated to him at the public expense.

How immense are the advantages thus conferred upon the criminal appellant becomes at once apparent. In some respects he is more liberally dealt with than the civil litigant. At the very worst his penalty cannot be aggravated; it can only be reduced. He may, if he will, refrain from calling witnesses at his trial, well knowing that he may call them on appeal, when their evidence will have more effect. And, perhaps the most striking advantage of all over the civil appellant, he need not fear a re-trial if acquitted, for the prosecution is to have no right of appeal. In the civil action both plaintiff and defendant are placed on an equality in this respect, and a re-hearing may result in an increased penalty on the appellant. Necessary as reform is, especially in view of what was revealed in the Beck case, there is surely an element,

not alone of unfairness, but of danger in conceding so much. With everything to gain and absolutely nothing to lose, the convicted criminal may be trusted to appeal in nearly every case, and public sentiment will demand that his appeal shall be heard without delay. The proposals seem to discount the value of trial by jury. In trial by jury we have been encouraged to believe lies the system of trial most nearly approaching perfection. It takes away from one individual the tremendous responsibility of deciding his fellow-man's guilt or innocence, and vests it in a number, whose unanimity settles the matter one way or the other. In effect the new proposals override this venerable and not altogether unsatisfactory system. Three judges may veto the findings of the jury, and render their patient labours unavailing upon questions of fact, which they are equally well able to determine. Who is to say that the conclusions of three judges on sworn evidence are more likely to be right than those of twelve laymen of common-sense and experience of the world? It is a bold thing to say, but some judges are lamentably ignorant in many of the ordinary affairs of life, and rather boast of their want of knowledge than seek to hide it. When judges differ among themselves on points of law, which are their special study, their claim to infallible guidance on questions of fact cannot be accepted without demur. The whole subject revolves upon the point of finality. Human ingenuity has never yet decided in legal matters when justice is absolutely and accurately secured. The very necessity which in civil law has piled one tribunal upon another is evidence of human limitations. Finality can never be attained in the sense that every man is convinced that justice has been done. What the court of first instance may do the appellate tribunal may undo, while the latter in its turn may be over-ruled by the highest court of all. Who is to say that, were there a still higher authority than the House of Lords, the changes would not be rung yet once more? Of this uncertainty I will give a striking example of recent date. A policeman in the Durham County Constabulary claimed a pension under the Police Act of 1890, on the ground that he had served twenty-five years, though not continuously. The County justices dismissed his claim. On appeal to a Divisional Court three judges upheld this decision. In the Court of Appeal the Master of the Rolls and Mr. Justice Kennedy were of the same view, but Lord Justice Mathew

dissented. Now the House of Lords have held that the County justices, the Divisional Court, and the affirming judges of the Court of Appeal were all wrong, and after three years' suspense the case will have to be tried again at quarter-sessions. The further the case goes the more uncertain does it become that a right result has been reached. To wealthy litigants this limitless method of settling disputes matters very little; to the legal practitioner it is as the breath of his nostrils; to the poor man it is impossible. Multiplicity of tribunals, each one the corrector of its inferior, makes for enormous expense without the corresponding virtue of ensuring satisfaction. In the fact that it early stops short, and makes the Court of Criminal Appeal the last resting-place, lies one of the chief merits of the Lord Chancellor's Bill. Once reconciled to the blow inflicted on the jury system, one can turn the easier to this consolatory provision. None the less does it seem the least controversial policy to remove from tribunals that exist any stumbling-blocks to the issue of justice, rather than to multiply tribunals that foster uncertainty.

What are those stumbling-blocks in regard to criminal trials? The Home Office Commission which inquired into the Beck case found none of serious moment. In their report they said :

Is there such a sufficient case of failures to convict guilty persons as to call for a remedy at all? We are not in a position to say that there is. In our opinion, therefore, so far as any miscarriage in point of law is concerned, adequate protection for innocent persons can be secured without the erection of a new Court of Appeal.

In other words, they decided that, if properly exercised, the discretion of the judge to state a case on a point of law to the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved is sufficient; but that in the Beck case it had not been properly exercised. The obvious remedy is to take away the discretion and to render it imperative on the judge to state a case when counsel request it. Words uttered by Mr. Butt in the House of Commons in 1853 are well worth recalling in this connection: "Upon principle I think that the right of appeal against the decisions of the judges ought to be absolute. It ought never to rest on the discretion of the man against whose judgment the appeal was made. That I maintain is imposing on a judge a duty which never ought to be cast upon him,—that of determining that his own decision

should be the subject of review. By what is he to be regulated? If he does not believe his own decision right he will not grant it. Is he then to grant an appeal or not as he is confident or the reverse? Men, even judges, are generally most positive when they are most wrong." So much then for the Beck inquiry and questions of law.

As to questions of fact, the Commission saw no reason for making any recommendation at all, recognising that appeal on such matters would tend to weaken the responsibility of juries, and leave the question in no better hands than it is at present. There is no outstanding evidence that with respect to trials at assizes and quarter-sessions the miscarriage of justice exceeds what might be expected under any system that fallible man can devise. On the whole, criminals have no just grievance against the jury system. Knowing that their verdicts are to be final, juries as a rule discharge their duties well, and err if anything more on the side of mercy than of severity. Take from them their sense of responsibility and unquestionably you destroy the value of their verdict. The knowledge on their part that an adverse verdict is absolutely certain to be appealed against, must of a certainty cause them to slacken their energies under a sense that they are labouring in vain. "Never mind if we are wrong, the Court of Appeal will set matters right," would naturally be the view they would take in too many instances. Would justice be better served under such conditions? As for the people at large they have no desire to be unduly harsh with the criminal; but neither do they wish to pamper him and give him advantages that others do not possess. If it is right that the prisoner should have every opportunity of proving his innocence, as undoubtedly he has, it is equally right that there should be no loophole for his escape if he is guilty. The public interest demands that. Why, then, if the findings of the jury on the facts are to be questioned in the interests of the prisoner, are they not also to be questioned in the interests of the prosecution? The probabilities of error are equal in both directions. Guilty people do escape at times,—probably more often than innocent people are punished. Once admit the principle of right of appeal, common-sense and common equality demand that it shall not be one-sided. Already the prisoner has the immense advantage of being able to petition the

Home Office for a review of his case, and, as the Beck Commission pointed out, with proper co-ordination between the Home Office, the Office of Public Prosecutor, and the police, every reasonable requirement in the interests of justice is met. Moreover, it is all in the favour of the prisoner that, if the jury acquit him, he cannot be put on trial again for the same offence. Is it wise to stimulate in the criminal a hope that under such an arrangement as is now proposed he may escape the penalty for his crime either at his trial or on appeal? Society would not benefit thereby, and society is as much entitled to consideration as is the law-breaker.

These are considerations which point to the desirability of moving slowly in this very important matter. Apart from the immense additional cost which they would impose on the country, the Lord Chancellor's proposals appear to go much too far, and to have been too hastily framed even in their minor details. What difficulties and unnecessary labour and expenditure may accrue, for instance, from the provision which constitutes the Court. There are to be any number of judges, but not less than three. Suppose four sit, and they are equally divided in opinion, how is a decision to be arrived at? The appeal will be abortive, and will have to be heard again *de novo*. In the meantime the appellant gains all the moral advantage of the growing sympathy of a public disgusted with the vagaries of the law. Punishment for crime is efficacious more by reason of its swiftness and certainty than its severity. It is part of the constitution of the civil Court of Appeal that there shall be three judges in final and new trials, so as to secure a majority one way or the other, unless the parties consent to accept the decision of two. Further, the measure leaves quite untouched those tribunals in which justice is most likely to go astray, namely, the magistrates' courts. Before it can be justified in all its provisions a much better case will assuredly have to be made out. That reform is necessary in some directions no one disputes. The direction in which it is most desirable is in regard to sentences. The latitude given to judges in this matter is fruitful of evil, and calls for the right to appeal. Inequalities are of regular occurrence. Too much is left dependent upon the temperament of the judge, too much to the sway of his passing mood. Realising this, some judges, in order to attain a proper spirit of discretion and calmness, wisely refrain from passing sentence on the day the jury find their verdict, and postpone it to

a later day ; but in the majority of cases sentence immediately follows conviction, with amazing variety of result. In 1892 a Bill was introduced having for its object the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal to revise sentences at the request of the Home Secretary. The need for such a tribunal has not grown less in the meantime. It would certainly meet with wider acceptance than the extremely controversial measure now before the country, which will tend to cast discredit upon the labours of juries, to multiply tribunals without any certainty that the benefits accruing will outweigh the evils, to cast upon the country an enormous additional expenditure, to increase the chances of escape or of modified punishment to the convicted person whose guilt permits of no doubt, and to leave the civil litigant in comparison with the criminal a creditor of the nation. The moderate course would seem to lie in making it compulsory upon a judge to state a case on a point of law when requested by counsel, to leave questions of fact when raised by the convicted person to the ultimate decision of the Home Office, to reform the administration of the Home Office so as to secure that co-ordination urged by the Beck Commission, and to obtain the greater equalisation of sentences. In any case it should not be made the statutory right of any convicted criminal to put his countrymen to the expense of an appeal, which at the very worst can only affirm his sentence, without giving facilities to the prosecution to ensure his severer punishment when he has notoriously been too lightly treated. If a man is innocent there exist already adequate means of establishing his innocence if those means are properly applied by men with legal training. Public feeling in this country is not so embittered towards the criminal as to wish him treated with undue harshness ; but mawkish sentiment in his interest is neither logical nor wise on grounds of public policy.

FREDERICK PAYLER.

THE JOYS OF THE HUNTER

THE hunting of big game is a pursuit which holds a deep fascination for those who have a taste for it. For the sake of his favourite sport the hunter is ready to turn his back on friends, and on the comforts and pleasures of civilised life, and to go out into the wilderness, to make his home in a small tent, to live on hard scanty fare, to face loneliness, to undergo severe physical toil, to endure all extremes of weather, and to encounter cheerfully hardships, sickness, and the many dangers that the life involves. Perhaps one of the chief attractions that the ordinary man finds when hunting big game in a wild country like Africa is the contrast it offers to the ordinary round of life. There is a bracing freshness and simplicity about a hunter's life that gives to it an irresistible charm. It appeals to the primitive part of man's nature, to half-forgotten instincts; it stirs feelings and qualities that have slumbered in the peaceful ease of modern life. You leave all your old worries behind you, you are far from the rush and bustle of the world, beyond the clash of jarring interests, free from the petty wearisome problems of existence in civilised society. Camp-life gives a rest to faculties worn by the routine of everyday existence, and it demands the development and exercise of qualities that are often too little used. It calls for habits of self-reliance and prompt decision, for stern resolution and cool calculation in confronting danger, for the cheerful endurance of hardship, and for firmness and tact in dealing with men. Away from conventions and standard methods of thought, brought face to face with new problems and unexpected situations, the hunter has to cultivate self-reliance and to trust in his own judgment. But a hunting-tour after big game is not only pleasant from the contrast it presents to life in the busy world; it is full of fascination in itself, and an expedition made in the uplands of British East Africa, where there are great tracts of empty

country teeming with game, is an experience that is full of delights and that leaves a rich store of pleasant memories behind.

There is the delight in the sense of free unfenced openness when you penetrate into regions invested with all the charm of mystery and solitude, and see vast stretches of country where Nature still holds sway, where there is no smoke of chimneys to blur the clear air, and where there is no made road to guide the wanderer. You come on broad expanses of plain, hard, dry ground, cracked and wrinkled by the scorching sun, and covered with a carpet of coarse tufts of grass, a sea-like waste of yellow stubble stretching away on every side as far as the eye can reach. Perhaps some herds of antelope may be grazing in the distance, or a cluster of grey prickly bushes may fringe the banks of a stony watercourse, where a bare trickle joins the shallow pools that lie between the boulders and gravelly sand-islets ; nothing else to break the monotonous waste, and yet the very empty loneliness, the aching desolation, has a fascination of its own. Sometimes, too, the plain is beautiful, —in the bright glare of noonday, when it shimmers in the hot quivering air, and when sun and clouds combine to paint a tracery of light and shadow on the vast canvas ; at night, when the moonlight softens the staring gauntness, and dresses the rough ground in a filmy garb of silver and blue ; in the early morning, when the mists that cover its nakedness are shot with tints of the pearl, the opal, and the ruby by the first rays of the sun. Then you will march for days through bush country, plains, hills and valleys dotted with low scrub, every bush prickly, brittle, sapless, dusty, showing only a faint dried-up green in its leaves, useless for shade, but combining with the rest to throw a dark veil over the country that hides the features of the ground and blocks the view in every direction. It is a fatal country to be lost in,—you might be near camp and water and walk right past them—yet for the hunter a pleasant country invested with all the glamour of mystery and uncertainty. Unable to see any distance ahead, you are always lured on by the hope of a sight of something beyond the next bush ; perhaps it will only be a guinea-fowl or a jackal, but there is always the chance of spying the horns of a coveted antelope, or of seeing the massive shape of a rhinoceros looming through a tangle of thorn. And, ugly as the scrub is close at hand, the bush-country seen on

a large scale presents panoramas of surpassing loveliness. You stand perhaps half-way down the side of a great basin of hills ; before you the land falls away in huge rolling waves of bush-clad country, black at first, then dark-blue, then merging gradually into a soft filmy haze like some vast distant sea. On each side and behind other hills rise above you, some in easy slopes, others in steeply soaring cliffs, scored by ravines and scarred with deep gullies that stand out like bands of velvet against the sun-steeped face of the mountain. Behind the first line of hills there are more hills, tier upon tier, one topping the other, till the distant rim blends with the blue of the horizon. And the impressiveness belonging to the vastness of the scenery is enhanced by the knowledge that these great tracts of country are tenanted only by wild animals and a few wandering savages, and that except for a few roving hunters the civilised world knows nothing of them.

Sometimes you pass a stretch of open park-like country with gently rolling grassy slopes, dotted with shady groves in whose boughs hosts of wild pigeons flutter and coo, and watered by quiet streams flowing between banks where the long sweeping branches of graceful trees rise out of clustering masses of light-green jungle foliage ; and sometimes, as you come over a rise, you light suddenly on the gleaming waters of some reed-fringed lake, hidden away amid lonely hills. From the green swamps you hear the hoarse grunts of the hippopotamus ; crocodiles are lying like dead logs, basking in the sun by the edge of the shore ; the water is dotted with wild-fowl ; on the sand-banks there is a brilliant sheet of dazzling white and pink from the plumage of packed armies of flamingoes ; and over the scene there broods a mysterious air of primitive solitude and alootness. Then you skirt dense forests where the ground is covered with a tossing welter of luxuriant undergrowth, the tendrils and creepers twining and inter-twining between bushes and plants, swarming thickly up the trunks of the trees, falling again in cascades of swaying streamers, and lacing one tree to the next till there is an impenetrable mass of matted boughs and foliage ; while, above, the spreading branches of the mighty forest-trees weave a canopy so thick that even at noonday there is dim twilight in the leafy caverns beneath. The vividness and richness of the many tints of green, the overflowing teeming chaos of vegetable life, the vast immensity of these forest-tracts,

combine to place them among the most beautiful and striking pictures that wild Nature can offer.

But the country is not all attractive. On the march you come on patches of swamp where you flounder knee-deep along paths of slimy, washy, evil-smelling mud, winding between high walls of tangled reeds that grow out of black, festering water ; foul, noisome, unhealthy marshes, yet interesting in a way as a type of Nature in one of her primitive garbs. You cross lonely rivers, fording them breast-deep at the head of your men, feeling your way with a pole, half carried off your feet by the swirling current, stumbling awkwardly over loose stones, sinking into spongy mud, and wondering doubtfully if there are any crocodiles near. Or if the water be too deep to ford, you use a native-made bridge, constructed by partially felling two trees on opposite banks so that their branches interlace across the water. Clinging with agitated hands to the branches above, you clamber gingerly along the swaying, dipping trunk, that sways and dips more ominously as you reach the extremity and drag yourself on to the boughs of the second tree, a performance that calls for the skill of a slack-wire walker and aerial gymnast. Sometimes you must march through heavy tangled jungle, where your men have to cut a way with axe and *machete*, where tendrils and parasites trip your ankles, and spiky branches rend your clothes and scar your flesh ; or you forge slowly through a sea of stiff high grass that brushes your face with no gentle touch, clings to and wearies the legs, and sorely tries your temper. But beautiful or ugly, pleasant or trying, all this virgin country has always for the wanderer a mysterious charm that is wanting in the beauties of the more ordered scenery of civilised lands.

Then there is the interest of seeing the native life of the country. You come on little villages of mud, hive-shaped hovels, with low burrow-like entrances, set round inside a ring of thorn-fence, and the people throng out to watch you pass,—men with perhaps a strip of skin slung from the shoulder, carrying long-bladed spears ; women with a waist-belt of grass and beads, bearing babies on their backs, and surrounded by naked pot-bellied infants who run shyly away on the stranger's approach. Many are the types of natives you meet. Some are tillers of the soil ; their land is green with waving banana-groves and high thickets of sugar-cane, and you see them pounding the juice out of the cane for their tribal drink, to the

accompaniment of wild rousing chants. Others are tribes owning large herds of little hump-backed cattle and shaggy sheep and goats, all tended by boys, while the men lounge lazily through the days till there is a prospect of joining a war-party on a raid. Sometimes you pass a troop of natives on the march, going along at an easy swinging trot, their personal belongings slung on their backs ; or at a Government station you see a deputation come in from a tribe, approaching in state, dancing wildly round with grotesque bounds and wavings of arms, brandishing spears and bows, keeping up a long-drawn-out chorus of some strange refrain, or going through forms of mimic warfare, rushing at each other with upraised shields and lunging spears, and circling round as if to strike a blow,—all this purely in order to make a proper impression on the mind of the Government officer for the favour they have come to seek, probably permission to raid some rival tribe who have been stealing their cattle.

There are tribes of a coarse ugliness that makes their nakedness repulsive ; others there are who are really handsome, with tall, slender, muscular bodies, pleasant open faces, well-shaped noses and thin lips,—men who are a fine type of the noble savage, far above servility, scorning treachery or low cunning, anxious for open equal friendship, meeting you with a pleasant smile, and holding out their hands frankly for the clasp of comradeship. As you wander through the bush, one or two of these warriors may glide out suddenly to greet you, giving a shrill bird-like call to their friends, who appear in answer to it mysteriously out of the depths of the bush. Led by the chief, usually distinguished by a strip of leopard-skin, the party solemnly gather round, and inspect your clothes and equipment with deep interest, endeavouring to enter into conversation, which, owing to the absence of a common tongue, resolves itself into exclamations by each party, and a few smiles and nods. Treat these savages fairly and honestly as men, and you will be helping somewhat in the great task of giving them confidence in the honesty and character of the white man. Often they prove extremely useful as guides in the search for game, and it is a wonderful sight to see the easy way they slip through the thick bush, seeming to glide rather than walk, moving so swiftly that you must often run to keep pace with them, and passing through thickets of prickly thorn without receiving a scratch, while you blunder along with your clothes caught and torn at every step.

The fashions of personal adornment are often rather quaint. Some have their ears pierced (the hole having been wedged open till a hanging loop of flesh has formed, to which beads are attached) and heads matted and smeared with red, slimy clay; others have their hair woven with the help of ancestors' old hair into long greasy queues, into which ostrich feathers are stuck, and their chests garnished with rows of little scars to mark the number of their victims in battle; women have their arms and legs encased in heavy sheaths of iron-wire, a method of ornamentation that combines decorative effect with personal supervision of, and easy accessibility to, their most valued form of wealth. Often, too, the traditions and legends of these people are curiously interesting, and you may hear strange stories of great marches from the far north that set you wondering as to their origin, and quaint fables explaining how men were first forced to work, and how death first came on earth; and in the habits and systems of village-life and government of these primitive tribes there is an inexhaustible store for quiet research on days when the weather puts an end to marching and hunting.

Then there is the delight in observing the animal life of the country, for the quantity and variety of the game to be seen are really astonishing. Beasts large and small, harmless and dangerous, all living amid their natural surroundings, as they have lived for centuries, in unfettered freedom,—to anyone with a love of natural history they are an unfailing source of interest and pleasure. You see a broad plain thickly dotted with antelope and gazelle: some are heavy and ungainly in form; others there are with light delicate limbs and daintily poised necks supporting prettily curved horns; and all, with the bright sunlight picking out the tints of their coats against the dull hues of the grass, give life and movement to the loneliness and monotony of the country. Sometimes the beasts are found singly or in small groups; more often there is a large herd with a wily old buck stalking arrogantly among them, seemingly cunning enough to know that he possesses the most valuable horns, and taking the lead in swift retreat at the first warning of danger. Magnificent is the sight when a herd of graceful animals, like the impala, scent danger; a quick startled jerk of the head, a few terrific bounds, and then the whole herd rushes helter-skelter over the plain, a flying jumbled mass of lithe leaping bodies, the embodiment of

easy grace and activity. It is an endless source of interest to watch for and pick out the different varieties, to recognise each type by its characteristic features of horns and skin, to mark small differences, to watch the beasts in their natural state, and to observe their movements, habits, and instincts, till you learn to know them all as old friends, from the bull-like eland with heavy spiral-twisted horns, and big wildebeest with shaggy head and twitching tail, to the graceful gazelle with daintily marked coat of fawn and white, and the pretty little dik-dik, hardly larger than a young goat.

Then there are the large herds of zebra, their beautiful striped skins glistening in the sunlight; the troops of tall ostriches, stalking proudly about with long peering necks and fluffy coats of black and white feathers; the snarling, yelping packs of wolfish bush-dogs; the slinking, cowardly, mangy hyenas; the little, furry-coated jackals; and the scuttling wart-hogs and bush-pigs, armed with curved gleaming tusks.

In the semi-twilight of the jungle you may catch a glimpse of the beautiful skin of a leopard as he bounds into the depths of the bush before you can fire; and as you cross a dry watercourse you may stir up a troop of lion from their noonday slumber, or in the early morning, while the land is still wrapped in darkness, you may hear their coughing grunts and deep roars breaking the mysterious stillness of the plain.

As you march through scrub you may sight a rhinoceros standing sleepily under a clump of mimosa-thorn, with the rhinoceros-birds keeping a watch on his neck; an animal so strangely blind that you can crawl unperceived within a few yards of him, yet so keen-scented that if he gets your wind he may come crashing furiously out of the bush, and scatter your caravan almost before you have realised his presence. In the big green reed-covered swamp there is the huge African buffalo wallowing in the mud, coming out morning and evening to feed in the open; he is when wounded perhaps the most vicious and dangerous of all African game. And if fortune is kind you may sight a big herd of elephant on the march, forming a superb spectacle with their high massive heads, huge towering bodies, long white tusks, and gigantic flapping ears. They jog along over the plain in long single file, all superbly indifferent to everything around, trampling straight ahead through or over all obstacles, swaying their great trunks, with which they shoot

sprays of dust over their backs as they go along, or sluice themselves with water as they splash through a stream.

Then there is the infinite charm of the simple roving existence, of the openness and freshness of the primitive nomadic life, with the new experiences, new pleasures, and new trials it contains. You live face to face with Nature, with only a thin strip of canvas between you and the sun, rain, and wind; your floor is the rough earth, your carpet a short stubble of grass. No road leads past your camp, no house or wall blocks the view; stepping out from the shelter of your tent, you are in the midst of primeval solitude and vastness. Your food is mainly the sport of your rifle, and the knowledge that your dinner depends on the result often gives an added zest to the hunting. You dress to suit your convenience, you eat when hungry, drink when thirsty, remembering that any spirits must be steadily avoided in the heat of the day. The irksome burdens and vexing troubles of life in society are forgotten; there is a grateful sense of restfulness, of relaxation from mental effort; yet the solitude, the aloofness of the wilderness give almost unequalled opportunities for quiet reflection and deep thinking, and the hard simplicity of the life and the necessity for self-reliance strengthen and brace the character. You roam at will over the country, marching when you like, going where you like, pitching camp as the fancy takes you, where there is running water and a plentiful supply of game. You rise in the freshness of early morning when the velvet sky above is still afire with stars, and as you stride along in the keen bracing air of the uplands, you see the grey mystery of dawn followed by the glorious colouring of the tropical sunrise. Then comes the hard physical toil of the day, the long march on a rough winding native path, or through the trackless waste of scrub, under the fierce stabbing sun that sets the air quivering with heat, and wearies the eyes with the bright dazzling glare it casts over the ground. But as you trudge steadily on in the burning heat at the head of the caravan,—the porters strung out in a long line, each bobbing black head carrying its load, a roll-tent cover, a case of cartridges, a box of stores—there is always the glamour of setting foot in regions far from the beaten track, of seeing new country opening out before you as you come over a rise or emerge from a tangled depth of bush, with all the interest of noting the general aspect of the scenery, the character and formation of the ground, the features of the vegetable life, and of

watching eagerly for any sign of game in the district, and for the glimpse of some species of animal hitherto strange to you. Then after the heat and burden of the day there is the peaceful rest of evening when you sit quietly outside the tent, thinking over the sport that is past, planning out the course for the future, watching the crackling camp-fire whose flickering flames throw a ruddy light on the dark faces of the men as they squat round over their evening meal, chattering and singing wild rhythmical chants. All around them is the dense curtain of darkness that hangs over the land, but the circle of the firelight fashions you a snug little chamber that seems to shut you in from the blackness and loneliness of the wilderness beyond.

But of course the main object and supreme joy of the life lies in the hunting, in matching your skill and cunning against those of the wild animals of the country. There is the delight of prowling about with your rifle in search of game. You crawl along the edge of a slope, peering cautiously over the summit to see what beasts may be on the plain beyond, or from the cover of a bush you sweep the valley beneath with your glasses, looking into every gully and depression, scanning the sea-like wastes of grass for a sign of animal life. You creep warily through the scrub, moving as noiselessly as possible, cursing the prickly branches, the clinging creepers, the loose stones and dry twigs that combine to thwart you, straining eyes and ears for a glimpse or sound of a beast, thrilled and elated by the glorious uncertainty of the quest, never knowing what coveted prize may not be lurking in the depths of bush around you. Often you sight a dim shape hardly visible against the tangle of thicket, and you lie anxiously watching, fearing to move lest you frighten it away, unable to make out whether it is an animal you want or not, whether it has any horns at all, and whether the horns have a good length and fine spread. Mere wanton killing is never your object; you desire only one or two of each kind of beast, and those the best specimens you can find, so that often it is hard to decide if the hardly visible animal is one of a species of which you have already got a specimen, and if its head is sufficiently good to make it worth possessing. Then, when the beast is marked down, you have to see what openings the direction of the wind and the nature of the ground offer for a stalk; often there is a long patient wait in the hope that the animal will make some move that will bring it into a more favourable

position. Then comes the long weary crawl, sometimes proceeding on hands and knees, or wriggling snake-like along the ground, scratched and pricked by the thorns and hard earth, making use of every bush, every dip, every tuft of grass, often lying for long periods flat and motionless till the startled beast is feeding quietly again. Perhaps you have singled out some little bush-grown mound as your goal, and arrive there after a long detour only to find that the animal has moved off or got into a position that makes an effective shot impossible, and the work has to be done all over again. But long patient effort is more than rewarded when it is crowned with success ; there are few joys in life greater than the joy of a hunter when a long, arduous stalk has been successfully completed.

Crowning all is the keen excitement of success as the beast rolls over on the ground. But if the shot has not proved fatal there is often a long chase after the wounded animal. Sometimes you can see it far away, limping painfully over the plain, or you may have to follow it by its tracks, and by a drop of blood here and there on a blade of grass or dead leaf. When the ground is open and soft the tracking is easy ; but often the parched soil hardly shows any impress, and you lose the trail again and again till the fruitless pursuit has to be given up, and the mortification of failure is enhanced by the knowledge that the beast is left to a lingering death.

The greatest excitement, of course, comes in an encounter with dangerous game. There is the thrilling consciousness of danger when you follow a lion through long grass, catching only a bare glimpse of him as he bounds along, hearing now and then a sullen growl of anger, but never knowing exactly where he is, whether still retreating, or lying in wait for a sudden spring when you come within reach. His tawny skin blends perfectly with the colour of the dry grass, and the first clear sight you get of him may be at a few yards' distance as he stands crouching for attack, his powerful body quivering with rage, his head set low over his chest ; he looks the embodiment of threatening ferocity, with his fierce open mouth, cruel teeth, and savage eyes, as he snarls and growls with maddened fury, twitching his tail ominously, or raising it stiffly above his back as he does when about to charge. A beast fully as dangerous, and often harder to kill, is the buffalo. You come perhaps on his spoor in the

midst of thick bush, and if the ground is at all soft his heavy weight and deeply-marked feet leave a trail that is easily seen. You follow it eagerly as it winds up and down, knowing from the fresh impress that the beast cannot be far off, your fingers itching on the trigger, your eyes striving to pierce the density of the branches around ; and then, perhaps as you are growing weary and losing hope, your men suddenly scatter on every side, leaping like monkeys up the prickly bushes, and the buffalo crashes furiously out of the undergrowth where you least expect to see him. Thrilling, too, is the stalking of rhinoceros and elephant. Rhinoceros are usually found on the plains or in the more open bush, but elephant must often be followed in the depths of the forest, where the tangled foliage produces the dim gloom of a cavern, adding a strange ghostly feeling to the sense of the risk that must be faced. Both rhinoceros and elephant are furnished with very thick hides and wonderful tenacity of life ; they are very difficult to kill with a frontal shot, so that it is wise, if possible, to get the first shot into the brain or heart by creeping close up to them before attempting to shoot. The danger involved is somewhat lessened by the fact that they cannot see clearly over fifteen or twenty yards, but on the other hand a slight shift of the wind may bring them charging down on you. You crawl onwards with wary stealth, watching the wind anxiously, wondering, as you gain the cover of a tuft of grass, if you can ever hope to cross the next open patch unperceived, lying motionless, hardly daring to breathe if the animal seems to grow suspicious, feeling as you look at his huge bulk that you are ridiculously puny and feeble, and that your powerful Express rifle is little more than a pop-gun, and longing for the moment for the crack of the rifle to break the silence and dissolve the uneasy tension that the long stalk and wait can hardly fail to produce. But the most critical and thrilling experience is the following up of a savage wounded beast driven desperate by pursuit and maddened by its hurt. Then risks must be taken and must be met by unceasing vigilance and wariness ; and perhaps the moment may come when you have to face the nerve-shaking charge of the furious animal, when there is no time for thought or calculation, and your life depends on your capacity for instant decision, and quick and accurate shooting. A successful day after dangerous game is not a day that you forget ; with

your mind at the highest tension, every detail of the struggle is stamped for ever on your memory, leaving a picture that can be called up when the hunting days are long past.

Indeed one of the greatest charms of the life is the store of pleasant memories that you carry away ; and perhaps some of the incidents and features of it are best enjoyed when they are buried in the past, for at the time there is often much that is unpleasant and trying. There is hardship sometimes, discomfort often ; there are times when the loneliness and monotony become oppressive, when you weary of the rough fare of the camp, and when a dose of fever leaves you weak and peevish. There are long heavy marches with blistered feet that make every step a torment, when the scorching sun parches your mouth and saps away your strength till you almost sink down with thirst and fatigue. Often there are black days when there is trouble with the men, days when the long careful stalk ends in blank failure, or when the rifle will not shoot straight, and the much-coveted chance is missed ; days of bad weather when you are kept a fretting prisoner in your tent, or when you trudge wearily, slipping at every step, over a plain that the heavy rain has turned into a bog. But though existence is certainly not luxurious or easy, though there is much that is trying and depressing, the troubles pass and the glorious life in the open weaves its spell round you again. And in the memory-pictures you carry away with you all the little worries and difficulties are softened down or effaced, and all the delights of the life stand out clearly in the haze of the past, a never-ending source of pleasure, yet to some extent almost a torment from the restlessness and unsatisfied cravings they arouse. Often in days to come, when the cold drizzle is falling, when the streets are slimy with mud, and the stale air heavy with smoke, you will think with longing of the wide horizons, the sunlight and clear air of Africa ; and when chimney-pots and dingy walls block the view, and you weary of civilised life, you will yearn for the unfenced openness of valley, hill, and plain, and sigh for the old roving life and the thrill and glamour of the hunting. Those who have once felt the magic spell of the Dark Continent do not easily forget.

E. G. J. MOYNA.

SOME TYPES OF MODERN FRANCE

M. Rod is nothing if not critical. He began his career as an independent thinker by criticising the naturalistic formula, then in full career of triumph, and he has gone on criticising ever since. The work which first made him known to English readers, *LA VIE PRIVEE DE MICHEL TEISSIER* gained its vogue with us from a superficial resemblance to the Parnell episode. Michel Teissier is a trusted party chief who ruins his career and breaks up his home for the sake of a girl half his age, a friend of his wife's. Some people at the time complained of M. Rod's handling of his subject as inconclusive. His story could only be taken as a criticism of ordinary domestic ideals. Yet it was none the less a criticism of the theories of those who would break them up, and the partisans of *L'Union Libre* gain no more from him than the advocates of the indissolubility of marriage. In fact his dissolvent criticism gives him a false air of conservatism. He spares nothing, not even the newest theories. Like Clough, whom in some points he resembles, one seems to hear him murmur, "Ah yet, consider it again," in view of our old beliefs and institutions, not because they are not faulty, but because the offered substitutes are so poor.

His two new novels, *UN VAINQUEUR* and *L'INDOCILE* are particularly interesting, as presenting with the sensitiveness and the lucidity which are M. Rod's special endowments, three distinct types of modern French life. The Conqueror, Alcide Délémont, a successful manufacturer, represents the old-fashioned individualism whose watchword was *Laissez-faire*. Opposed to him is the figure of Romanèche, the influential editor and leader of Socialism, who hopes everything from the action of an omnipotent State working in the interest of the proletariat. Then there is the boy whom Délémont adopts, the nameless child of his sister,—Valentin, the anarchist.

Délémont does not appear in the second book, except by a casual reference. The two figures Romanèche and Valentin remain in opposition. The development of Romanèche is indicated with considerable skill. In the first part of the book he seems little better than a solemn *poseur*, "impregnated with certainties, stuffed with ready-made conclusions." He urges his brother-in-law Délémont to adopt their orphan nephew, while himself carefully abstaining from giving him anything but good advice. He enjoys the advantages that accrue from association with the rich manufacturer, and dares not express too freely his disapproval of the social conditions which have produced that wealth. In reality he is a man who has not yet found his way. Later on, when he becomes a regular contributor to L'ÉGALITE and a recognised chief of his party, with a platform and a backing, he can afford to speak out what is in him, and prepares to impose what his master Robespierre called "the despotism of liberty."

Délémont, the manufacturer of glass bottles, engages our sympathies. He is a narrow unimagined man, whose very narrowness has helped him to concentrate his mind on the struggle for fortune, and now prevents him from adapting himself to the changed conditions of modern industry. The Government inspector insists on his observance of regulations that cut into his profits. Special difficulties arise in connection with the Italian boys supplied to him by an agent, who is a mere slave-trader. The inspector does his best to secure humane treatment for these wretched little exiles, and he has the sympathy of Délémont's daughter Alice, a charming creation. Other troubles accumulate upon him, the crazy suspicions of his wife, the selfish light-mindedness of his second daughter, the terrible death of Alice, murdered on her sister's wedding-day by a work-girl whom the bridegroom had betrayed and deserted. But the final impression that the story leaves is that of a man whose triumphs belong to the industrial system of the past, beaten and broken by the impact of new and uncomprehended forces.

We have his point of view in his complaint to the Government functionary against the Inspecteur de Travail.

I have no complaint to make against him personally, but I complain of . . . the authority which your law gives him, the duties which it imposes on him, if you will . . . I complain because he comes when he

pleases to my factory, enters it as if it belonged to him and walks about as if he were in a garden . . . I complain because this surveillance weighs on me like an oppression, because it annuls my authority over my staff, paralyses my means of action, puts fresh difficulties in the way of an industry which has so many already, and hinders my lawful possession of what belongs to me, because it humiliates me in short. Let your Government frankly turn us out, let it drive us from the factories which we have founded, let it take them, confiscate them, socialise them as you say. One would know at least where one was and where one was going. . . . Better that, than to hinder our work and give us up, bound hand and foot, to our own workpeople.

And when the functionary has explained to him that "the State has at last understood that it has a mission to protect the weak and those under age, that it is their natural guardian," Délémont begins to perceive that while he has been absorbed in making money, a change has really taken place in the equilibrium of society,—a change which threatens to be fatal to the interests of his class.

Yet the man, as he appears in the last pages of his history, disappointed, bereaved, and half ruined, is more human and attractive than in his conquering stage. That germ of pity and sympathy which had begun to develop in him as he followed his sister's miserable funeral with the hand of her orphan child in his, and the memories of his distant childhood returned to him, begins to assert itself against the fierce egotism which has marked his conquering period. The last glimpse we have of him is touching. Burier, the young inspector, who had loved Alice with a timid and hopeless love, comes back to the factory after her death.

Délémont advanced without seeing him, his hands behind his back, his head bowed. . . . He replied to the salute of the young man—"Ah, Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

Burier grasped his hand. "Do believe that I sympathised most deeply. . . ."

"Yes, you sent some flowers. . . . Very kind. . . ." His voice began to tremble slightly. "You knew my daughter a little, I know. . . . The little Italian. . . . the hospital. . . . I remember. . . ."

"I have only seen Mdlle. Alice once or twice. I shall always remember her."

The glass manufacturer sighed. "Like all who have known her," he said. After a short silence he went on: "I shall alter a good many

things here, as she wished. In memory of her. . . . And for other reasons which I did not understand once but which are now clear to me—clear as crystal.” He looked at the inspector, who seemed to be waiting for the explanation of this remark, cut the air with his old despotic gesture and said, “After such a misfortune, sir,—after such a misfortune. . . .” And without saying more, he moved away.

Meanwhile, the boy Valentin is serving his first painful apprenticeship to life. He begins as a *déclassé* in the house of his rich uncle. Alice only, with her delicate charm and tenderness, gives him the illusion of maternity. She induces her father to take him from the coarse drudgery of the factory and give him the education for which he longs. When she dies, an innocent victim, receiving the revolver-shot that was meant for another, all kind and genial influences disappear with her from the path of the lonely boy.

In the opening chapters of *L'INDOCILE* Valentin has become a young man. He has left the Lycée and is looking for some occupation by which he can maintain himself while preparing for his degree. He has two friends, Urbain Lourtier, an ardent Republican and a Free-Thinker, and Claude Frémont, an equally ardent Liberal Catholic. Each of them would gladly welcome him as an adherent. He has also a sweetheart, the daughter of relatives of Lourtier's, and the young people come to a sort of tacit understanding before Valentin goes to take up the position of tutor, which Romanèche has found for him with one of his friends.

M. Frümssel, Valentin's employer, is an ardent anti-clerical. He finds, like so many others, a point of contact in his hatred of Christianity with those whose socialistic aims he only half appreciates. Men of his type are perfectly ready to help Romanèche and his party to put down the priests; they do not ask to see what lies beyond that. Romanèche, on the other hand, looks to the destruction of religion as only a preliminary, though a very necessary one, to the destruction of private property and the establishment of the collectivist millennium. The irony of the situation is well brought out in the description of the visit of the Republican leader to Rheims, at the invitation of Frümssel and some other chiefs of the party, to speak at the fête of the Libre Pensée. With ostentatious contempt of wealth he declines the offer of Frümssel's automobile and prefers to walk to the place of meeting.

He is taken on a tour of inspection through the cellars of the great wine-merchants.

At a sign from Frümssel the workpeople approached, expecting the usual questions on their wages, their habits, their health, the length of their working-day, the regularity of their work; ending up with the usual eulogium of a master so careful of their comfort. . . . The words of Romanèche had another accent.

“You must think, always and before all, of the radical transformation of the capitalist system which we have in view. Tell yourself that nothing has been done so long as the proletariat has not realised its integral programme, of which the main point, as you know, is the socialisation of the soil and of the means of production. . . . The struggle is engaged. . . between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat. It cannot be terminated by a compromise.”

The workmen of the cellars, good people whose life is easy, listened with surprise, more alarmed than attracted by the prospects of a world turned upside down, from which the pleasure of saving would vanish with the disappearance of capital, and where the key of equality would close for ever the door, which now stood open, of the bourgeois paradise. As to the masters, they grew more downcast as Romanèche went on giving the details of their coming dispossession. . . Frümssel gnawed his moustache furiously; his foreman, in consternation, whispered to him, “He will spoil them for us.”

But at the time of Valentin’s arrival M. Frümssel has not yet reached this point of semi-disillusion. He receives with satisfaction the relative of the great leader and at once explains to him what is expected of him. The son of the house, under the influence of a tutor with Catholic sympathies, who was promptly kicked out so soon as his tendencies were discovered, has become tainted with superstitious ideas. The real business of the new tutor is to act as surveillant, and to do his best to eradicate any traces of bigotry on the part of his pupil.

The note of Valentin’s character is an exaggerated hatred of restraint. One feels that only a moral miracle would make him a submissive child of the Church; at the same time he revolts from the domestic tyranny to which he is introduced and the spy’s part which he is expected to play. He feels strongly drawn to his timid, silent pupil, who on his part, while perfectly docile, shuts up in himself a world of ideas which he guards jealously from the observations of his uncongenial environment.

Valentin has to confess to Frümssel that he is making no way with his pupil in the direction desired. The surroundings of the

old cathedral city, the recollections of feudal France and Joan of Arc, are not favourable to the growth of the free-thinking spirit. His friend, Urban Lourtier, writes to him from Rome enlarging on the spectacle of superstition and corruption daily offered to his notice. Valentin suggests in perfect good faith that the best way of disgusting Désiré Frümself with his pietistic ideas would be to take him to Rome for the winter. Frümself agrees to this naïve suggestion, and the two youths start.

There is this note of universality about Rome that everyone finds there what he wishes, just as in Shakespeare or the Bible. Lourtier found new texts for his anti-clerical diatribes; Désiré, on the other hand, intensifies and deepens his Catholic sympathies by contact with the centre of Latin Christianity, and he comes back from the Eternal City more of a Catholic than ever.

He refuses to be present at the fête of the Libre Pensée where Romanèche is announced to speak, and Frümself in a fury of disappointment turns on the tutor.

“You have the word of liberty always in your mouth. . . . But liberty for a son is to obey his father. . . . Liberty is to walk upright, to think justly. . . . No one is free to fall into error and superstition. I warn you that if this child whom I confided to you persists in his revolt, if he inflicts on me to-morrow the insult which he threatens, it is you whom I shall hold responsible, my fine fellow.”

In sheer dread of the consequences for his young tutor, Désiré consents to attend the fête. But the attacks on his religion are too much for his self-control: he dares to hiss the orator.

The crowd rose like the sea when a cyclone passes over it. The committee, men, women, children, stood up, pushed and pressed against each other. Frümself looked over the crowd in the direction indicated by the movement of all the heads; and it was as though he had received a heavy blow right in his chest: his son was standing up, arms crossed, in the midst of clenched fists and furious faces. Valentin held him by the waist to sustain or defend him. Louise, standing up also, pressed bravely to his side. A surging movement of the crowd carried them all three away.

After this, M. Frümself again attacks Valentin as the instigator of his son's revolt.

“How can I help it,” asks the tutor, “if you have revolted the conscience of your son by your tyranny?”

They defied one another by their looks: the one small, slight, with his nervous face drawn and paled by revolt, the other, strong, imperious, red

in the face, with the veins on his forehead swollen as if they would burst. Louise, terrified, took the hand of Mme. Oberglatt, and drew her forward as if to throw herself with her between the two men. But Frümssel controlled himself; turning his back on his opponent, he went out without looking at anyone and slammed the door. There was a moment of stupor; then Désiré, deeply moved, came and took the hand of Valentin.

"Ah! M. Délémont, it is again you who suffer for me. . . Generous and brave. . . Thank you. . ." And he added more timidly, "I hope that you are not going to leave after this scene."

"Can you doubt it?" cried Valentin, still tingling with excitement.

"M. Frümssel is a hasty man," said Mme. Oberglatt, "but he is kind. He will be sorry to-morrow for what he has said to you."

"Too late. I cannot expose myself to hear it twice."

Louise came forward in her turn, with shining eyes, almost pretty in her emotion, and trembling with her hands clasped against her breast, she begged—"My brother would be so sorry if you went. And I too, M. Délémont."

At the sight of her trouble, Valentin understood the meaning of those looks, those words, that voice. It was a return of the temptation that had assailed him already. . . The peace of his life, comfort, security, fortune, prospects, were there. . . He had only to hold out his hand to gather all these good things as one gathers a flower. All the mirages of luxury and grandeur which can attract the heart of a poor man passed before him. But his pride was on the watch, and replying rather to the thought than to the words of the girl, he answered with firm and sad gentleness, "No, Mademoiselle, I should despise myself."

He returns to Paris and is received by the great Romanèche as might be expected. His friend Lourtier has been taken on to the staff of the EGALITE, but there is no place for Valentin. They want a man of convictions, as Romanèche reminds him, not one who, for a whim, turns against his own side.

In the matter of his little love-affair, also, disappointment awaits him. Paule-Andrée's parents have married her to Lourtier, who can offer her a good position. When Valentin protests, she reminds him that he has not even succeeded in passing his examination.

What has he accomplished in fact, the poor young man? Simply the demonstration of the impossibility of fitting himself, his obstinate, difficult individuality, into any of the holes that offers itself, round or square. He is too honest for a spy, too proud for a tool, too clear-sighted to be a dupe of the big words that Romanèche and his like manipulate so cleverly. He sympathises with the Catholics in the persecution they are enduring at the hands of the narrow and ferocious bigotry that calls itself,

comically enough, Free Thought. Yet the dogmas and assumptions of the Roman Church are not for him ; he can have nothing to say to a system which postulates as its first condition an absolute submission to authority.

“ Their programmes are always magnificent,” he says of the socialist leaders. “ However, when they have supplanted the bourgeoisie, they will commit the same errors and the same crimes ; they have the same instincts, they are worth no more. Oppression will change its direction and there will be a fresh set of tyrants ; that is all the difference there will be.”

And when his shocked interlocutor points out that such sentiments lead straight to anarchy, Valentin replies :

“ There was anarchy at the beginning ; perhaps we shall come back to it ; history is an eternal new beginning. Besides, there was good in it. Each man was his own master and his own judge. We shall see that again. Would it be so great a misfortune ? It would be simply a return to the law of force. And is not this the supreme law, of which all others are but the parody,—when they do not cloak it hypocritically. In reality anarchy has never ceased to reign. It governs us to-day as formerly, disguised by our falsehoods but not less terrible. It gives everything to him who has, and from the others it takes away even their most humble hopes. It is just as well to proclaim it and to confess it.”

Here we recognise the dissolvent that is already at work in our modern world, sapping all belief in the schemes of the most ardent of Socialists. The Anarchist, the man who pursues the dream of an absolutely untrammelled individual liberty, is the great antagonist which the constructors of the Socialist Utopia will have to meet in the near future. And in France, now, as always, the workshop of ideas for all Europe, where people still fight one another for an ideal or a belief with rancour and consistency unapproached elsewhere, we see foreshadowed what may turn out to be the coming Armageddon, that clash of irreconcilable ideals in which the whole fabric of existing society will finally go under.

RHYTHM AND RHYME

THE confession which so many readers nowadays are not afraid to make, that they do not care for poetry and cannot see why the same thing should not be written in straightforward English, is heard with mixed feelings by the writer of mere prose. Experience in his art has taught him its limitations. Nobody would be better pleased than he to make sentences and paragraphs which should justify so ingenuous a faith in them ; but he knows that it is hopeless. If no other suspects it, he at least realises how much of his meaning must go unexpressed, because the material in which he works will not convey it. The average reader may be unaware of the fact, yet it is true that prose is built up out of one material, poetry out of another. As the painter uses pigments denied to the artist in black-and-white, so the writer in verse has command, as it were, of a paint-box which the other may hardly touch. It is not that the poet has different words from the prose-writer's : he takes the old words with their old meanings ; but weaving them into verse he gives them a new value.

For it is the function,—it is the characteristic feature—of verse, to utilise in words a quality of resonance which they all have ; a vibrant force of sound scarce audible in them singly, but of wonderful power when they are made to pulsate together. In prose words are at best but muted strings ; in poetry they ring out full-toned, and the reader's spirit is made more sensitive to each word's meaning.

As the production of this tone is the making of poetry, so the hearing of it is what constitutes the reading of poetry. Unfortunately the music of syllables demands more than attention from the listener : it asks for practice too in listening ; and that is where the unprepared reader generally fails. Wanting the practised ear, there is not much poetry that one can enjoy.

Wanting the ear, many a reciter and many a would-be teacher are guilty of strange enormities. By a singular impertinence some people appear to assume that Shakespeare himself was ill-advised to write in verse. But what disaster overtakes those who act upon that assumption! With faultless memory and enunciation two school-girls recited the scene of Wolsey's dismissal in HENRY THE EIGHTH, putting in all the apt expression and punctuating all the sentences, in careful disregard to the rhythm; yet the hearers found it hard to follow the sense of the passage. Afterwards, however, a private reading disclosed the fact that, if pauses were made where Shakespeare made them, namely at the end of the lines which these mis-taught girls had so studiously ignored, the meaning welled out continuous and clear and full, with a majesty no prose ever equalled. But it is always true that there is no poetry for those who do not hear the sound of lines; and in order to hear lines, it is necessary to value the sound, and especially the duration of the sound of single syllables. Hence it is worth while to propose a shibboleth for testing the ear and proving one's ability to value syllables; and for this purpose a line from REJECTED ADDRESSES,—one of the loveliest lines for sound in all English verse—will serve well.

Where is Cupid's crimson motion?

It is faultless; but as it happens to be nonsense, the meaning will not be affected if we replace two of the syllables by two others, and make it

Where is Cupid's sunny motion?

By this alteration the nonsense remains unimpaired, but what of the sound? The reader who does not shrink from that change, who does not see how the music of the line is marred by it, may be able to peruse prose, but so far as verse is concerned he has not yet learnt to read.

To a sensitive and practised ear English poetry is like a shell murmuring of the sea, full of mysterious sound. And from that sound miracles proceed, for it is the poet's material. His is a fitting title; he is a *maker*; out of rhymes and rhythms, and cadences and subtle pauses, he makes things of which other people are able only to talk. Prose labours at its description; poetry outs with its rhyme, and the thing itself is before you.

In the best poems the dictionary meaning of the words is like a label describing a vivid picture ; that, and no more, for what the words try to say the verse shows. Thus Keats mentions *slow time* and *silence*, just as any writer in prose might do ; but, as no prose-writer may ever do, by the enchantment of that verse,

Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,

he fashions and puts before us a sample of the things he has mentioned. In the same ode, a real touch of endlessness is produced by a line which itself is soon ended :

For ever piping songs for ever new.

One does not think, but one feels (and that is the more convincing way) a kind of perpetual recovery, as the dropping meaning is picked up and floated forwards on the wave of that second *for ever*. So to utilise the sound of words in illustration of their sense is the especial privilege of the poet. Hear how Mr. Swinburne does it,—for a picturesque effect this time :

From where green lawns on Alderney glitter,
To the bastioned crags of the steeps of Sark.

Sometimes the things thus created out of rhythms are so obvious as to seem almost cheap,—mere happy hits. For example, Tennyson's

The moan of doves in immemorial elms
And murmuring of innumerable bees,

or his

Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echoed away,

or Campbell's

Their shots along the deep slowly boom,

where the actual booming and thundering and murmuring of the verse are what an imaginative child might invent at play. Sometimes, on the other hand, as in Rossetti's

With angels in strong level flight,

the fitting of sound to meaning looks so inevitable, that one is fain to wonder if prose, too, must not have expressed this just so, forgetting that to begin expressing things just so is to abandon

prose and make poetry. And often it happens that the sound of words is too delicately insinuating to be noticed, and we attribute all our pleasure to their meaning, without realising how that has been transfigured by their place in the verse. A score of times one may rejoice at Florizel's praise of Perdita,

—When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea,

and not observe that the words, too, are dancing gracefully, bowing and balancing through their delightful maze. "Move still," they say, and then comes the reverse movement.

—Still so, and own
No other function.

These, however, are, after all, but incidental miracles which poetry works by the way, going about its greater task of raising language in general to a higher power. True, the greater task is but a repetition of the less on a larger scale; the one making syllables sonorous, the other, sentences. For it is still the quality of resonance that is brought into action, whether we consider the individual words that come humming into a single line, or whether we regard the whole line, as it vibrates in sympathy with all the others in a stanza. But for all that, poetry is justified in the ennoblement of language as a whole, more than in its passing triumphs. By this art our commonplace English speech is made worthy of the immortals. Keats, it is true, protested that his verse was frail,

To that large utterance of the early gods;

but Keats's readers think him too modest. A Cæsar might be proud, and a Henry the Fifth is fortunate indeed, to have found voice in Shakespeare's rhythms; a Ulysses need not have disdained Tennyson's. The case of Milton's archangels is, perhaps, different: they are beings almost too tremendous for speech of any sort; but this at least may not be denied, that prose from their lips would be bathos, and that if speak they must, no other tones could be so apt to them as those that Milton found in English words, and sent reverberating through his verses.

To return to the means by which poetry achieves such greatness, it is to be noted how lines, not of necessity very melodious

in themselves, are improved in value by being set ringing in response to others. Such a line is Campbell's

Then flew the steed to battle driven,

which, in its own place (but not in this isolation), taking up the throb of the lines that have gone before, and passing it on to those that must inevitably follow, gives an impression far grander than its own meaning conveys. It is effective by dint of being in its place, like one of the hewn stones of an arch, among co-operative equals. To secure this invaluable quality it is that verse is so often measured into partitions or stanzas; for then each line is strengthened by the echoes of all the others with which it is grouped. Gray's *ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD*, beautiful as its lines are even individually, would lose half its effect by being printed straight on, without regard to the stanzas. Complete poems, short enough to profit by such an interchange of sound between all the lines, are among the most delicately delightful things in the world. So complete are some of Landor's epigrams, dainty as Tanagra ware.

As language finds a new voice when a real master of it causes its elements thus to call to one another, so its momentary pauses gain in impressiveness too. The cessation of a poet's line is almost as important as the progress of it. It comes in its due place by a natural law, which is no wanton convention, but which it is wantonness to ignore. And the same law holds good with stanzas also; the strong beat set up by the grouping demands an equally marked cessation of sound at the appointed moment. One would say that the poet must create a silence in which he can be heard; but what is most strange is that the silence itself may become a valuable aid to the poet in emphasising his meaning. Of course, not every poem uses this effect; does ever picture ask for all the colours in the paint-box? The point is that poetry may do this thing with a certainty most enviable by the prose writer, who can but dot in his pitiful row of asterisks and hope that the reader will check at them. And when the silent space in a poem is so used,—well, it is impossible to talk of what happens then. But let the reader (since quotations cannot be given at sufficient length) turn to Browning's *THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER*, and experience for himself the thrill of that silence which divides the first from the second stanza.

But, though rhythm be justified, and the so arbitrary seeming arrangement of verse into verses explained, other stumbling-blocks remain to perplex the inexperienced reader of poetry. Two devices there are in particular,—the one is alliteration and rhyme is the other—which hardly commend themselves to common-sense; and rhyme is the more egregious of the two. For how should a man, having said something that ends, it may be, with the word *low*, hope to add wisely to it by seeking out something else to say ending with *snow* or *flow*? It stands to reason that he will be hampered by his rhymes. He may not say what he would, but what he can. In short (the candid reader is fain to argue) it is a sacrifice of sense to silliness, this wilful imprisonment of one's meaning in rhymes; this false necessity to which the poet submits, of saying *snow* and *flow* because he has already said *low*. This cannot be a source of inspiration; from this neither an enrichment of meaning nor an uplifting of language is conceivable.

And yet *low*, *snow*, *flow*—they are Campbell's rhymes :

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

And, to whatever it be due, it is impossible to deny a great dignity in the verses. They have a charm to penetrate deaf ears. And what part in this do the rhymes play? Or how would the charm work, were they removed? It is worth while to try. Preserving the metre of the verses unimpaired, we may get rid of the rhymes by a slight alteration. We will let the first line run "On Linden as the sun went down"; and in the third we will say *flood* or *stream* instead of *flow*: and,—well, is the change important? We have only robbed the thing of its penetrating force, converted its stately march into a jog-trot amble not worthy of attention and not likely to attract any. In short, we have done no more than spoil the poem. Its golden circlet of rhyme seems to have been a royal crown, torn away by our democratic common-sense.

In reality, however, it is a thing far more vital than a crown, and a truer though distasteful simile would accuse us of scalping the verse, when we shear away its rhyme. But that also is none too apt, and the exact simile is not forthcoming. In all the

world, what else is there that is quite so trivial until put to the right use, and after that is so essential, as rhymes are? They are the feathering of the poet's oars; and how smoothly his verses travel! As the clematis twists a leaf with sly kink round its support, as the gourd at every joint thrusts down a new root, so a poem puts forth rhymes, and is the stronger for them. The clock ticks regularly through its hour and then strikes; the poem tells out its even syllables, and their periods are chimed out in rhymes. First and last that is rhyme's chief function, to emphasise and regulate the rhythmical time. It acts as a kind of fly-wheel; and as the sounds recur,—as *snow* and *flow* swing round in turn to the place where but now *low* sounded, the verse takes on a fascinating steadiness, and grows impressive as a magician's incantation. "Double, double, toil and trouble," the material of which the hideous spell is woven is rhymes. But they are more potent still for the white magic of pleasant verse; and when one examines verses like

All was gloom, and silent all,
 Save now and then the still foot-fall
 Of one returning homewards late,
 Past the echoing minster-gate,

one is forced to acknowledge that, if it is the flowing rhythm that charms, yet the rhythm owes its smoothness to those pairs of rhymes that follow one another in such endless procession.

Need more be said in justification of rhyme? First and last its function may be to regulate rhythmical time; but the great masters of words often adapt it to a further use. The two rhymed words in a stanza are above all the others conspicuous. If therefore the poet can also concentrate his meaning upon those same words, the light of it will be diffused the farther, the rhymes being then like beacon-fires answering one another across the whole verse. Words rich in association, full of fragrance, glowing with colour, are especially meet for rhyming; as in Burns's "My love is like a red red rose," in which all the four lines are suffused by the meanings that emanate from *June* and *tune*. The words seem to brush together like pine-needles in a wind, and emit their finest essence as the leaves of rosemary or sweet-briar will do if rubbed between the fingers. With a couple of rhymes, therefore, the poet not only extracts the perfect tone-vibrations from his language, but sends his meaning through

and through it. THE BROOK is full of examples of this. The fish are darting all through those lines,

I wind about, and in and out
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

Tennyson sometimes tripped, perhaps. Wanting a rhyme to *queens* in THE PALACE OF ART, he contented himself with *greens*, meaning green lawns; but the force of the rhyme extracts another significance from the unlucky word, so that the verse seems suddenly full of undignified green-grocery. Does common-sense exclaim, "What else can you expect when a man begins rhyming?" The answer is easy. If two rhymed words, ill chosen, can make a whole stanza ludicrous, they are equally able, well chosen, to make a whole stanza distinguished.

Tennyson could afford an occasional slip. "In poetry illustrious and consummate," as Browning judged him, he handled English words as few others have been able to do; and we may look to him for an example of the use a master makes of that other odd device, known as alliteration. The passage in his CENONE beginning "I waited underneath the dawning hills," with its suggestion of quiet darkness and the profundities of mountain distance, will be familiar to all readers of poetry. A cruel fault of memory, however, once impaired it for the present writer, who tried to make the next two lines go,

Aloft the mountain pine was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain lawn.

What was wrong? There were all the words, there was all the meaning; but yet there was wanting the airy limpidity of the mountain gorge, which the passage had been wont to conjure up. A reference to the book showed what had happened. *Pine* and *lawn* had changed places; and with that, the alliteration between *aloft* and *lawn* had been removed from the first line where the sense needed its smoothness, to the second where its smoothness only levelled away and destroyed the fine aspiring impression of the correct version.

That such delicacy of workmanship is very rare may be true; but to know that it is possible is enough. Could better evidence be desired, to prove how the poet's art inspires a new and finer

life into language? It is like the touch of spring on the land. The mere brute sounds of consonants stir with meaning, and the dullest elements of speech are quickened at a breath of the poet,—the dullest, stupidest elements, for there are few things sillier, or more vulgar even, than alliteration is in itself. To say that the prose-writer dabbles in it (as he often pleasantly does) is to understate the matter. It is a favourite habit of the man in the street, who finds a comfort, which all the world shares with him, in talking of his Twopenny Tube, and whose football news is spiced for him with alliterative headlines, such as *Lucky Luton* and *Wily Woolwich*. With this sort of effect the prose-writer certainly may do much, but the finest quality of it is for the poet alone. At rare intervals, as we have seen, it subserves ends of the extremest subtlety; and constantly it is resorted to as a sure means of strengthening the pulsation of verses, and so increasing their penetrative force. When the poet leads off the weightier syllables of his verse all with the same letter, it causes each to ring as with a hammer-stroke; and while we like the repeating letter, we like still more its effect on the syllables, of marking their equal importance and increasing the volume of their sound. It is their statelier rhythm that most truly affects us.

All comes back to that, in the end. Alliteration is serviceable: rhyme is more useful still; but, with them or without them, the rhythm of verse is paramount. That, and that only, in language, can properly sensitise one's spirit to receive the poet's meaning. When the rhythm strikes up, all becomes fluid. When *THE BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS* are done, and the *Envoy* begins on a changed beat

There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield,
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,

then the pulse of the lines communicate more to us than the mere words. The throb of the ship's engines seems to have started, and willy-nilly we are off on the Long Trail of poetry,—the Trail that is always new.

GEORGE BOURNE.

HENRY SIDGWICK¹

A PROFESSOR of Moral Philosophy would hardly seem to be a promising subject for a bright memoir. Nevertheless the memoir of Henry Sidgwick just published has an unusual degree of brightness, and the reader feels that this comes from a certain quality of its subject for which the best name seems to be sunniness. It is the sunniness of an early spring day, a gentle serene radiance, which has in it more of light than of warmth, though the latter is not wanting. Those who knew Sidgwick felt this genial effluence when he was present, and the memoir will help many who did not know him to catch at least a distant wavelet of it.

It is natural to think of some one man as in an especial manner the representative of a University; and as Jowett was certainly regarded as the typical figure in the Oxford of his day, so Sidgwick hardly less certainly took the place of the Cambridge man, who illustrated the characteristics of the type at their best. From what he says of Jowett in the memoir one conjectures that an interesting comparison might be drawn between the two men. His distinction in the University began early. He raised high hopes as an undergraduate, and these were justified when before the completion of his twenty-first year he became in a single term Wrangler, Senior Classic, and Chancellor's Medallist. He was elected to a Fellowship and assistant Tutorship by his College (Trinity) a few months afterwards. It was, however, only eight years later that he began what was to prove his special work, the teaching of Ethics. He was not one of those who go straight as if led by some sure instinct to their destined life-work. His wide outlook and varied interests opened out more possibilities than are offered to a narrower type of mind.

Of his gifts as a teacher and of his peculiar mode of teaching

¹ HENRY SIDGWICK: *A Memoir by A. S. and E. M. S.* London, 1906.

we learn much from the testimony of his old pupils. Nobody could have been less like the dull mechanical lecturer, who reels off year after year the same length of expository matter. He made the bold experiment of trying to induce his pupils to talk to him ; for he held the quite unconventional theory that lecturing is but a poor uninspiring mode of instruction, and that young minds grow best when they are encouraged to enquire and think for themselves under the gentle control of a wise teacher. Sidgwick had something of the old Greek belief in the art of dialectic, as we may see from the number of Societies for the free discussion of philosophical and theological subjects which he joined in Cambridge and London. But the proposal to make discussion the chief part of University teaching was only intended as a counsel of perfection. It is no doubt a plan much less unsuitable to the teaching of philosophy than to that of most other University subjects. Yet even in this department the pupils' shyness, alluded to by one who writes of Sidgwick's lectures, and other disconcerting characteristics of youth are apt to make progress seem alarmingly slow to one who has to keep an eye on the ever-approaching examination.

Sidgwick's eminence at Cambridge was, however, in only a small measure due to his reputation as a teacher. The Moral Science Tripos is not so popular as to secure notoriety even for its ablest professors. It was in the work of College and University re-organisation, of advocating radical reforms, particularly the abolition of compulsory Greek and the concession of the degree to women, that he became known as a force to be reckoned with in the wider University world. As a practical reformer, again, he had a method of his own. Nothing could be less like the spirit of the agitator than the quiet appeals to reason to which he sedulously confined himself. He seemed to have been specially formed to be a champion of women students. Perhaps even the rather vociferous youthful protestors against the admission of the other sex to the University might have been led nearer to a sweet reasonableness could they have been brought for an instant to stay their shouting so as to gaze on his calm spiritual face and listen to his gentle and persuasive speech.

Sidgwick's interests and active impulses were, however, too wide-spread to be confined within the limits of his University. He managed to combine with his teaching and other academic work a remarkable amount of solid philosophical writing. And

this held a high place, probably the highest, in his own estimation of his life-work. The variety of topics, lighter as well as graver, on which his letters touch might easily lead the reader to overlook his devoted concentration on his writings. Yet when he tells a friend that he has three books on the brain, the words will not fail to convey, to those who know what his books are like, a striking impression of his productive energy. Not many months before he was struck down by a fatal illness, he remarked to me that his main reason for wishing to live to be old was that there were two books which he still wanted to write. Of the permanent value of his contributions to philosophy it is still too early to speak. It is a common idea that his strength lay in fruitful criticism, and that he was lacking in the larger kind of originaive impulse. This view will probably be felt in time to be inadequate. Criticism itself may grow original, and Sidgwick's criticism was eminently original in its way of penetrating to the innermost meaning of a writer, and of disengaging and holding up to the light what was of substantial value. Nor is this all : when writing, as when conversing, he seemed best able to discover truth, to chase the dim and shifting form of a first idea into broad daylight by following out some suggestion of another mind. Closely connected with this tendency is his way of building up a complete truth by combining ideas of different thinkers which look unrelated if not opposed. The method, oddly enough, bears some resemblance to that of Hegel, the one philosopher from whose writings his searching mind failed, he tells us, to bring to the surface any philosophic treasure. His first work, *THE METHODS OF ETHICS*, will remain the freshest and most striking example of his method. It will pretty certainly take its place as one of our philosophic classics in which the two opposed tendencies running through British Ethics,—the tendency to base morality on happiness, and on the other hand to endow it with an intrinsic worth and an inherent authority immediately intuited by our reason—are each recognised and justified. A brilliant work it may not be, as more startling pieces of speculation are said to be ; yet it has a lustre of its own for the eye which can recognise the characteristics of the best philosophic work, the perfection of a methodical construction on a solid basis which is destined to endure.

After his writings the most important branch of his outside

work was the promotion of those new enquiries which have come, a little oddly perhaps, to be called psychical research. While still an undergraduate he had joined a Cambridge Society for the investigation of ghost stories, and to the end of his life he continued to give time and thought to the work of the Society for Psychical Research. Some held that this serious spying into occult phenomena was a little strange in so good a philosopher. Yet Sidgwick's attitude, as is made perfectly clear in the memoir, was much more one of an unprejudiced open-mindedness than one of eager desire to establish a particular result. He agreed with his friend Myers as to the important bearing of these investigations on the problem of a future life, and indeed spoke again and again in his letters of his interest in these researches as of a part of his larger interest in immortality. Yet he never allowed this interest to press warpingly on his judgment. The stolidly quiet way in which he accepted one exposure of fraud after another as the result of his determination to bring the garish light of science into the spiritualistic séance shows perhaps no less detached an attitude than that of some who stood aloof and ridiculed. The memoir makes it clear that his interest in these occult phenomena was a widely different feeling from the passionate longing of his friend Myers. He speaks of it indeed in one place as if it were just one more diverting interest in his life.

In order to understand this interest, it is necessary to touch on his whole mental attitude towards the supernatural. The narrative which he gives us of his religious development and of the slow yet steady formation of those sceptical scruples which led him publicly to dissociate himself from the Church of England by resigning his Fellowship is one of the most moving passages in the memoir. He felt himself compelled unrelentingly to probe the religious problem with his fine critical instrument just as if it had no vital bearing on his welfare. He had no patience for what he held to be the too facile methods of finding spiritual repose, as illustrated by theists so far removed from one another as Newman and Martineau. "Emotional rhetoric" was distasteful to him when forced into an enquiry as to the truth or falsity of an assertion; yet he never became a denier of religious truths, nor did he move as far as his friend Leslie Stephen towards the position of an agnostic. He persistently cherished a hope,—with a certain amount of

wavering according to changes of circumstances and mood—that God exists and will grant us a future life. Yet this modest hope was never exaggerated: Sidgwick's idea of truth differed profoundly from that of more recent writers who appear to say that the felt need of a belief is an argument for its validity. He required something in the nature of logical evidence, even though this were but weak. And so he emphasises the point that "we are led to accept Theism as being, more than any other view of the Universe, consistent with, and calculated to impart a clear consistency to, the whole body of what we commonly agree to take for knowledge—including knowledge of right and wrong." In a similar manner he finds the strongest support of a belief in the future life where Kant found it, in the necessary presuppositions of a science of Ethics; though even here his admirable caution brings him in one place to add words which read like an unconscious survival from the early reading of Mill,—that human progress and the growth of sympathy may in the future diminish the importance of a belief in immortality as a motive to right conduct.

With these various forms of serious occupation Sidgwick combined other and lighter pursuits. Imaginative literature, both prose and poetry, was a favourite study during the undergraduate days and remained so to the end. The impressions of new books which he jots down in letters to his friends are delightful reading. Sidgwick had an eye for the qualities of good literature, and his criticisms, which are rarely at fault, are often acute and suggestive. He always upheld a high standard of excellence and insisted on clearness of intention hardly less in imaginative than in philosophic writing. Hence we meet with critical observations which may seem odd to one habituated to more conventional modes of criticism; as when he remarks *à propos* of Stevenson's PRINCE OTTO that his pleasure in reading it would have been considerably greater if he "had not been haunted throughout by a sense of ambiguous *genre*," that is to say by the doubt how much was intended to be amusing extravagance, and how much serious presentation of human relations; or when he remarks on THE MIKADO of Gilbert and Sullivan, which he had just seen, "I thought, as I always do of their pieces, how *much* better it would have been if a *little* more pains had been taken—if the whole had been kept more up to the level of the best things." How unrelentingly he could insist on the standard

of "the best things" is illustrated in a remark on the conversational powers of Mr. George Meredith whom he had just met. After saying that in his talk there was once or twice an amusing stroke of humorous fancy, as for example when he described an unhappy singer's voice as being like "the soul of a lemon in purgatory," he adds: "But these things did not come often." Few, perhaps, of those who are experienced in the joyous discipline of a spiritual bath among the breakers of Mr. Meredith's discourse would be courageous enough to wish that all the wave-crests were at the level of the highest. Sidgwick's deep and discerning love of poetry is shown not only in his fine critical observations on poets, including writers as dissimilar as Tennyson and Alfred de Musset, but in his own poetic efforts, samples of which are given in the memoir. He is said to have had a wonderful gift of recitation, and a good verbal memory enabled him to store his mind with poetic treasures. This acquisition he turned to what may seem quaint uses. Once, when crossing the Channel with a friend, he stood on the deck reciting English verse with emphasis and gesticulation slowly to himself, as a preventive against sea-sickness. Towards the end of his life he told me that he was wont to comfort himself in hours of insomnia, if not to woo sleep to a less tardy visit, by repeating some of his favourite poems; and he added that his ability to commit poetry to memory was not sensibly impaired by age.

Another side of Sidgwick's activity is illustrated in what he says about politics and practical affairs. There is no doubt that he had a considerable capacity for business. I happened in the year 1892 to be officially associated with him in the difficult work of organising an International Scientific Congress of Psychology, which was to include both the "orthodox" or "scientific" psychologists, and the "psychical researchers," and I was much impressed by his practical insight and resourcefulness. He seemed to see instantly and intuitively, not only what such a gathering ought to be, but the precise arrangements which were needed to make it a success. His interest in public affairs was developed early when, like his friend Leslie Stephen, he came under the influence of Mill and Fawcett. Like Stephen, too, he had a passing fancy for entering Parliament. His destiny decreed that he should contemplate political affairs from the semi-seclusion of Cambridge, wisely judging of public events as they passed, but

chiefly interested in thinking out the deeper principles of politics. The memoir throws an interesting light on his changing political opinions as he passed through the various stages of Liberal and Liberal-Conservative. He seems but rarely to have been pleased with the trend of political events. The result of the Franco-German War disgusted him, and it is *à propos* of the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine that he for once grows almost hotly indignant, pouring scorn on England's boasted policy of non-interference. On the several points of dispute between the two English Parties we find pertinent and impartial criticisms. The reader feels that Sidgwick's way of looking at things disqualified him from much of what is commonly understood by party-loyalty. He expresses, indeed, in one place grave doubts as to whether the advantages of our party-system are sufficiently great to guarantee its preservation in the future, or "whether, perhaps, after all, it is Cæsarism which will win in the competition for existence, and guide modern industrial society successfully towards its socialistic goal." When the topic raised is the struggle for national independence, he is apt to seem to waver. Now he will have nothing to do with "sentimental politics," and now he expresses a feeling of fatigue or worse at all the talk about Poland and the other aspiring small States. Perhaps he had not the broader and more passionate sympathy needed for appreciating the feelings and struggles of masses of mankind. On the other hand what he writes about the Boer War shows what a shock he received from the spectacle of England's apparent abandonment of its old respect for a national love of independence. One day, shortly after the outbreak of the war, he took me into his study, and pointing to a copy of *THE DAILY CHRONICLE* lying on a chair,—which paper was just then fiercely denouncing the war—remarked: "You see I read both sides," and then, with a half-suppressed sigh, "I was brought up to loathe the war."

Sidgwick was by no means a recluse, and a chief attraction of the memoir is the picture which it gives of the man in undress, so to say, chatting quietly and laughing just as quietly with his friends. He had a genius for society, nor was he fastidiously exacting as to the company he happened to be thrown with. He had the art of swiftly feeling his way to uniting topics; when for example he happened to find himself taking in a rather shy lady to dinner, or, worse still perhaps, staying with the Warden of Keble. He loved to meet new people, and writes of his visits to

London with something of the enthusiasm of a schoolboy ; only that the metropolitan wonder in his case was the number of good talkers he found there. Friends like Leslie Stephen give interesting accounts of Sidgwick's conversation which had its distinctive movement and charm. The stammer, which was often a painful disturbance to listeners unfamiliar with it, seemed hardly to affect his own readiness in talk. One came to see that he had schooled himself to ignore the peculiarity by a specially intense concentration on the ideas he was expressing. At the same time the stammer was apt to appear, by a curious illusion, even to a friend like Stephen, as partially controlled by the will and used for effect. One can easily understand that the facetious answer which he is said to have given to the question : "What is the English equivalent of the German word *Gelehrte* ?" namely "prig," must have had its delicious drollness sensibly enhanced by the prolonged stammer on the *P*. Some of the striking points in his conversation noted by those who were familiar with it, are knowledge, and the ready use of it, facility in giving a new and often a humorous turn to the current of speech, sympathetic alertness in getting into touch with the mind of his fellow-talker and in drawing out the best of this mind.

Of his capacity for friendship of the more intimate and enduring kind we have abundant illustration in his letters. The long series to his old Rugby friend, Mr. H. G. Dakyns, in which he touches all sides of his experience, and reveals the secrets of his deeper self, have a singular beauty. One is affected by a kind of awe at meeting with such a tender and intimate attachment between two men, maintained at a distance, and in an age when the letter, as the medium of an intimate exchange of experience and ideas, has been crowded out of so many lives by nearer and, as they are called, more pressing things. Sidgwick was half a Greek in his appreciation of the high place of friendship in a well-directed life. He writes once to his mother : "I feel often as unrelated and unadapted to my universe as man can feel, except on the one side of friendship ; and there, in my deepest gloom, all seems strangely good, and you among the best."

The potent attraction of the memoir lies in the personality of Sidgwick. It is not so much what he did and said as what he was, which gives the indescribable "Sidgwickian" charm to all. Even his intellect had a well-marked individuality. It was

a unique combination of many ingredients, among which we can detect something of the unrelenting searchfulness of Socrates, something of the impartial grasp of a subject on all its sides of Aristotle, and an ideal of truth and a conscientious application of this ideal to his own as well as to others' beliefs which it would be hard, perhaps, to match. The only way, one supposes, in which he could ever have seemed brutal to anybody was in his remorseless testing of ideas. Yet he was as severe in self-criticism as in criticism of others, and noted the absence of the former in others, Mark Pattison for instance. For an independent thinker he was unusually considerate of others' views. He continued to be in a peculiar manner a learner from others all his life. He is undoubtedly to be ranked among the great lovers of truth. The comparison of Sidgwick with a contemporary thinker, Herbert Spencer, who in his way showed an admirable devotion to the pursuit of truth, would probably throw an interesting light on the many-sidedness of a perfect love of truth. One characteristic of his mind implied in his business faculty was its practicality, its tendency to make all ideas conducive to wise living. He remarks in one place, where he disclaims the title of practical man, that what he has done in the way of originating action has been done because it seemed "demonstrably right on first principles." I can recall a curious illustration of this application of first principles in a talk which we once had on remedies for insomnia. He employed with a certain adroitness Aristotle's idea of a mean between two extremes, saying that he found most helpful the reading of a book which was neither too dull nor too exciting, instancing Smith's *WEALTH OF NATIONS* as the one which best satisfied these conditions.

A part of the moral attractiveness of Sidgwick seemed to lie in his temperament, its placidity, its quiet hopefulness, its disposition to look favourably on things. He had something of the natural disposition of the hedonist, of the quiet Epicurean type. His writings betray a marked leaning to an optimistic view of the agreeableness of conscious life. Yet he was far from being a jubilant optimist. The memoir will surprise many by the melancholy strain which recurs in it. From what he says on the fine line of Alfred de Musset,

L'espérance humaine est lasse d'être mère,

and elsewhere one sees that pessimism had something of a horrible

fascination for him. His very idealism, his habit of dwelling on the best, helped to deject him by making him preternaturally sensitive to the pitiful shortcomings of the actual. "I am growing daily sceptical [he writes to his mother] in educational methods : politics are a blind free fight." "What shall be done [he asks once] unto the man who cares only for the highest things and to those cannot attain ?" This goes to show that the more enduring placid outlook on the world was more than temperament, that it was something reached by processes of self-discipline.

Some men who suffer from the gloom which is apt to accompany the life of thought find a temporary relief in some stronger kind of emotional stimulus, that of music say, or of the beauties of Nature. Sidgwick had his quieter forms of relief, and among these one of the most salutary was humour. He brought his playful turn of mind close to his serious thinking, and when he found a sympathetic companion he would pass from the grave to the gay and back again with perfect ease. Some delightful examples of humour and of the less pungent forms of wit occur in his letters. He consoles himself and his mother when he fails the first time to obtain the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in this style : "If I had been elected it would have entailed several woes : (a) several more stupid people would have asked me to dinner, (b) several more comparatively illegible men would have written to me for testimonials," and so on. Writing of a German banquet in which the speeches began after the soup and continued between the dishes, he says : "You would think it would tend to make the speeches short, but no, it tends to make the dishes cold."

Of his beautiful character it seems vain to try to say anything adequate. He had something of the candour of the right sort of child. He had that rare possession, a manly modesty which was eminently modern and akin to Christian humility. His sense of justice was keen and comprehensive, and it almost seemed in him to be the other side of the large intellectual grasp of things. Examples of this may be found in the memoir, as in his magisterial summing up of the question whether Dr. Temple, when appointed Bishop of Exeter, did right in retaining his essay in the famous volume, *ESSAYS AND REVIEWS*. He was quite capable of supporting an outside candidate for office against men of his own University. The occasional signs of obstinacy which some noted in him were

probably due to his vigorous championing of a standard of justice higher than that commonly acted upon. I remember that when I was once examining with him for the Moral Science Tripos he stoutly resisted the proposal to give a first class to a certain student, while denying it to a second, urging that the latter, independently of the examination test, was known to be far the abler of the two. And he was undoubtedly prompted in this case by a sense of justice; he was realising at the moment how inadequate a test of comparative ability a particular set of examination papers must be. No less prominent than the love of justice was the benevolence which embraced along with acts of public generosity the minor kindnesses of everyday life. No one who has been his guest is likely to forget the fine considerateness of his hospitality. The German professors of the International Congress alluded to above warmly recognised in him "the English gentleman." He relates somewhere with an engaging touch of simplicity how he had set himself to cure his selfishness by a methodical observation of others' feelings. Yet the selfishness which was thus easily plucked up could not have been deep-rooted. It may be surmised that his goodness of heart, like his modesty, came from an older source than any of these later exercises in self-discipline. He always retained something of the finer essence of that faith, formal adherence to which he had felt compelled to renounce. It is the clear shining out in Sidgwick's words and actions of the supreme qualities,—a fearless love of truth, a warm humanity and a manly modesty—which, spite of some apparent and superficial wavering, gives us the impression of a deeply-founded harmony, a well-balanced completeness, and a beautiful simplicity in his character. And it is this impression which gives the sunniness to the memoir. We may apply to him the beautiful lines of Mr. Swinburne which he recited at a small gathering of friends, just before he went up to London to face the operation which was to prolong his life by three months,

When the light of the life of him is on all past things

Death only dies.

JAMES SULLY.

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THE ENEMY'S CAMP

CHAPTER XXV

"A DOCTOR," said the Admiral, "ought to marry before he begins to practise."

"There's something in that," Majendie admitted. "I should say a schoolmaster ought to marry young too,—more chance of a house."

"If he gets the right sort of wife," the Admiral agreed. "Some kinds of women are fatal. There's a sort of woman who tries to conduct the whole establishment, and who is always creating disturbances with the other masters' wives. Heaven preserve me from that sort! A schoolmaster's wife can't be too tactful and unassertive of herself."

"She ought to be a good manager," said Majendie thoughtfully, "and brisk, and clever at housekeeping and that sort of thing."

"Oh, yes, of course," the Admiral conceded cursorily; "but a little of that goes a long way. I like a womanly woman."

Majendie felt vaguely annoyed. "We all do, I suppose," he said. "But if I had a wife I shouldn't like it if she couldn't say *bo* to a goose. I prefer a girl with some spirit."

"What is known as spirit," said the Admiral profoundly, "generally consists in a sublime inability to sympathise."

"Rot!" returned Majendie. "I like a woman who can enter into one's life, and understand one's work, and manage a house well at the same time. That's sympathy."

"Really?" said the Admiral loftily. "I shouldn't have said being able to order dinner, or to see a patient if you were out, or——" his imagination failed him for the moment, which was fortunate, as the friends were on the verge of a disagreement.

The pause which followed enabled them to reflect that after all

they were both in too good a temper to quarrel, and they stretched themselves more comfortably in the chairs which they had brought into the shade of the willows. On the bank by the house-boat, some fifty yards away, Talbot was busy washing up the plates used at luncheon: Charles had felt himself sufficiently recovered by the meal to wander away down stream in the direction of his Gladstone bag; and William was restfully lying on the grass and watching Talbot.

"Talbot doing some work for once in a way," observed the Admiral. "Do you know, I've been wondering lately if he's quite the genius we used to take him for?"

"There are some things he can't see," Majendie assented. "Funny how he came out with that information without suspecting, wasn't it?" They both laughed at Talbot's unconscious form as it bent over the bucket.

"It's very often the people who think themselves uncommonly clever who are easiest to take in," the Admiral continued. "I wish we weren't such an infernal long way up stream," he added irrelevantly.

"So do I," his friend agreed. "Two miles' walking in this weather is beastly hot work. We ought to move down again."

The Admiral looked doubtful. "We ought," he said; "but how could we work it? Talbot knows the other camp has moved back, or rather he thinks it's been there all the time; wild horses wouldn't move him back. William would be all right; he prefers the old place, I know."

"So would Charles," said Majendie, suddenly remembering something. "Talbot's taken his bag off down there again; I forgot to tell you."

"How do you know?" the Admiral enquired.

"Charles told me himself. He saw him do it last night when we were asleep. Went down in the boat, and Charles followed along the bank but lost touch of him somewhere. He can't think where he got to?"

"What did Talbot do that for?" asked the Admiral in surprise. "We were talking about it last night and he said it was quite safe."

"I expect Charles got a bit too near to it all the same," opined Majendie. "Talbot's not the chap to run any risks."

"Hasn't it struck you that it's a bit rough on Charles?" the Admiral said meditatively. "A joke's a joke of course, but it can be carried too far."

"Just what I've been thinking," the Doctor agreed. "I really have had thoughts at times of helping Charles to find the thing, just to score off Talbot."

"That's not half a bad idea," commented the Admiral. "We could do it, I believe, if we knew whereabouts it was."

"It's in the osier-bed somewhere; Charles is sure of that. It's a long way to go to hunt for it, though. If only we were back at the old place, how much simpler everything would be."

"I vote we insist on moving," returned the Admiral with decision. "Why don't you talk a bit about malaria and ague and things, just to put Talbot off his feed? A doctor's got such a lot of special knowledge that is useful in a case like this."

"Of course I've had some experience," Majendie admitted modestly. "I don't mind trying it; honestly, though, I don't think it'll do any good. What does he care about medicine? Less than nothing."

"Oh well, if that doesn't work, we can do it straight out," stated the Admiral. "We'll put it to the vote whether we go or stay, and he can't hold out against everybody."

While this treason was being hatched in the distance Talbot and William were conversing pleasantly over the washing of crockery. "I don't believe Charles ever went near the other camp," Talbot observed.

"I know he didn't," William said. "I met the man Lauriston the other day and sounded him, and it was quite clear from his manner that Charles had been lying."

Talbot seemed aggrieved. "Wish I'd known that before," he said. "I shouldn't have been so keen on moving. I don't like this place nearly so well as the other. All the best fishing is close round the mill."

"We were within easy reach of our provisions, too," William put in. "Majendie's always willing enough to go and fetch things,—I'll say that for him—but he always makes mistakes. I told him particularly not to forget the sardines this morning, but of course he did."

"What do you say to going back?" said Talbot suddenly. "We might chance Charles making friends with the other people. It's only a week now,—wish it was a month," he added half regretfully.

"I'm ready to go back," William replied. "What about them?" he indicated the two conspirators under the willows.

"Oh, I'll answer for them," Talbot announced with a grim smile. "I'll go and broach it," he added, putting down the last plate which he had washed. "We'll go after tea this very day; there's no time like the present. And, what's more, those two shall tow us." Talbot nodded resolutely to William and walked across to the willows, filling his pipe as he went.

"Tiring work washing up," he remarked as he sat down on the grass by his friends.

"You shouldn't do too much of it," suggested the Admiral half in irony and half as a prelude for the Doctor.

"I don't," responded Talbot complacently.

The Admiral was vexed enough to meditate a piece of irony with a sharper point, but Majendie checked him. "You don't look quite the thing, old man," he said to Talbot, adjusting his eye-glasses. "Touch of liver?"

Talbot hesitated on the brink of a forcible rejoinder, and refrained. He was curious to gather the trend of Majendie's thoughts. "I believe I am a bit liverish," he admitted invitingly.

"H'm," commented Majendie in a professional tone. "Felt any tendency to shiver?"

"Every now and then," Talbot assented; "the moment I get out of the sun."

"Headache? Any feeling of nausea?" continued the Doctor to the Admiral's scarcely veiled admiration.

"Some headache, good deal of nausea," said Talbot succinctly.

"H'm," said Majendie. "You're not well; let's feel your pulse." Talbot's pulse was strongly regular, a model of what a pulse should be. "H'm," commented the Doctor again; "a bit too slow for my fancy. Any aching in the joints?" Talbot confessed that he ached in most of his joints. It was in a measure true, and was a not unnatural result of last night's exertions. His tongue, which was next examined, caused Majendie to shake his head gravely. That redness was an unnatural symptom when taken with the other facts of the case. "You're not at all well," was the result of the examination.

"What's the matter with me?" Talbot asked; he was entering into the spirit of the enquiry, feeling that he would soon get a clue to the reason for it.

"You've got a touch of mud-ague," said Majendie in a tone of admirable certainty. "It's not at all an uncommon thing; the marsh-men in the Eastern Counties suffer from it constantly. It

cripples them in the end; but it's easy enough to cure if taken in time."

Talbot's respect for a professional experience increased. "What does it come from?" he asked.

"Living in this creek too long," Majendie returned. "I'm surprised more of us haven't had it. The remedy's simple enough; change of soil, and whisky with hot water last thing before you go to bed. We must move the house-boat at once."

Talbot's curiosity was satisfied. He now began to see the point of the thing, and he restrained a violent impulse to laugh. "No, really," he protested; "it would inconvenience you people. I'll take the whisky; that will put me right."

Majendie was puzzled at the success of his manœuvre. Talbot's appearance was aggressively healthy, but one never knows,—even a doctor never knows; he might have stumbled on some recondite ailment which was sapping his friend's health without altering him externally. In any case he must go on with his scheme, now that he had begun it. "Nonsense," he said authoritatively; "I'm the medical officer of this expedition, and you're under my orders. We'll move the house-boat this very day, as soon as we've had tea."

Talbot submitted with unusual humility. "Of course a doctor is the best judge of matters of health," he said. "Where shall we move to? There's a good place about a mile and a half up, just below a farm."

Majendie allowed one eye to fall on the Admiral in momentary consternation, but his voice was decided enough as he answered. "No, certainly not; clay, and mud too; we must have gravel. There's no gravel anywhere up stream; the only place I can think of is where we were before. Now, it's no good your protesting; your health is the first consideration. You'll be all right as soon as you get there. To-morrow morning you won't know you've been ill." Majendie thought he might safely venture on this prophecy as he surveyed his friend. It was incredible that a man who looked like that could have much the matter with him.

Talbot allowed himself to be convinced, and then, saying that he would acquaint William with the proposed removal, he rose and left them.

"I don't understand," said the Admiral when he had gone; "*has* he got anything the matter with him?"

"I don't understand either," confessed Majendie. "I never saw a man in better health in the whole course of my professional experience. But we're going back; that's the main thing."

So it came about that a few hours later there was a repetition of the scene which was described earlier, save that this time Charles was pressed into service at the helm while Talbot, by virtue of his mysterious indisposition, reclined comfortably on the roof and meditated upon the fitness of things with an equal mind.

CHAPTER XXVI

"ALLOW me," said Charles ceremoniously, "to introduce my friends, Mr. Majendie—Mr. Lauriston—Mr. Crichton—Mr. Lauriston."

"And have you," asked Mr. Lauriston pleasantly, "also resolved to join the—ahem—search-party?" He pronounced the word with diffidence, for he was not unconscious that there was an element of the ridiculous in the idea of five grown men (for Martin was in the background, having volunteered to help his master, the thought of a possible reward having eventually dispelled all unworthy suspicions from his mind,) looking for a Gladstone bag amid grass and osiers. He was doubtful whether his own share in the proceedings did not seem to call for explanation, but that would depend on the attitude of the two strangers.

"Yes," said the Admiral with equal pleasantness, "we are much interested."

"It is a very odd thing, where it can be," observed Majendie tactfully, adjusting his eye-glasses.

"Very odd indeed," assented Mr. Lauriston. These young men were evidently sensible; there was none of that tendency to irreverent jocosity about them which might have compelled him to give that difficult explanation.

"We do not," said Majendie virtuously, "approve of practical jokes of this kind. In our opinion Talbot has overstepped the bounds of good taste."

"Exactly," chimed in the Admiral; "and we feel it our duty to assist our friend Haddon to the utmost of our ability."

Mr. Lauriston listened to these praiseworthy sentiments with approval, though it is to be feared that Charles wondered intern-

ally why his friends had not developed them a little earlier. However, better late than never, he thought, and since they were here at last they should be made useful. The colloquy recorded took place in the little hut among the osiers. Charles had fortunately met Mr. Lauriston the day before, and had informed him of the bag's removal. The meeting this morning therefore was by arrangement, an arrangement which included Martin. The reinforcements were unexpected, for it was only a few minutes earlier that Majendie and the Admiral had approached Charles with ready sympathy. Charles had at first been suspicious; did not the idea of delusion originate with Majendie, and had not the Admiral been his aider and abetter? But the two frankly confessed their error, and displayed so genuine a disapproval of Talbot's high-handed action that he could not choose but forgive them. To make them prove the value of their professions, however, he insisted on their helping him to look for the Gladstone bag at once, a thing they seemed ready enough to do. Thus it came about that they now stood in the little hut,—*castra in idoneo loco*, as the Admiral called it—ready for the fray, while against the wall stood a row of five bottles of light dinner ale and five glasses, which should serve as refreshment when thirst came upon the forces.

Introductions over and compliments completed, they left the hut and proceeded to beat the osier-bed in open order. Charles was on the right flank, a circumstance which procured him an unexpected pleasure. He had paused for a moment by the stile at the far end of the plantation to light a cigarette; from this point he could see the mill with the path that ran by it, and he was idly looking in that direction when a slender female form appeared in sight, and during the brief period that elapsed before it vanished round the corner of the mill Charles gained a swift impression of a charming face, graceful movement, and dainty attire. Cicely was not unaware that a white dress with a big straw hat decked with red poppies became her marvellously well, and she would not have been unduly surprised had she known that her appearance had impressed Charles favourably. But she did not know, and she continued on her path without being in any way disturbed. Those to whom it is given to exist gracefully must often miss many of the minor triumphs.

Charles remained at the stile looking after her for some minutes, and it is to be feared that his feelings towards Talbot partook of

more animosity than they had done hitherto. That he should have been debarred for an unnecessarily long time from the acquaintance of that unusually attractive young person by the mere lack of appropriate costume was a circumstance that he could not forgive. The fact that she proved to be more attractive than he had expected made it somehow more bitter; he had an idea that Mr. Lauriston's nieces would be nice girls enough but not worthy of more than his passing attentions. But here was an apparition that would attract him from the far end of any given drawing-room; how much the more then in a barren and dry land where no ladies are? Charles meditated with annoyance on lost opportunities and turned to his search with an angry brow. Time was flying and he had not yet even been introduced. Something must be done and that speedily.

Meanwhile the Admiral and Majendie were hunting diligently about five yards apart; they could not see each other, but they were both on the alert for any indication of the desired discovery. To say truth, they did not, it is to be feared, quite trust each other's motives. Majendie, realising why he himself wanted to find the Gladstone bag, was mortally afraid of the Admiral's coming upon it, departing secretly, and hiding it straightway in that safe place of which he had spoken. For his part the Admiral did not doubt the dishonesty of his friend's intentions. It is part of a schoolmaster's duty to understand mental reservations, and he knew that Majendie intended merely to remove the bag from one place to another if he should find it, and to remove it without mentioning the fact. So it came about that both firmly resolved to nip any such proceeding in the bud, and in consequence they did not lose touch of each other's movements.

Mr. Lauriston and Martin, however, sought with whole-souled diligence, the one inspired by the spirit of the chase, the other with the hope of a reward. To Martin the thing was that truest of recreations, change of work. He knew that Mrs. Lauriston had kept for some days a watchful eye upon a certain fallen willow which she shrewdly conjectured would make excellent fire-wood, and he had hourly been dreading the moment when she should decide that he had better begin to chop it up. This little excursion with his master's sanction and countenance delayed the crisis for an hour or two at least. Martin had no taste for chopping up fallen willows; it was not a thing that his Ealing experience, wide though that was, provided for, and he feared

that it would prove even more arduous than the limb of the elm on which Mrs. Lauriston had set her affections before. Moreover the willow was in full sight of the camp, and Mrs. Lauriston had too true a sense of discipline to allow such an indulgence to her retainers as a pipe anywhere on the premises. The Gladstone bag not being within the jurisdiction there were no such restrictions here, and Martin was enabled to smoke with a quiet mind.

The allied forces conducted their operations all the morning, except during the brief interval of rest and refreshment during which Charles dispensed the contents of the five bottles. But though the whole osier-bed was covered, no trace of the missing bag could be found, and even Charles was brought to admit at the subsequent council that it could not be there. But he took the matter calmly, and thanked his assistants, regretting that he had put them to so much trouble for nothing. His manner was that of one who has taken a resolution, and Majendie and the Admiral exchanged a look of surprise when he said that he did not think it worth while to waste any more time over the thing. Mr. Lauriston was also somewhat surprised, but he saw the force of Charles's argument; it might, he admitted, be anywhere. He eventually departed, concurring with the suggestion that any further search should be quite unofficial. If any one should come upon the bag Charles would be glad to hear of it, but he did not wish to put them to further trouble. When Mr. Lauriston and Martin (who had received a small instalment on account) had gone, the other three lingered awhile by the hut. Charles lighted a cigarette and surveyed his friends critically. "You look beastly disreputable, you two," he said at length. "Your blazer's torn," he added, addressing Majendie more particularly, though the indictment applied in a lesser degree to the Admiral also.

Majendie stirred uneasily. He was aware of his deficiencies, but he had had a vain hope that his appearance might not be so bad as he thought it was. The truth was unpalatable, and he replied with some acrimony: "Well, you can't expect me to look as if I came out of a bandbox after hunting for your infernal bag all the morning. You're not much to strut about, yourself." His eye settled remorselessly on his friend's trousers, which showed plainly the results of Charles's frantic race a night or so before.

"You look," said the uncompromising Admiral, who also resented Charles's attack, "as if some one had gone over you with a harrow and then rolled you about in the mud."

The severity of this description caused Charles to look at himself in alarm. He too had had the hope, ascribed by human beings to the ostrich and probably by the ostrich to human beings, that the will to conceal is as effective as concealment. "I fell into that ditch," he admitted when he realised that the Admiral's statement was not inaccurate, "when I was running after Talbot. You can't get mud off flannels. But I shall be all right to-morrow," he added more hopefully.

"How do you mean?" asked Majendie, somewhat puzzled.

"I'm going to walk into Packington after lunch and send a telegram," said Charles, not without pride.

"A telegram!" echoed the Admiral, also not quite comprehending Charles's plan of improving his condition.

"For more clothes," explained the other. "I'm sick of going about in rags, and besides——" Charles did not finish the sentence. "I wonder you're not ashamed of yourselves too," he continued, turning the subject.

"We're all right," said Majendie without much conviction; "what do appearances matter here? Besides you won't get your clothes for days, or, if you do, the man will send down evening dress, or something absurd. Don't be an ass." Majendie did not appreciate the idea of Charles, who was evidently hand and glove with Mr. Lauriston, suddenly securing the advantages of his London wardrobe, and then eclipsing himself in the graces of Miss Agatha Neave after a formal introduction. Advantages being equal, he thought he would hold his own, but in that case advantages would not be equal. And in the matter of sending for clothes Charles also gained, for, as befitted his social condition and wealth, he possessed a valet who could be trusted to pack all that his master might require. A young house-surgeon, however, is not so fortunately placed, and there was no one whom Majendie could safely trust with so delicate a mission. Wherefore he was prepared to combat the idea.

The Admiral, however, who had been thinking, seemed inclined to support Charles. "I should like to feel decent for once myself," he said. "It's rather barbarous to be going about like this, even if one is camping out. One is not Talbot."

"I'll send a wire for you at the same time," said Charles readily. He felt that in the event of a collision with Talbot a well-dressed friend in need would be useful.

But the Admiral was troubled with misgivings similar to Majendie's. "I was wondering," he objected, "if we couldn't get some clothes in Oldborough. It would be quicker."

"How far is Oldborough?" asked Charles, weighing the proposal.

"About seven miles," answered the Admiral. "We could hire a trap and drive in."

"Don't know much about country tailors," commented Charles dubiously; "and ready-made things are impossible, even in London."

"Better than those anyhow," said the Admiral, indicating Charles's muddy garments.

Charles saw the point of this remark; almost anything would be better than what he had on. But he would not yield all at once, and Majendie, who had now grasped the possibilities of the plan, hinted that he would not object to the drive himself. "Well," said Charles presently, "I don't mind going in. I can send a telegram there if the shops are too hopeless."

This decided, they returned to the house-boat for lunch, and an hour or so later might have been seen getting into an elderly dogcart which was standing at the door of the Green Dragon hostelry in the village of Packington.

CHAPTER XXVII

"WHY, Agatha, I could really do quite as well. Have you got house-keeping on your mind, dear,—or house-boat-keeping? My sleeve's all wet too," protested Cicely.

The three girls had taken the boat. Doris was at the sculls, and the elder Miss Neave had firmly possessed herself of the rudder-lines. Cicely, all too trustful, had leant comfortably back beside her sister, letting one arm hang over so that she might feel the water slip between her fingers and occasionally capture a lily-leaf in triumph. Agatha was sitting upright and business-like, handling the lines with the air of the truly efficient, but apparently her thoughts had wandered, for they ran into the bank with a sudden completeness that surpassed even Cicely's performances when steering.

"I'm afraid I was thinking of something else," Agatha confessed, banishing meditation with decision.

"Or somebody else?" insinuated Cicely softly. She held up her arm reproachfully, pulled her sleeve back to the elbow and watched the water trickle from her finger-tips while she made a little graceful pretence of shivering. Then she opened her eyes wide with an air of innocence as she enquired, "If I get a very bad chill do you think he'll prescribe for me?"

Agatha jerked the lines, hoping that Doris would take the hint and row on. But Miss Yonge was gazing dreamily across the fields, possibly in the direction of King Charles's oak.

"I'm sure I could manage quite a bad chill," pursued Cicely, "and then you could nurse me and he could come every day, and everything would be quite nice and proper. No, you mustn't be angry, dear." This advice was a trifle tardy as the adviser perceived. "I didn't mean to be a tease," she continued contritely. "I thought you found him rather in the way, always at the shop. No, I know you didn't, and I am your sister, aren't I?" she concluded, artlessly massacring grammar while she settled herself more comfortably in her share of the cushions (all but one) and picked out her ripest greengage as a peace-offering.

Agatha looked down at her, half appeased. "What mischief are you planning now?" she enquired, reviewing previous experience which led her to distrust Cicely in her guileless rôle. But Cicely's sympathetic look would have extracted a State secret from a Cabinet Minister, and was not wholly lost even on a sister. Agatha accepted the greengage and put it carefully in her lap, the unripest side down. She looked at Doris, and saw that she was still abstracted.

Cicely took Agatha's nearest hand and patted it affectionately while she said in coaxing tones, "Did he come to-day?"

"How cold your hand is, child," conceded Agatha.

The younger Miss Neave nodded. "Every day?" Agatha was silent, a sufficient reply. "I'm so glad," said Cicely. "Do you always talk about house-keeping?"

"He comes to the shop," was the rejoinder.

"Not only to shop?" Cicely suggested.

"He doesn't know much about it," said Agatha.

"So you have to teach him,—what fun!" Cicely permitted herself a little laugh. "And he doesn't try to teach you anything?"

"Certainly not," Agatha declared decisively.

"I think he must be a very clever doctor," said Cicely, after a brief survey of her sister's satisfied expression.

"His father is ; he's a knight," replied Agatha ; "and I think he must be too : he's picked up quite a lot about how to cater."

Cicely smiled. Her last remark had not been fully appreciated, but that did not trouble her. She was reflecting on the fitness of things, for she knew that she would never have taught anybody anything, and that Talbot would have defied any feminine instruction she more than suspected.

"What would Aunt Charlotte say ?" propounded Cicely after a short pause.

Doris looked up suddenly with a slightly embarrassed air.

"I wasn't talking about you, dear," said Cicely, who correctly interpreted her friend's little start of apprehension ; "but I think you might tell us sometimes. It's not fair of you two at all ; I never see either of you in the mornings now."

"That's not our fault," retorted Agatha, rather glad of an opportunity. "If you made yourself useful,—and you can do that when you like—instead of going off goodness knows where and fishing——"

"You wouldn't be giving house-keeping lessons, and I might be shopping instead ?" interrupted Cicely, taking the offensive in a manner worthy of her strategical ancestry. "But I don't mind. I'll go to the shop to-morrow, and you can fish for Uncle Henry's dinner instead." She clapped her hands as the full deliciousness of the exchange struck her. "Do, do !" she pleaded. "I'd give anything,"—Cicely's little hands in an expansive gesture gracefully indicated the universe—"just to see his face."

"I sha'n't allow you to do anything of the kind," Agatha decreed ; "you're not to be trusted."

"I'll only talk about house-boat-keeping," protested Cicely, who had not been thinking of Majendie's face at all. "I really will. I'll take Aunt Charlotte's book of recipes, and teach him to make entrées with tomatoes and vinegar and whipped cream,—from *the* cow, too ; then he could think of you all the time he was eating them. Would it cost very much to buy the cow ? We might take it back to Bel Alp until he gets a big practice and——"

"Cicely, don't talk nonsense," was the rebuke.

"Oh dear, then I'd better not talk at all," sighed she in modest self-depreciation. She dropped her head, perhaps to hide a smile called up by the thought of the exchange. Agatha by the side of the perch-hole, very erect, with a still more erect fishing-rod, surprised by the very correctly attired angler,—it made an irresistible picture. "I suppose I may be trusted with the fish?" she demurely enquired.

Agatha did not deign to reply; but Doris intervened. "You must let me come with you one day, Cicely dear; only I shouldn't like to see you putting things on hooks. How do you do it?"

"Oh, it has to be done," Cicely answered with a determined air. "They do wriggle though;" she dipped her fingers in the water at the mere idea, and again resorted to the offensive,—in the strategic sense. "But you're still sketching King Charles's oak, aren't you, dear?"

"It's rather a difficult subject," Doris agreed.

"Why don't you make him climb up and sit for King Charles?" pursued Cicely, still bent on mischief. "He's very nice-looking, isn't he?" she added by way of excuse.

"I don't think I could do that," said Doris in a reproving tone.

"I'm sure he'd do it if you asked him. And it wouldn't matter about the costume because the leaves would hide all that, of course. Then you could keep it always, like the cow."

Two pairs of eyes, one indignant, one reproachful, compelled apologies, but if Doris was appeased, the elder Miss Neave most certainly was not. "I suppose it would amuse you to make a man ridiculous?" she said very severely.

Cicely blushed slightly. She was thinking of the correct angler and his notable neatness of costume. "No," she said at last, "I don't think that's very kind of you, Agatha. I wouldn't do that, not if he was a nice man. But if he made himself just a little,—a very little—wouldn't you rather like that? Suppose he had wanted to climb up the tree himself," she triumphantly concluded.

"But then he couldn't help me with the sketch," objected Doris.

"Of course not, dear; I quite see," agreed Cicely, who saw remarkably well.

"You shouldn't talk about what you don't understand," put in Agatha, still wrathful.

"House-boat-keeping?" was on the tip of Cicely's tongue, but she suppressed it with a noble effort and looked at her reflection in the water for due appreciation. "I didn't mean it, you know I didn't, Agatha," she pleaded pathetically; "I shouldn't like any doctor to be ridiculous. I'm sure he never could be. And schoolmasters never are, are they?"

Peace was concluded and followed by a moment of silence, during which Cicely was again tempted by the spirit of confidence. But she remembered her tacit pact with her angler; they were not to betray each other. Besides, if Majendie and the Admiral were to discover, it would be Talbot's turn to appear ridiculous. He would be very angry too,—not that she was afraid of that, of course, she assured herself—but if he was to be a little, just a very little—well, absurd, he must not be that to anybody else but herself. This point settled, she could resume operations.

"Now, I'm going to be very good," she announced, "because you know you'll want somebody to help you. We sha'n't always be here, shall we?"

The others sighed a melancholy assent in their respective keys.

"And Aunt Charlotte,—she isn't always sympathetic, is she, especially about house-boats?" continued Cicely. "But she will be if we manage it properly,—when she's talked to Uncle Henry a bit. Does Mr. Crichton know Uncle Henry?" She turned to Doris.

"Oh yes, and he knows my brother too," said Miss Yonge readily.

"Then you're all right," observed Cicely. Doris looked at her as if she did not quite understand. "I mean, when he wants to give you sketching-lessons, he can call on your brother. There won't be any difficulty at all": Cicely sighed, underrating the Admiral's possibilities in guile. She dismissed Doris from her calculations; the affair appeared prosaic.

"I shouldn't have liked it if he hadn't," said Doris.

Cicely selected another ripe greengage. "First prize for good conduct," she smiled, presenting it to her friend. "First prize for,—no, second for good conduct," she amended, handing another to Agatha. She consumed a third deliberately, with no spoken judgment.

"Mr. Majendie knows Uncle Henry, of course," Agatha stated loftily.

"How long?" enquired Cicely. Agatha was not prepared to be exact. "It's rather a pity." Cicely saw her possibilities of romance diminishing. She might, it appeared, be left alone in her glory. "Does Uncle Henry know he knows you?" she asked more hopefully.

"I'm sure no one could possibly object to him." Agatha wore an air of proprietorship which pleased Cicely infinitely. She understood her sister, it seemed. "No one who knows you, dear, could possibly imagine such a thing," she agreed dutifully; "but Uncle Henry won't introduce him to Aunt Charlotte, unless it's managed very carefully; and what will you do when we get back to Bel Alp? She won't have any other doctor but that dreadful Mr. McAlister with the Scotch accent, who pats you on the head and talks about 'pitten' oot yer bonnie wee tongue,' and says we ought to play 'gowf,' when it's all because they've been trying German cooking. So it's no use being ill, you know,—except down here, of course, as I said. We,—you, I mean, must try Uncle Henry."

Agatha made a movement of irritation. "Aunt Charlotte's prejudiced against the house-boat," she said.

"Are there any other nice men there?" asked Cicely, looking at Doris; but Doris was mute.

"There are five men altogether, if that's what you mean," said Agatha in her elder-sisterly tone.

Cicely held up her hand, looked archly at each in turn, and pulled down two fingers.

"One does the house-keeping, and one goes about with Uncle Henry, and one fishes, and I think is rather surly," said Agatha with a half-smile as the fingers were pulled down in turn.

"Number two sounds best," laughed Cicely; "who is he?"

"His name is Sir Seymour Haddon; he is a baronet," Agatha made answer.

Cicely had heard about a certain "magnificent Charles," otherwise "Haddon," but only now was the full splendour of the seeker after Gladstone bags revealed. She clapped her hands merrily. "That's delightful, dear," she said; "it will be quite all right with Aunt Charlotte."

(To be continued.)

RUSSIA IN REVOLUTION

THE small slatternly maid peered into our faces. Was Mr. Gekker in? She would see. In the meantime, as she disappeared into a side room, we were left in the outer darkness of the passage. For perhaps two minutes we were left thus, while the thin panels of the door ill disguised the discussion which our arrival had occasioned; Mr. Gekker, having already suffered twenty years' banishment to farthest Siberia, could not afford to be careless of his guests. The door opened, and the light from within showed us the figure of a woman. It was impossible to see her face, but the sound of her voice was encouraging.

What was our business with Mr. Gekker? He was not very well that morning.

We passed the scribbled card of introduction to the Revolutionary leader, and, after a scrutiny, were admitted to the great patriot's presence. We had both heard of Gekker. We had heard of the terrible punishment which had followed upon his youthful indiscretion of pamphlet-writing. We had heard also the pathetic story of his attempted escape; how, after months of the most terrible sufferings, he had almost reached that absolute haven, the deck of a British steamer lying in Poti, to be seized by a Customs picket-boat, and sent back to an imprisonment which ultimately denied him the use of his limbs, and found him, at the moment of the Emperor's manifesto of amnesty, in body a prematurely old man, but in brain a fine vigorous patriot.

As we entered he was wheeled in his invalid's chair from the window, where he had been sitting, to his desk. He had a fine head, this Russian Jew who had given all that was sweet in his life to aid the emancipation of his unfortunate co-religionists, with the dark brown eyes and aristocratic features of the best blood of his race, and black hair, streaked plentifully with grey,

the heavy locks of which were brushed back from a noble brow. As we looked down from that fine face to the poor withered and crippled limbs below, we could not help feeling a tinge of disgust at a system of government which elects to make enemies of such mental talent, rather than pillars for aid and encouragement.

For a moment our attention was riveted upon the face of this man, who had attempted so much, suffered so desperately, and attained so little; then our eyes wandered to the woman who stood at his side, smoothing and arranging with such deft, tender fingers one of the raven locks that had strayed. Here was a figure as majestic in its pathos as that of the Revolutionary leader. It was the same lady who had first interrogated us in the passage. She was now approaching middle age, but it was evident that at one time she must have been very beautiful. Even now, though the coils of her rich chestnut hair were softened by the bleaching of time, and lines gave shadow to her wonderful complexion, her presence was one to command attention and admiration. In a moment the story flashed back to us. This was Paulina Braemer, the brave and magnificent daughter of a banker at Nicholaieff, who, smitten by the iniquity, pathos, and brutality of Gekker's fate after his second capture, had devoted her life to his, and incidentally the country's, cause. She had followed him to that miserable snow-bound settlement in Siberia, had nursed him through his fearful illness, bred of reaction from his efforts to escape,—the illness that had left him a cripple in body. She had even suffered the blandishments of the coarse soldier who exercised authority in the penal settlement, in order that she might be allowed to remain at the side of the man whose unjust sufferings had first inspired her compassion, and whose intellectual fortitude had ultimately fired her love. It was a pathetic story of the strange paths of a woman's love; but now she had her reward. Her brown eyes flashed with wifely pride, as, standing with her thin white hand resting upon Gekker's shrunken shoulder, she faced us, knowing that we had come from afar to pay homage to the brain which was the pilot of progressive Russia in the south. Such is the story, part pathos, part triumph, and yet wholly miserable. What is human between this pair is stunted by bodily infirmity. A vicious fate has taught the woman what she has missed, for two little children of hateful parentage lie beneath the snow-drifts in the far north. Yet what is human love, social intercourse, and mundane passion

before the grand intoxication of the senses bred of a marriage with patriotism? Ask of that still finely featured man, as he tosses upon his restless bed, cursing his aching back and contemplating that which he has lost. Ask of that once beautiful woman, as she struggles with the memories of Siberia and a stifled mother's love. What is this Russian patriotism? The answer is simple. In youth it is immature sentiment; in middle age it is the lust for vengeance for ills received. But I am moralising!

Our credentials were unimpeachable, and Mr. Gekker received us with a limp shake of the hand. There was no smile of recognition; the art of cheerfulness had been left behind in the dim past. We came to talk of Moscow. The Revolutionary leader in the south was delightfully frank.

"The General Strike and the Revolution at Moscow have both, in a sense, been failures. Yet underlying the failure there is an element of success. Politically we have gained many points. For instance, the whole of Russia, the whole world, has been horrified by the fearful carnage resulting from civil war. Though killed in their thousands and chastised by the superiority of the Government armament, the people recoil with twenty recruits for every life that has been sacrificed."

"But," we hazarded, "are you careless of the fact that a large section of the community is driven into a reactionary frame of mind by the contemplation of these very horrors that you believe to be encouraging revolution?"

"Not so many as you would think, and certainly not those whom it is desirable for us to enlist. Besides, you must remember that although the soldiers have carried out the Imperial orders on this occasion, they have in many places begun to waver, and they return now to their barracks sick at heart in the thought that they have been massacring their brothers and relations."

Wishing to change the trend of the subject, as it was obvious that Gekker found it necessary to defend a cause with the results of which he was not really satisfied, we asked: "To what circumstances do you attribute the failure of the strike generally, and the outbreak in Moscow in particular?"

Gekker thought for a moment, then he said slowly: "It was but a test case. The truth is this: the movement was in advance of the preparation; the spirit of the country is ready, but the preparations are hopelessly inadequate. Yet there are certain

firebrands that are resinous, and we cannot prevent them from bursting into flame."

"What, then, will be the next step?"

"We must rest and get our propaganda to work. The Government has been in existence for more than a year; it is not easily to be overturned. We shall have to allow the Duma to come together. The failure of the promises contained in the Czar's manifesto will strengthen our hands; it will make our propaganda more acceptable."

"But are you sure that the promises will fail?"

"Did a Bureaucratic promise ever do otherwise than fail? And even if the promises in the present manifesto be fulfilled, they would not suffice for the country's requirements. If, a year ago, the Czar had granted constitutional freedom, as expressed in his manifesto of October 17th, he would have carried the people with him, and cut the ground from under our feet. But in spite of the Bureaucracy we have ourselves proceeded far in advance of the tenets of the manifesto. What would have sufficed a year ago is only a crumb in a loaf. No; let the Duma elections take place; let the Duma sit; it will only confirm the country's now universally awakened distrust in everything emanating from the Administration."

"What will be your next move, Mr. Gekker?"

"Ah, that I cannot say. Moscow has upset our plans in the near future. For the present it will be organisation. We must organise, organise. The decision to vest all discretionary powers in the Union of Unions is perhaps the greatest step that the various committees have taken in the cause of the organisation that must ultimately overthrow the Government."

As it was evident that Madam was becoming impatient at the length of our visit, we made the sign which invariably indicates a parting. The faintest ghost of a smile from the woman, another limp shake of the hand from the wretched framework of the man, and we were out into the snow-swept street, and sleighing in the teeth of the storm back to the more fashionable end of the town.

It is impossible to say that the visit left us in a pleasant frame of mind. There seems to be something so indefinite and intangible about the real objective of the Revolutionists, something unfinished in a movement with which every Englishman should have sympathy. What do these men want? One can

find nothing constructive in their policy ; their one aim is to destroy. Is there any state, any form of government, except anarchy, that would give them satisfaction? Is it constitutional government that the country desires, or is it a republic? Of a truth, they are not clear on these points themselves. The personal element in the whole movement seems to be so foreign, so absent from the revolutionary machinery, that, however sympathetic one may feel, one cannot feel confidence in a cause which merely sets up isolated and microscopic sections of working men as targets for soldiers to shoot at. Strikes? Yes! those of the Post Office and railways were well and persistently engineered ; but they have not had the desired effect of forcing the hands of the Administration.

The truth is this : through the agency of the foreign Press the world has been led to believe that the hold of the Administration upon the country is less firm than it really is. It is natural that this should be the case, since the majority of foreign journals interested in Russia lean upon the Russian journals for their information. The tone of the Russian paper, until the last few months, has not been the tone of the Russian editor. Muzzled in his own sheet, the Russian editor has used the foreign Press, not only as a safety-valve for his own pent-up indignation, but also as an elaborating machine for his own grandiloquent dreams of revolution. Only those who have lived in Russia can realise how much elaboration a Russian is capable of, though Russian reports of their own victories during the late war should be something of an education as to the possibilities of fantastic embroidery. Consequently the outside world is absolutely and entirely misinformed as to the real state existing within the great White Empire. I would assure your readers that a foreign Press breathing fire and rebellion does not in itself mean that fire and rebellion are as largely existent as advertised.

And now we come to another point, which to my mind is admirably suggested by our interview with the unfortunate Gekker. The various Revolutionary committees, wisely enough centred for control in the Union of Unions, have come to the conclusion that time, and much time, is necessary before they can hope to have their machine in good working order. But each outburst necessitates expenditure. Funds are now low ; each committee has gone out into the market to collect them. Thus we have here in the south of Russia the Union of Unions

levying an inhabited house-tax consisting of a third of one month's rent per householder ; the Jewish Bund, likewise levying a tax based on a tenement return ; the Social and Constitutional Democrats, appraising the amount of a sum, calculated on the basis of a poll-tax at one hundred and twenty *kopecks* (two shillings) a head. Over and above this burden, which, in the present state of depressed trade and strike-bred impecuniosity, is severe enough, there loom on the horizon the organisations of the Terrorists and Anarchists, which collect money promiscuously by threat and blackmail. At the best of times the Russian labouring man is not wealthy. These sums, small as they may seem on paper, are in reality of far greater intrinsic value to the Russian than he can afford. And it is on the poor, not on the rich, that the committees will first try to realise. These repeated calls will not inspire either love or confidence in the cause which the committees are working for, especially when it dawns upon the working classes, as I assure you that it is really beginning to dawn, that rebellion, unsuccessful in the past and undefined in the future, is responsible for the absence of trade and its consequent depression in the labour-market. No one, of course, would care to prophesy, but few thinking men, who are free of the fire of fanaticism and have a personal knowledge of the existing conditions in the country, can be satisfied that the time may not be near when workmen and peasant, awakening to the truth, will rise and stamp out the evil murrain of unrest, root and branch, from within their midst. As Gekker tried to show us, the Revolutionaries expect much from the Duma elections ; but having granted the Constitution, from which there can be no reaction, the Great White Czar has only to ameliorate the condition of the services and peasants, and the latter will stay the hand of anarchy and terrorism ; they may even lop it off. Those terrible ten days at Moscow have furnished a wonderful object-lesson to the whole of Russia.

LIONEL JAMES.

THE SPIRIT OF HIDDEN PLACES

OVER the mountain's shoulder, round the unweathered cape,
In lands beyond the skyline there hides a nameless shape :
Whether of fiend or goddess no mortal well may know ;
But when she speaks,—with flushing cheeks they one by one
must go.

To men in far old cities, scanning the curious chart,
Her voice would sound at midnight, like music in the heart ;
Across the wrinkled parchment a glory seemed to fall,
And pageants pass like shapes in glass along the pictured wall.

She led the sails of Lisbon beyond the Afric shore,
Winning a world of wonders by seas unknown before :
She watched the sturdy captains of Holland's India fleet
Planting their post on that grim coast where the two oceans
meet.

Yea, and in earlier ages, what^fghostly race were they
Who left the eastward waters to tread the inland way,
Who bore the gold of Ophir and built the tower of stone—
But left no sign save empty mine, and rampart overthrown ?

But others find their footsteps, and strike the trail anew :
How fared the burghers onward across the wild Karoo ?
And still, with hand at bridle and eyes that search the wind,
With strain and stress the white men press that mocking sprite
to find.

We seek her by the valley,—she moves upon the height :
The rainbow stands athwart us to blind her from our sight :
Along the sea-bound bastion her steps are hid in spray ;
And though we dream,—with morning gleam the lustre dies
away.

Yet sometimes for a moment men think to feel her nigh,—
 When first the lost Moon Mountain unveiled to Stanley's eye ;
 Or when the Great White Wanderer beheld Zambesi leap
 With earthquake-stroke and sounding smoke down the stupendous steep.

And then again we lose her, for lack of wizard skill :
 Only the message liveth that tells us, *Further still!*
 Yet could we come upon her, and seize, and hold her fast,
 The onward track would something lack of its old magic past.

No secret on the ridges, no whisper in the air,
 No sense of paths untrodden, no shadow anywhere,
 Earth robbed of half her glamour, and ocean void of awe—
 The proud pursuit that brings not fruit is man's eternal law.

LANCE FALLOW.

MEN AND MORALS¹

IN the eighteenth century if a man of science wrote a book, custom ordained that in expressing his thoughts he should make a certain assumption, which, as we look back on that period, is seen to have had something in its favour. This assumption was that he wrote for ordinary educated men of the world; and as a consequence he suited his language to their comprehension. Nowadays we have changed all that. Modern physical science, with its infinite complexities of machinery and of classification, has really needed to create a new vocabulary, and this genuine necessity has been made into a sanction for innumerable spurious claims. Jargon is the rage. The use of plain old-fashioned words is in danger of seeming a literary affectation, and every man who wishes to gain an audience, courts confidence by the issue of two or three misbegotten terms, which the next advertising dictionary-maker will seize on to swell his unscrutinised rabble of a vocabulary. But of all sciences none has suffered so much from this disease, this itch of word-mongering, as the most venerable of all, which old-fashioned people still call philosophy, *par excellence*,—the study of the mind of man. Here the offence is worse because it is less excusable. Elsewhere admittedly are new facts; but here, what do we know that was not known to Plato and Aristotle? If we grant that physiology has yielded certain results which need specific description, a terminology of their own, that still does not excuse the whole chorus of Germans and their obsequious imitators from Kant downwards, who wrote without reference to physiology. Nobody denies that Kant, more especially, was a great man; but it may be seriously questioned whether he did so much service to the thought of mankind as could outweigh the results of his

¹ THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF MORAL IDEAS; by Edward Westermarck, Ph.D. In two volumes; Vol. I. London, 1906.

refusal to abide by common language. He, more than anyone else, is answerable for the illusion that a new word proves the existence of a new truth. Call a sentence a categorical imperative, and you may hang whoever disputes it.

The natural consequence of this Gothic invasion has been to banish the ordinary educated man from the field of philosophy altogether. That arena is left to specialists, spinning theories which cannot be subjected to the test of experiment. Possibly the plain man is no worse off on this account, so far as philosophy means metaphysics,—although it is at least equally possible that he would be the better for knowing what can be known about the nature of that extraordinary complex which we describe as knowledge. But it is beyond question a matter for regret that speculations on the theory of conduct and its appraisal should have been removed entirely from the censure of the plain man,—fenced off by a prickly hedge of pedantry which the plain man naturally baulks at. When he reads, for instance, in Professor Bain, that the discipline of the whip is “a form of pain supposed to have both volitional efficiency at the moment and intellectual persistency for the future,” what can the plain man say but “Bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated indeed !” And yet, if we come to think of it, since the plain man obviously controls our legislature, and less obviously determines customary morality, it is highly important that he should have a right view of what is meant by punishment. As things are, his views will be probably those of his favourite novelist, for the novelists have boldly annexed all the domain once possessed and now deserted by philosophy ; and their theorising is the more influential because ordinary flesh and blood, when presented with a theory of conduct, desire to see how it will work in practice, and the novelist is bound to adduce concrete though imaginary proof of his theory’s applicability. Law and religion have little competing voice, since they decide according to traditional codes, and do not generally regard moral questions as open to discussion ; and thus we arrive at the very serious consequence that Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. George Bernard Shaw (for the drama must be added to the novel), and perhaps Miss Corelli are the most authoritative exponents of moral philosophy among us. A generation back one would have added the newspapers, but the enterprising individual whom a short while ago we knew as Sir Alfred Harmsworth has been

appropriately rewarded with a peerage for demonstrating the falsity of the belief that people read newspapers with any intellectual purpose or result whatever.

All these considerations induce us to be grateful to Dr. Westermarck who has written a book which appears likely to influence and instruct popular thought for the excellent reason that it is not only thorough but intelligible, and, better still, conformable to common-sense. If we venture to discuss it from the plain man's point of view, that is because we have found nothing in it that the ordinary educated person cannot fairly judge of, at least in some measure. Experts may decide how far Dr. Westermarck is original, how far he is orthodox, what precise label is to be placed upon him. Our concern is simply to examine this analysis of the facts of the moral consciousness and see what light it throws on matters concerning which men have always debated,—and more especially the theory of punishment. The book itself began (so we read on the first page) out of a discussion among friends on a problem of this kind,—how far a bad man should be treated with kindness; and it should have its natural effect in provoking and controlling similar discussions. There is, however, one thing to be said. It is to be hoped that casual conversations will not commonly have so serious a result,—for Dr. Westermarck has given us now only the first half of his work and it contains a matter of seven hundred pages. However, more than half of these seven hundred pages are occupied with enumerations of various points of view which prevail or have prevailed in regard to the sanctity of human life and human freedom; and no one will find it fatiguing to be reminded that in certain countries it is or has been praiseworthy for a son to kill his father,—nay more, not only permissible but pious to eat him. The anthropologist in Dr. Westermarck is always useful to the moralist; and the moralist, affirming that public opinion always resents the ill-treatment of a parent, refers to the anthropologist for explanation of these seeming exceptions. The answer (when you know it) is easy. Certain tribes expect a life after death on which the deceased will enter at the point where he left off living; and naturally, then, a well-disposed son will despatch his father to the happy hunting-grounds while still in case to enjoy them. Other races, again, dwell disagreeably on the process of decomposition, and, recognising that their elements must be resolved by some means or other, prefer to entrust this

care to the digestion of their near relatives. In these cases, public approval awaits the man who kills his father,—more particularly if he show his sense of the loss by an affecting farewell—and public resentment falls upon the man who neglects to eat his parent. Parricide and patrophagy are thus both of them good acts in certain times and places. What makes them good is the fact of public approval, and the main thesis of Dr. Westermarck's book is that the terms *good* and *bad* register nothing more than a public feeling.

To take a more intelligible instance, a good woman in India naturally desires to commit suttee so long as the beliefs obtain which prompt that observance. But a good European is bound to prevent this good act, because the public sentiment which he shares and helps to create would condemn him, through his own conscience and otherwise, if he did not prevent it. The ultimate truth concerning morals is, in Dr. Westermarck's view, that there are no moral truths. But this does not mean that there are no morals. An individual is always amenable to the verdict of the community; he is praised or blamed, justified or condemned, in accordance with the public feeling and the public code, which is built up out of the feelings of many individuals, and which every individual is constantly tending to alter or establish. Behind the feeling lies a cause, it may be in stern necessity, it may be in fantastic superstition. The latter has been illustrated; the former case is seen in the morality of hunting tribes who generally tolerate infanticide, and either the killing or desertion of the aged, because such communities cannot continue to exist if their power of travel is greatly impeded.

Yet although the cause may be there, no cause is assigned when an act is described as good. The fact of public approval is affirmed, and that is final. Even, and this is a fine instance of Dr. Westermarck's analytic power, the rebel against convention who affirms his own standard, and declares the goodness of what public feeling condemns as bad,—even he asserts merely the feeling of an ideal public. He appeals to the verdict of all men sufficiently enlightened to feel as he does. That is the difficulty of the heretic in morals. Were he dealing with truths, they would admit of demonstration; but the moral reformer can only cry aloud his own feeling and his own conviction, while bishops (or the equivalent) are brought up to testify their respectable adherence to what he impugns. Nevertheless, in the

end, the individual reformer is apt to win. The mark of an absolutely unprogressive community is absolute agreement in matters of morality and custom; heretics are the people who help the world along, and Professor Westermarck is generally speaking on the side of the heretics. But at the same time he is far indeed from asserting that every man is entitled to do whatever his conscience authorises or ordains. No man, he says, making an ingenious distinction, should be punished for acting according to his conscience; but society has a right to punish him for having such a conscience as he has.

The analysis of this inherent right to punish is a very good instance of Dr. Westermarck's method. Many excellent persons would answer that society punishes in the interest of the offender, —to secure reformation. A larger number would assert off-hand that the justification is self-protection, that the voluntary infliction of pain on another human being is authorised by the deterrent effects. But, Dr. Westermarck observes, if the object be solely to deter, why punish the offender only? It is very likely that the fear of punishment to his children would be a better deterrent; and if punishment were justified by its results, the suffering of innocent persons would not matter, since the appropriateness of punishment to guilt is not recognised. Limiting the question, however, to what can be profitably inflicted on the individual culprit, very absurd consequences follow from either the theory of deterrence or that of reformation. A man who murders out of jealousy should certainly be punished more severely than the son who kills an exemplary father, because the propensity to parricide is generally slight, and does not need such severe repression. Further, the most incorrigible of all offenders are tramps and drunkards; the most easily reformed, very often are those who have committed some serious crime such as forgery or wife-murder. Could the moral consciousness approve of giving the tramp ten years with hard labour, because nothing less is likely to deter him from tramping, and of letting off the poisoner (say) with a mere nominal sentence, trusting to the probability of reformation? And of course, on the reformation theory, there is no justification at all for punishing one who is proved incorrigible. He may indeed be secluded, but in strict justice, if the reformationists are right, his seclusion should have no penal character. Yet all of these conclusions will be at once rejected by the ordinary moral consciousness which demands at

the end, as it demanded at the beginning, that the punishment shall be proportioned to the crime. There are highly civilised persons, doubtless, who will repudiate all connection with this primitive desire for retaliation,—the desire to see pain inflicted in return for pain. Concerning them Dr. Westermarck remarks (and the observation has wit as well as wisdom) :

It is one of the most interesting facts related to the moral consciousness of a higher type that it in vain condemns the gratification of the very desire from which it sprang. It is like a man of low extraction who, in spite of all acquired refinement, bears his origin stamped on his face.

Yet perhaps refined emotions need not be so much ashamed of this filiation. In its crude beginnings, perhaps, this desire is purely selfish ; the individual craves to get from the individual eye for eye, tooth for tooth. But the human characteristic of justice is there from the first, measuring the penalty by the offence ; and moreover, as Dr. Westermarck points out, in a primitive community feelings easily take a public character. At least as against strangers, the tribe is one ; injure any member and the whole blood is offended ; each man is eager to retaliate the pain that has been inflicted, not on himself, but on a part of the society. In its final development we have the moral consciousness of the honourable man who desires to see the offender punished but whose feeling is justified because it is a public feeling, and who as a matter of fact will be far more likely to condone, say, a theft from himself than a theft from his neighbour.

For this theory, that all punishment is based upon the primitive emotion of resentment, Dr. Westermarck draws support from a vast range of learning. The penalty was often proportioned to the emotion occasioned rather than to the guilt ; thus under early Norman custom whoever killed his lord accidentally must die. Will any one deny that something of this feeling survives which attaches a special criminality to the slaying of a conspicuous or beloved person ? More interesting, however, is the usage in regard to animals. Adam Smith says that a dog or horned beast which has caused the death of a human being is put to death, "not merely for the security of the living but in some measure to revenge the injury of the dead." Public opinion has altered in this respect since the eighteenth century, unless we are mistaken ; certainly many a horse has killed his man with hoof or teeth and not been shot for it. Beasts in

a menagerie are never held accountable, probably because ferocity is expected of them. The older usage is traceable back through many codes of law, that of the Hebrews among them, which decreed death for man-slaying animals. At present probably most of us would incline to say that a dog which had killed once unjustifiably was better out of existence, for after all a dog if it be not tame has no right to exist. But the feeling which decreed the killing of any animal homicide has disappeared; no one would advocate the shooting of a valuable bull or horse because a man had lost his life by the beast, any more than he would advocate the draining of a lake because someone was drowned there. Our moral consciousness does not feel resentment unless there is guilt, and guilt implies a human will.

Yet though we can show logic in refusing to attach guilt where there is no intention, law at least keeps the primitive illogical character of feeling in its view of punishment. Feeling demands a life for a life; but how can logic justify excusing a murderer because he has shot crooked, or because skilful surgery has saved the life which he did his best to extinguish? The only possible account of this anomaly appears to be Dr. Westermarck's,—that nothing short of the horror which attends the spectacle of a completed murder will stimulate in society the resentment which demands another human life. Law, of course, is less reasonable even than the vulgarest morality, and decrees that a man who tries to kill and fails by a hairsbreadth shall be no murderer, but that another man who, shooting feloniously at some one else's pheasant or chicken, bags the owner or a gamekeeper by accident is guilty of death. So at all events Professor Westermarck affirms, and it is perfectly credible though absurd and immoral. Criminal law at best reflects accurately the average moral consciousness; very often it lags far behind not only morality but custom.

The relation between law and morality is one of the things which a man is bound to think out for himself, and it is well to see that Dr. Westermarck repudiates altogether the claim which is made by lawyers for law to be sovereign in its own sphere. Take for example the case we have referred to, when a man is liable for murder if death ensues from an act in itself criminal. The ordinary honourable man would say that the culprit should be punished cumulatively for his two misdeeds,—shooting at some one else's pheasant, and shooting so carelessly as to bring

about a man's death. But if you put the plain man into a jury-box and let a judge explain to him that the shooter is guilty of murder, you place him in a preposterous dilemma ; and though he would scarcely consent to hang the offender, he would probably consent to a punishment as heavy as would be inflicted on one who had tried to commit murder and failed. *The letter killeth.* People will constantly acquiesce in what they know to be unjust because the law justifies it, unless they have a personal interest in the matter ; then indeed customary morality will drive its coach and four through any law that was ever made,—witness the classic instance of duelling. Yet perhaps this is only true in matters relating to life and death. Public opinion refused to regard the duellist as a murderer ; but if an intermediate penalty could have been imposed, undoubtedly in many cases it would have been inflicted. No European nation has dealt with this matter so intelligently as the North-West Central Queensland natives, who permit the duel, but with limitations like those observed by German students.

With two-handed swords the combatants would only aim at striking each other on the head ; [this is hard to reconcile with the statement that there is no intention of killing : heads must be solid in Queensland] with spears they would only make for the fleshy parts of the thighs ; with stone knives they would only cut into the shoulders, flanks, and buttocks.

When a combatant has had enough, he lies on his back on the ground, and the fight is ended, but not the matter. For then begins an enquiry by the elders into the rights and wrongs of the dispute ; and if the victor is proved to have provoked the quarrel without good cause, or to have given the vanquished good cause for his challenge, then "he has to undergo exactly the same mutilations subsequently at the hands of the vanquished as he had himself inflicted."

Under these conditions there is a deal to be said for the duello, which under less rational rules finally disgusted public sentiment in these countries, and people learned to acquiesce in the law as the lesser of two injustices ; since then, the most conclusive proof no longer exists to demonstrate the danger of a discord between law and customary morality. Yet many people, if not most, refuse to prosecute for a small theft because they do not trust the discretion of the courts ; on the other hand a man is held justified in claiming any right which the law's letter will

accord him. Almost the only exception is that of the professional usurer; though in point of justice and honour, the man who bargains for sixty per cent. and exacts it compares very favourably with the beneficiary under a trust who mulcts his trustee, because an investment to which the beneficiary has consented turns out badly. This case illustrates the brilliant results of letting law guide instead of common morality; for fewer and fewer people are found to undertake a position in which they are liable to gross injustice, and trusteeship falls into the hands of solicitors,—with the result that everyone is aware of.

Another matter of general interest is the responsibility of drunkards, and in this respect modern British law is wholly at variance with the ethics of the natural man, who inclines to regard intoxication as an extenuating circumstance. The attitude of some Indians cited by Franklin who “acknowledged their fault but laid it upon the rum, and then endeavoured to excuse the rum,” differs only from that of many civilised individuals in this, that modern man instead of excusing the rum would blame the publican or the distiller. Not many races go so far as the Aztecs who punished any interference with a drunken person as disrespect to the god who possessed him. On the other hand, China appears to be the only country where the severe Anglo-Saxon view is taken, and a man is held fully responsible for whatever he has done when drunk, the Chinese arguing characteristically that under milder rules men would feign intoxication to do whatever wickedness they desired. Professor Westermarck’s own view appears to be that law, still tending to measure punishment by the act not the will, is unduly severe upon acts committed as a consequence of drunkenness, but unduly lenient to the habit of drunkenness itself. Indeed there is no better proof of his view that “criminal law is in the main on a level with the unreflecting morality of the vulgar mind” than just this. A man gets drunk ten times and beats his wife each time, incurring occasionally a brief imprisonment or a very moderate fine. On the eleventh occasion he beats her to death and is guilty of murder. The act is more “bad,” not in proportion to its degree of criminality, but in proportion to the feeling of horror which it occasions. If the killing seems to us enormously more horrible than the drunkenness and the beating, that is (Dr. Westermarck would say) because our moral consciousness has not yet wholly lost the

primitive characteristics, being unduly impressed by results, and not sufficiently concerned with consequences.

Possibly, probably even, on this particular point the moral consciousness is affected unconsciously by some far-off echo of the old and widespread belief that the killing of a man involves a kind of pollution, which is not entailed unless life be actually taken. If civilised man has not that somewhere still at the back of his mind, it is hard to account for the distinction between murder accomplished and murder that has failed. It is the ghost (in primitive belief) that has to be appeased, and till life is taken there can be no ghost. Among the American Indians, Kafirs, Bechuanas, and several Bantu peoples rites of purification are observed after slaying,—generally after a warrior has slain his first man. For blood is held to stain even where the slaying has been meritorious; and in a South Sea tribe the slayer of a hostile chief has to go into an honourable taboo. His atmosphere is dangerous. Slaying inside the tribal pale is of course more serious still, and ghosts more likely. All these things are generally known. But the interest of a book like Dr. Westermarck's is that it brings these far-off anthropological facts into a relation to ourselves; and if one thinks it out, survivals of what has no logical cause are easily traced to-day. A man acquires a new significance for men as well as women when it is known that he has killed, a significance touched with mystery; and all the reasoning in the world would not take a brand off the unlucky individual who should have caused by his own act the shedding of father's or mother's blood, though we believe no more in the Eumenides. It is well to be reminded how in all our judgments, even those we count the most reasoned and dispassionate, there is apt to enter some element that is at once ourself and not ourself. Ancient tribal sanctions, forgotten ordinances and prohibitions, prompt us obscurely, and not always in the direction of enlightenment. That is interesting to realise, and important; for the moral law, so often described as immutable and eternal, is for ever in the making; and it is not legislators, nor judges, nor preachers, but the play of individual minds that shapes and remodels the standard by which action has to be appraised.

THE DECLINE OF BALLET IN ENGLAND

EARLY in the year a paper, in defence of musical comedy, was read to a club of playgoers, and, perhaps unconsciously, it set out some at least of the causes that make the modern stage in England the despair of the strenuous few. One of the defences of the musical plays presented by Mr. George Edwardes seemed to consist in the fact that they find employment for some thousands of people. The thousands may be a form of exaggeration, but if the mere measure of employment is to serve as a justification for the work to be regarded as artistic, Mr. Director-General Imre Kiralfy's colossal productions at Earl's Court were artistic, and General Booth, as the employer of the largest number of brass bands in the country, becomes the person entitled to our respect for developing a national taste for music, and we must cease to regard him as a man who would destroy the nation's mortal ear to save its immortal soul. A further argument in support of musical plays was that they entertained crowded and varied audiences, though Punch and Judy may claim to do as much as this. Again, one was told that great artists have passed from musical plays to serious comedy, but we were left uncertain whether that was on account of their association with the lighter work or in spite of it. Finally, musical comedy was declared to be the most popular form of entertainment among the rank and file of playgoers, and here it seemed that the speaker completed his indictment of British audiences.

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

That the musical comedy he lauded so highly has wrought grave injury to all intelligent stage-work, and is directly responsible for the decline of dancing and the neglect of the mimic art in England, is a proposition it would be hard to deny.

Happily ballet is likely to find stronger support than can come from any voice crying in a wilderness. The gradual growth of

friendly relations between this island and the Continent, the *entente cordiale* and its development will add many thousands to the large gathering that in these days follows the man from Cook's to all the great capitals of Europe, and in Paris, Milan, Rome, Naples, Vienna and other cities our countrymen will find that ballet reigns as a serious art, and that gesture has its exponents whose eloquence is greater than that of many masters of the spoken word. Ballet that is taken seriously will come back to London and resume its ancient and honourable sway. The production of *COPPELIA* at the Empire makes for hopefulness. One has to go back to the nights of *MONTE CRISTO* at the same house to recall a classical or dramatic production of equal importance.

British proverbial philosophy contains a statement to the effect that you may give a dog a bad name and hang him, meaning presumably that when once a dog is discredited, he is done for. Perhaps one would not say that ballet as an art is in as bad a way as a dog that has lost its reputation, but in London, at least, ballet is entirely misunderstood and suffering from neglect it has done nothing to deserve. There are scores of citizens who regard a ballet as an entertainment designed primarily for the delectation of elderly gentlemen who have lost most of their hair, all their sense of propriety, and so much of their sight that they must seek the aid of opera-glasses even when they sit in the front row of the stalls. Others believe, in all sincerity, that ballet is suited only for the very young, who lack nothing but brains, and demonstrate by going to the ballet that they are in no danger of acquiring any. The suggestion that a really good ballet is a production of artistic worth at least as great as that of a really good play, is met, not so much with a flat denial as with a measure of acquiescence that might be translated, "The man is mad, so it may be as well to humour him."

And yet, time was, and not so long ago, when ballet taken seriously was one of the attractions of our opera-houses; and even when it passed from there it seemed destined to find an honoured home at the Alhambra and afterwards at the Empire as well. Ballet lifted these houses into a position altogether different from that of mere variety theatres, and helped to attract a class of audience that would never have entered Leicester Square to see a variety show. Composers of delightful music, men like Hervé, Sullivan, Jacobi, and Wenzel, gave us of their best; skilled,

mistresses and masters of the dance, like Katti Lanner and Carlo Coppi, arranged the ballets, and great dancers and mimes came to our shores to give us work that our home talent could not supply. It is unnecessary, perhaps, to do more than mention the names of the most distinguished artists who have visited London to dance and mime in Leicester Square in the past fifteen years. Many have doubtless been forgotten, but it will hardly be necessary to remind some playgoers at least of dancers like Cerali, Giuri, Legnani, and Lydia Nelidova, or of mimes like Malvina Cavallazzi.

Our fathers and grandfathers can of course indulge in longer memories; the latter perhaps could remember Taglioni, and enjoy recollections of the first half of the nineteenth century when ballet was taken as seriously in England as on the Continent. In those far away days the PROMETHEUS ballet, written by Beethoven, had enjoyed the applause of the cultured Viennese public, and had proved that the greatest composer of his time realised the musical possibilities of a form of entertainment that so many of his successors have neglected. For the King's Theatre (afterwards Her Majesty's) in London many distinguished men wrote ballets, and many wonderful women danced in them. There London saw GISELLE arranged by Theophile Gautier from Heine's story, and set to the music of Adolphe Adam. At the King's Theatre, too, ESMERALDA was given, and it is given still on the Continent. Here Carlotta Grisi, Cerito, Fanny Elssler, and Lucile Grahn danced, the last named, now a very old, white-haired lady, still alive and passing the evening of her days quietly in Germany.

The ballet-master of those early days was a very great personage indeed. He founded his style and manners upon those of that elder Vestris who flourished in the middle of the eighteenth century, called himself the God of Dancing, and declared, in all sincerity and without rebuke, that his century had produced but three supreme men,—himself, Frederick the Great, and Voltaire. On one occasion, when reproving his son Augustus for refusing to dance before the King of Sweden at the request of the King of France, he said that he would not tolerate any misunderstanding between the houses of Vestris and Bourbon which had lived hitherto upon the most friendly terms.

Gastan Vestris danced with extraordinary success in Paris

with the Madame Camargo who introduced the ballet-skirt to the stage. A son of Vestris the First, as he was called, danced in Glück's opera, *IPHIGENIA IN AULIS*, and Glück wrote a *chaconne* for him, because he was the son of his father. This form of dance, which comes originally from the north of Spain and is a rather slow movement, generally in three-four time, was favoured by both Bach and Händel. Glück was inclined to consider it out of place in an opera founded on a Greek subject, and he was perhaps right; but there was no withstanding the God of Dancing, who declared that his son must dance to this measure and to no other. It is worthy of remembrance that Glück was a great reformer of opera, that he was a most serious musician, and that his *IPHIGENIA IN AULIS* was full of the spirit of Greek tragedy; and yet, in an opera that introduces us to Clytemnestra and Agamemnon, he wrote modern dance-music for the sake of a great dancer. Glück recognised the real importance of ballet, and its artistic worth. He was a strong man as well as a great one, and might have said with the late Sims Reeves: "Remember, the public is the servant, the artist is the master."

Richard Wagner in his early days attached no little importance to ballet in opera. When he wrote *RIENZI* he wished to introduce the story of the Rape of Lucrece and the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome in the form of a ballet, and he has recorded his disappointment at being unable to carry out this idea. When he came to write *TANNHAUSER* the ballet in the Venusberg scene was to have a very special significance. "I have in my mind," he wrote, "an epitome of everything the highest dancing and mimic art can offer, a wild yet seductive chaos of movement and grouping." The argument of this wild scene was set forth at considerable length in the score, and when Wagner explained to the ballet-master of the opera-house in Paris that conventional steps would sort ill with his music and asked him to supply something "bold and savagely sublime," the ballet-master replied: "I see what you want, but it would need a corps of first dancers." One of the causes of *TANNHAUSER*'s disastrous failure in Paris was the introduction of the ballet into the first act. The convention of the operatic stage demanded that the ballet should take place at a time when the latest patrons of the opera were in their places; and it was Wagner's determination to consider the ballet as an integral part

of the opera, and not a mere excrescence, that caused the celebrated revolt of the French Jockey Club, the revolt that spoilt Wagner's chances in Paris. In later years, when Wagner had grown to his full mental height, he wrote of the "fripperies of opera and ballet," but that of course was in the time when he had conceived a comparatively new form of art, the music-drama. In his early days it may be said that, while he was bitterly opposed to the misuse of ballet, he recognised its considerable importance when it took a proper place in opera. The tendency of a frivolous people to exalt ballet at the expense of opera, must not blind our eyes to the merits of ballet in its proper place.

France has always taken the ballet seriously. When Louis the Fourteenth married Maria Theresa of Spain, ballet was used to suggest the political possibilities of the union, half the dancers being dressed in French costume and half in Spanish. Louis himself frequently appeared in ballets at the court, and much of the music for them was written by Lulli. Lulli, by the way, composed no fewer than thirty ballets, and danced in many of them. In his time the *ballet d'action* came to the front, invented by Noverre, and then, for the first time, pantomime was introduced by artists who had previously appeared as dancers. In those days the ballets had choruses recruited from the cathedral choirs, and all the dancing was done by men and boys, who were masked. Noverre lived from 1727 into the nineteenth century and effected many great and worthy reforms in ballet; when he was ballet-master to Marie Antoinette, Mozart wrote numbers for some of his dances.

When women first appeared in ballet, great exception was taken to their presence on the stage; but there is nothing very startling in that, because whenever woman has sought to enter any field of activity, physical or mental, she has always had to endure the opposition of the stronger sex. Had the men succeeded in their endeavours, the world would have seen none of the great artists of the dance whose names are closely associated with the history of opera; but it is only fair to the men to say, that when once the great female dancers had arrived, they were overwhelmed with honours, then as now.

The history of the ballet in the eighteenth century has many interesting pages, with which Noverre has no concern, not a few being concerned with Madeleine Guimard, who made her *début*

when she was thirteen years of age, and for nearly thirty years kept all Paris worshipping at her feet. This was a success of art, and not of beauty, for Guimard was so aggressively thin that she was known as the Spider. She discovered the great painter David, who helped Fragonard to adorn her house with frescoes. Indeed, one reads that Fragonard, for whose paintings to-day fabulous sums have been paid, lost his commission because he dared to fall in love with his patron. Guimard had a theatre in her own house, and her entertainments there were deemed extravagant in an age of luxury. Paris could not spare her to London until she was past her fortieth year. She was a sort of boudoir-adviser to Marie Antoinette; and so great was the esteem in which she was held that one of the most distinguished sculptors of the day moulded her foot, and when her arm was broken in a stage-accident, a mass for her speedy recovery was celebrated at Notre Dame. In those days Londoners had to be content with the dancers for whom the Continent had no further use; and on one occasion, before they could obtain the services of some of the French favourites, the British Ambassador had to confer with the head of the Royal Theatre in Paris. These matters are affairs of history, many of which may be read at length in Edmond de Goncourt's amusing book GUIMARD.

It is to be feared that very many people, in England at least, go to see a ballet in these days with no further wish than to have their ears tickled by lively music, and their eyes charmed by the figures and the costumes of the dancers. They refuse to realise that *ballet d'action* has any other than mere sensuous attractions, and that a good ballet has all the qualities of a serious stage-play in addition to many to which no play can lay claim. It sets out to tell a simple yet dramatic story, and in place of speech there is gesture, strengthened by music, which in a sense takes the place of the human voice. Though pantomime, in the sense of a dramatic entertainment in which the performers express themselves by gesture accompanied by music, is not more than two centuries old in England, it has a very great age elsewhere. The Greeks and Romans knew it, and it was held in high honour among them. On the Continent it finds a place to this day. Indeed it may almost be said to flourish in some parts, while in these islands pantomime, in the generally accepted meaning of the word, has come to signify little more than an epidemic of profit-

able vulgarity that breaks out shortly before Christmas, and after raging for a month or two to the great detriment of better work, disappears before the advent of the warmer weather. The expression of emotion or of action by gesture,—pantomime, that is to say, in the true sense—is a genuine art, and something that cannot fail to appeal to all who will give it intelligent attention. I have no hesitation in saying that in the days when the Empire gave us serious *ballet d'action* the pantomime of Madame Cavallazzi-Mapleson was as eloquent, as dignified, and as inspiring as much that passes current in England to-day for acting of the first class. Indeed, when pantomime has been divorced from ballet, even in late years, it has not failed to attract some of the attention it deserves. I have in my mind the production of L'ENFANT PRODIGE in which Mesdames Jane May and Zanfretta gave us so much pleasure in London a few years ago, and in which Felicia Mallet charmed us in Paris. Then many intelligent playgoers seemed to discover pantomime for the first time, though I venture to declare that Madame Cavallazzi's performances in the ballet of ORFEO at the Empire was in no way inferior to the historic performances of Mesdames Mallet and May.

Of course it is not necessary to go far back in stage-history to point out how large a measure of appreciation ballet has secured in England. It is not so very long ago that ballet was closely associated with opera. Then, when it had been appropriated by the music-halls and was beginning to thrive in Leicester Square, there arose a generation that found ballet tiresome, not because it was less interesting than before, but because it was ceasing to be understood. This is a recent matter, and synchronises with the movement of burlesque towards musical comedy. Artistic salvation, so far as dancing is concerned, was held to lie in the long skirts, and with the rise of very charming manipulators of those garments there came an outcry against the skilled work of the *prima ballerina*, and the often delightful achievements of her less gifted sisters. The newer work was found more easy to understand. Of course the protests may have been genuine; but it is difficult to avoid the belief that the outcry was founded, in part at least, upon the fact that almost anybody can become a skirt-dancer, while to become a real dancer years of hard work are demanded.

A great dancer is a great artist, and in using this hackneyed term I am thinking of Ruskin's well-known definition of an

artist as "a person who has submitted to a law which it is painful to obey, in order to bestow the delight which it is gracious to bestow." The only alteration one might make in the definition would be to substitute laws for law, in as much as the great dancer finds herself beset on all sides by restrictions. Not only must she practise every day, but she must not ride nor run, or play tennis or hockey: she must develope her ear for music, seeing so much depends on her sense of rhythm; and she must have an innate or carefully cultivated sense of the beauty of line and curve, must, in short, have a feeling for sculpture. She must be strong-minded enough to refrain from the pursuit of what is merely popular, and to withstand the temptation of the big offers that are always awaiting her if she will degrade her art by appealing to the lower forms of what is quaintly termed the public taste. When we remember, moreover, that no measure of work and no amount of restrictions will avail to make a dancer unless she happen to begin with natural gifts of an uncommon order, it will be seen that her art is as rare as it is difficult. Like the actor's it passes in a night. No record can exist, although we cannot say what marvels the cinematograph may have in store when it has ceased from the violent wobbling that serves so often to disfigure its work to-day. Down to the present hour dancers have relied for their measure of immortality upon their audiences, and too many of them have been compelled to cast their pearls before—people who have no real taste for rare jewels.

Put the average man or woman into a gallery filled with sculpture by great masters and they will affect a serious interest in what they see; some, doubtless, will feel interested. Let two or more dancers realise a piece of world-famous statuary on the stage, and some of the same people will be vexed because they do not turn somersaults. Dancing is of the moment; we must appreciate it here and now, and to do that we must treat the work to which the dancer sacrifices years of labour as something worth at least a few moments of serious study. Johnson did humanity a huge dis-service when he wrote those much-quoted lines:

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And those who live to please must please to live.

It was the more dangerous form of falsehood because it contains a half-truth. The drama's patrons have instituted the law with

regard to dancing in England, and the result is that, with the exception of one or two dancers who are great enough and strong enough to ignore the law, we find nobody on the stage who can dance. Of course I am treating dancing as movement regulated by art, and ignoring the many who, though they come upon the stage and move after their fashion, cannot dance or should not dance, and those others who earn some ephemeral popularity among the unthinking, though their work bears the same relation to dancing that a coon-song has to the Choral Symphony.

The tendency of these days and their immediate predecessors is towards a cultivation of the obvious. You can buy all the wisdom of the world, in fortnightly parts, at a cost of a halfpenny a day, and I have no reason to believe that such wisdom is worth a penny less than it costs. But you cannot become a dancer by the devotion of a daily halfpennyworth of time to your work, nor can you hope to understand pantomime by bringing your day's halfpennyworth of intelligence to bear upon it. To appreciate, one must study, must take the entertainment seriously. Unfortunately, in this country nobody seems to think that dancing need be studied at all, and English dancers encourage the fond illusion. Then, again, many people seem to think they are born with a natural right to dance, and from this false proposition they come to lamentable conclusions. Men and women, whom Nature had no intention at all of turning into dancers, may be seen in any ball-room, shamelessly pursuing the graceful waltz, the intolerably vulgar but happily named barn-dance, or some graceless square measure. One would not suggest that they do these things with malice aforethought, but that they sin partly through ignorance, and partly because they cannot see themselves as others see them. If you could but eliminate from the ball-room all who have no natural right to be there, there would be room for the remainder to dance in comfort, and no mere spectator would suffer pain at the sight of others' pleasure. When the Irishman, being asked if he played the violin, replied that he had never done so but was sure that he could if he tried, people laughed at him ; but every ball-room can show people whose assurance recalls the Irishman's, though he would have realised his shortcomings much sooner than they do. How much more dignified is the attitude of the Eastern gentleman who, when he wishes to enjoy dancing, sends for

trained dancers to delight him? Unfortunately, the vaulting ambition of the younger generation in England has o'erleaped itself, and landed that generation upon the stage.

A few years ago it became apparent to every amateur that if highly trained dancing, an art's ripe product, was not to be acquired, the other variety was; and to justify themselves, the skirt-dancers, who at that time were as the sand upon the sea-shore for multitude, found that ballet-dancing was ugly. They passed from skirt to serpentine dancing; they loaded the lighter stage with draperies, they loomed large in the programmes of benevolent causes, until a wit remarked that "Charity uncovered a multitude of shins," and this, too, although Loie Fuller reduced their pretensions and their methods to absurdity by setting long waves of Bokhara silk, or some equally light material, fluttering in strange lights, what time she herself was hidden from view, and called the result dancing, ignoring the obvious fact that no human being was at all necessary in the performance, and that a small motor or gas-engine could have done the work with equal animation and less fatigue. The triumph of the skirt was established, and then the wave of physical culture spread over these islands; gymnastics and contortions of the ugliest kind were added to modern stage-dancing, until, by means of such devices as "splits" and "catherine wheels," dancers had acquired the very maximum of vulgarity, inelegance and—popular approval. But it remains undeniable that the performer, even when she has learned to manipulate draperies, to kick the back of her own head (rejoicing either in her agility or in the hollow echo), and to hop round the stage holding one leg up as though it were a flagstaff, is as far removed from the ability to dance as she was in the days when she was a perfectly inoffensive member of the community, for whom the world held nothing quite so desirable as her feeding-bottle. Dancers must be born as well as made,—unless they happen to be born in the south of Spain, and there alone they seem to be born ready made.

In the Continental schools attached to great opera-houses, and sometimes subsidised by Government, the work of the dancer is not of the kind that can be learnt in a year or so. Life in the dancing-school begins when a child is no more than eight or nine years old, and the ordinary course demands some nine years of study. Practice goes on day by day throughout the year, and its

monotony is only relieved in the winter, when the opera season begins, and *débutantes* may take some modest place in the line of the *corps de ballet*. Starting with the exercises practised by the help of the side-supports, exercises that are merely designed to loosen the limbs and make them pliable, the pupil proceeds to the same exercises without assistance, the mere task of turning the foot out properly taking no little time for its accomplishment. From these general exercises steps follow ; then comes posing, which always seeks to realise classical forms. After that there are the jumping lessons, and the *ballon* movements, intended to give the suggestion of aerial flight ; and only when all these subjects have been mastered may the pupil turn to the study of gesture. Not only are many of the steps that must be studied exceedingly difficult, but the dancer who has learnt her work in the schools of Vienna, Milan, Moscow, or Paris knows well enough that should she falter in their execution, she will have no chance at all with the public. In Italy, for example, the audience understands the technical side of a dancer's art just as well as it understands the quality of a singer's voice, or just as well as the patrons of a London music-hall understand the chorus of a comic song. A singer may come to a London opera-house, and if he happen to be a little flat or a little sharp, or to sing with far more thought for himself than the opera he is honouring with the loan of his voice, he may be called to account by the critics, but he is fairly safe to escape the censure of the audience at large, because at least three out of four of that audience will not have noticed that he is in fault. But in Italy a singer who committed any error of the first magnitude would get a reception that he would never forget ; indeed, I greatly doubt whether he would be allowed to sing again on the scene of his failings. In like fashion, the dancer who failed in ballet to execute a difficult step with absolute neatness and precision, would find a decidedly unpleasant reception awaiting the end of the movement. Her audience have a standard of judgment and will understand what the movement should have been like. In London, on the other hand, several great dancers have told me that it is not worth their while to take trouble about very difficult steps, because unfortunately they are not understood ; while something that is obvious and child-like in its simplicity, like a *pas de bourrée*, is safe to meet with a measure of applause at least as great as that which rewards some movements which can only be acquired at the end of long years

of study by a very few dancers whose natural gifts are exceptional. If you watch a really distinguished dancer, you are bound to notice that she never has an ungraceful movement or unhappy pose. It is not a case of occasional happy moments, but of one long succession of movements whose rhythm has the beauty of fine verse. The results that make great dancers so much admired by those who are at any pains to study their work, are quite within the reach of English girls; but it is an unfortunate fact, for which every great ballet-mistress will vouch, that English girls as a class do not take the trouble to work hard enough to acquire the perfect control over limbs and movement that is the reward of their Continental sisters. It is on this account that what is sometimes called English dancing cannot be taken seriously. Of course one cannot blame the English dancers altogether: it is of very little use to prepare a delicate dish for the delectation of the sturdy animal whose favourite food is thistles; and while the public remain content with a pretty face, a pleasing figure, a dainty dress, and an air for which barrel-organs cry aloud, English girls may regard it as a labour lost to give them anything better. And yet the successes in years past of dancers like Katti Lanner and Malvina Cavallazzi, and the triumph that has fallen to Adeline Genée to-day, must prove that there is an English audience for better things. Perhaps, if we had more dancers who could and would take their work seriously, the tone of what so many people are generously pleased to call their taste might cease to be contemptible.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

THE ADULTERATION OF BUTTER

It is well that the Committee appointed to consider whether any legislation is required to secure the better conduct and control of the trade in butter and substitutes for butter has at last got to work. Very few of those connected with the manufacture of pure butter will have any hesitation in affirming that something must be done at once to control the trade in and regulate the use of what are termed "butter-substitutes,"—in other words, fraudulent adulterants. Even the general public must see the necessity of legislation, if it takes sufficient interest in what it uses as food to study the evidence given before the Committee. The Secretary of the Board of Agriculture said that many complaints had been received by the Department in regard to the sale of adulterated butter and butter-substitutes; and he suggested that the Committee would have to decide whether any further measures should take the form of regulation or of absolute prohibition. All the information at the service of the Board of Agriculture pointed to the desirability of stopping adulteration at its source. He suggested that all places in which butter was blended should be licensed, and authorised persons empowered to enter for purposes of inspection. The Board's advice was that no butter should be sent out from a registered factory containing more than sixteen per cent. of water, and that a register should be kept showing the quantity of butter sent out. There was no doubt that during the last few years there had been a great development of scientific adulteration, and representations had been received on the subject from colonial producers and distributors, as well as from consumers and municipal bodies. In regard to the colouring of margarine, no President of the Board had hitherto held the view that margarine should not be allowed to be coloured while the colouring of butter was permitted. He believed that the most representative

dealers in margarine were anxious that the law should be observed, though some retailers attempted to pass it off as butter. He thought producers of butter were entitled to put it before the public in the way which was most attractive to the eye and palate.

Mr. Haygarth Brown, Inspector of the Board of Agriculture, said that there was no doubt that a large quantity of water-logged, milk-blended butter was being manufactured for the purpose of being sold fraudulently. A regular profession of adulteration had lately sprung up. There were three firms now engaged in teaching people how to add foreign fat to butter. There were others who offered to show dairy-people how to adulterate butter without being detected, to provide them with adulterants, and also with the machinery necessary for mixing the adulterants with butter. There were several makers of machinery for adding moisture to butter, and they issued circulars to butter-makers endeavouring to persuade them to use their machinery. Those who engaged in this fraudulent manufacture took pains to find out those local authorities who were active in enforcing the present law, and avoided sending adulterated butter to those places. It was understood that there were public analysts who did not feel themselves in a position to certify to adulteration, because it was carried out in a scientific manner and in accordance with the formulas of the firms which undertook to educate people in the art of adulteration.

He suggested that the best way of dealing with the mischief would be to give the right of entry into all places where butter was made or manipulated in any way, with a power to take samples. All butter-factories should be registered, and it might be further provided that in such places they should not be allowed to take in fat or oils or other substances suitable for the adulteration of butter. He had heard of Dutch firms taking butter over to Holland, mixing it with margarine, and re-importing it to this country as pure Dutch butter. He would not say that all milk-blending should be stopped, but he would stop the sale of any butter which contained more than sixteen per cent. of moisture. The Board of Agriculture knew what was going on, but could not stop it. Ninety per cent. of the cases of adulteration would not come to light under the existing law.

Surely the evidence given by these two witnesses renders the

enormous prevalence of the practice of adulteration sufficiently clear. When we are told that ninety per cent. of the cases of adulteration are beyond the reach of the existing law, there can hardly be two opinions as to the necessity of strengthening the law, when once we are agreed as to what constitutes adulteration. This certainly seems to be the crux, for many people who would not allow the introduction of margarine into butter-fat would be perfectly willing to recognise milk-blended butter, which Mr. Haygarth Brown, however, describes as adulterated. Therefore it will be as well to discuss first of all the various ways in which butter may be tampered with, and see whether some of these may be legitimate under certain conditions; and then to examine the chief regulations introduced on the Continent, and see whether they might not be employed here with advantage also.

There are four main divisions under which adulteration might be classed:—(1) milk-blending, (2) water-logging, (3) margarine-blending, and (4) preservatives. It must not be supposed that each of these classes should be treated in the same way. Milk-blending, for instance, which consists in the addition of a large proportion of fresh milk to butter, is not essentially objectionable, and has no ill effects upon the health of the consumer; but it is objectionable as being unfair to the purchaser, who buys what he considers to be butter-fat, and should not be asked to pay the price of butter for the added milk. Much the same remarks apply to butter which contains too great a proportion of water; this also is unfair to the purchaser, though it is doubtless often innocently so, and merely the result of a want of proper knowledge of the principles of butter-making.

Margarine-blending is on an altogether different plane from the foregoing. Here there can be no question at all that the intention is to commit a deliberate fraud, and to sell as butter-fat what is in reality nothing of the sort. Every effort, therefore, should be made to combat this form of adulteration; and although it is undoubtedly a very difficult matter to detect it, yet the conclusion is generally sufficiently clear to warrant conviction. There are many forms of fats which are so akin in their composition to butter-fat, though far cheaper to use, that their presence can only be detected by the very finest tests. These tests are concerned with the volatile fatty acids which are present in pure butter but not in most other fats. Therefore a reduction in these volatile acids is generally a symptom of adulteration with

margarine ; but yet a substance has been found, which I shall discuss presently, which contains these fatty acids to such a degree that its presence cannot be detected. The only safeguard in such cases is to compel the colouring of all artificial substances at the factory, so that there may be some clue to their subsequent use in blending.

The fourth class of adulterants,—preservatives—is one which should not be tolerated on any account. Not only is dairy-produce often rendered absolutely poisonous by their introduction ; but even if it could be shown that this was not necessarily so, there would yet be no valid reason for their employment. For what, after all, is the purpose of preservatives ? It is merely to obscure the fact that dirt and other objectionable matter in milk and butter are producing their natural effect. Milk which is even tolerably pure needs no preservative to keep it in good condition for twenty-four hours ; if, on the other hand, it is so dirty and contaminated with bacteria as to be in danger of becoming sour at once, no argument is admissible in favour of the use of preservatives for the purpose of retarding such souring.

Moreover, apart from the question of adulteration, many substances used as preservatives are poisonous. Certainly in very small quantities they may be almost harmless, but there is no possible means of ensuring that the quantity shall be kept within proper limits. Their use, therefore, should be absolutely forbidden ; and even now it is possible that any produce containing a large quantity of preservatives can be brought within reach of the law as not being of the substance and quality demanded.

Adulteration is practised to a far greater extent upon the Continent than it is at home ; and since this adulteration is carried out upon highly scientific principles, it will be useful to examine what has been done abroad to checkmate this fraudulent traffic. It is evident from the statements made by witnesses before the Committee on the adulteration of butter that these foreign practices are beginning to find their way into our own country, and it is necessary, therefore, to understand the only methods which have so far proved effectual for their detection.

First let us take the adulteration. In order to understand what follows it will be necessary to say a word or two about the constitution of fatty bodies. They are composed of a combination of glycerine extracts with certain acids. All fatty bodies, whether oil, butter, or margarine, are founded on similar com-

binations, though there is a regular series of them which enables the chemist to distinguish one from another. The acids which enter into these combinations are not identical, some being soluble or volatile, others insoluble. Now, in analysing any sample of butter the only method which has hitherto been successful was founded on an examination of the quantity and quality of acids present. Pure butter contains a large proportion of volatile acids, while other oils or greases such as margarine contain only an insignificant quantity, being mostly composed of insoluble acids. It followed, therefore, that the determination of the quantity of volatile fatty acids present in the fat would be a very good indication of its purity.

There was just one flaw in this method. It was speedily discovered that all butters had not by any means the same composition; although the volatile acids were always present, the proportion was not by any means constant. Many samples of butter, undoubtedly pure, contained but a very small proportion of volatile acids, dependent in a large degree upon the particular breed and the individual cow. At the same time, it would be unfair to condemn such butter as adulterated, though the immediate consequence was that such butters were very similar in composition to margarine.

This being so, it was found possible to take the best samples of butters containing a large quantity of volatile acids, and mix with them a certain proportion of margarine, and yet arrange for the mixture to present the same analysis as butter of poor quality, but pure. This was what happened, and in many cases it was found possible to mix as much as twenty per cent. of margarine with butter without revealing the fact on analysis. It was therefore necessary that some means should be discovered of so ear-marking margarine that it should be impossible to blend it with butter. Two methods were adopted: one, the admixture with all margarine of an oil which should be easily discoverable on analysis; the other, the colouring of all margarine at the factory.

But even the best laid plans sometimes go wrong, and these were no exception. Although it became impossible to buy margarine which could be used without detection in the country which adopted these regulations, it could easily be imported from abroad. Secondly, margarine which had been coloured at the factory was subsequently so thoroughly washed by the fraudulent blender as to leave no trace of its origin. Finally, a new substance was dis-

covered, in the juice or oil of the cocoa-nut, which was so similar in composition to pure butter-fat that it could be mixed with it without any danger of detection.

The chemist was now fairly at his wits' end, since his favourite test for volatile acids had failed him. This is the reason why "there were public analysts who did not feel themselves in a position to certify to adulteration because it was carried out in a scientific manner." At the same time, all hope was not abandoned of finding some way of detecting this fraud. It was presently discovered that cocoa-nut butter certainly contained the volatile acids of pure butter-fat, but it also contained certain insoluble acids. If, then, these were present in any quantity, a presumption would be warranted that the butter had been tampered with. In this discovery lies the last hope of detecting the fraudulent admixture of foreign oils.

The difficulty of detecting adulteration in butter still remains very great, and no doubt the question will be treated in the Bill under consideration. It may be thought proper to forbid the use of butters of abnormal composition, or even, in certain circumstances, to cast upon the seller the onus of proving purity; but it does not seem just to prevent the sale of any produce which can be proved to be pure though adulterated. It has been the habit to view the question very much from the same standpoint as milk, but this is a great mistake. Unusual expedients had to be devised in the case of milk, for if it happened to be impure its use was dangerous; if wanting in butter-fat, it was not fit for the purpose for which it had been sold. Butter, however, is not precisely in the same position. It is a pleasant and wholesome condiment, but if neither its palatability nor its value as a food be destroyed by the admixture of a certain proportion of foreign fats or oils, there seems no reason to forbid such admixture, provided the fact is disclosed and there is no fraudulent intention. This is the crux of the matter; and whatever provisions are thought necessary for the proper regulation of the butter-trade, they should be in the direction of preventing fraudulent practices, and not aimed at innocent producers of butter-fat in which the volatile acids, which have no alimentary value, happen to be deficient.

H. L. PUXLEY.

A VICTORY OVER VESUVIUS

THAT morning in February I awoke and found all Naples white with snow. Such a thing, said the natives, had not occurred for twenty years. Everything glittered in the brave sunlight and the skies seemed made of crystal of intensest blue. The towering pyramid of Mount Vesuvius loomed white in the distance ; it shone with a pure pallor, while from its black apex floated the unceasing drifts of smoke.

“I have conquered many mountains in many lands,” said I ; “so now, old fire-top, have at you !”

Giuseppe the guide, true to his appointment, awaited me at the station of Torre Citta, which is part of the town of Torre Annunciata. Giuseppe was a smiling youth of bland and insinuating speech, not without that trace of ingenuous subservience in it which marks the manner of the native Neapolitan. His face was red with the cold, a little striped cap was pulled tightly over his head, and a bright bandana handkerchief was twined as tightly about his neck. He wore an old, very thick ulster and was stamping his feet and clapping his hands because of the cold. He spoke a dreadful French, recklessly peppered with Italian.

Off we started through the stony streets filled with peasants, pedlars, bare-headed women, noisy children, and hungry dogs. Stopping for a few minutes at a fruiterer's shop, Giuseppe purchased our lunch, figs, oranges and nuts, supplemented by a large loaf of bread and some goat's milk cheese.

The houses of the village became sparse ; we passed fine villas, gardens and farms. Boscotrecase, so called because after a certain eruption only three houses were left standing there, is the last village and lies defiantly along the lower slopes of Vesuvius, full in the road of his wrath.

Before us now arose impressively the majestic bulk of the great volcano, the slumbering, death-dealing giant arrayed in a

robe of innocent white upon which the sun beat in splendour. The open road wound steeply upward between meagre vineyards and dwarf pines and soon we came to the belt of deeper snow where all vegetation ceased. We arrived at a solitary farmhouse, inhabited by a happy but very untidy family. There we sat down at a table before the door, ate our fruit and cheese and drank a bottle of the famous *lachrymæ Christi* wine which is very rich and sweet and grown only upon the sides of Vesuvius. The summit of the peak seemed as far away as ever. From the volcano's throat huge clouds rolled upward, and these would constantly be beaten flat, as by a great wind. Sometimes these clouds were black, sometimes white. "The white clouds, signor," said Giuseppe, "are steam, the black are ashes mixed with stones. There is a strong wind blowing at the top. The funicular is not running to-day; no one is on the mountain but ourselves." We resumed our climb, Giuseppe mounting swiftly in advance at a most uncomfortable speed. As I picked my toilsome way over the lumps of scoriæ hard as adamant, and the treacherous hollows filled with snow, lustily and cheerfully he would shout back to me, "*Avanti! signor, avanti!*"

The snow grew deeper. About us lay horribly contorted masses of lava, black, green, red, and purple, blocks of spumy pumice and piles of ashes and brimstone. A great boulder six feet in diameter, flung out of the crater a few weeks before, lay amidst the shattered wreck of bristling crests and ridges of lava. We ploughed painfully through gulches filled with these misshapen monsters, frozen into awful forms, over sharp, serrated edges hard as steel, climbing with hands and feet. Despite my angry protest, the nimble Giuseppe was still far ahead, singing out in an irritating manner, "*Avanti! signor, avanti!*"

We had now attained a height of over three thousand feet. Suddenly we entered a stratum of air in which a violent hurricane was raging, entirely invisible from below. Progress became ever more difficult, the pitch of the peak ever steeper, the speed of Giuseppe ever slower, his *avantis* less frequent and cheerful. The wild buffetings of the icy wind flung us about and blinding snow began to fall. I reached Giuseppe; he was standing still. "Is it not best to return, *signor?*" said he. "No," I replied; "*avanti! Giuseppe, avanti!*"

Mixed with the snow-flakes now came showers of cinders, and sometimes hot stones and pebbles of a formidable size sang past

our ears and plunged into the snow, which in places was thickly pitted with them. A small stone struck Giuseppe in the chest. "It is really best to return, *signor*," he whimpered in my ear. "*Avanti!* Giuseppe, *avanti!*" I cried to him above the deafening roar of the storm. It was my last day in Naples, and I was determined upon reaching the crater, and gazing into it.

The deep beds of snow now ceased abruptly; we had reached the great cone of loose ashes which crowns the upper reaches of the mountain. Instead of sinking into the snow, we now sank into this treacherous, sliding, and unstable mass. The storm tore madly about us with frantic clutchings at our clothes; it dashed the loose pumice and porous scoriæ in our faces. Puffs of steam issued from everywhere beneath our feet; we choked with the dense, sulphurous fumes, while above us waved and rolled the mighty banners of smoke and steam rushing from the volcano's yawning mouth. Blinded, exhausted, and dazed, we came upon a pile of rocks and the ruins of a stone hut three hundred feet from the top.

Giuseppe crouched down in the shelter of a wall and pathetically refused to go any further. "*Avanti!* Giuseppe, *avanti!*" I called to him. But neither threats to reduce his pay nor promises to increase it, nor proddings with my cane, could move the abject Giuseppe to resume the climb. Blue with misery, he cowered against the rocks, shivering and forlorn. Having no mind to be balked of my purpose so near its goal, I went on alone. Suddenly an old, gray-bearded man stood beside me and took hold of my arm. Whence he had come I could not say; no sign of a human being had I seen except my guide, no habitation except the ruined hut. He was one of the Government guides intent on earning his four *lire*, and had ventured to come to my assistance amidst the demoniacal tempest and the flying snow. The next instant my other arm was also seized—by Giuseppe, his courage restored, or filled with fear for his fee. Between the two I toiled up the steep incline to the summit. The cone trembled like a jelly and fearful rumblings and hollow reverberations were heard. The mountain made a noise of breathing like some monstrous animal and stirred uneasily as though in sleep. Near the rim of the vast crater we dropped on hands and knees and crawled carefully to the edge; to stand in that tempestuous wind would have been impossible. Extended at full length I gazed into the abyss.

Nothing was to be seen at first save the rising billows of dun-coloured smoke rolling and wallowing from the depths. Then, during the lull, when the vapours cleared, my sight pierced down the tremendous gulf of fire, four thousand feet deep into the burning heart of the mountain. It was sublimely and thrillingly terrible, a spectacle never to be forgotten. A fierce glare was cast over everything from below; the black walls of the colossal pit, studded with shining sulphur, reflected it in lurid red; flames thrashed and darted about far down over what appeared to be lakes of boiling lava which bubbled audibly. An intermittent shudder seemed to convulse this majestic inferno; great boulders danced upward like bubbles, only to fall back with thunderous roar into the molten hubbub beneath. A gloom would begin to grow and the glare to lessen, when suddenly the yellow flames would dart forth again, twisting and spinning in hissing vortices and streaming tongues, then die away as swiftly as they came. Soon the clouds of sooty smoke began to gather and rise again. I lay with the guides upon the loose, newly-formed lip of cinders, and a steady stream of these kept running downward to the depths. The stupendous circle of the crater appeared like some infernal amphitheatre for Nature's fiery sports. There came a blast of heated air and a sulphurous stench, and then a charge of cinders and stones, so we hurriedly descended, the old volcano throwing his ashen showers after us.

On the way down, Giuseppe did not deliver himself of a single *avanti* but remained beside me, full of extenuations and excuses for his conduct. After I had paid him he extended to me a paper to sign, attesting his excellent services as *guida de Vesuvio*. I signed the paper for the cheerful rogue, adding, in English, "during fair weather only,"—words which Giuseppe took for an additional commendation. As I thrust my hands into the open pockets of my coat, I found them filled with handfuls of ashes and cinders, and several stones as large as walnuts.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

OUR BEGGARS

ONE of the most charmingly whimsical of Elia's Essays is entitled **A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS IN THE METROPOLIS.** It seemed to the regretful essayist that the mendicants of London, who had long been regarded as among the lions of the great city, were on the point of being entirely extirpated by "the all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation." Had Charles Lamb been living now, and had he read and pondered the records of the London Mendicity Society, he would have known that his forebodings were groundless. The beggar still flourishes like a green bay tree. Indeed the persistence of mendicity is one of the most remarkable facts in social history. The beggars of an earlier age were put in the stocks, whipped at the cart's tail, imprisoned, even hanged; it made no difference. And in our own time new laws against begging have been passed; the vigilance of the police has increased; societies have been formed with the object (among others) of suppressing begging; economists and moralists have uttered warning after warning against the promiscuous almsgiving on which mendicity depends for its existence: yet it is probable that to-day there are more beggars in England than ever there were. Such at any rate is the conclusion to which the report of the recent Departmental Committee on Vagrancy points. Vagrants, the report tells us, are on the increase, and vagrants are almost invariably beggars.

It is true that the outward manifestations of what Charles Lamb called "the oldest and honourablest form of pauperism" have changed somewhat. Some of the old tricks have become discredited; the simulated epileptic fit in which the "sufferer" contrives to foam at the mouth by the simple expedient of chewing soap, is now rarely seen; even the weeping-child-trick, in which the sympathies of passers-by are attracted to a child sobbing

over a lost sixpence and afraid to go home, has grown somewhat threadbare. Begging to-day is more surreptitious than it once was. It has been affected, too, by the penny post and popular education; the begging-letter is with an increasing number of cadgers the chosen medium for the exercise of their talents.

The beggar occupies a considerable place in English literature. He is generally represented as more or less of an impostor, but endowed with a humour which makes him, from the reader's point of view at any rate, an amusing companion. His great aim in life is to avoid the necessity of working, and his audacity in the pursuit of this aim is almost unlimited.

The beggar of real life is not very different from the beggar of literature and tradition, except that he is generally more sordid and degraded. It is a melancholy picture that the Vagrancy Report gives of the great army of the "work-shy" wandering from casual ward to casual ward,—hopeless, aimless, and contented. "*Sine re, sine spe, sine fide, sine sede* (without money, without hope, without faith, without a home)," is the epigrammatic description of the vagrant given by one authority. He is a social parasite which society would fain get rid of, if it could. But it does not know how; and so the wretched vagrant is bandied about from one authority to another, and none is able to provide him either with the opportunity or the incentive for continuous remunerative work. Nor is the beggar of the city one whit less of a problem. He too belongs nearly always to the ranks of the work-shy. Here and there a beggar may be found who would willingly work if he had the chance, but more often his attitude of mind is that represented in the epitaph written for himself by a saucy rogue on the wall of a vagrant ward:

Here lies a poor beggar who always was tired,
For he lived in a world where too much is required.
Friends, grieve not for me that death doth us sever,
For I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.

There is a quaint story of a beggar of this type in THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for 1731. A gentleman crossing Moorfields was followed by a ragged fellow importunately begging for sixpence. After being repeatedly refused he said with a melancholy air: "Well, Sir, I shall trouble you no more; but that small matter would have saved me from doing what I shall now be forced to do." Then with a deep sigh he shook his head and slowly moved away. The gentleman thought that the

poor fellow, driven to desperation by want, was going to make away with himself; and unwilling that his refusal of a trifle should drive a fellow-creature to self-destruction, he called him back and gave him sixpence, at the same time asking him the meaning of what he had just said. "Why, truly, master," replied the beggar, "I have been begging here this whole day to little purpose, and, unless your charity had saved me from it, must have been forced to work, the thoughts of which gave me no small disquiet."

At the Mendicity Society's office in Red Lion Square there is a curious little museum containing examples of the stock in trade of street-beggars, which have been confiscated on their conviction. Here may be seen a crutch which was left behind him in his flight by a "lame" beggar, who ran like a hare when an attempt was made to apprehend him. Another curious object is a very crude representation in colours of an operating theatre showing a man having his tongue cut out. The worthy who exhibited this work of art also carried with him a bottle containing a tongue, which a credulous public supposed to be his own diseased member, but which examination proved to be a sheep's tongue. Several other pictures representing accidents and surgical operations are to be seen in the museum. They are always painted with the utmost degree of realism which the skill of the artist could command, and one would suppose were rather calculated to excite disgust than pity; but no doubt they served their purpose of drawing many halfpence from the pockets of passers-by. They represent, however, an obsolete fashion in begging. One rarely now sees in the streets these pictorial appeals to pity; they are rather too blatant for present requirements, for if they attract the attention of the public, they also attract unwelcome notice from police and mendicity officers.

More in favour with the modern beggar is the visiting-card-trick. To bring this trick to a successful issue the beggar must be a man of respectable appearance and some address, for it is essential that he should gain access to your drawing-room. There are more ways than one of doing this. The beggar may come in the guise of a politician to solicit your vote for the next parliamentary or municipal election, or of a philanthropist to interest you in some charity; or he may come as a needy suppliant with a plausible story for which he gains your ear by mentioning the name of your friend, Mr.——, whose acquaint-

ance with you he has by some means ascertained. If he is fortunate enough to be admitted to the drawing-room, he asks, before going, if you will oblige him with a glass of water. Should you leave him for a moment to comply with his request, he takes the opportunity to pocket any visiting-cards he may see lying about. Presently one of the cards comes back to you. It is presented by another caller, and on the back you read: "Bearer is a thoroughly deserving man. He is on his way to (some distant town) to obtain work. I have given him ten shillings. Can you help?" On receiving such a message you probably add your donation, and are surprised when next you meet your friend to learn that he knows nothing whatever of your caller. Some of the other stolen cards will be similarly presented to other friends of the people whose names they bear. Thus, the vicar's card will be presented to one of his churchwardens, the town-councillor's to one of his colleagues on the council, and so on. Visiting-cards are a recognised article of commerce in some of the common lodging-houses frequented by the begging fraternity, where they are sold at prices ranging up to five shillings according to the supposed value of the card as a bait. Stamped letter-paper is sometimes obtained in the same way; it comes in very handy for writing false testimonials.

But it is in the concoction of begging-letters that the ingenuity and resource of these social parasites find their amplest field. To a beggar of talent this branch of the profession is at once the safest and the most lucrative. As he sits at home at ease, unmolested by the police, and unembarrassed by the cross-questioning of intended victims, he can give the reins to his fancy and produce piteous appeals which, if he has ordinary luck, will touch the hearts and loosen the purse-strings of some to whom they are addressed. To minimise the risk of prosecution those who make a business of this sort of thing often write under assumed names, and give the address of a news-agent's or barber's shop where letters written in reply will be received and kept till called for.

The writing of begging-letters must be an extensive industry. Wealthy people who have a reputation for philanthropy receive dozens of such letters every day. Of course not all are the work of impostors, though a considerable number are. Many people have adopted the plan of sending all their begging-letters to be investigated by the London Mendicity Society, the officials of

which have consequently a singularly intimate acquaintance with this peculiar form of literature. Last year the Society investigated for its subscribers 1,608 letters, bringing the total of begging-letter records in its possession to something like 235,000. The Committee of the Society are of opinion that twenty-five per cent. of the begging-letters that come before them are from absolute impostors, another fifty per cent. are classed as undeserving, leaving only twenty-five per cent. of more or less deserving cases, though not more than five to seven per cent. could be described as very deserving.

Assistance is sought by begging-letter writers for all kinds of objects,—to prevent a home being sold up, to establish a boy in business, to buy appliances for invalids, to float a new invention, to publish a book or start a newspaper. The beggar who calmly appealed to a well-known philanthropist to supply the means by which he could gratify the yearnings of his artistic soul is probably exceptional even in circles not remarkable for reticence and self-reliance.

Poverty [wrote this worthy, a young man living in the Black Country] is a relative term, and depends upon the constitution of man's mind. It is true I have always had enough to eat, and have never borrowed money or been in debt. But what of that? I feel that within me that makes me miserable until I have seen Niagara and St. Peter's at Rome. I understand music—theory and practice—but have never seen an opera. . . . I long to hear the great organ at St. Paul's and attend a concert in the Albert Hall. But these are all forbidden pleasures, and this, Sir, to a man like me constitutes poverty.

While many writers make no apology for addressing perfect strangers without introduction, others, more wily, take the precaution of manufacturing plausible reasons for appealing to the benevolence of those they favour with their attentions. The commonest plea is that of the old servant. Many years ago, says the suppliant, he was coachman or gardener in the service of the present or late head of the family, and to give plausibility to his tale he introduces some reference to persons or events in the household not likely to be known to outsiders. This local colour is obtained by listening to the conversation in certain West End public-houses frequented by servants of wealthy and titled people during the London season. Officers are continually receiving letters from writers who allege that they have served

under them in the army, but who are found on enquiry to be old soldiers only in a metaphorical sense. One beggar always adopts the name of the person to whom he writes, representing himself to be a distant relative.

The methods of collating begging-letters and comparing one with another, which are adopted by the Mendicity Society, reveal many frauds which would probably otherwise have escaped detection. Letters with different signatures and emanating from different addresses are found to be the products of the same ingenious hand and brain. The poor old man who wants £2 immediately to save him from the distress and indignity of having his wife buried by the parish, is shown by the Society's records to have already buried fourteen wives. The woman who has fallen into arrears with her rent, and will be turned into the street with her children unless thirty shillings are forthcoming immediately, spoils her case by authenticating it with the *notice to quit*; this she has bought at a stationer's for a penny, and filled in with imaginary particulars, signing it with the name of a landlord who does not exist.

A pile of perhaps a hundred letters represents that part of the output of one notorious begging-letter writer which has fallen into the hands of the officials of the Mendicity Society. They are signed with two or three different names, and written from several addresses (mostly accommodation addresses), and there are even attempts to vary the handwriting; but there are certain characteristics which betray the identity of the writer to the Society's experts. The letters reveal the fertile imagination of a master of fiction. The plots of the stories are continually varied; nor do they lack those subtle touches that give verisimilitude to what might otherwise seem bald and unconvincing. The appeals are illustrated with photographs of the sick daughter for whom the writer is seeking admission to a convalescent home, and the aged mother for whose comfort he is so affectionately solicitous. One letter is accompanied by a rent-book showing several years' regular payments followed by five or six weeks' arrears, on account of which the brokers are in possession; but the entries in the rent-book have obviously been made at one time and with the same ink. Nothing seems to come amiss to this gentleman. If he cannot get money he is content with letters of recommendation to hospitals and for surgical aid, for these things are marketable in the circles in

which he moves. He has served several terms of imprisonment, but always returns to the old calling after these periods of enforced retirement. Many of his letters must bring good returns, or he would surely have abandoned such a risky career.

If it be asked what, in general, are the emoluments of this strange calling, it is difficult to answer with certainty. Undoubtedly begging pays sufficiently well to deter a good many people from joining the ranks of honest industry. It is a calling in which some men remain for the whole of their lives, and in which they even bring up their children. But as to the actual sums amassed by beggars, some rather wild stories have been current at different times. The truth seems to be that in this, as in other callings, there are good wages for the most successful. A good begging-letter may be worth as much as £10. There is one practitioner of the art known to the Mendicity Society who has a banking-account, and another who is an owner of house-property. On the other hand, many begging-letters emanate from common lodging-houses which, presumably, are not the abodes of the affluent. And there is one well-known gang which has its headquarters in the workhouse, sending out batches of letters addressed from various shops in the neighbourhood. When good luck rewards their efforts they take their discharge from the workhouse, and live in luxurious ease for a while, returning when the money is spent.

As to the emoluments of street-beggars the *évidence* points to their being often superior to those of industrious working-men. An old man in a workhouse, giving some reminiscences of his early life, confessed that on one occasion he stood in the streets of Manchester with three "motherless" children (hired for the occasion) and collected thirty shillings in five hours. He was speaking of a period perhaps fifty years ago. The motherless-children-trick is probably less practicable now, but it would seem that the street-beggar does pretty well even without such adventitious aids. A few months ago a young man was charged at the Marylebone Police Court with begging. He was sitting on the kerb, asking passers-by for a few pence to get a night's lodging; when arrested he was found to have £1 12s. 4d. in his pockets. About five shillings a day is estimated by the experts of the Mendicity Society to be the average earnings of an ordinarily successful street-beggar in London; the figure is arrived at by observing

the amount of money found on beggars who have been arrested. Information of every case of begging which is brought before the London magistrates is sent by the police to the Mendicity Society, in order that particulars of the case may be added to the Society's records, and that the Society's constables may attend to give evidence of previous convictions. About 78,000 records of street-beggars are now in the Society's possession, apart from the enormous mass of information relating to begging-letter writers. The value of these unique records is shown by the fact that last year the Society's constables were able to give evidence from personal knowledge in ninety per cent. of the cases brought before the London magistrates.

What is the extent of street-begging at the present time? Last year there were 3,019 convictions for begging in the London Police Courts alone, and of course those who are arrested are but a comparatively small proportion of the beggars in the streets, to say nothing of the large class of street-singers, and sellers of matches and bootlaces, who for the most part are but beggars under a very thin disguise. It is estimated that in the London police area the enormous sum of £312,000 goes into the pockets of street-beggars every year.

And how much of this mis-called charity is worthily bestowed? Practically none at all. That is the almost unanimous conclusion of those who have studied the subject, and the remarkable thing is that the good-natured public through whose weak benevolence mendicity continues to flourish knows that this is so. Why, then, it may be asked, if all men recognise mendicity to be an evil thing, do they not cease to encourage it? The reason no doubt lies in the good-heartedness, and also in the weakness of average humanity. To throw a sixpence to a street-beggar is an act compounded of good-nature, selfishness, and indolence,—a fairly common amalgamation in human character. To pass the starving and shivering beggar absolutely unmoved argues a callousness of disposition which is, happily, not common. To investigate his case and effectively relieve his necessities, if the case is deserving, involves an expenditure of time and effort, and perhaps money, which few have the will, even if they have the ability, to make.

The London Mendicity Society has done something to enable benevolently disposed people to assist the really deserving minority without endowing the idle and dissolute majority of the

begging fraternity. Subscribers may obtain from the Society supplies of food-tickets, each representing twopennyworth of food, and of enquiry-tickets, which they may give to beggars in the street. If a beggar presents an enquiry-ticket at the Society's office, his character and antecedents will be promptly enquired into, and a report will be sent to the subscriber, who will thus have an opportunity of giving effective help to any deserving case. If the beggar is an old hand it is probable that there will be a fairly complete biographical note about him among the wonderful records at the Society's office. In any case the officers of the Society soon discover something of his character and antecedents. It is probable that a very short experience of this system will convince anyone that deserving beggars are rare birds indeed.

Sir Eric Buchanan, the Secretary of the London Mendicity Society, in his evidence before the Vagrancy Committee stated that during the seventeen years that the system of enquiry-tickets had been in force many cases had been sent up to the office of his Society, but up to the end of June, 1905, he had not found a single case that his Committee felt justified in giving money to, after the prompt enquiry had been made; he added, however, that since that date one deserving case had been found. It is little wonder that after such an experience Sir Eric should be driven to the conclusion that the London beggar is an impossible creature. A solitary deserving case in seventeen years can hardly invalidate such a conclusion. The honest and industrious poor, however great may be their necessities, do not beg. The great bulk, therefore, of the money given to street-beggars is worse than wasted, inasmuch as it is a premium on idleness.

If casual almsgiving could be stopped, mendicity would cease. But how is this "mean, slovenly, disloyal and pernicious vice" (such are the terms in which Thomas Walker in *THE ORIGINAL* characterises promiscuous almsgiving) to be stopped? In some parts of Germany and Switzerland there is a law which imposes a penalty on those who give alms to beggars. But the Vagrancy Committee is no doubt right in assuming that public opinion in this country would not at present support such a measure. And there is this to be said for the indiscriminate giver in England; in the present chaotic condition of our Poor Law administration, and the inadequacy of public provision for the destitute work-

seeker, it may chance (say once in a hundred times) that the casual gift affords real help in a case of genuine and undeserved distress.

At present, for instance, a destitute man tramping through the country, and seeking work never so earnestly, has in most districts no public provision made for his sustenance between the time of leaving one casual ward in the morning and arriving at another in the evening. If, therefore, he cannot get work, he is practically forced to beg or steal any meal he may get during the day. The proposal of the Committee that the work-seeker shall be provided with a way-ticket entitling him to lodging, supper, and breakfast at a casual ward, early discharge in the morning, and a ration of bread and cheese for a mid-day meal should, if carried out, do something to remove the most plausible excuse for casual almsgiving, though it is perhaps too much to hope that this or any of the other reforms advocated by the Committee will entirely remove the evil.

Societies which set themselves to discover and make known the real facts about beggars, and to unmask their manifold tricks and hypocrisies, may do much to diminish the sum of mendicity and so divert charitable contributions from unworthy to worthy objects. But while human nature remains what it is, both in its goodness and its weakness, it is probable that the beggar will not cease to be a factor, albeit, let us hope, a steadily diminishing factor, in the national life. This is a somewhat melancholy conclusion, perhaps, but probably a true one.

HUGH B. PHILPOTT.

CORNEILLE

THE sixteenth century had closed ; the great age of intellectual passion and spiritual revolt was over ; the new century, coming into its inheritance, deplored its predecessor's wild licence, thanked heaven that its own tastes were more respectable, and set to work to restore a proper regard for authority. "The day of kings is done," the great French nobles cried exultantly on the death of Henry the Fourth, but they could not read the signs ; it had not nearly reached its zenith when Pierre Corneille (whose tercentenary France is celebrating this year) was born.

Corneille was the son of a prosperous Norman bourgeois, Keeper of Woods and Waters in the viscounty of Rouen, and was born in Rouen on 6th June, 1606. He was educated at the Jesuit school, studied law and was called to the bar, but he had in his own person no rhetorical gift and his first client is said to have been his last. He obtained, however, two Government offices, and for twenty years he watched conscientiously over the State interest in the sale of timber, settled disputes between the pilots of Villequier and the ship-owners of Havre, and spent his spare time in writing verses and plays. In 1629 Mondory, a popular actor and manager who had brought his company to Normandy for the summer, took Corneille's comedy, MELITE, back with him to Paris, where it met with a surprising success. It was played anonymously, probably in a tennis-court hired for the season ; and somewhere in the dimly lighted hall an awkward, ill-dressed young man, on his first visit to Paris, watched the performance, listened to the critics, and went home convinced that, while he had much to learn of the technique of his art, he was the first among his contemporaries to discover its true secret.

With sacerdotal solemnity Malherbe and the Hôtel de Rambouillet had already undertaken the reformation of letters, and

they fell, as reformers must, an easy prey to the satirist. But while we smile at the cases brought before their tribunal, at the innocent expressions which were sentenced to perpetual banishment, and at the intolerable verse which left the court without a stain on its character, we must salute with respect their effort to purge literature of the grossness and pedantry which disfigured it. During the first quarter of the new century the theatre still offered a refuge from the tyranny of the purists, and in defiance of the new canons of decency and good taste, it continued the brutal traditions of the past; no respectable woman could be seen in it. But here, too, by degrees the influence of the salon made itself felt, and in Richelieu's love of the drama it found a powerful ally. The play was the statesman's only recreation, and dramatists did not flatter their mighty patron when they wrote of the debt they owed him for the cleansing and ennobling influence which he had exercised upon their art. The licentious absurdities of the old tragi-comedy were already passing out of fashion when *MELITE* attracted the notice of the Court and secured the minister's patronage for its author. It was followed by half a dozen other plays, one of them a tragedy, *MEDEA*, imitated from Seneca, and for a few months Corneille was one of the five men of letters employed by Richelieu to write a play under his own direction; but the practised hand, which had moulded so many men and events to its own purpose, could make of him neither a courtier nor a collaborator. His slovenly dress, his clumsy figure, his hesitating and embarrassed air, all unfitted him to shine in a society which prided itself on the polite elegance of its manners; he was absent and melancholy, his talk was extremely tedious, and he never lost his bad provincial accent. "He ought never to be heard off the stage," said a great lady dismissing him slightly. But with his self-mistrust and timidity there was blended a lofty certainty of his poetic mission which never deserted him; it penetrates even the very few love-poems he wrote, and prompts him to warn the pretty actress, who despised her ungainly admirer, that a thousand years hence her fame will be in his hands,

And men will only know you fair
Because I tell them so.

It clashed fatally, however, with the Cardinal's dramatic ideas; the poet was released and hastened back to Rouen to spend his

recovered freedom in writing *THE CID*, which was played for the first time in December 1636.

THE CID created an extraordinary sensation. It drew an unusually distinguished audience to Mondory's new theatre in the Marais; the house was full to overflowing, and persons of quality contended for the niches and corners where their pages generally perched. It was played three times at the Louvre; half Paris learned it by heart, and in the provinces they said, *Beau comme le Cid*. But of the emotion which stirred those first spectators one notable element passed away with them. The play was of Spanish origin. Spain was the natural foster-mother of Corneille's genius, and his classic models were the Cordovans, Seneca and Lucan; but when he took her national hero for his own, circumstances lent the choice a singular interest. The keynote of Richelieu's policy was his unwavering hostility to Spain. All his political life he had fought the power which for nearly a century had been the evil genius of France, and nowhere more relentlessly than in the King's chamber, the narrow space which, thanks to the incessant intrigues of the Queen (Anne of Austria, the Spanish King's sister,) gave him, he said, more trouble than all the rest of Europe. The fortunes of Spain were everywhere declining; her decadence had manifestly begun when Corneille, as if to re-gild her fading prestige, presented his splendid rendering of the Castilian legend, and, all Richelieu's enemies pressed to acclaim the incarnation of Spanish chivalry superb, invincible, (thirty years after Don Quixote,) in his ardent youth and courage driving the foes of Spain before him, and wept to see mirrored in the sorrows of Chimène the trials of her countrywoman, the beautiful, unhappy Queen.

Richelieu made no immediate reply to his *protégé's* dazzling imprudence. A patent of nobility was granted to the poet's father, and the Cardinal's niece, the Marquise de Combalet, was permitted to accept the dedication of the play when it was published in March; but six months later it became evident that he had not entirely overlooked the offence. *THE CID's* success had raised a storm of disparaging literary comment, which the poet's high and very frank appreciation of his own merit did not tend to allay. His rivals denounced him as a plagiarist, a contemner of Aristotle and the ancients, and as a perverter of morals. "In literature as in nature," said Scudéry, who led the attack, "there are objects which at

first sight seem to be stars and prove afterwards to be merely worms"; and he went on to offer *THE CID* as an example of these disappointing phenomena. Corneille answered: his friends and Scudéry's threw themselves into the quarrel; and at last Scudéry, who prided himself upon being more of a gentleman than an author, challenged Corneille to lay down the pen and take up the sword. The poet declined. He was willing, he observed, to take the world's word in questions of birth and breeding, but a duel, while greatly displeasing the Cardinal, could not possibly help any one to decide how much better his *CID* was than Scudéry's *LIBERAL LOVER*. It was at this point that the Cardinal obliged the French Academy to intervene. Rather against its own will, he had lately transformed the literary *coterie*, which was in the habit of meeting at private houses, into a national institution; and he considered this an admirable opportunity for it to exercise its office of directing the public taste. The members did not respond with any alacrity. They urged that their claim to exercise a certain authority over the language was already greatly resented; and what, they asked, would happen if they ventured to oppose, as they were clearly expected to do, the popular verdict? They were also forbidden by their statutes to judge any work except at the request, or at least with the consent, of the author, and this condition Corneille was by no means disposed to fulfil. There is no proof that Richelieu, as has been repeatedly suggested, was moved by personal jealousy of Corneille's talent; his animosity towards the play can be easily accounted for without this rather ridiculous assumption. He was not disposed to overlook the absent-mindedness (it appears to have been nothing more) which had led one of his own pensioners into the enemy's ranks: he did not approve of the moral of the play, which is, in fact, hardly defensible; and it is improbable, judging by what we know of his taste in poetry, that he could really have admired Corneille's romantic lovers. In any case he meant the Academy to condemn the drama, and its resistance yielded to the pressure of an imperious warning: "Tell these gentlemen that I shall love them as they love me." Corneille was lured into giving grudgingly what passed for an assent: "Messieurs de l'Académie may do what they please; since you tell me it will amuse his Eminence to hear their opinion, I have no more to say." After five months of a laborious effort to

content their formidable protector without offending everyone else, the Academy published its *SENTIMENTS ON THE CID*. It is, perhaps, to the honour of the judges that, while they bitterly offended Corneille, they by no means satisfied Richelieu, admiring and blaming with anxious moderation and balancing Aristotle and the rules dexterously against the play's direct irresistible appeal to the heart, what they call "its inexplicable charm." Corneille would have responded, but Boisrobert, through whom his pension was paid, persuaded him to forgo the dangerous pleasure, and the poet reluctantly agreed. "I am," said he, "a little more of this world than Heliodorus who preferred to lose his bishopric rather than his books, and I care more for my master's good graces than for all the reputations in the world." "The reasons which made them speak kept me silent," he added long afterwards. His discretion was rewarded; the Cardinal accepted the dedication of *HORACE*, his next play, interested himself very kindly and effectively in his marriage, and continued for the remnant of life that remained to him his usual liberality; but the poet never forgave his patron. Richelieu died in 1642, and some poetic observance of the event was looked for from Corneille; but, except for an epigrammatic trifle, he remained silent. Six months later, on the death of Louis the Thirteenth, his anger leaped fiercely into flame in the sonnet (unpublished in the poet's lifetime) in which he regrets the fate of the prince, the innocent accomplice of his minister's crimes, who wore the crown for thirty-three wasted years and ceased to live just as he began to reign.

Vainqueur de toutes parts, esclave dans son cour,
 Son tyran et le nôtre a peine perd le jour
 Que jusque dans la tombe il le force à suivre.

And there are lines in *THE DEATH OF POMPEY*, in *OTHON*, and in *ATTILA*, thirty years later, in which we may see his resentment still smouldering.

The other great events in Corneille's life, *HORACE*, *CINNA*, and *POLYEUCTE*,—it is not easy to omit *NICOMEDE*—succeeded each other rapidly, and were followed by a number of dramas extremely unequal in merit. *CINNA* and *POLYEUCTE* were recognised at once as masterpieces; the death of Camilla spoiled *HORACE* for the critics because it violated the unity of the action, and it injured the play, Corneille says, for the audience generally

because Camilla persisted in dying on the stage, instead of flying from her brother, when he drew his sword, and receiving the fatal stroke out of sight, as the author intended. "I have observed," says Lisideius in Dryden's *ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESIE*, "that in all our tragedies the audience cannot forbear laughing when the actors are to die ; it is the most comic part of the whole play." In 1647, after two disappointments, Corneille's candidature for the Academy was successful ; five years later he forsook the theatre and spent seven quiet years in translating *THE IMITATION OF CHRIST* and in writing his essays on dramatic poetry. In 1659 he returned to Paris and to the stage with *ŒDIPUS*, which was well received ; but his reign was now definitely over. Molière was there, and a more redoubtable rival was close at hand ; in 1665 Racine, not much older than Corneille was when he won his first laurels with *MELITE*, produced his tragedy of *ALEXANDER THE GREAT*. He had previously read it to the older poet who told him that, though he had a great deal of poetic talent, he was no dramatist ; but the public thought differently, and his *ANDROMAQUE* aroused an enthusiasm which recalled the welcome given to *THE CID* thirty years before. The two poets were pitted against each other as they have been ever since, but it was a very unequal combat. In the new court which had gathered adoringly about the young King, the plain shabby old man, now more melancholy and taciturn than ever, was hopelessly out of fashion, and so were his heroic lines ; the handsome young poet with his grace, his studied and exquisite simplicity, his melodious play upon the sensibilities, his intimate knowledge of the heart, carried all before him. "The public nowadays," says one of Corneille's contemporaries sadly, observing the change, "is all for tears and tenderness. Once it demanded great situations nobly handled ; now it is content with characters." The young Duchess of Orleans, Henrietta of England, amused herself by persuading both poets to write a play on the same subject, and each produced a *TITUS AND BERENICE* without knowing that the other was engaged on the same plot. The Princess did not live to be judge in the contest, and the two plays appeared three months after her sudden and mysterious death. Corneille's partisans spoke contemptuously of the young adventurer,

Infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli,

and Racine retaliated with delicate malice, deriding the heavy and

antiquated weapons of his rival, his declamations and his stage-tricks, and recalling the attacks of a certain spiteful old poet, *malevoli veteris poetæ*, on Terence. At the present time votes might probably be divided between the two plays, but in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth they were all given to Racine, and Corneille took his defeat very hardly. The wounded pride of the artist was not his only trial. In 1662 he had sold his house in Rouen and had moved to Paris, but living was more expensive in the capital and he had dowries and professions to provide for his six children. If his circumstances were not quite so straitened as has sometimes been imagined, they were certainly not quite comfortable. "I am surfeited with glory and hungry for gold," he said one day to Boileau. His private life was very simple and sober; he was a good husband and father, "very easy to live with," says his nephew, the best of brothers, an industrious magistrate, a very modest and peaceable Academician, and a conscientious churchwarden, so busy at Easter with the parish accounts that he snatches an hour with difficulty to attend to a literary correspondent. His last play, *SURENA*, produced in 1674, was a failure, but the tragic genius which had gleamed out for the first time forty years before in *Medea's* famous answer,

Dans un si grand revers que vous reste-il ?

Moi,

Moi, dis-je, et c'est assez,

flickered up once more in *Eurydice's* closing words :

Quoi, vous causez sa perte et n'avez point de pleurs ?

Non, je ne pleure point, Madame, mais je meurs.

Ten obscure and silent years followed; he died on 1st October, 1684. Students of heredity will notice that this hater of tyranny and disorder was the great-great-great-grandfather of Charlotte Corday.

To give Corneille his due place in history, we must not consider him as a tragic poet whose work dates from *THE CID*, but we must begin, as he did, with *MELITE*. There is no intrinsic virtue in *MELITE*; it is a dull silly play which might long ago have been deservedly forgotten did we not know that, in writing it, Corneille made the great discovery which he passed on to Molière. In later life Corneille, considering his youthful performance, dwells on its many defects and its one supreme

merit. He resolved to banish from his scene the buffoon, the parasite, the cheating valet, who had been regarded till then as indispensable to comedy, and to replace them by real men and women. He took comedy to be a portrait of life, and aimed therefore at making his characters talk "not like authors but like well-bred people." "Their love-making was to be of a kind as unusual on the stage as it is usual off it," and he intended "to put nothing in their mouths but what those whom they represent would probably say in their place." The difference between tragedy and comedy, he adds, has nothing to do with the rank of the personages ; a king is not out of place in a comedy if he can be made sufficiently amusing, and "vulgar and knavish characters" are unnecessary. Nothing of the kind had been so far attempted on the Parisian stage ; MELITE is the first French comedy of manners. The execution of the play fell sadly short of its aim ; LA VEUVE (1633) comes nearer the mark, and there are passages in it charming in their humour and ease. But three years later, wearied of the ordinary conditions of life, of its triviality and its colloquial phrases, he turned his back upon his every-day people and began with THE CID the line of great tragic dramas which have effaced the recollection of his early essays in comedy.

In the days before THE CID Corneille neither knew nor cared about Aristotle ; it was not, he explains, that he wilfully disobeyed the rules, but he did not know of their existence. His own common-sense taught him the advantage of concentration and led him to shun the error of his contemporaries who were capable, he declares, of taking a century for the time of action and the whole inhabited earth for their scene. Even when he learned the existence of the dramatic unities, they did not weigh heavily on him, and he boldly maintained his independence in the teeth of THE POETICS. "We may be permitted to believe," he said daringly, "that the ancients did not know everything." His respect for Aristotle was still comparatively slight when he wrote THE CID. He chose his subject first, and reconciled it with THE POETICS long afterwards as best he could ; and in a sense it stands alone among his dramas, divided by its strength and truth from those that precede, and by its treatment of the love-motive from those that follow. Its subject is generally described wrongly as the conflict between love and duty. Rodrigue,

Chimène's betrothed, kills her father in an unavoidable duel ; and the poet sets himself the task of uniting the lovers in spite of this apparently insurmountable obstacle. The Academy thought that the barrier ought to have been insurmountable ; they blamed Corneille for entangling his personages in a difficulty from which they could not be extricated satisfactorily, and most critics who can consider the story coldly, undistracted by the lovely poetic veil in which it is draped, will agree with the censors. The only apology that can be made for the happy ending is to be found in the fact that the conflict is not between love and duty, or between filial love and passion, but only between passion and a regard for appearances. Chimène does not deceive anyone into believing that she has any real horror or repugnance for the man whom she persists in speaking of as her father's murderer ; her conscience is not troubled for a moment, and the only barrier between them is the one erected by public opinion, a conventional difficulty which the sovereign, the natural arbiter in the court of honour, is perfectly qualified to remove. This is why he is entitled to assure Rodrigue that he may rely upon time and the royal influence.

Pour vaincre un point d'honneur qui combat contre toi,
Laisse faire le temps, ta vaillance, et ton roi.

Even so, the happy ending has scandalised many of Corneille's admirers, and some have gone so far as to assert that the king promised more than he could possibly perform, while others regret that the poet did not discover in the last act that Don Diegue was not Chimène's real father. The poet himself, in his reflective old age, was evidently disturbed about the moral of the play in which for the first and last time he allowed love to show itself dominant, irresistible, the lord of all ; but he consoled himself by trusting that no man leaving the theatre would wish that he, too, had killed the father of his mistress in order to receive Rodrigue's reward, and that no girl would desire that her father should die by her lover's hand to share with Chimène the terrible joy of loving him even while she demands his death. There is, perhaps, no dramatic masterpiece against which so much may be said, and said very justly, as *THE CID* ; but when the critic has done his worst there still remains the play's "inexplicable charm," its vital atmosphere of poetry and romance. "You

say, Sir," wrote Balzac, to Corneille's fiercest assailant, "that he has blinded the eyes of the world, you accuse him of spells and sorceries; but will you not confess that, if magic were not forbidden to us, it would be a fine thing to be an enchanter?" Corneille himself on a somewhat similar occasion offers the best apology for his most popular drama: "It is not a crime for a poet to dazzle where he cannot convince."

But the triumph of *THE CID* left Corneille uneasy. His inflexible confidence in his own genius was not stronger than his reverence for authority, and he was no democrat. He had appealed successfully from Cæsar to the people, but the popular verdict did not content him; what he thought of it he told them in *HORACE* three years later:

Horace, ne crois pas que le peuple stupide
Sois le maître absolu d'un renom bien solide.
Sa voix tumultueuse assez souvent fait bruit,
Mais un moment l'élève, un moment le détruit,
Et ce qu'il contribue à notre renommée
Toujours en moins de rien se dissipe en fumée.

When the censors of *THE CID* accused him of having violated the rules, its partisans declared that if he had, it was no matter: if one can arrive at perfection, they said, without the aid of Aristotle, why not? Before long Corneille resented the defence not less than the accusation. He conceived of comedy, as we have seen, as a portrait of life, we might almost say as merely a portrait of life; the writer of comedy looked about him, noticed what the people he met did and said, and there already was the best part of his play. He conceived of tragedy (the seventeenth century applied the word to any serious drama regardless of its catastrophe) as a territory lying a little beyond the borders of the world we live in, a remote unfamiliar region not to be safely traversed without an authoritative guide. The company of the guide often embarrassed him terribly; he pondered long on the probable meaning of his oracular utterances, and longer still on ingenious methods of evading them or explaining them away. How to reconcile oneself with Aristotle? This is the constant burden of his later thoughts; and if he often ended by going his own way, it was always with regrets and apologies, never with Molière's free heart or with Racine's quiet assurance. In the three years which

divide THE CID from HORACE, he had worked out a sort of tragic formula from which he departed no more ; and henceforward though his work varies immensely in quality, its principles do not alter. The spontaneous romantic impulse which gave us THE CID never returned, except for an hour when it inspired him to write DON SANCHE D'ARAGON.

In composing his formula Corneille was a poet, a moralist, and a man of his own time. His poetic theory he derived mainly from Aristotle. "We are not now," he says, "obliged to walk in the footsteps of the Greeks, but I do not think that we are at liberty to depart from their rules." What, then, are the rules? Corneille does his best to discover them, but he does not find them perfectly intelligible, and in this, of course, he is not singular. "Our misfortune is," he says, "that Aristotle, and Horace too, wrote obscurely enough to require an interpreter." Corneille is never very certain that his own interpretation is correct, but he does the best he can with it. His moral theory, on the other hand, was his own, though it is deeply coloured by the period in which he lived.

Corneille did not confound the poet and the moralist, but he considered them inseparable, and he was all the more a moralist because he wrote for the theatre. It was, he perceived, too strong a force not to count seriously in the eternal conflict which it is its business to mimic. The recognised guardians of morality viewed it with grave misgiving ; the Church condemned the stage, and the stage, to justify itself, must share the Church's burden. This, he thought, should be done mainly in two ways ; the poet may offer the spectators models worthy of imitation, and maxims which they may remember and practise, but above all he must make his plays end well, that is to say, with the reward of the well-doer. It is on this point that he brusquely parts from Aristotle. That philosopher had averred that poetic justice is only a concession to the imbecility of the audience ; no thoughtful man can deceive himself into believing that the curtain always falls in real life on the bad man getting the worst of it. Corneille refuses to follow him. He holds that nothing stimulates us to be virtuous so much as the sight of virtue triumphant in the fifth act ; and indeed to his devout and candid soul the ultimate victory of the good is no melodramatic convention but only a somewhat brief summary of the facts. In the end "it's

better being good than bad," and Justice, eternal, inevitable, does speak the last word, though not always within the twenty-four hours which is all the space permitted to the French dramatist. This is why so many of Corneille's dramas are what he calls happy tragedies, closing on a note of peace and hope. It must be admitted that the moralist's resolute optimism is occasionally the poet's destruction, as in *NICOMÈDE*, the great play which goes all to pieces in the last scenes because Corneille is bent on making everyone happy, including the wicked step-mother. *Nicomède* may have believed in *Arsinoé's* conversion, but no one else can credit it for an instant.

It is still in pursuance of his moral aim that Corneille chooses to add a third emotion to the "pity and fear" of Aristotle. He arrived to find the stage straining to excite and to gratify a craving for the forced and the unnatural; and he himself in his second play, *CLITANDRE*, proved himself as capable as anyone of putting together a tissue of outrageous absurdities. When the true function of tragedy dawned upon him, and he rose to the height of his calling, he still failed to divest himself entirely of his taste for the abnormal. He still thought that to move the passions strongly, the subject must be extraordinary and unusual; but he perceived that it might just as well be unusual goodness as unusual crime, or, more infallible still, a union of the two. The passions, he says, may be purged by admiration more surely, perhaps, than by the double means which Aristotle prescribes. His view of life is the heroic view, and the effect which he produces on a single string is amazing. We like to admire, but not unbrokenly or for very long at a time: there is no attitude, in fact, which wearies us so soon; and no writer has ever challenged this universal prejudice of faulty humanity so successfully as Corneille. *Polyeucte* and *Severus*, *Cæsar* and *Cornelia*, *Nicomède* and *Attale*, are all engaged in sublime contests of magnanimity, and they all interest us to the last line, or, to be quite accurate, to the last scene but one. And they do more than this. The average play-goer, as Corneille reminds us, is neither a saint nor a hero; but the poet's glowing belief in the splendid possibilities of human nature makes him ask himself if he might not be both.


The plan has, of course, its disadvantages. "When you paint men," says Molière, "you must paint from Nature, and

you have done nothing if the men of your time cannot recognise themselves. When you paint heroes, you do as you please ; they are fancy portraits in which one does not look for a resemblance." Corneille's first heroes were men, but men presented to us in startling situations, contending with surprising difficulties ; but by degrees the poet begins fatally to interest himself more in the situations than in the characters, until in the end we are left with ingenious situations and no human beings to fill them. Corneille's partisans taunted Racine with being able to paint only Frenchmen ; they thought it was because their poet's Huns and Parthians and Turks were foreigners that they did not recognise them. The test of naturalness cannot well be applied to Huns and Parthians, of whom the Frenchman of the seventeenth century knew even less than we do, and Corneille, there is no doubt, innocently presumed upon this ignorance. He grew more and more into the habit of placing his heroes not only in countries and epochs, but in positions which put them beyond the reach of criticism ; and in doing so, he put them outside the limit of our interest. I can imagine myself, with a little alteration, in the position of Severus or Nicomède, and I can say to myself as the action proceeds,—that is how I too should have felt and spoken. But if my mother on a false report of my father's death had hastily married again, and my father, thus provoked, had retaliated by betrothing himself to a young and beautiful girl, and had consequently been assassinated by my mother's orders ; if the above-mentioned beautiful girl, with whom, after my father's death, both I and my twin brother fall in love, refuses to marry me until I have solemnly vowed to murder my mother in order to avenge my father ; and if, further, no one knows whether I or my brother am the rightful heir except our mother who refuses to tell until one of us has solemnly vowed to murder the girl we both love,—how should I feel and act ? I should want a little time to consider. This is the plot of *RODOGUNE*, omitting the minor complications, and *RODOGUNE* Corneille considered to be his best play. He ranked it so because for it he had invented what M. Sarcey, the veteran critic, declares is "the finest theatrical situation which has ever been put on the stage." It was indeed time for Racine to arrive.

The best proof of Corneille's genius lies, perhaps, in the fact

that, although his way was the wrong way, we only remember by what splendid mountain-heights it led him. We lay down the book of the hour to read once more his incomparable CINNA, to watch once more in POLYEUCTE the beautiful drama swaying harmoniously to the breath of the unseen; and we rejoice to celebrate with unchanging admiration the birthday of the great tragic poet whose poetic theory has been dead for nearly three centuries.

H. C. MACDOWALL.



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THE ENEMY'S CAMP

CHAPTER XXVIII

CHARLES took a last look at his reflection in the water as he stood on the bridge over the lock, and decided that on the whole he would do. The resources of Oldborough had been somewhat strained that afternoon to supply the demands of three unreasonable strangers, who all wanted perfectly fitting clothes, cut in the latest fashion, then and there. This, however, the manager of the principal emporium regretfully assured them could not be; a perfect fit they could have; the latest fashion they could have, (the manager, of course, did not know of the rapidity with which fashions alter in the Metropolis and he was referring to the latest but four); but it was impossible that they could have these things on the instant. Let them give him a little reasonable time and he would match his establishment against any similar establishment in London, a somewhat over-rated city, as he hinted.

Charles enquired what the manager considered a reasonable time. Could he let them have the clothes to-morrow? The manager smiled decorously at what was an obvious witticism on the part of a prospective client, and, revolving the matter in his head, finally promised that the clothes should be ready in a fortnight. He explained that this was unusually precipitate, but as he was upon his mettle he would do it. It is to be feared that neither Charles nor his friends appreciated this offer as the concession it really was, for the one laughed, the others shrugged their shoulders, and all were unanimous in saying that they might as well wait fourteen years as fourteen days. Charles then declared that he would send his telegram after all, and the three made as if to depart.

But the manager could not see custom leaving him without a special effort to keep it somehow, and he hurriedly added that perhaps Charles would like a suit of white flannels, such as he had just made for a gentleman in the neighbourhood and not yet sent home. Now he came to look at him, Charles's measurements must be almost identical with those of the man in question, and the suit was there now ; Charles might do worse than try it on. It was forthwith produced, and found more or less satisfactory. The unknown gentleman was apparently a trifle broader in the back, but otherwise there was little amiss with the fit. Finally, despite suggestions from both the Admiral and Majendie that Charles looked on the whole more presentable in his old clothes, and that the new suit would fit either of them with greater precision, Charles became the proud possessor of the unknown gentleman's garments at a somewhat extravagant price.

This success rendered the manager more hopeful, and he remembered that he might be able to do something of the same kind for the Admiral and Majendie, who asked whether he had any more clients of about their size. It appeared that, by all that was fortunate, two other unknown gentlemen, who in point of measurement might have been doubles of the Admiral and the Doctor, were also customers of his, and in fact were at the moment awaiting two grey flannel suits. In a word, in less than half an hour the three left the shop clad in the suits of the three unknown gentlemen and carrying their old clothes neatly wrapped in brown paper, together with sundry minor purchases that are necessary to a respectable outfit. An early cup of tea was enjoyed in Oldborough's one restaurant, and then the dog-cart was taken from the stable and they drove back to Packington well content with their afternoon's work.

It was only, then, about half-past five, when Charles, feeling more like himself than he had for some time, paused to gaze at the reflection of dazzling white that greeted him from the river below, and then went purposefully on towards the encampment. His glimpse of Cicely in the morning had fully determined him to lose no more time, and he had come straight from Packington, depositing his brown paper parcel in the mill as he passed.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Lauriston were seated peacefully in the two deck-chairs at the door of the store-tent, the one smoking a cigar, the other engaged on a piece of needlework destined some day to fetch its weight, or nearly its weight, in gold at a bazaar.

Tea had been somewhat early, in deference to Cicely, who had suddenly announced that the evening was the best time for fishing, and that, unless tea was at four, one did not get any evening. She accordingly gained her evening and went off to make the most of it, promising Mr. Lauriston some very large fish. As she had already angled that morning not unsuccessfully her energy provided subject for comment, and when Agatha and Doris had departed also in the boat her uncle and her aunt talked placidly of Cicely and her doings. "The child is getting quite energetic," observed Mrs. Lauriston, threading her needle with unerring hand.

Mr. Lauriston assented. "The holiday's doing her a lot of good," he said. "She was getting rather pale, I thought, before we came down here; but I've never seen her in better health and spirits than she is now."

"It was a very good idea of yours, Henry," said his wife generously; "a complete change for all of us and an inexpensive one. We've had lovely weather too." Mrs. Lauriston was in an amiable mood. Everything had gone well since the camp had moved a second time, and she was in complete ignorance of the house-boat's return. Her party, for various reasons, had not thought it necessary to acquaint her with the fact, and once having learnt that the dreaded vessel had gone from its moorings she had not contemplated the possibility of its coming back. Moreover she had that afternoon made up her mind on the subject of the fallen willow, as Martin's laborious form about fifty yards away showed.

Mrs. Lauriston's voice, therefore, betrayed only surprise when she presently exclaimed: "Henry, here's someone coming; yes, he must be coming to the camp, the path doesn't lead anywhere else."

Mr. Lauriston looked up, and was suddenly tongue-tied, for there, not fifty yards away, came stepping briskly and clad in shining white raiment,—the magnificent Charles.

"Who is it? Is it anyone you know?" demanded Mrs. Lauriston. Fortunately, her eyes being upon the stranger and not on her husband, she did not detect his confused inability to speak. Realising, however, that she had not had an answer she repeated her question.

Charles meanwhile was getting nearer and nearer and the crisis was becoming acute. But, as will have been noticed before, it

was always in a crisis that Mr. Lauriston's military training came to his aid, and all the ex-volunteer in him awoke as he decided that if you go half-way to meet a danger it is robbed by so much of its imminence. He rose from his seat and explaining things to his wife thus, "Yes, young friend of mine—able fellow—City," he left her side and advanced to meet Charles, nerving himself for the almost inevitable crash, but feeling like some small boat tossing rudderless upon the illimitable sea, or perhaps more like some unhappy volunteer private who remains alone on the stricken field, his officers all shot down and not even an acting corporal left to superintend his subsequent manœuvres. Yet even in so grave a case training comes to aid the helpless, and even as that forsaken private will spring smartly up to attention and hope for the best, so did Mr. Lauriston keep a firm front and advance to greet his inopportune visitor, hoping that all might yet be well, though it seemed scarcely possible. All things considered the private was in better case. He had only to deal with an enemy, whereas Mr. Lauriston had to deal with a woman, and moreover with a wife, to whom he had mentioned the word City. Suppose Charles were to deny all knowledge of the City? But there is no need to dwell on coming ills, and Mr. Lauriston was determined to keep conversation as close to stocks and shares and as far from house-boats as, without rudeness, a man and a householder might.

He met Charles with a certain amount of hearty gesture which was intended to indicate, for his wife's benefit, the surprise one naturally feels at the sudden and unexpected appearance of an old friend, shook hands warmly, and then led him towards the lady.

"I thought you might possibly look in on us," he was saying as they came within earshot, and Mrs. Lauriston rose to greet the guest.

"My dear," said her husband, hurriedly, "I don't think you have met my friend"—the friend's name was a little obscured by a fit of coughing and Mrs. Lauriston therefore did not catch it. That was no great matter; the name could be ascertained afterwards, but she warned her husband against recklessly swallowing cigar-smoke in that manner.

Charles's experienced eye took in the situation to a certain extent, and he perceived that it would be well to proceed warily. Mrs. Lauriston did not appear the kind of lady to whose better

acquaintance a husband's introduction is necessarily a passport. He decided that his remarks should at first be few, though good, for he realised that the better acquaintance of the other and younger lady seen this morning might depend on the favour of this one. A hasty but searching glance round the camp had revealed the fact that the other and younger lady was not there now. "Is it permitted?" he asked, with that deferential smile that won him golden opinions wherever married ladies do congregate. Mr. Lauriston had just offered him his cigar-case, and Charles's tone implied that Mrs. Lauriston had only to indicate the proceeding by the merest glance and he would give up smoking for ever. The homage was not lost upon her, and she gave him permission very graciously. In Ealing something more definite than a mere glance would be required to check a young man from using tobacco permanently, and Mrs. Lauriston appreciated this tactful reminder of the power of her sex.

"How are Consols to-day?" asked Mr. Lauriston suddenly, true to his determination to keep the conversation away from house-boats.

"Consols?" said Charles vaguely, not of course comprehending the reason of the question. It seemed an odd one, and he looked at Mr. Lauriston to see what he meant by it.

That gentleman's eye expressed a dumb entreaty, though of what nature Charles could not be sure, and his mouth gave an explanation that was no explanation. "We don't see a paper down here," he said. "They showed a slight upward tendency a week ago, and I was wondering if they had begun to recover.

"Yes, they are recovering wonderfully," said Charles, whose knowledge of Consols was of a much less recent date than Mr. Lauriston's, but who was desirous of answering the appeal rather than the question.

"Are they indeed?" said Mr. Lauriston with interest. "They haven't touched ninety, I suppose?" He credited his visitor with greater technical knowledge than that deceptive person possessed, for Charles's conversation displayed a variety that was apt to give an impression of sound information on all subjects, a result often attendant on a judicious use of generalities. Therefore it came about that Charles was not sure whether Consols were inordinately high at ninety. But it seemed safer

to say that they had not reached that giddy height. "I thought not," said Mr. Lauriston; "they will never see a hundred again."

"Never," Charles agreed.

"How," asked Mr. Lauriston, "are West Nigerians? People seemed a bit shy of buying when I left town."

"Not going off well," answered Charles. "People are shyer than ever."

"I can't say I'm surprised," said Mr. Lauriston.

"I'm not surprised myself," Charles admitted, wondering what it was all about and when it was going to end.

"You're not touching Kamschatkans, are you?" Mr. Lauriston enquired.

"No," Charles confessed; "I'm not at all sure of them." He began to feel that this kind of conversation lacked interest, and looked at Mrs. Lauriston to see if she showed signs of boredom; but that excellent lady seemed satisfied. City talk did not bore her because she understood it to be right and necessary, and in this instance she found, or thought she found, in these deep sayings an indication that the visitor was a man of substance. He was also personable in his white flannel suit, and had not on the whole a married appearance. It was almost a pity that Agatha had gone out in the boat.

"I heard on good authority the other day," resumed Mr. Lauriston "that the London, Bournemouth, and West Coast is going in for the electrification of its system.

"Really?" said Charles.

"A fact," continued his host. "I hold some shares, and am in hopes that it will send their value up again to what I gave for them."

"There certainly ought to be a rise," Charles assented rather wearily, ignorant of the fact that a considerable portion of his own handsome competence came from this source. His man of business would doubtless have had more to say on the matter, and Charles felt that he would gladly have left all expression of opinion to him. For some time Mr. Lauriston conversed on the money-market in a similar strain, until the other realised that his supply of relevant answers was getting extremely low. He turned to the lady in desperation. "But it seems a little out of place to talk of these things in so pastoral a spot, doesn't it?" he said, hoping that the feminine desire to take a share in whatever conversation is going on would support him.

Mrs. Lauriston, however, could not be considered a great talker, unless she had something that must be said. "Men have to talk about business, of course," she decided; "and naturally you have a good deal to discuss even in the country."

"I'm afraid it must bore you very much," urged Charles.

"Oh no," said Mrs. Lauriston. "I don't understand money matters, so I never listen. My niece Agatha knows more about them than I do, and she says they are very interesting." She felt that there was no harm in putting in a good word for Agatha. This acute young business-man might perhaps be looking out for a wife of the kind that would be able to help him in his affairs, and Mrs. Lauriston, like a good aunt, never neglected her opportunities of seeking to secure a comfortable settlement for her elder niece. Cicely, of course, was such a mere child that there was no need to think of her as yet.

Charles straightway began to wonder if that were Agatha, that vision of the morning. If so, appearances were deceptive, for he would have staked a good deal on the vision's total immunity from interests of that nature. It would prove very disappointing if she too insisted on discussing the money-market and showed a critical insight into the methods of fraudulent millionaires. An impulsive feminine desire for the heads of fraudulent persons generally would be pretty and seemly; but a calm analysis of their defalcations with reasoned judgments on the vexed questions of trusts and watered stock, such as Mr. Lauriston was at that moment giving, would consort but ill with the rare charm of her appearance. Charles waited tactfully until Mr. Lauriston had dissected the particular millionaire in question, and then sought a little more enlightenment as to this gifted niece.

"Your niece does not speculate herself, I suppose?" he asked playfully.

Mrs. Lauriston was a little shocked. Ealing ladies may be intelligent, but they do not for that reason hasten to squander their intelligence in such a way. "Of course not," she answered with decision.

Charles felt that one of his few remarks had fallen short of the standard of goodness, and he hastened to try and condone it. "Ladies are interesting themselves in the money-market more and more," he said.

"So I have been told," replied Mrs. Lauriston. "I cannot say I approve of such a thing. No niece of mine, I am

sure, would ever compete with men in that way." Her tone was rather frigid. This young man was evidently one of those revolutionary persons who are prepared to admit the equality of the sexes, and Mrs. Lauriston was by no means ready to part with the consciousness of feminine superiority. Perhaps, after all, it was as well that Agatha had gone out in the boat.

Charles perceived that another of his few remarks had hardly been good, and he relapsed into silence while Mr. Lauriston dissected a defaulting solicitor, and after this had been done thoroughly he rose to take his leave. Mrs. Lauriston did not press him to come again. The more she thought of it the more she resented his suggestion that a niece of hers should have dealings in the City, and she decided that he was not the kind of person whom she could invite to Bel Alp. His manners were good enough certainly, but she was by no means so sure of his morals.

Charles walked back towards the mill somewhat dissatisfied with things in general. He had, it was true, paid his call, but hardly with the good results he had anticipated. He was vexed with Mr. Lauriston for manipulating the conversation as he had done, and he was vexed with himself for an unaccustomed failure to conciliate a lady; and lastly he was even more vexed at the absence of the other lady who, after all, could not be so very deeply immersed in business matters and whose appearance was very likely justified. He would, however, call again before long and endeavour to set matters right; he had little doubt of his ability to do so if he could once divert the talk into more reasonable channels. Thus meditating he turned into the mill to fetch the parcel which he had left there.

The inside of the mill was a scene of ropes hanging from and ladders leading to the floor above, of corn-bins, sacks, and the usual signs of industry, with a coating of flour over all. In the left-hand corner was the office, a little room partitioned off from the rest by wooden walls, and containing a desk, stool, and cupboard. Charles had, with the clerk's permission, placed his parcel on the desk, and he now stepped in to pick it up. On the threshold he paused, looking straight in front of him. The doors of the roomy cupboard were open and in it, on the lowest shelf, lay plain to view an indubitable Gladstone bag with the initials *S.H.* staring him in the face. He sprang in and seized it with an eager hand meaning to bear it off without delay. But as he pulled it

out of the cupboard it struck him that it felt strangely light, and he undid the straps and opened it. Then a sad sight met his eyes. The neatness that did such credit to his valet was gone, and with it was gone most of the raiment. The blue suit had vanished, the brown boots and the Panama hat, while the things that were left nearly all betrayed signs of use; crumpled shirts and collars, a varied collection of brilliant and ill-treated ties, all betrayed an alien and careless hand. Charles remained thunder-struck for a time, but at last recovered himself, shut the bag up, put it in the cupboard again, grasped his parcel and departed, without disturbing any of the miller's men who were all in the upper part of the mill, and without noticing in the extreme corner of the shelf a heap of old clothes that might have made things more clear to him if he had examined them. He went home puzzling over the circumstance and meditating how to get to the bottom of the mystery.

In the meanwhile he was the theme of some conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Lauriston. "A baronet?" that lady exclaimed after her husband had given a few reluctant answers. "And you talked of nothing but the City, and I thought he was a stockbroker! Henry, *why* was I not told? Where does he live? Why didn't you ask him to stop to supper?" And for a considerable time Mr. Lauriston, without mentioning the house-boat, was fully occupied in endeavouring to account satisfactorily for Charles, for himself, and for many other things not immediately connected with either. He felt that, though the baronet might condone the vessel, there were many features of the case which would make explanation difficult for a husband.

CHAPTER XXIX

"THERE was a girl once,—but you're not listening," began Cicely.

"I'm listening very hard," asserted Talbot, looking at her a trifle uneasily. She had surveyed his notably correct attire with an interest somewhat too minute to please him, and she had seemed secretly amused. He pulled down his sleeve nervously (it was a trifle too short for his arm), and her gaze then fell on his brown boots, which he in turn contemplated with dissatisfaction. They were still a little tight; what was worse they looked tight,

and he knew it. He settled himself determinedly, however, and looked at her instead.

Cicely smiled in a superior manner, and leaned back more comfortably against her favourite tree by the perch-hole. "You'll have to listen," she announced; "it's for your good."

"I didn't expect this of you," demurred Talbot. A prolonged study of Cicely had distracted him from his minor discomforts, and he felt himself again.

"Besides, I want your advice, as I don't think the girl behaved very well," continued she.

"They never do," he assented, readily enough.

Cicely smiled again. "You speak feelingly?" she suggested. "Otherwise you can't be excused, you know."

"There are exceptions," conceded Talbot gallantly.

"Mostly exceptions," she insisted.

"I don't know; I'm quite content to know one."

Cicely accepted the compliment demurely. "However this girl didn't behave at all well," she resumed.

"Poor fellow," Talbot sighed tragically. "Did he ever get over it?"

"I haven't told you the story yet," she said firmly. "I'm going to begin at the beginning."

"What a very unusual proceeding," he laughed. Cicely's eye demanded instant explanation. "I thought you always began at the end and finished with the middle," he said. "It doesn't keep one waiting for the point; and it's a very hot afternoon."

"This isn't a novel," objected Cicely, "and it hasn't got an end yet."

"Then of course I can't hear it; I quite understand. 'There was a girl once,' I think you said."

"There were several of them," corrected Cicely, "and the others were all nice."

"And the one who wasn't was the prettiest?" he enquired. Cicely's eyes danced with merriment, purposeful merriment. He felt vaguely apprehensive, but he persevered. "They were all jealous of her?"

"They were rather afraid of her, I think; she was a very big girl." Again she looked mischievously at the correct angler. Then she paused to frame her parable.

"And who was he?" Talbot suggested.

Cicely was not to be hurried. "They all went down to—to

a little country place, and they agreed they wouldn't take many dresses and things, but be quiet and not be bothered with men."

"Not even with an uncle?" he said, becoming dimly suspicious that this was that inexcusable thing, a story with a purpose.

"No, they went down quite by themselves; and you mustn't interrupt, or I shall never get to the end at all."

"As you said there wasn't one, that won't matter very much," he observed.

"They went down quite by themselves," Cicely resumed firmly.

"Did any of them fish?" he asked.

"They didn't, but the curate did."

"And he taught them?" Talbot betrayed a slight anxiety.

"He was a very nice curate," answered Cicely circuitously; "and one of them, the big one, saw him when she was going for a walk. He wasn't fishing at all properly, so she stopped a bit and showed him how to do it. He was quite grateful because he had never caught anything before, which was rather dull, of course. And she told him a lot he didn't know."

"She seems to have been quite capable of doing that," was Talbot's comment.

"She went back and didn't say a word to anybody," continued Cicely.

"Some remnant of good feeling?" he suggested.

Cicely had recourse to a greengage. It was a deceptive greengage, and its flavour was unworthy of the honour of her selection. She put it gently down and smiled to herself; he would not interrupt much longer, she suspected. "There was another girl down there," she went on, "who hadn't quite understood what they meant to do and had packed a very pretty dress,—by mistake, of course—so the rest when they found it out protested, and the big girl took away her portmanteau in the night." Talbot started. Cicely did not look at him; instead she continued rapidly. "You see, there was a party of curates down there, and the big girl said she would be sure to dress herself up and get to know them, so she took away the pretty dress and went in it to see the one who fished, and she went in it without letting anybody know, and at last they found out and they thought it very mean of her, and—"

An inarticulate grunt that expressed many things untranslate-

able into any self-respecting feminine vocabulary interrupted the narrative. Cicely paused willingly enough ; she lacked Mrs. Lauriston's practice in continuous speech. "You said?" she enquired, the question sounding rather timidly even to herself.

Her tone restored Talbot a little. "I don't care what they thought," he declared. "What did the curate think?"

"He thought the dress didn't fit at all well," rejoined Cicely cruelly, having recovered her self-possession.

"Who's been telling you all this?" demanded Talbot with steady ferocity. "Majendie? Crichton?"

"Oh dear, he'll go and beat them, or something dreadful," thought Cicely ; and, indeed, a shy peep at him was not reassuring. Talbot both felt and looked as if a little violent exercise at someone else's expense would do him good. "No, neither of them told," she declared hurriedly.

"Someone told you ; who was it?" Cicely looked at him in admirable surprise with a dainty assumption of feminine dignity. "I beg your pardon," conceded Talbot in some contrition. But he still boiled inwardly, and picking up his rod he threw his line savagely into the unoffending river. Fortune was kind and sent a perch to sacrifice itself on the altar of indignation. The unexpectedness of the bite and the necessity of landing the fish in some measure restored Talbot's temper.

"Will this buy the information?" he said holding up the fish.

"I believe you're getting curious," she returned. "No, it isn't intelligent interest ; that's only for things that concern yourself, you know."

He had been about to interrupt ; but she held up a restraining finger. Contemplation of a very shapely little hand in a becomingly dictatorial attitude distracted him momentarily, but he persisted. "Of course I want to know when it's your story."

Cicely nodded her august approval of his altered manner. "But I don't know that I ought to tell you."

Talbot repressed impatience. "What did the curate do?" he asked with an effort.

"He told the big girl," said Cicely calmly ; "and she was very rude to him."

Talbot considered this point. "I suppose I deserved that,"

he admitted in a wholly unconvinced tone. "But did he tell the other curates?" he asked with feeling.

"I never heard of his doing that," Cicely rejoined deliberately. She smiled inwardly at his look of relief. Yes, he was being a little, just a little, well—absurd, and it was all for herself, which was quite what it should have been.

"He must have been a very nice curate," said Talbot in gratitude; "I'm sure there couldn't have been a nicer anywhere."

"I thought you didn't like curates," observed Cicely, with a little touch of self-appreciation.

"As I said, there are exceptions, and I should be quite content to know that one," he replied pointedly.

Cicely felt that, in his own estimation at least, Talbot was rapidly ceasing to possess just the little absurdity that was required of him. "I don't think you've quite seen the moral of my tale," she objected.

"You said there wasn't one," he returned.

"I said there wasn't an end, but I didn't say there wasn't a moral," she answered.

"But you mustn't put the moral before the end," stated Talbot. "Think of the fables in the copybooks."

"Remember the bargain," retorted Cicely.

"I'm not teaching you anything; I'm only reminding you."

Cicely shook her head. "I didn't want that; I wanted your opinion of the big girl."

"I'll tell you on one condition."

"No conditions," stoutly declared Cicely.

"Well, may I ask a question?" Talbot was firm.

"I won't promise anything; I've told you what the curate thought."

Talbot remembered what the curate thought, and despite himself he once more acquired something of what had been expected of him. "Did the curate's aunt tell him about the big girl?" he demanded with a sternness curiously inappropriate to the form of the question.

"Oh, do say it again just like that," laughed Cicely.

Talbot's sense of humour returned; he had had his answer. However he meant to make sure. "Did the curate's aunt and the girl who had lost her dress spend every morning looking for the Gladstone—portmanteau, I mean, in the wood?"

"Intelligent interest?" asked she, nodding an answer.

"I understand," said Talbot. "The curate guessed of course. He was a very clever curate," he added with a polite bow.

"It wasn't very hard to guess." Cicely deprecated the compliment. "You see it wasn't the big girl's style at all."

"You don't seem to sympathise with the big girl," hazarded Talbot hopefully.

"How could I? Don't you think it was very wrong of her?"

"But did the curate sympathise with her?" he returned to the charge.

"You couldn't expect a really nice curate to do that, could you?" fenced Cicely. "Besides, the other girl's shoes didn't fit her at all."

Talbot moved his feet painfully. Certainly he was beginning to feel just a little absurd, despite his consciousness of lofty motives. But, as he had evidently not been betrayed and had only been discovered by Cicely, his confidence returned. "Didn't the curate like that rather?" he enquired.

"It amused him, of course," Cicely agreed readily, "and there isn't much to do in the country."

"I expect he was really pleased if he was a nice curate," Talbot insisted. "It was all done to please him, you see."

"But he was very sorry for the other girl, and he would have liked to know her perhaps," Cicely returned with deliberation. "It was very mean of the big girl, but perhaps the other was afraid of her, you see."

"The other girl shouldn't have brought that dress," declared Talbot. "It was all his,—her fault from the beginning. She shouldn't have provoked them by wanting to get to know the curates and so have put temptation in their way."

"But only really dishonest people take advantage," said Cicely rebukingly. "The schoolmistress and the nurse didn't steal things when they went to see the other curates. They were really straightforward people."

"Was the curate,—I mean did he tell his aunt and uncle that he went fishing with the big girl?" asked Talbot slyly.

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," said Cicely loftily. She, however, had seen his point clearly and her manner became increasingly dignified.

Talbot understood that his retort had gone home, so he forbore to press it further. "Everybody would have done what the big girl did. The schoolmistress and the nurse both wanted to find the portmanteau so that they might hide it again,—only they didn't get the chance," he ended with an unrepentant chuckle.

"I don't think that makes it any better,"—Cicely was severe—"and the dress might have suited them better too."

Talbot ignored this return to the original indictment. "If you really want my opinion about the big girl," he said determinedly, "I think she was quite right. She took it away to prevent the others meddling about with curates."

"That's not a very nice way of putting it," protested Cicely demurely.

But Talbot was not to be interrupted. "It's the fact," he averred. "They didn't go down to be bothered with curates,—quite right too. Of course, when the big girl met *the* curate, that was different. She just used the portmanteau because—" he hesitated and was on the verge of abandoning narrative in the third person.

"Now you're trying to steal my story," Cicely objected; "that's too bad of you."

"I'm only giving you my opinion," he returned, "as you asked me to."

"It's rather a hasty opinion," she considered, "and you don't seem a bit sorry for the girl who lost her portmanteau. The curate was very sorry for her indeed; he told his aunt so."

"What did his aunt say?" Talbot enquired in some alarm.

"His aunt said she would introduce him to the other girl, and the curate thought he would be sure to like her; he felt so sorry for her." Cicely's voice expressed volumes of orthodox compassion.

"Oh, did he?" Talbot was indignant, but he reflected that the introduction had not yet taken place, which in some measure consoled him. "You've not come to the end though," he added.

"You don't deserve to hear the end," she decreed; "you don't think of anybody but the big girl."

"On the contrary," Talbot asserted; "I've been thinking all the time of the curate, and how nice it was of him to understand and forgive her."

"I never said he did that," Cicely returned.

"But he did though," Talbot insisted confidently.

"I think you might leave me my own story," Cicely pretended injury.

"I only wanted to find an end for it," he pleaded.

Cicely was silent for a moment. "Isn't that a fish biting?" she eventually digressed.

Talbot did not even turn to look. "Some stories shouldn't have an end," he went on slowly, "except the old ending which isn't one."

Cicely smiled shyly. However, she evaded his meaning. "The curate said the big girl must give the portmanteau back. He didn't approve of borrowed plumes."

"Or stolen sweets?" asked Talbot.

"If you like to put it that way," Cicely admitted serenely.

"He never told his aunt and uncle, you know," Talbot explained.

"He liked to be thought a good angler; it was very natural of him," she said for the defence.

"Very," Talbot conceded, "but unusual. That's why he was so nice, of course."

"It's very unusual for curates to be nice, do you mean?"

"Nothing is so unusual as to be natural. To be natural is to be nice, and I must say I like a natural curate," he ended politely.

"Have you been making an epigram?" Cicely asked suspiciously.

"I apologise," he said; "it's the fault of the curate." Cicely looked for elucidation. "Nice ones make one feel so delightfully young," he explained.

"And only very young people make epigrams? The big girl was not very young," she said reprovingly. "But," she resumed, "don't you think she ought to give back the portmanteau?"

"That depends," said Talbot judicially.

"On what?"

"On the end of the story," he answered.

"I think she ought," Cicely continued; "and I've decided what she ought to do besides."

"I expect she has decided too," Talbot said firmly.

"I must be going back now." Cicely prepared to rise.

Talbot humoured her. A few moments were occupied in disposing the perch in the basket. Then Cicely delivered her parting shot. "And the big girl ought to bring the other to the curate's aunt when she's given back the portmanteau." With that she accepted his hand and got up."

Talbot laughed. "You have forgotten one thing," he said. "The big girl didn't know the curate's aunt. Your story will have to be developed a little before that. To-morrow afternoon?" he questioned after a slight pause.

Cicely nodded.

"Then the curate wasn't really angry at all," he declared triumphantly.

"No nice curate ought to be *angry*," said Cicely, and disappeared round the corner of the mill.

CHAPTER XXX

CHARLES returned towards the house-boat deep in thought, traversing the path among the osiers with slow steps. The sudden discovery of his Gladstone bag had for the moment diverted his mind from the other camp, and he was filled with a keen desire to know who was wearing his unexceptionable blue suit, his brown boots and Panama hat, and also why the person was doing this thing. Evidence seemed to point in one direction, the direction of Talbot, who had taken his property away. But for what purpose the brutal Talbot, who prided himself on his disreputable exterior, could be wearing the apparel it was impossible to imagine. Charles felt like a jury which is asked on purely circumstantial evidence to convict a hitherto unblemished bishop of stealing a billiard-cue, and he felt that the thing needed much more proof. Other possibilities arose before him. It might be that one of the mill-hands was taking advantage of the resources unexpectedly put in his way, and was conducting a country courtship clad in Charles's raiment. That was improbable too; among London valets and lady's-maids such a thing was not unknown, but so humorous a conceit was hardly to be looked for in the country. Yet it was not more improbable than that the rugged Talbot should have sought to modify himself. Feminine influence and Talbot, of course, were things that

Charles would never have associated together even for the sake of argument. The whole thing was a great puzzle, and he resolved to consult his new allies, Majendie and the Admiral, who might be able to offer some plausible explanation.

He found them still sitting over the remains of tea and conversing with William, who seemed immoderately amused about something, and who when he saw Charles's resplendent white suit relapsed into a fresh peal of laughter. As a matter of fact he had just been the recipient of certain rather unwilling confessions from the Doctor and the Admiral, consequent on his unsparing criticism of their altered appearance and his pertinent enquiries as to the reason for it. Charles looked at him rather blankly ; he had been prepared for reproach, and even contumely, but hardly for boisterous mirth. Moreover his allies had made no confession to him, and he therefore missed some of the humour of the situation. He received no enlightenment, for William, after recovering himself, went away to fish, leaving the well-dressed trio together.

"What was he laughing at?" demanded Charles, when he had gone.

"You," said the Admiral succinctly. The extorting of confessions had not been done without discomfort to the persons concerned, and he was glad to be able to distribute it a little more evenly.

"Why? I don't understand. What's the matter with me?" Charles enquired suspiciously.

"Oh, nothing ; is there Majendie?" said the Admiral.

"No, nothing at all," the Doctor chimed in readily.

The seeds of discomfort, once sown, are of rapid growth. Charles put a hand up to his tie, which felt all right, glanced at his white suit which, so far as he could see, looked as right as it was in it to look. There was nothing much amiss with his white boots either, and altogether the reason for William's laughter seemed hard to discover. He decided that the only dignified course was to ignore it. "I've found my Gladstone bag," he announced as the most effectual method of diverting the conversation and so avoiding further uncomfortable mystery.

He was successful and the others were plainly impressed. "Found it? Where?" they exclaimed together.

"Not far away," said Charles. It would not, he thought, be politic to divulge the precise locality as yet, and besides a little

unsatisfied curiosity might be good for them, as well as a just return for the discomfort they had caused him.

"You needn't have gone to Oldborough after all," said Majendie.

"I shouldn't have found it if I hadn't," Charles admitted; "and besides the clothes are gone out of it." This elicited demands for further particulars, and he proceeded to tell them of the condition of the bag when he found it, and of the obvious signs that someone had been wearing the clothes for some time.

"It can't be Talbot," declared the Admiral when the narrative was finished. "He spends all his time fishing, and you know what he is about clothes even in London."

"Unless he's gone mad," suggested Majendie rather hopefully. "He seemed queer that day we moved from the other place, if you remember."

"He wasn't mad at lunch anyhow," said Charles reflectively. "He very nearly found out that we were going into Oldborough." It had in fact been the case that Talbot had noticed an air of conspiracy about the three, but he had not troubled much as to the nature of the plot. An absorbing interest is apt to lessen the importance of other things, and the prospect of seeing Cicely a second time that day had indisposed him for searching analysis of other people's business. A giant running his course takes no notice of pigmies, and Talbot felt himself, by reason of the recent exaltation and ennobling of his character, to have become no inconsiderable giant,—when not actually in Cicely's presence. When he was with her it was different. In some circumstances a woman by taking thought is able to abstract several cubits from a man's mental stature.

"The insane often display a species of cunning which is deceptive," urged the Doctor, adjusting his eye-glasses. But his theory was not favourably received. Neither of the others felt that they could impute madness to Talbot, though it was difficult to connect him with the occurrence by any other method of reasoning.

Charles, however, had thought out a plan by which it would be possible to arrive at the truth, and settle the identity of the ass who was wearing the lion's blue suit, brown boots, and Panama hat, as he vaguely phrased it to himself. "I've decided what to do," he said.

The others looked to him for enlightenment. "A watch must

be kept," he continued, "all day. We will do it in relays. Whoever it is, is certain to go into the mill at some time or other. If it's Talbot, whoever is on guard must follow him and see where he goes to and what he does. If it's anyone else just knock him down and sit on him, or bring him along here so that he may be talked to kindly."

"How about the clothes?" asked the Admiral. "You don't want to knock your own clothes down in the mud, do you?"

"I don't care about the clothes, of course," said Charles rather loftily. "One could not be expected to wear them again, so it doesn't matter what becomes of them. It's the theory of the thing that matters. Whoever the person is, he's got to learn that he can't go about in another man's clothes with impunity."

"Supposing it *is* Talbot?" asked Majendie, who foresaw, in that contingency, some difficulty in imparting the piece of information suggested.

"Oh, if it *is* Talbot," began Charles, and then hesitated. He also saw the difficulty. "Oh, well, in that case one will have to consider the next step; it doesn't do to be precipitate. But let us hope it isn't," he concluded.

"It would be much easier to deal with a stranger," the Admiral admitted.

"Well then," Charles went on, "it's agreed. You, Admiral, will take the first watch from nine till eleven; you, Majendie, will come on from eleven till one; I'll get Lauriston to take the afternoon with me; and we'll divide the evening among us."

Majendie and the Admiral looked at one another askance. The prospect of spending a morning in the manner suggested did not commend itself to either of them; indeed it was impossible, for they had made other arrangements. The fact that but a week more remained of their holiday had had some effect on their view of things, and they proposed to spend this week to the best advantage. There might possibly be some advantage about Charles's scheme, but it was not the best, and it did not really accrue to them. "I can't manage to-morrow, I'm afraid," said Majendie. "I don't mind an hour or two on Sunday morning."

Charles regarded him with surprise. "Why can't you manage to-morrow?" he asked.

Majendie was perplexed for an answer. He had no immediate wish to take Charles into his confidence ; one confession in a day is enough discomfort for any man, and it was not necessary to begin another, for William had yielded to persuasion, entreaty, and threat, and had promised to keep his own counsel about what he had heard. He accordingly decided to equivocate. "To tell you the truth," he said with a great show of candour, "I want to fish to-morrow."

"All day?" enquired Charles, his surprise in no way diminished. Majendie did fish sometimes, but he had never been known to do so with conviction ; it was understood that he merely took out a rod when he had nothing better to do. Charles was of the opinion that the employment suggested by himself was a good deal better, and his tone expressed it.

"Well," explained Majendie with growing frankness, "I want to score off Talbot. I've found some tremendous great fish,—chub—in a certain hole, and if I could catch one or two it would make him look small. They're much bigger than anything he's caught ; and besides he hasn't caught many lately, so it would be a double score."

"You won't score off him that way," said Charles sceptically. "You won't catch them, and if Talbot sees you fishing he'll find out where they are and *he'll* get them, so it will be a score off you. I wouldn't give him the opportunity ; much better not let him know anything about them."

But Majendie was proof against Charles's insidious reasoning. "I'll promise you he shan't know about them," he replied ; "but I mean to catch them myself if I can. Time is getting short, too ; that's why I want to begin to-morrow."

"The shorter the time the less reason for wasting it," argued Charles ; but the Doctor was determined and would not consent to Charles's programme.

The other then turned to the Admiral. "At any rate you don't want to fish," he asserted.

The Admiral admitted it, but it seemed that his time also was no less fully occupied, "I've got to finish a series of sketches I'm engaged on," he said.

"Sketches!" exclaimed Charles in a tone of indignant contempt. He was beginning to doubt the reality of the professions of good-will that had been made to him a short time ago. They would not, it appeared, stand the test of practical utility. "A

holiday task?" he enquired sarcastically. "Let us have a look at them."

"Not until they are finished," the Admiral answered firmly; there were difficulties in the way of exhibiting them, not the least being that they were not his own or even in his possession. "I will show them to you some day," he conceded with a swift mental vision of a tasteful drawing-room of the future whose walls should be appropriately ornamented with water-colour landscapes, the joint work of a certain gifted couple, and the admiration of all persons of culture.

But Charles, knowing nothing of the drawing-room, somewhat warmly denied any real desire to behold the masterpieces, intimating that he had asked to see them in a spirit of irony, and that the Admiral was too obtuse to appreciate that fact. The Admiral was moved to retort, and a brisk discussion ensued, after which Charles departed, saying that he ought to have known better than to expect any assistance from two persons so self-centred and so narrow-minded as his friends. Herein he judged them hardly, as, had he been acquainted with all the circumstances, he himself would readily have admitted. But, since he knew nothing, he departed in dudgeon to bathe, and to scheme vengeance against the unknown purloiner of his raiment.

(To be continued.)

TECHNICAL EDUCATION

THE proposals to establish two institutions to give technical education in branches of applied science superior to that at present offered in any public college in this country, has again brought the subject of technical education before the public. Of late years the working man has monopolised the attention of the benevolent and the charitable.

There is much diversity of opinion as to the value of technical education to workmen. Many contend that a workman ought only to do the manual work he has been trained to do, and that those above him should do the calculating and designing. On the other hand, people in general take it for granted that the more intelligent a man is the better workman he will be, and also, that of any two workmen the one who has some technical education (other things being equal) will be the most valuable. The inference that improved technical education will enable us as a nation to keep the lead in commerce is not clear, as will be shown further on.

For good, or for ill, there has been an economic change in this country, from agricultural production to commercial production; we have gone from the plough to the factory, which sucks into its gorged system half the life, blood, and bone of our rural districts. A change has taken place and is still taking place, and it is useless to attempt any solution which ignores such a change. Education has done much to prove the absurdity of the contention that "the poor should be contented with their stations and not aspire beyond them," and the combinations of labour have done the rest.

The higher education of the apprentice is advocated; but are we prepared for technical education? Has the elementary education of the apprentice proceeded upon rational lines so that he is competent to appreciate the higher education given him, or

offered him, as a technical student or as an apprentice? Mr. Balfour's address at the opening of the Manchester School of Technology was chiefly interesting in that it impressed on the public at large the need and the reasons for technical education; but he said "that he more than doubted whether the students were mentally equipped to profit by the instruction there to be given." This is a principle which has hitherto certainly not been sufficiently grasped.

The attitude of the workman of the present day toward technical education is a difficult one, his utilisations of it being hampered in many ways. Applied theory, like applied art, vexes his soul. The pity is that workmen are such mere workmen, and that employers, generally, are such unmitigated employers.

A great deal is heard about the loss of our commercial position, and especially about the great strides made by Germany. But what has technical instruction done for Germany? Lord Rosebery said in a speech some time ago that "Germany was twenty years ahead of us in technical education." That may be, and although Germany was probably the pioneer in technical education, yet *made in Germany* is notoriously synonymous with *cheap and nasty*, and even Russia can produce better articles than Germany. Russian sugar, for instance, is far superior to German, and Russian cotton textiles are better and more durable than German. In a recent report our Consul at Stuttgart states "that at the present time the more German manufacturers exert themselves to find a market for their goods, the less their profits become"; and a more recent report implies that Germany's rise has been bought at the cost of the physical degeneration of her workers.

Technical education is not the panacea for all the ills that trade is heir to; there will, of course, be cycles of commercial prosperity and depression, as there always have been, in the best technically educated country. Commerce is able to work veritable miracles, bringing into contact the extremes of civilisation, enlarging and disseminating ideas, and helping forward that universal peace and goodwill which is, and must be, the highest ideal of humanity. The captains of our great commercial enterprises must by intelligent anticipations forecast and create means for the productions of to-morrow. Our workmen must therefore be of such a kind that they can readily and intelligently adapt themselves to the altered circumstances of to-day, and the probably altered conditions of to-morrow.

It is often proved very conclusively that the glut in the labour-market is unfortunately only a glut of unskilled or indifferently skilled labour. Such a state of things might be taken philosophically and left to the consolation which lies in the theory of the survival of the fittest; but it generally happens that the fittest are gradually crushed out of a profession which more than many others needs education, brains, and business capacity to make it successful. How best to provide the proper antidote against the greatest danger of modern existence is a question of no mean significance. The dogma of the decadence of our workmen we have always with us, and it is instructive now and then to throw ourselves back half a century or so and to review the work of those days from the point of view of the men who lived in them.

One of the greatest needs of the day is to find some practicable method of interesting men in their work, and in promoting the successful operation of their employers. Of course to expect that men will strive after perfection or despatch solely for the benefit of the employer, or from sheer love of work, without the incentive of personal material benefits, would be the philosophy of a fool. Love of gain is an incentive to ambition, and ambition is merely vanity ennobled. If a workman knows that good execution, promptness, and prevention of waste will redound to his immediate pecuniary benefit, he is naturally apt to be more attentive; for it may be taken as a rule of life with the average man that he will be careless, or possibly vicious, where he does not expect to be supervised or where he suffers no pecuniary loss. Such a state of affairs as at present exists, not only in this country but in Germany notwithstanding her boasted excellence, obviously proves that somewhere things are radically wrong.

A workman may acquire much information by reading, but even practical articles are so generally mixed with arithmetic and mathematics, or with technical terms, as to make the parts involving the simplest calculation unreadable and rather irritating to the average workman. A healthy, well-informed, and well-cultivated imagination is beyond and above all rules. Paradoxical though it may seem, men understand less now, when they read more, than in the days when books and papers were few and difficult to obtain. Success and achievement are brought about by persistent, intelligent, and well directed effort. Effort backed up by indomitable will, courage, and hope will bring about the

most happy and gratifying results. Too often the average man, for the want of a little energy, dozes his spare time by his fire-side, and meanders through life with the elementary knowledge he possessed at fourteen, knowing barely sufficient to gain a livelihood.

Technical education is fondly supposed to be the one thing needful to produce efficient workmen ; but modern conditions of life do not tend to cultivate a disposition to work faithfully and cheerfully. The tendency of modern conditions of labour is to specialise ; work becomes purely mechanical, affording not the slightest opportunity for the exercise of thought or judgment, or arousing sufficient interest to find out peculiarities or develop special talent. Take any of our great factories ; the work is so specialised that the nearer the man is to being a machine the nearer to perfection is he as a workman.

The primary object of technical education is apparently the production of beautiful and sound work, yet scores of things occur in practice, and have to be adopted, that are totally at variance with the teachings of the technical schools. Of what use is technical education when the price of work is cut so low that the workman's abilities are hampered in order to make the job pay ? And yet how glibly, in our art and technical schools, we hear lecturers advocating all that is sound and æsthetic, while in practice we have to depart from the poetically æsthetic to the absurdly practicable and payable.

Anyone setting out to teach others a technical knowledge of their craft, whether it be to train students with a view to their practising it as a means of livelihood, or with the aim of guiding others to some understanding of what they see, should approach the subject from some point of view other than of trying to show them some main principles or guiding instincts which lead to certain results. How often we find that many of the brightest and best pupils fail from the lack of ability to put their technical knowledge to a practical use after they have left the technical school. A gulf exists between the technical school and the application of the knowledge acquired.

At the same time, it does not follow that because a man possesses a technical knowledge of his craft he is necessarily a skilled workman. Therein lies a world of difference, and it is easy to perceive how great an advantage (other things being equal) the workman, who applies his technical knowledge practically,

will necessarily possess over those who go blindly on using methods and materials without that discriminating knowledge which really means so much to those who possess it in its fulness. It is, however, only this dual and Herculean task, this firm welding together of theory and practice, in which the ultimate success of technical education lies. Workmen are not always as adaptable as they should be, and it is clear that work will follow the best workmen of the kind that is wanted.

The glamour of technical education has a strange persistent fascination, but it often leads to the slough of despond. If technical education is to mean anything, it must be put into the hands of persons having considerable experience of trade, and in a position to grasp the facts, and the present and future requirements, of the trade of the country. Scores of technical institutes are established without any scheme, and are pushed by persons who have no practical experience of trade and its continually fluctuating conditions.

Technical education on a good sound teaching basis is the great need of the age, but there is only one thing more difficult than the creation of the necessary scheme to this end, and that is the unfailing energy, tact, and requisite skill of the teachers and the technical committees to carry the ideal to a happy accomplishment. If any scheme of technical education is to be of real and lasting benefit different tactics will have to be adopted. Instead of being in such a hurry to provide technical schools it would be worth while to consider the qualifications and fitness of the teachers. The apparent qualification of a technical teacher is that he shall have passed certain examinations. Technical students are largely what their teachers have made them, and a bad examiner does infinitely more harm than a thousand stupid students. Possession is known to beget indifference in many cases, when once the edge of novelty has worn off.

At our technical schools a certain course is invariably mapped out at the beginning of a session, and certain books procured and adhered to. The instructor teaches his pupils building-construction; he teaches them architectural or mechanical drawing; he teaches them the chemistry and physics of materials, or some abstract mathematical system of proportions, often to their infinite and irrevocable loss of ability for any broader grasp; but does he ever attempt to teach wherein lies the

success of one method or system, or the failure of the other, to produce a desired result? Does he ever attempt, when teaching the theory of a subject, to apply theory in the simplest and most practical manner? Does he encourage the pupils to throw conventional methods to the winds of heaven and to think for themselves, to constantly study new methods, to derive suggestions from things that come casually under their vision, and to select those that are best fitted for their use and adoption? Any fool can do what he is told. The value of thinking is apparent in everyday life. The happiest achievements are those creative and not imitative, those that spring free, sudden, uninvited, the happy inspiration of the moment, the conception innate with the added creative power of the hand eager to achieve.

The whole tendency of modern education is to cultivate the memory, and the memory is often cultivated at the expense of the power to think. Students are taught to lay up in their minds the tabulated experiences of other people, rather than to grasp the methods and needs of the present day, and to habituate themselves to cultivate their own ingenuity and observation. Artificial memory is a useful thing in cases where the human brain is deficient in retentive powers. Professors of mnemonics teach their pupils to remember one thing by associating it with another. It is only by observation and by experiment that we can determine facts.

A much greater evil is the systematic encouragement offered by tutors for examinations to persons utterly unfitted for the positions for which they are supposed to be qualified after satisfying the examiners. Apparently dull and respectable nullity has a way of getting singled out, rewarded, and encouraged to undertake work for which it is not fitted.

It is often painfully obvious that students in our technical classes are not equal to receiving the modicums of science provided, with the consequence that many begin and few finish a session. If there is to be progress in our workmen it must be by means of a sound elementary and technical education, not only of our children, but also of those who are grown up. The present system is too narrow and too bookish; text-books are notoriously at variance on subjects which are ascertainable facts. Generally the teacher's acquaintance with the subject is only book-knowledge, and the students are crammed with facts they but half understand, soon forget, and cannot apply in practice.

They are set to work at examination-papers, often drafted by men almost as impractical as themselves. The examination-system is one of the chief curses of technical education in this country ; it tends to shape all minds to the same conventions of thought and the same intellectual methods, to paralyse the power to think and feel, which constitute the only intellectual qualities by which a man can be said to be an individuality, or in which an examination is of any real value. The object of examinations should not be to test knowledge already acquired, but to test the ability for applying it practically. To be of any real purpose they must test the candidate's experience, or his ability to think. The present system of examination depends mainly on the candidate's power of memory and his knowledge of other people's experience, that is, the theoretical learning and knowledge acquired from books. It is generally more dangerous to get a prize than to miss one.

The term *practical* is sometimes applied to an ignorant man, and the term *theoretical* to a conceited one. Determination will often make a youth become an excellent workman in spite of all sorts of hindrances ; but difficulties are obstacles to be surmounted, and should be removed from the path of one trying to learn, that he may become more efficient.

What is undoubtedly wanted is a freer interchange of international literature and methods on technical subjects. Every technical school should have a library of technical literature composed of periodicals and text-books of every country. It is safe to say that there is no technical institute in England which possesses such a library, or in which the latest methods—as of building-construction, for instance—are taught. The products of yesterday are not the products of to-day or to-morrow.

The success of technical education largely depends upon the co-operation of the employers of labour ; and instead of complaining that they are hampered by inefficient workmen and adverse tariffs they should do more to encourage technical education. The construction of every building demands knowledge and methods according to its particularity. We want to be freed from the dead formalism of the last decades ; we want a brisk and unconstrained solution of the tasks of our modern and progressive times. There lies the only way in which to produce the intelligent, adaptable workman of the next generation.

A. C. PASSMORE

THE VEGETARIAN GUEST

To the domestic difficulties of the close of the nineteenth century,—the bicycling parlour-maid, the “between-girl” who insists on having tea at eleven in the morning, the rebellious daughters, and the cooks (in sporting phrase) very wild and strong on the wing—the twentieth century adds another for the hospitable,—the diner-out who with unbashful forehead proclaims himself a vegetarian. Ten years ago he would have found it easier to say he was a Mahommedan. At that time the word might have suggested vague notions of elderly men wearing soft hats and long hair, eating dishes of cabbages and raving between mouthfuls, or spinsters with spectacles and propaganda; but it was suggestion and not actuality. And the heretic who broke from the faith of beef and mutton was either effaced from the British dinner-table by self-banishment, or, if he found himself there, had at least to make a show of conformity.

Since then insidious changes have come about. Apart from a small but resolute set of persons whose motives rest on philosophic teaching, and those who, as patients, follow the advice of certain doctors, a considerable number of young people have been struck by a few conspicuous examples of athletes breaking from the venerable conventions and traditions of diet. The latter have deliberately, and very successfully, challenged the orthodox on their own chosen ground of sports and pastimes; and the prestige of the beef-and-beer school has suffered severe damage in consequence. This has been further undermined by the success of the Japanese against the Russians, the popularity of the former and their diplomatic relations with us drawing attention both to their triumph and the method of its achievement. The disciples of the newest faith were not slow to point out their abstemiousness and the resulting hardihood; and the movement continues vigorous.

The old-fashioned hostess, whose prejudices against feminine

bicycling, motoring, unreticent novels, and neo-Germanic philosophy have one by one been trampled on and crushed until she is resigned to almost anything, might have learnt in time to tolerate even the vegetarian in the abstract ; but when he now presents himself in a concrete form at her own dinner-table the situation is one for which her education has given her no guidance. Her distress, moreover, does not arise through her limitations. She, poor thing, primarily desires her guest's comfort and happiness, not having learnt enough philosophy to know any better ; and a refusal of her meat-offerings is apt to leave her bereft of resources. Sometimes a guest will dislike beef, or it will be forbidden by his doctor ; a lamb-cutlet is the remedy if he is a reasonable creature. He who takes no butcher's meat is more of a nut to crack, in mixed metaphor ; yet for him there is still chicken or pheasant, dressed after any recipe found in the part of a lady's newspaper that is not advertisement. But the man who will eat neither fish, flesh, nor fowl is a red-herring whose trail leads her into very unexplored regions.

So she gives him a special mess of potatoes, carrots, and turnips done as sloppily as possible by a cook with a lofty contempt for all gastronomical fanatics ; and he, clearly unable to refuse it, looks ruefully at the huge plateful before him, and wonders how much he can leave without impoliteness. After which ordeal he nibbles soft bread through the courses until pudding-time. Fortunately for him suet pudding is not the mode at our dinner-table, so he can probably take his part with the rest,—if the previous dish has not altogether stricken him. But thereafter anchovy or marrow savoury gives him another period of idleness, perhaps the fourth or fifth since the beginning.

This state of things can hardly be anything but uncomfortable both to guest and hostess ; and as the writer has had reason to sympathise with both, and believes that such embarrassments can be easily prevented, he ventures to put his experiences and conclusions at the disposal of those who entertain his brethren abstainers from flesh-food.

A preliminary word to the latter may be in season,—that it is most unfair for a newly-converted vegetarian, who intends to conform to his principles, not to take his hostess into his confidence when he accepts her invitation. It may be true—most probably it is so—that from the food provided other than meat he can get sufficient nutriment ; but he must always remember

that this is a possibility which his hostess from her training is usually unable to realise. Beef-tea for the invalid, beef-steak for the robust, are the pillars of her simple faith; and the guest who refuses meat is as one preferring *HAMLET* without the Prince. And to a certain extent she is right. The modern dinner is the product of evolution, and the proper balance of foods has been struck in the process; the omission of the item of meat entirely destroys this balance and spoils the sequence.

The question to be solved is how far this can be rectified without disturbing the other diners. Let it be assumed that the guest has done his preliminary duty, and that the hostess is forewarned as to his aberration; what is her best course in the emergency?

In the first place she must, if possible, get more information. The tyranny of the word *vegetarian* has been pointed out elsewhere by the writer and others; it gives no more clue to a man's taste than the fact that he is not a teetotaler indicates his favourite wine. For example, a dish of lentils or butter-beans, properly prepared and cunningly flavoured with mushroom, onion, and tomato, would be wholly vegetable, and its flavour might wring reluctant approval from a professional epicure; but it might be worse poison to one of Dr. Haig's patients than the other guests' portion. And poached eggs, besides blazoning the guests' singularity in conspicuous white and gold, are entirely distasteful and forbidden to the fruitarian.

Further data therefore are required, and perhaps a nice exercise of tact in getting them without undue cross-examination of the guest or worrying his family. The rough method of cutting the knot by asking the guest's own assistance in his part of the bill-of-fare may here be noticed, but not commended. Apart from the natural embarrassment of a man asked to dictate to his hostess about his dishes and the proper way to dress them, the guest is in such case deprived of the pleasing charm of uncertainty which is the right of every diner-out, and sits down to his meal in the spirit of the school-boy resigned to his weekly resurrection-pie.

Between the one extreme of seeking no information and the other of asking too much lies the golden mean of getting sufficient and no more. Circumstances will often give a clue; a middle-aged sportsman who has suffered from gout is likely to be under doctor's orders, whereas a healthy young man with a tendency to hero-worship may be under the influence of some

humanitarian ; the lady who holds the theory that she belongs to the lost tribe of Ephraim and dabbles in astrology will probably take nothing grosser than Brazil-nuts, unless she changes her mind between invitation and feast, and insists on a simple diet of minced beef through all the courses.

The time is certainly ripe for vegetarians to be properly classified, a task which may be commended to those in authority at their councils ; but, with the warning that some individuals may be placed under two headings, the writer ventures to give a provisional classification of his own, premising that he does not consider those who eat poultry and game, or even fish, as vegetarians at all. On this basis the widest class will include those who abstain from these foods and butcher's meat, usually from humanitarian motives. As a rule, these will eat any dish made of ordinary edible vegetables, cheese, milk and butter, and probably eggs ; these might be called inclusive vegetarians, or, better still, simple vegetarians. This is the easiest class of all for the caterer. A smaller number exclude eggs only from this list, and as the average hostess is apt to believe that eggs are the only possible substitute for beef-steaks (though even then very inadequate) the guest in this category ought to be able to let her know his peculiarity. In fact he wants a label, and the task of inventing an appropriate one may be commended to ingenious minds. The writer can only think of the hideous device of the *eggs-clusive* vegetarian and hopes someone else will be more fortunate.

Freedom of choice is still more restricted to those who follow the methods and advice of Dr. Alexander Haig and his school ; and the crippled sportsman who could convey his wishes in two unexpurgated words to his prospective hostess, when under this treatment for gout or rheumatism, would probably be grateful for the opportunity. He would then be known as a non-purin vegetarian ; and peas, beans, lentils, mushrooms, eggs, and asparagus would all be on the proscribed list.

A few persons exclude eggs, and also milk and milk-products, and these might claim that, with due regard to accuracy, they only were entitled to be called vegetarians, just as some inhabitants of the Channel Islands are reported to hold that England belongs to them rather than they to England, because they still represent its Norman Conquerors. But neither claim is practical, and the secondary meaning of the word *vegetarian*, as one who

abstains from meat but not necessarily animal products, is too firmly established to be discontinued. Literal vegetarians might be used to describe these folk ; strict vegetarians might do, but this combination has also been used to describe those who do not allow themselves to be bullied or cajoled into taking meat occasionally,—a class probably increasing.

Then there are those who do not eat ordinary garden or root vegetables and subsist on fruit (including nuts) and cereals. These may be called fruitarians. A few fruitarians include milk, butter, and cheese ; perhaps these might be described as mixed fruitarians. They would reject all such dishes as potatoes, beet-root, carrots, lettuce, celery, and so forth. As a matter of botany, or logic, perhaps they ought to except tomatoes and peas and beans ; but practically the hostess will do best to assume that these also are excluded.

To complete the list, mention should perhaps be made of those exalted persons who will eat fresh fruit and nuts only and refuse food over which the fire has passed,—a handful of occultists and mystics who would not be likely even to sit down at a table on which meat was allowed to appear. It will be assumed here that they present a problem with which the ordinary hostess is not likely to be troubled.

When this good lady has captured her vegetarian, and, if possible, successfully classified him, she has to face her practical difficulties. These will principally lie in the earlier part of the meal, and her problem is to keep him entertained, occupied, and nourished with good food within his rules while those known in the select circles of Farringdon Street by the abhorrent term *kreaphagists* are consuming their “scorched corpse” in various disguises.

One consideration that the hostess should by no means ignore is that her guest's tastes or principles should not be indulged in a manner conspicuous enough to cause him any possibility of discomfort. An opponent of vegetarianism,—the sort of person who signs himself Manly Britisher when he deigns to give his opinion to newspaper readers on the subject—might say that if a vegetarian is such a poor creature as to be ashamed of his principles he ought not to be accorded any indulgence ; but a kindly hostess should see a little further. No sensible vegetarian ought to be afraid of his diet in any company ; but he is as much entitled to the graces of modesty and polite self-effacement as

any other civilised gentleman. This modesty, and the natural hesitation of any considerate man to force opinions of his own on people plainly not sharing them, is somewhat strained when in a solemn and silent pause after the soup and before the other guests are supplied with fish, boiled or poached eggs are set in front of him,—*crede experto!*

So far as possible then, any special dishes for him should be supplied to him at the same time as others are receiving their portions, and a tactful and ingenious hostess may even set herself the task of making up his food in some resemblance to that which she supplies to her other guests. If he is an ordinary vegetarian it need not be especially difficult; and even with the fruitarian a little dexterity with the dark brown “nut-meat” or “Vejola” might serve to deceive an unobservant neighbour and preclude any necessity for an apology, probably known by heart to its speaker.

Of course, it is here assumed that the ordinary guests will be given the food to which they are accustomed. On one occasion the writer sat down with nine other entirely unconverted people to a dinner of several courses, every item of which he could take, and all rose entirely satisfied; but it is not everyone’s privilege to know a lady of such brilliant resource as his hostess on that occasion, and the vegetarian guest cannot at present expect such indulgence. If he is supplied with his own food unobtrusively, he should be more than content.

As a practical matter, each course may now be considered in detail. Passing by *hors-d’œuvres* which can be refused by any guest without difficulty (such things as olives, etc., might be put before the vegetarian in lieu of the usual anchovies) there will be the soup. Often two sorts are supplied, clear and thick; and to save trouble, a simple expedient is to have one soup of which the vegetarian can partake. There are several clear soups which can be made in conformity with his wishes and yet be palatable to others,—the writer has tasted one flavoured as from meat-stock which he would have supposed an ingredient if he had not known that that was impossible—but the ordinary *julienne* and other stock-soups are too popular for innovations, and the hostess will probably prefer that the *purée* should be the chosen one. There are many good recipes,—potato-soup, artichoke and tomato, pea-soup, or even chestnut-soup for the fruitarian; but let her carefully bear in mind that thick soup with a basis of meat-stock, though

labelled and flavoured with tomato or any other vegetable, is not "a proper dish to set before"—a vegetarian. It is possible he may take it, and also possible that he may not find out its composition, either then or later; but to allow him to do so must be stigmatised as trickery, and a guest who found out such deception would be very well justified in refusing any further invitation from the same source. And the experiment would as likely as not be unsuccessful if tried on a vegetarian of any standing whose taste would probably be sharpened by his diet. If the taste is masked or disguised the consumer may again discover the trick by discomfort later on,—for which he will be duly grateful—because the toxins in meat act as a poison in his purified veins.

When the fish comes the vegetarian can no longer join in the same fare as the rest; he cannot even keep himself going with potatoes and other vegetables as he can later on in the meal, unless perhaps there is egg-sauce and he eats it on his bread—a proceeding not very refined. Some light dish therefore may be provided for him. If the hostess adopts the suggestion offered above, butter-beans somewhat resemble white fish in colour and the task of turning out a butter-bean fritter, according to recipes found in any vegetarian cookery-book, to look like a fried sole would not be a difficult one. But, of course, this dish would not suit a non-purin vegetarian.

After the fish there will be at least two meat-courses which to the unregenerate constitute the serious part of the dinner; and with proper contrivance the vegetarian may be congenially occupied. Before making particular suggestions, a general survey of the position may be useful.

The lore of proteids and albumenoids is to-day babbled in the half-penny newspapers and very likely in the school-room and nursery; everyone therefore knows that when the ordinary diners take their meat they have their proportion of flesh-forming ingredients. The vegetarian will also require his share of proteid; by taking an unduly large helping of cheese at the end of the meal he may be able to equalise matters with the others if he does not have a special dish, but this is not a comfortable proceeding, and the end of the meal is not the right time for concentrated nourishment; there is a reason why cheese comes there at an ordinary dinner but it is not applicable to the vegetarian. The special dish, then, should, so far as nourishment

is concerned, be of equal or similar value to meat, and the old-fashioned hostess, who imagines that adequate substitutes for beef and mutton in this respect cannot be found, may look in any modern table of food-values and find she is very greatly mistaken. Probably the table will not convince her, and she will continue to think that there is some subtle life-giving essence in butcher's meat not contained in other nitrogenous bodies; but the point is that her guest and his hunger will be amply satisfied by the substitute if it is palatably served to him. And she may console herself by the doctrine ascribed (perhaps erroneously) to Christian Scientists, that if certain animals think thistles wholesome, then they will inevitably find health and nourishment on this diet.

Thistles will not be included in the food-tables; but a glance down the column of proteids will at once show that peas, beans, lentils, nuts, and cheese contain percentages for the most part higher than meat, and from these she will do well to make her choice.

An unconverted stranger who enters a vegetarian restaurant may experience a mild amazement when he hears such familiar combinations as chop and tomatoes or steak and *sauté* being ordered; a reference to the bill-of-fare will show him that haricot chop or lentil steak is in the list of savouries, and an actual trial will teach him that chops, steaks, fritters, and cutlets are what he might call *rissoles*, made up like meat-*rissoles* or fish-cakes and usually of about the same solidity. These, as their rather absurd names indicate, take the place of meat in the non-carnivorous scheme, and alike for the vegetarian and meat-eater the chop has one function and the light and juicy tomato has another, and these functions are not to be confounded.

The ordinary savoury will have some basis of peas, beans, or lentils, and properly prepared is a dish which will satisfy any healthy person's taste and appetite. With it may be handed the vegetables prepared for the other diners, and the guest so indulged may consider himself very well treated. For non-purin vegetarians macaroni may be substituted for peas or lentils, though it is somewhat less nutritious; or a nicely dressed dish with a chestnut basis may prove a sympathetic accompaniment to the host's latest stories.

Another point which must be remembered is that the ordinary diner has great aid to his digestion because he cannot swallow his

meat without using his teeth properly ; but from the residue of food which he shares in common with the vegetarian, all bran and husks and other incentives to mastication have been carefully removed. Even with the rigid discipline that is generously ascribed to the vegetarian, he will find an effort of will in keeping soft food in his mouth for more than a moment or two without swallowing it ; one authority has remarked that the ordinary process of taking porridges and puddings and similar food could more correctly be described as drinking than eating. Two obvious inconveniences result from this, and probably the vast majority of vegetarian failures and backsliders. In the first place, the food does not receive a very necessary preparation for its reception, and is therefore indigestible ; in the second, there is a temptation to take too much of it to eke out the time consumed by the other guests more fortunately situated in this respect. Therefore,—and this is a matter of primary importance—the vegetarian must have something to bite. If a *soufflé* or anything soft is supplied to him, it should be placed on fried toast if possible, and the present practice of supplying toast to diners instead of soft bread must be regarded also as doubly important to him. It should be seen that the supply does not run short, as sometimes happens ; and the simple expedient of cutting the pieces of varying thickness will ensure that each person can suit himself and his teeth in the matter of crispness. Triscuits and shredded wheat or other biscuits can be substituted for toast, but the latter is the simplest and best for the purpose.

And above all, and at the risk of repetition, no sloppy food, which is probably unwholesome in any case, but, if the writer's experience is any test, is more trying for vegetarians than for mixed feeders. One or two slices of boiled beef may combine with water-logged carrots, turnips, and cabbages into a nutritious meal ; but without the boiled beef such a dish is neither nutritious, appetising, nor digestible. Soft food may be enjoyed : a lentil cutlet or chestnut *soufflé* is soft, but if properly made not sloppy ; and even with these chipped or *sauté* potatoes may be given, if they conform with the general scheme of the dinner to the rest.

Another urgent counsel,—and once more, against preconceived notions—rather give the vegetarian too little than too much of his special dishes. The very foolish error that a vegetarian requires a sloppy diet of four times the bulk that a “sensible

person" takes dies hard, and leaves as a legacy the impression that he requires at least more food than the unconverted. If he was so ill-advised as to try subsisting on potatoes and cabbages, probably he would; but on diet judiciously chosen he requires not more, but usually less than other people. The old mistake lingers even in vegetarian restaurants. The writer has seen an attractive young lady with a plateful of a patent food whose very proprietors have to warn the public that a little goes a long way, and of which a tablespoonful is a generous allowance; this food, whose chief virtue is a gritty crispness which makes it digestible, she proceeded to make into an emulsion with milk and then consume, while her neighbour, deficient in the moral courage to explain her many mistakes, looked on helplessly. She returned the next day, looking none the worse; but the soundest constitution will not stand this sort of thing long, and it has no part in a sane vegetarianism.

To sum up, the hostess who desires the comfort of her particular guest, and is willing to take a little trouble to this end, will supply soup which he can take with the rest, and thereafter, until the sweets, one or perhaps two special dishes for him, and dry toast,—and if he has to dispense with the special dish or the toast, let it be with the former. Such dishes will be in lieu of those with a meat-basis supplied to the other guests and composed to this end. A choice of two will also allow for the personal equation.

The sweets will probably be neutral ground for all guests, so not much need be said about them. But it must be remembered that the fruitarian does not usually take anything made with eggs; and, a matter for all vegetarian dishes, lard ought not to be used either in frying or otherwise. Butter (or oil) is the usual substitute; cocoa-nut butter can be obtained for fruitarians, as the advertisements in vegetarian papers will show.

Finally, a few words about the savoury. The writer suggests that, in this instance only, the hostess might allow her one guest's principles to modify her bill-of-fare for the rest, and that the savoury for all should be a vegetarian dish. In the first place, the cook who cannot make a decent savoury with cheese, eggs, mushrooms and every herb as possible ingredients does not know his business; in the second a special dish would here be very conspicuous, which, I repeat, is to be avoided; and in the third a pungent spatch-cock, or nicely done marrow on toast,

may transform the dinner-table for the neophyte to a moral battle-ground between principle and inclination, which no kind hostess would desire, whatever the result. The ordinary vegetarian has no craving for beefsteaks (popular delusion notwithstanding) but the savoury is the cook's last word, and subtler. One of Mr. Bernard Shaw's characters explained that she drank champagne after signing the pledge because she was "only a beer-teetotaler"; most vegetarians are of sterner stuff, but to avoid needless temptation is a sound canon.

A very slight experience of vegetarian cookery will dispel another myth,—its fabled monotony. New dishes can be invented by any good cook at any time, and a *bon vivant* who was left a large income so long as he was a vegetarian might wake up to find his existence not only tolerable but positively pleasant. If this ever comes to pass, and some wealthy and cynical testator thus diverts himself at the expense of his heir, the above hints may be acceptable to the mothers of eligible daughters and all other hostesses,—including those from whom at least one vegetarian has received sympathy and consideration to which a fanatic, and therefore a nuisance, has but the scantiest title.

ALFRED FELLOWS.

SOME OF MY FELLOW-WORKERS

He is a small man, curiously lean, with a white face and rather nervous eyes. His somewhat ragged hair is iron-grey, and his chin peers out through a straggling wiry beard of the same colour. He is a relic of the old days, is almost entirely self-educated, and writes a strikingly good hand. Such is the man whom I will call Henry,—because it is not his name.

He possesses a curious and most striking dignity, or reserve, which never falters or is slackened. During all the years in which it has been my privilege to know him, I never remember hearing him indulge in chaff even with the few veterans who were his peers. Sometimes, very rarely, he will crack a joke, so mild and restrained that it would pass unnoticed were it not for the little thin nervous laugh of amusement with which he greets it. But as a rule he is very silent, content to do his own work with exactness, and still, after long years of disappointment, expecting as much from all beneath him. Very quiet and silent, with something of nervousness in his eyes, as I have said, he is yet capable of being aroused to an anger rather terrible by reason of its rarity. I have seen him cower and silence Thomas, of whom more anon, a noisy veteran whom I had deemed unquenchable. But a curious light came into the grey nervous eyes, and a certain rather shrill note into the quiet voice, and,—the rest was silence.

It is his habit to qualify all statements with an almost annoying prudence, but I can say with truth that in the space of ten years he never ran down a fellow-worker in my hearing or strove to injure high or low by word or deed. Oh grim recesses of London's countless busy hives, how many do you harbour within your grimy walls of whom that might with truth be said?

He dwells in my memory very pleasantly, the best of the many worthy folk with whom it was my lot to work awhile. I can see him very clearly now,—the long day ended, the last of all to leave.

He passes homewards in his well brushed threadbare overcoat and his shabby but self-respecting hat, carrying in his hand his aged umbrella neatly folded. He seems to stand for brave work bravely done, for a good fighter still struggling against the foe. The clamour of battle will be ever within his ears, for wife and family may only be supported by bitter unceasing toil ; but with all my heart I wish him rest at last.

A very different type is the worthy whom I have called Thomas. His is a tongue that never tires, a familiarity that is ever swift to develop into impudence ; an ill man, perhaps, with whom to jest if you have dignity that you would sustain, for he clutches his ell of familiarity with greediness and,—his voice carries far. He is a little bald man, with a white pointed beard, still active and of cheery humour, although he has passed through many vicissitudes. He is a packer now, and likely to remain one while his strength endures and while he can restrain his unruly speech ; but once he drove his own van about the northern suburbs, retailing oils and sundries. He speaks yet with sudden, short-lived sadness of those brief halcyon days. I can imagine that the business prospered for awhile, for he wags a persuasive cheery tongue, and admits frankly that in his day he possessed strange attractions for women. He has married twice and has brought up some nineteen children, to which fact may no doubt be attributed the eclipse of his brief prosperity. Such luxuries must ever be expensive. How he has done it, how he has fed and clothed that gigantic family upon his four and twenty weekly shillings, only himself and his wife could tell ; and I suspect that their minds are something of a blank upon the subject. But they have wrestled along, and he is always cheery, although such conflicts must leave scars, and although the unequal struggle still endures and must endure until his death. He told me once, with a momentary sobriety, that he was sixty-five and hoped to die at work. There are no pensions in the average London warehouse, and there are many workless men who clamour round the doors as a man's hands begin to shake with age.

But I think that the wind is tempered to him in a measure, that like most of London's workers he does not care to look beyond the daily round. He is a ferocious smoker in his scanty leisure, and, with his paper and an occasional twopennyworth of gin before him, I do not think that he gives much thought to the shadows looming ever nearer. He gave me a description of

his Christmas dinner one year that left a definite impression of almost careless jollity in my mind. Such families seldom taste beef, but it was tasted then. It seems to have been a reunion, a sinking of long-drawn feuds, a determined snatch at happiness under difficulties, that would have charmed the heart of that lover of his kind, Charles Dickens. It was a common feast to which each guest contributed his portion. Thomas, the host, provided "the bit of beef," the brother-in-law (a truculent but cheery soul as I gathered) was responsible for the bread and potatoes, and yet other relations paid for the pudding and the bake-house cooking. And crowning triumph of all, a timely present had enabled Thomas to purchase a bottle of whiskey (unspeakable in quality as I should guess), and with this they made high revel. He told me that he rose at the head of the table when the meal was ended, and said a few words of his hopes for the coming year,—before they settled down to the whiskey and a game of chance in which the veteran's skill and experience almost produced ill-feeling. But I needed no telling to know that Thomas would never let slip such a crowning chance of "saying a few words." He is a voluble politician leaning to Socialism, and an ardent listener to the speakers in the Park,—but I have written enough of the cheery brave old fellow. I will add only that he is a splendid worker for all his years and, perhaps, his own worst enemy. Good luck to you, Thomas, and may the gods be good to your giant family, if your prayer is answered and you die in harness with your sword aloft.

He is a far younger man and unmarried, the typical Cockney whom I will christen David. A feather-weight, thin and slight, but able to lift great weights by his wonderful dash and energy. He will throw himself, as it were, upon a great case or package and compel it by his pluck to move. A typical Cockney one likes to think him, in his sturdy unbending independence; a man who will refuse a gift with rudeness, rather than be beholden to any human being. It sounds absurd, I will admit, but there are still such men abroad.

He is a man not over easy to deal with, for reproof is abhorrent to his nature and to his eyes he is never in the wrong; but he is one who, even in these days of Trade Unions, seems to find a certain harsh joy in savage work for its own sake, and who will hold to it with no thought of whistles or stated hours. Yet although

he will work on with no thought of extra wage when others have departed to their homes, the short interval for tea is very sacred in his eyes, and it is well that this should be respected. He is a man of few weaknesses, slightly cruel at times, and little given to confidences; but he told me once that he had always wished and intended to go to sea. "Then my father died," he added, "and somehow I and the sisters clung together and got on,—somehow"; few words and bald, but possibly a stern struggle lies hid behind them. I think that struggle entailed steady absences from school, for his writing is villainous and his spelling worse. This will always hold him down for all his natural sharpness, and he knows it but takes no steps to remedy his deficiencies.

It is curious the things that make appeal to these strange folk. There is a certain song of the crudest pathos, sung to rapturous applause by a veteran comedian of the East-End music-halls. I have heard that song many times, and ever has it been encored even to the weariness of the singer. I strove once to glean from David the secret of its undoubted fascination for himself and all his fellows, but he could tell me little. "He didn't know, but somehow it was fine," was all that he could say. He is something of an anachronism, perhaps, in these highly-educated days, but I part from David with regret, as a man possessing in some degree the ancient English virtues for all his faults.

Wiry, black-bearded and bald, with a pleasant, half-humorous, half-weary face, Michael is a veteran upon whom long years of exacting work and many private troubles have left few traces. He is one who in his toil has burnt the candle at both ends with regularity, and I have often wondered at the man's industry and endurance. For twenty years and more he was a scene-shifter and general handy-man at the old Britannia Theatre, departing thither when his long day at the warehouse was ended. Starting from home at half-past seven in the morning, and returning by midnight, this would mean, as a regular thing, a sixteen-hour day with but brief intervals for food and rest. Think of it, and gasp your horror and indignation, ye heroes of the Unions and of countless strikes! Of course, by these heroic measures he was freed from the weary struggle with poverty which presses so harshly upon all his fellows, but it is a strain which only the toughest could endure. In addition, his home life was for many

years wretched beyond all words. Imagine the joy of returning, utterly weary, after your sixteen-hour day, to find your home stripped of everything that could be pawned, and your wife a snoring heap of drunkenness. It is a picture that scarcely bears contemplation, yet such was Michael's constant and by no means unique experience. He is a man naturally of somewhat violent temper, but I believe that he bore all things with a sort of sullen, uncomplaining patience, and with no thought of abandoning the woman who made his grey life greyer. It is possible that in time she would have dragged him down to her own level, for he was gradually turning to beer for consolation and taxing the limits of a naturally iron head; but ere that time came the liquor broke his wife's constitution even as water stifles flame. Michael was dour and silent for a while, but soon it was as though an actual burden had been lifted from his shoulders, and once again he might be heard erupting snatches of old songs, with a contempt for tune that in its way was almost splendid.

Although a stern and somewhat violent parent his affection and ambition for his sons are real and very strong. One of them is now a smart army sergeant and he talks of working the other into a clerkship. "Charley has all the wits of the pair of 'em," he said to me once, utterly oblivious of Alf's sheepishly grinning presence; "and I'll make something of him yet." If the sons have but inherited a portion of their sire's courage and industry, they should go far.

He has all a sailor's aptitude for odd jobs of every description, and there is nothing of the sort to which he cannot turn his hand. I think that he is never so entirely happy as when called from his regular work to repair the fruits of careless clumsiness with his tool-box and his clever fingers. From glazing to plumbing there is no trade of which he has not a most useful and sufficient smattering. Thirty years' good service have relaxed stern rules for him, and some fraction of his time and skill is devoted to the cooking of savoury and odorous dishes. As I see him now, it is in the dinner-hour during which he is privileged to stay within the warehouse, and his face is peering through the mist that rises from a dish of Irish stew, whose onions seem almost to find voice and cry aloud.

I will call him Peter, the last of the five whom I have chosen for this sketch, the only one of them who has turned to the first true rest that the majority of London's toilers may ever know. A

tall stout rubicund man, with perhaps the cheeriest, ugliest, most human face that it has ever been my lot to see. For five and forty long years had he worked, man and boy, in the warehouse; a man should sleep soundly after such a spell. Although never really well in his later years, and in addition intensely nervous about himself, he yet contrived to maintain a willing courteous cheeriness that never failed. His was the pawkiest humour that I have ever known, lit by the quaintest flashes of genial cynicism. He professed to believe in the good faith of few, and yet he liked all men and was liked by all. It was to him that all came for prudent counsel from the garnered stores of his long experience, and it was ever given willingly and with a certain curious worldly wisdom that was entirely his. He was a hardened gambler in a small way, as are many of London's workers, and it was seldom that an important race was run without the risk of one or more of his hard earned shillings. He was without doubt a poorer man in consequence, but it is to be feared that the spirit of gambling is ingrained in the English race. Also, it is little surprising that men who lead grey fighting lives should turn with eagerness to the gleam of excitement that occasional betting offers, even although they are well aware that the game must be a losing one. Perhaps the joy that is felt, when such a people's hero as brave old Victor Wild rolls home with countless humble shillings staked upon his chance, almost compensates for many a past disappointment and small luxury foregone. At the least, they know how to lose, these Londoners, and I shall always think of Peter as a great-hearted sportsman and true gentleman, for all his apron and his roughened hands. May the earth lie light above him!

They are a people worth knowing, these men who wring their bread from London's grudging hands, of whose countless thousands I have striven to sketch but five. They marry young with but little thought, as a rule, and from that day their lives are a grim relentless struggle, in which joy and pleasure find but little place. And yet, with but few exceptions, they are strangely brave and cheerful through it all. Now that I look back upon the men whom I have known, it is their courage and their uncomplaining cheeriness that are clearest in my mind, that are most wonderful to those who know the hardships of their lives.

J. B.

A BOOKSELLER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

IN that famous panel of the Academy at Florence on which Fra Lippo Lippi has depicted the Heavenly City, there appears, "out of a corner when you least expect," the humbly mundane figure of the painter himself, justifying with the proud modesty of authorship (*iste perfecit opus*) his intrusion on the celestial citizens. Just so, during those very years when Fra Lippo too often roused the midnight echoes between the tall houses of the Florentine streets, just so, in that dramatic piece which we call the Italian Renaissance, there emerges upon the crowd of princes and scholars who are its brilliant protagonists, the homely figure of a bookseller,—Vespasiano da Bisticci, the first bookseller in Florence, no more and no less—carrying in his hand his volume *VITE DI UOMINI ILLUSTRI*, the offering of his regard (and perhaps a little also of his vanity) to the memory of the famous scholars who were his customers and his friends.

Seeing [he says] how often the reputation of great men has perished because no one placed their deeds on record in letters, (for had not Livy and Sallust lived in the days of Scipio Africanus, the fame even of that great man must have died with him) I, although writing is foreign to my vocation, having seen much of the many notable men with which this age has blossomed, have written memorials of them in the form of a brief record.

The shrewd and genial bookseller has left us some very vivid sketches of his famous clients as well as an incidental brief abstract of the contemporary history in which many of them bore so prominent a part. He is no profound critic of the characters and motives of his subjects. He is not concerned to find fault with any one, and prefers to avoid matters of offence, although a significant hint sometimes betrays that he sees more

than he will say. Perhaps his portraits are a little flattering ; but then men are apt to show the best of themselves to genial, candid natures like his. There are no bounds to his admiration for saints and scholars, the poor in this world's goods but rich in spirit ; and to serve God and letters, " to give alms for the love of God and buy books," sums up in his gospel the whole duty of man.

An insatiable and consuming curiosity about all things in heaven and earth, including your neighbour's business, was the mark of a true Florentine, and the worthy Vespasiano was an inveterate gossip and had a gossip's retentive memory for trifles. He knew the extent to a guest of Messer Piero de Pazzi's famous dinners ; noted how Messer Velasco of Portugal wasted his time at Bologna reading Petrarch's sonnets instead of his lessons ; and did not forget the exact figure of Ser Filippo di Ser Ugolino's salary, which he ingenuously confesses might be read, for the trouble of looking, in the treasury accounts. But the gossip of to-day is history to-morrow, and we are much obliged to his inquisitiveness. What would we not give to have had such a retentive gossip at the elbow of Shakespeare, or to overhear through such a medium Jonson or Raleigh's first-night criticism of LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST ! Artless and garrulous writers like Vespasiano do us the inestimable service of portraying not so much what their contemporaries really were, but what they thought themselves and their neighbours thought them, which is so much more interesting and significant. Just because he has but little sense of proportion and does not stay to sift his matter critically he often gives us the one necessary and sufficient detail, the apparently trivial touch which galvanises the picture into life.

Not the least life-like of his portraits is that which, while portraying others, he involuntarily draws by the way of his own attractive self as the strenuous apostle of humanism, owing his small Latin and less Greek entirely to " frequenting and assiduously conversing with several learned men." His pleasant humour and tolerant temper, his love of fine sights, " things worthy to be seen," his urgent piety and the " peculiar insight into divine things," which so commended his letters to Gianozzo Manetti, betray themselves on every page.

The serviceable bookseller lived on a footing of considerable intimacy with his customers ; corresponding, dining, and walking

with them, staying with them at their country villas and often acting as intermediary between them and Cosimo de' Medici's accessible and well-furnished purse. This intimacy was the greater because the worthy man knew his place, combining a desire to be all things to all men and to give offence to none with that fervent regard for rank and position which Florentines so easily reconciled to their democracy. The cordial tone of their letters to him marks their affection for his person. "Your letters," writes Donato Acciajuoli, using and acknowledging a silver pen just sent him by Vespasiano, "were most welcome and entertaining to us, but still more so will be your visit which we all anticipate with great pleasure." With the exception of his brothers and certain companions of his boyhood, writes Donato's brother Jacopo, "there is no one to whom I would so willingly do a service as to you." And Gianozzo Manetti, however pressed for time during his frequent diplomatic embassies, always contrived to maintain a regular correspondence with his "excellent and particular friend," diversifying intimate reports of the business he was engaged in with lengthy discourses on such subjects as the salvation of unbaptised infants, and the chronological precedence of Moses and Homer. To us insufferably tedious, to Vespasiano, who like most of his contemporaries seems to have been inaccessible to boredom, nothing was more acceptable than the receipt of such letters, except the inditing of similar epistles on his own account; witness a homily on free will which he addressed, in the ordinary way of correspondence, to Filippo Pandolfini and commended to the careful attention of its recipient as being "full of most weighty maxims." In fact his patrons recognised in Vespasiano something more than a merely assiduous tradesman. "A most careful reader and judge of books" Zembino of Pistoia calls him, in a Latin compliment which must have vastly gratified the honest bookseller, and pays a tribute to his knowledge of all notable Greek, Latin, and Hebrew works and their authors. Nor was it a small thing to be the first bookseller in Florence when Florence was the source and centre of European culture, and the retailing of ready-made books over a counter was not the sum of bookselling skill.

The classical revival lent a new importance to the book-trade, by making book-collecting not only a fashionable caprice, but a literary passion. To the scholars of the fifteenth century classical

culture appealed as the most valuable asset in life, and its most intimate legacy was the literature of which the mouldy parchments lay hidden in damp convent libraries and forgotten church chests, almost inviolate as yet and to be had for the seeking. At any moment a lucky chance might reveal to the searcher's hand some lost masterpiece of classical letters, some gloss or commentary of the early Christian fathers, known till then only by report or in still more tantalising fragments. Pope Nicholas the Fifth employed a small army of experts to hunt up manuscripts for the Vatican library, and even sent one Enoch of Ascoli to Denmark on a fruitless search for a complete Livy, of which recurrent and delusive rumours had tantalised scholars since Petrarch's time. The agents of the great commercial houses, especially of the Medici, ecclesiastics travelling in the service of the Pope, distinguished humanists sent on diplomatic errands by their various Governments, vied with each other in an eager search through every accessible library in Europe. Messer Poggio Bracciolini of Florence for instance, travelling as a papal secretary to the Council of Constance, was infinitely more concerned with the ransacking of German convent libraries by the way, than with doctrinal disputes or the limits of papal supremacy. Six of Cicero's orations, the complete works of Quintilian, the ARGONAUTICON of Valerius Flaccus, Lucretius's DE RERUM NATURA, Cornelius Celsus's DE MEDICINA, and the DE TEMPORIBUS of Eusebius with additions by Jerome and Prosper, not to mention less noteworthy discoveries, amply repaid his zeal, and attest the thoroughness of his methods. True his gall rose at the heedless ignorance which left such treasures to rot among heaps of waste paper, or as at Sanct Gallen "in a hole not fit for a condemned criminal," but, after all, this neglect was his opportunity, and to despoil "these barbarians" seemed less than venial. Messer Poggio at least did not hesitate. We are induced to wonder whether a certain volume on Roman antiquities by the anonymous author of EINSIEDELN was the only one that left its transalpine home hidden in Messer Poggio's ample sleeves. What about the SYLVÆ of Statius, and the mouldy manuscript containing two of Cicero's speeches which he found—but did not leave—at Cluny? How did Messer Nicolao Nicoli come by that manuscript of Tacitus, which Boccaccio had copied some half-century ago in the Monte Cassino library, and which the usually liberal Nicolao was so chary of lending? But we, at any rate,

rebuke them with a bad grace, for who but we profit by their piracies? Messer Nicolao's Tacitus is now one of the treasures of the Laurenziana, and the SYLVÆ and those speeches of Cicero the search for which preoccupied Petrarch, have been preserved for us in Messer Poggio's questionably appropriated manuscripts. And it must be conceded to their credit that if they were unscrupulous they were also untiring. When a manuscript could neither be borrowed nor obtained—in Poggio's own delightful phrase, "*vel vi vel gratia* (by force or favour)"—it had perforce to be copied on the spot. Poggio sat gallantly down for thirty-two days before the Sanct Gallen Quintilian and copied it with his own hand in the fine antique character which in his youth had often earned his daily meed of "books and other things." Aurispa in Constantinople sold his clothes to pay for his treasure-trove of books, and Poggio himself having for three years vainly bullied and cajoled the tenacious owners of a coveted Tacitus, embarked all undiscouraged on a fresh campaign of importunities.

Copies of these works, so lately retrieved to the uses of scholarship, and Latin translations of Greek manuscripts,—for a knowledge of Greek was still not common even among scholars—though indispensable of course to libraries of any pretensions, did not exhaust the current demand for books. Most of the great libraries, as Vespasiano records, were based on a scheme or plan drawn up for the use and at the request of Cosimo de' Medici by Thomas of Sarzana, the future Nicholas the Fifth, and one of the first bibliographical authorities of the day. The main categories represented in this are as follows: the works of classical writers, poets, historians and philosophers in the originals and in translations; Hebrew works; the Scriptures in Greek and Hebrew and in various translations, with commentaries and glosses; the works of the Christian fathers, besides those of modern theologians; modern histories and chronicles, and prose and poetical works in Latin and the vulgar tongue. Of such works accurate and well-written copies were but rarely to be found in the market and had therefore to be made to order; and this was Master Vespasiano's province in the art and craft of bookmaking. Even efficient copyists could not be had for the asking, especially the more highly esteemed Italians, whose services stood in a request which had gone far to turn their heads. More competent, it is true, than their predecessors, whose inefficiency so vexed the soul of Petrarch, their

pretensions had risen quite disproportionately to their merits. But Vespasiano, having many rich clients, able and willing to pay even exorbitantly for adequate work, was at a considerable advantage in dealing with them. The worthy bookseller was ill to please, not only in the matter of a correct and fine script, but also with illustrations and bindings and the quality of his parchments. We have a letter in which he excuses himself to Piero de' Medici for some delay in completing a Livy to his order (the book still bears witness in the Laurenziana to Vespasiano's skill and taste), because certain leathers which have been dyed for him have not turned out to his liking. Thanks to his painstaking and upright dealings the contents of his shop attained quite a European celebrity. Popes, kings, princes, and learned men from all countries turned their steps to him. Eugenius the Fourth, Alfonso King of Naples, Matthew Corvinus of Hungary, the Sforzas of Pesaro, the German Cardinal of Cusa, Cardinal Bessarion, the humanist bishop Graham of Ely (whose British patronymic defied the resources of Vespasiano's orthography), and the young Cardinal Jacopo of Portugal (whose brief and brilliant memory is enshrined in the Portuguese chapel at San Miniato) all at one time or another had dealings with him. And the best and most regular of his customers were Cosimo de' Medici, Nicholas the Fifth, and Federigo, the scholarly duke of Urbino.

For Cosimo, "the shrewd reader of men's faces, chary of speech, but prodigal of deeds, by nature inclined to ponder great things," Vespasiano entertained a sincere regard, as well as much appreciation of the enigmatic rejoinders, "well spiced with salt," with which Cosimo was wont to bewilder his interlocutors. Cosimo shared to the full the desire to make books "a common good to all," which was not the least pleasant feature of book-collecting in the fifteenth-century. When the private library of the Medici came into the hands of the Signory, after Piero's flight from Florence, so large a number of books were out on loan that they had to be reclaimed by public proclamation. And to endow public libraries was very much in the fashion. Cardinal Bessarion founded a library of Greek manuscripts at Venice, as the meeting-place of East and West; Palla Strozzi planned, but was prevented by his exile from accomplishing, a library in Santa Trinità. Nicolao Nicoli not only built and furnished an accessible library for Boccaccio's books, which had

remained useless in their packing-cases since their bequest to San Spirito, but also bequeathed his private collection (which, Vespasiano says, in his lifetime seemed to be kept more for others' than for his own use) to found a public library in Florence. At his death they were rescued from his creditors and given in charge to the Dominicans at San Marco, thanks to the active intervention of Cosimo, who continued to take a benevolent interest in this memorial to his old friend, presenting many additions to the collection, and making Vespasiano hunt up volumes for it among his own books. Vespasiano, too, made presentations of several volumes to the San Marco library, and we find his name among the borrowers in one of its books. Cosimo could devise no better return for the hospitality of his Venetian exile than to present a library to the monastery of San Giorgio in Alga, and he also provided libraries for the abbeys which he built at Mugello and Fiesole. Commissioned by him Vespasiano had the necessary books specially made by some thirty or forty scribes, whose pens could not run fast enough for Cosimo's masterful impatience.

The accession to the papal throne of Nicholas the Fifth brought Vespasiano an even better customer than Cosimo. Thomas of Sarzana, the "poor priest with never a bell-ringer to his service," whose elevation to the papacy astonished no one so much as himself, had known Vespasiano well, as a frequent and popular visitor in the learned circles of Florence. The genial Pope, who had a good word at everybody's service, made his old acquaintance heartily welcome when that worthy made a not quite uncommercial appearance at the papal court. He dismissed his court in order to chat at his ease with his visitor, appointed him his bookseller and no doubt discussed with him his plans for the revival of the library. The papal library had existed almost as long as the papacy itself, and in very early days was noted for the liberality of its gifts and loans. The first of English scholars, the Venerable Bede, borrowed manuscripts from the Lateran; and gifts from Rome formed the nucleus of Saint Augustine's library at Canterbury as well as of Benedict Biscop's at Wearmouth. But the vicissitudes of Roman disaffection and the removal of the papal residence to France dealt hardly with the library; if little went to Avignon, still less came back, nor did Eugenius the Fourth on his return to Rome do much to remedy its impoverishment. At this opportune

moment, when enormous sums were poured into the treasury at the Jubilee, a lucky chance placed, in the person of Nicholas the Fifth, an expert book-collector on the papal throne. Thomas of Sarzana's lack of pence had continually thwarted the gratification of his ruling passion, and Nicholas was only too eager to indemnify himself for the long tale of straitened years. Were he ever rich, the poor priest was wont to say, he would spend his money on books and buildings, and the Pope was as good as his word. During his reign hammers clinked and pens scraped in every corner of Rome, and his unrestrained generosity to men of letters made the papal court a veritable humanist land of cockayne. Whilst his agents hunted for manuscripts, and Vespasiano's scribes were busy in his service, distinguished scholars wrote for him original works, and Latin versions of important Greek texts, to the inspiring tune of the Pope's lavish remuneration. Manetti received from him a pension of six hundred ducats over and above his salary as papal secretary, Guerino was paid fifteen hundred florins for his translation of Polybius, and Perotto five hundred for a Strabo.

If we may believe Vespasiano, and we must at least concede to the Pope's bookseller every opportunity to form a correct estimate, the library reached a total of five thousand volumes, an enormous figure for the time, when the Visconti library at Pavia and the Louvre each contained about a thousand volumes, and Nicolao Nicoli left eight hundred. "Never since the days of Ptolemy," cries the bookseller with enthusiasm, "have half so many books been brought together." Under Nicholas's immediate successors the library remained much as he left it. Calixtus the Third had little sympathy with and less approval for his predecessor's classical tastes, though there may be small foundation for Vespasiano's malicious story of his reckless dispersal by gift and loan of hundreds of priceless manuscripts. For Vespasiano shared the disgust with which his clients beheld in their patron's seat a jurist "who had no knowledge of letters and was only accustomed to handle pamphlets of common paper." Pius the Second, though as good a humanist as Nicholas himself, had no money to spare for superfluities, and Paul the Second's thoughts and means were entirely absorbed by the Turkish war and his many nephews. Not until the reign of Sixtus the Fourth did the library enter on a fresh lease of prosperity, and was at last installed in a manner worthy of its quality,

a task which Nicholas had postponed for the conversion of the Vatican into a huge fortress, the better to protect his somewhat timorous person from the Roman mob.

If he lost an excellent customer in Nicholas the Fifth, Vespasiano gained one almost as profitable in the Duke of Urbino. Vittorino da Feltre's brilliant pupil is not the least interesting figure in Vespasiano's portrait-gallery. Soldier, scholar, and statesman, Federigo shared the versatility of an age when men played, and played well, so many simultaneous parts. He plied his inglorious trade of *condottiere* with as much skill and far more honesty than his contemporaries; he was a humane and capable ruler of his tiny hill-set principality, and a scholar and art-critic of no mean parts. Vespasiano pays a glowing tribute to the consideration and patronage which he bestowed on artists and men of letters. Perforce a less lavish, he was also a more discriminating patron than Nicholas, whose taste for fine books and fine buildings he shared. His palace at Urbino, one of the glories of renaissance architecture, was the talk of the day; and its fine library cost him, at Vespasiano's estimate, over thirty thousand ducats, and was the favourite hobby of his not very frequent leisure for fourteen years. He drew up with his own hand directions for the librarian, a functionary whom he desired good-looking, good-natured, good-mannered, and ready of speech. He was to keep the books in such order that any volume might be found on the instant, to air the rooms and the books and preserve the latter from damp, insects, and "the hands of the inept, ignorant, and unlearned," and to show them assiduously, pointing out their beauties to the learned and to people of position, allowing the merely curious visitor no more than a casual glance. He was also to make and carefully keep a list of loans: "All as done," Federigo concludes with his usual gracious courtesy, "by the present skilful and assiduous librarian, Messer Agabito."

Alas for Messer Agabito's pleasant days! The studies and library with the north light and wide view are empty now, for the books are in the Vatican, and even the decorations by Melozzo of Forlì and Justus of Ghent are for the most part scattered or lost. Two of Melozzo's panels, representing music and rhetoric, have even found their way to our National Gallery. A contemporary tourist, whose admiration for the palace and "its jewel the fine library" inspires him with

some very prosaic verse, was at the pains to count the tallies attached to the presses, and gives the number of volumes as some seven hundred, "twice as many as there are days in the year." "In this library," comments our good bookseller, "all the books are of most excellent quality, all written by hand, not one printed, of which he would have been ashamed, all elegantly illuminated, and not one but is written on kid parchment." And he goes on to relate how, shortly before Federigo's last campaign, he carried to him at Urbino the catalogues of all the chief Italian libraries and even of the library of the University of Oxford; and how a careful comparison of them all revealed the superior completeness of the Urbino library, "all the others sinning in this, that they possess many copies of the same work, but do not have, as is the case at Urbino, complete and perfect sets of the works of each author."

Most distinguished travellers who wished to see something of Florentine literary life and carry home some of the treasures of Florentine bookshelves found their way to Vespasiano's shop; and while his scribes carried out their orders Vespasiano waited on them as a delightfully talkative guide about Florence, introduced them to his learned clients and took them to hear some famous lecturer at the University or Santa Trinità, or carried them off on a visit to the great Cosimo at Carreggi. The humanist Earl of Worcester, John Tiptoft himself, was not too proud to see the sights of Florence hand in hand with his bookseller. The Florentine booksellers plied their trade in a conveniently central situation near the Badia and the Bargello—the palace of the Podestà—and here Vespasiano's shop was the daily resort of a learned and book-loving coterie. Lawyers and officials on their way from the palace, scholars coming from the disputations at Santa Trinità, from Filelfo's Dante readings in the Cathedral or from visiting Frate Ambrogio, the famous humanist scholar and friar at Santa Maria degli Angioli, were accustomed to step in to hear the latest literary gossip, handle the newest books, and continue, with much noise and strife of learned tongues, the discussions of the cloister, to the no small edification of the attentive bookseller. Thither came merry, argumentative Messer Gianozzo Manetti, whose great head defied the stock sizes of the Florentine cap-makers, and whose unruffled temper and courtly manners betokened an enviable immunity from such trifling ailments as try the nerves

of ordinary men. Messer Gianozzo took credit to himself for knowing by heart the Epistles of Saint Paul, St. Augustine's *DE CIVITATE DEI*, and Aristotle's *ETHICS*, of which his translation was in every library of note. The conversion of the Jews was his special hobby, and he had learned Hebrew to the sole end of "reproving their perfidy in their own tongue." His humanistic studies, which would have absorbed less versatile and sedulous minds, left him leisure to serve his city in many capacities by his "eloquent tongue and upright and dispassionate judgment."

Nicolao Nicoli's scrupulously dainty presence in his fine crimson gown was also frequent in Vespasiano's shop, bringing the latest accounts of Messer Poggio's book-hunting expeditions, or the great news of the discovery of Cicero's *RHETORIC* in a long-unopened church-chest at Lodi. For Nicolao, whose sedentary habits and love of old china, crystal, and Greek marbles did not comport with arbitrary displacements, let his more mobile friends dispose freely of his fortune and his learning, and was always spurring them on to fresh activities. He, as well as Manetti, had deserted a remunerative business for a literary career, and he had spent an ample patrimony on books and in aid of needy scholars. When in this way his land was gone and money spent, Cosimo, that complete Mæcenas, simply invited him to draw at will on the Medici bank; and Nicolao, in the spirit of noble acceptance which Dante counts among the civic virtues, as simply and perhaps no less admirably accepted. The most erudite member of the circle, and the most quarrelsome, was Leonardo Bruni, the great Latinist and the historian of Florence, whose European reputation attracted visitors from far countries solely to see and speak with him. Hardly less formidable was Messer Poggio Bracciolini, pungent of tongue and pen, delighting the good bookseller with his many jests, and frightening everyone with the remarkable resources of his invective, which spared neither those who offended his susceptible person, nor unprincipled borrowers who neglected to return his books. Even San Bernardino, inspiring one of those religious revivals, which like everything new and exciting could always arouse the unstable ardour of the Florentines, found time to drop in at Vespasiano's and linger to discuss with Manetti the sin of usury, against which he had preached that morning in the Duomo, "damning us all," as Gianozzo said, rallying him merrily.

From the palace came Ser Filippo di Ser Ugolino, the incorruptible lawyer of the Republic, a dignified figure in his long purple gown, with his humorous smile and terse speech, "short and quick and full of high sentence." More rarely Palla Strozzi, rich, handsome and learned, would come from the home which wife and children made the happiest in Florence, until death and exile fell so heavily on its prosperity. Both men served the Republic "with head and fortune," and both met with the too frequent reward of Florentine patriotism from the city whose extremity of ingratitude could never disarm the love of her sons. Vespasiano's picture of Palla Strozzi, in his uncomplaining exile, "turning to his books as to a desired haven," and of Ser Filippo at the Abbey of Settimo, patiently teaching the novices Latin, "in separate lessons, because one was more advanced than the other," is typical of that disinterested love of learning which was the best inspiration of the humanists. When we recall their shameless rapacity, their overweening pretensions and unscrupulous polemics, it may seem almost absurd to call them disinterested; but in the exercise of their profession of letters they were not venial. They never tampered with their literary ideals, and they had a passionate love of learning for its own sake. Like the inhabitants of Utopia they "supposed the felicity of this life to consist in the free liberty of the mind and garnishing of the same."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HOME

ONE likes to believe that the cave-dweller of the Stone Age sitting outside his cave in the cool of the evening after a satisfactory (if indigestible) supper of underdone meat, may have had in his mind's eye a possible future in which caves would be less dark and damp, more roomy, and less liable to the unwelcome intrusion of wild beasts. Of a truth, he was not comfortable. A haunting picture once exhibited in a London gallery showed him turning the corner to his cave and coming suddenly, with a hideous expression of fear, on a lion who, on his very doorstep so to say, had already half devoured his wife. Such things called loudly for reform.

The solidity of the cave, its immovable nature, has never been surpassed. Neither the winds of heaven nor the earthquakes of the soil had any effect on it; and the first artificial cave raised above ground, no doubt a marvel of ingenuity in its way, must have been considered a very flimsy affair in comparison, the second storey a daring flight not to be thought of as yet without a shudder. Minor improvements, say a hole in the roof for the escape of smoke, can only have been practicable in few cases; but the first man who managed to knock out such a hole was the creator of the domestic hearth and all its attending blessings. He rejoiced in that feeling of comparative ease and comfort which ages after him would culminate in the song of HOME, SWEET HOME, though in his days it would still have been singularly premature. He did not overcome the nuisance of the smoky chimney; but he led the way, and some day we may settle it.

Without in the least discrediting the immense importance of the theory of evolution, it may be admitted that the conclusion was more or less unavoidably indicated by what we see around us everywhere. There does not appear much in common between such a hole rudely knocked out, and a chimney with

monumental marble, brass fittings, and ormolu glass, not to speak of the central gilt clock and flanking bronzes, or vases, that now form an indispensable part of it ; yet the one is no more than a gradual evolution of the other, and little as we may understand it, the direction taken by such an evolution has probably never been within our choice or discretion. In examining the minute cell of a budding leaf before it has grown to an individual shape, the highest power of the microscope cannot detect the slightest indication of the coming form. The cell of an oak-leaf is indistinguishable from that of the chestnut-leaf ; there is only the same cell-wall, circulating protoplasm, and nucleus to be seen in both ; the division and multiplication of cells proceed equally and uniformly in both, and yet there is a mysterious power, unseen, inscrutable, which at a certain given point forces the one cell to multiply in the shape of the oak-leaf while the other must become the elongated fan-like leaf of the chestnut. It is matter for congratulation that this latent, unknown power, equally strong and inscrutable in us, has not driven us in the direction of the snail and made us carry our homes with us ; the Arab who folds his tent and silently vanishes away is but the exception that proves the rule. Fortunately Nature has intended us to build stationary dwellings like the coral insect, though in too many cases less solid. What precise place or function the jerry-builder holds in this evolutionary process or scheme it would be invidious to investigate ; it should be enough for us to remember that in Nature nothing is unnecessary.

Before we proceed to examine the different evolutions in architecture and comfort which have resulted from this building instinct, mention should be made of another useful individual who assists us in our choice, the house-agent to wit. He cannot have existed, even in a rudimentary stage, in the Stone Age. They did not probably, in that dim past, change their cave every three years or oftener, and we know nothing of the tenure on which such property was held. Given the comparative scarcity of caves, when the family increased and a roomier dwelling became imperative, it may have been necessary to massacre the holders of a larger tenement, "possession on completion of massacre" being then the recognised condition of transfer. With the softening of manners and morals, a persuasive go-between was urgently needed, and the house-agent was evolved, his duties in the earliest days being more in the

nature of a reinforcement, his powers of reasonable persuasion not unconnected with a club.

Useful and remunerative as the calling seems to be, not everyone is fit for it. Unlimited optimism is required in its pursuit; the faintest shadow of pessimism must not fall on the three years' agreement or it will not be signed. The successful agent should wear rose-coloured spectacles and should advertise the vacant pillar of St. Simeon Stylites as a compact little residence in a quiet neighbourhood. Did not a celebrated auctioneer once reluctantly admit that the only drawback he knew to a country-house he had to let was the noise made at night by the nightingales? When a house is old he develops unexpected antiquarian tastes and predilections; when it is new the same man scorns the discomforts of antiquity. In his enthusiasm he sometimes forgets the meaning of the English language, as when the other day he advertised a house as "replete with hot and cold water."

House-hunting, with or without his aid, is a troublesome business, the choice being so abundant in general and so restricted in particular, for we are more difficult to please than the hermit-crab who makes himself at home in the first shell he finds untenanted. An Irish cabin of one room would suit very few; on the other hand very few want a palace of a hundred or a thousand rooms. However splendidly it may be furnished and upholstered, the smallest palace is a barrack compared to a snug little home in town or country. Who would like to live in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, on the roof of which, when some structural alterations were contemplated, the architect found a small village encamped in wooden sheds, the proud Imperial family living in state inside having not the slightest knowledge of the teeming life overhead? Who would quite enjoy the home offered by the Vatican at Rome, which contains about sixteen thousand rooms? It must be obviously easy to lose count in such a mighty maze. It suggests the bewildering thought whether somebody once felt cramped in a home with only fifteen thousand rooms, and added another thousand for more breathing-space. Unpopular rulers have often slept night after night in different bedrooms for fear of assassination; a nervous pope could thus sleep in a new room night after night and only return to the first after forty weary years. This fanciful calculation gives a better idea of the insensate vastness of such palaces than any figures of dimensions.

could convey. How thankful we must be that, even after the most unlimited dinner, we have no difficulty in finding the drawing-room, no risk of wandering helplessly in such a gigantic labyrinth perhaps for years after losing our known bearings. The proud possessors of such astounding edifices generally make for themselves a hearth and home in some outlying corner of the brick or marble wilderness, a corner they know by heart and can find without the aid of the mariner's compass, much after the manner in which meaner mortals in a too large or draughty room make themselves a comfortable corner by means of screens.

History records many instances of the makeshifts forced upon royal personages in olden times by the inconveniences of their homes or palaces. When they travelled from one to the other it was customary to send in advance horses and sumpter-mules laden with the necessary hangings and carpets. Often the living rooms, if many, were very small; the supper-room of Mary Stuart at Holyrood Palace, from which Riccio was dragged to his death, was hardly large enough to hold a table, and was found inconveniently small on the night of the murder. The table and the candles were at once upset, and if Lady Argyll had not snatched one up as it fell and held it up to see foul play, they would have had to murder the poor Italian in the dark. The house of Kirk o'Fields (which, to be sure, was not intended for a royal residence) was so inconvenient that the sanitary arrangements were shocking even for that time; and a door had to be taken off its hinges and put on the top of a bath to provide more accommodation for Queen Mary and King Darnley. As the gunpowder was already stored in the lower storey, and it was Mary's intention to blow up hearth and home, house and husband in the night, the inconvenience was only temporary. The furniture went up with the husband, and the only thing saved was a much prized silken bedquilt which the Queen took the precaution to remove a few hours before the explosion. This cruel fact would be absolutely incredible if the Casket Letters left any doubt of the ghastly truth.

The contradictions of human nature are amazing and inexplicable; this wonderful and fascinating woman, who made such short and fell work of hearth and home, was yet in other ways so truly feminine that in presiding over her Privy Council she always worked at some small womanly embroidery to keep her-

self in countenance. In this she was followed by the last Mary of her unfortunate race, the wife of William the Third, whose fancy-work, in what we should now call crochet or Berlin wool, was, oddly enough, after her death praised by Bishop Burnet in his funeral sermon as one of her most distinguished virtues. This absurd bathos or anti-climax should not however blind us to the truth that domestic virtues such as these can make a home of the most inconvenient dwelling,—let our antimacassars, chimney-valances, chair-covers, doyleys, and so forth, testify to the fact, for which we are not always sufficiently thankful. Our homes, such as they may be, large or small, are little better than caves if no woman presides over them and brightens them with little feminine touches and fancies. We men are apt to sneer at these adornments, but in the way of making a home every little helps, as the condemned man said when he asked the bishop for his prayers.

Domesticated in the proper sense the Queen of Scots could not be called. Her views on separation or divorce were too thorough to please the average husband; but she was a veritable factory for fancy-work. She even embroidered petticoats for her implacable enemy Elizabeth; indeed, she worked so many that at last the English queen took the ungracious course of not thanking her royal cousin for them any more in order to stop the supply.

With a sense of relief we may leave the consideration of palaces, more or less inconvenient, bloodstained, or ghost-haunted, as being after all abnormal homes of remote interest to the average citizen. The family ghost does not often haunt the semi-detached villa; no White Lady walks on their narrow stairs or landings, and with some few exceptions the suburban villa is now the recognised average type of human dwellings, being easily constructed. No architectural knowledge is required: anyone can build one, that is, if he starts with a bow-window; without this indispensable preliminary, success would be problematic and confusion might ensue. Shoulder to shoulder, in rows like well-drilled soldiers, they gradually encroach upon the space once occupied by the mansion with park-like grounds or the lordly castle of yore. No doubt what we gain in comfort we lose in romance; we have, as Mr. Meredith says, exchanged the sky for a ceiling. No one knows where Joyeuse Garde once stood, but rows of semi-detached

villas may now occupy eligible building-sites in the trackless realms of Lyonnèsse, the enchantment long forgotten. It is well if Merlin Avenue or Launcelot Street faintly recalls the paths where Vivien meditated, not altogether fancy free. If we knew the spot we might well fancy that knights and ladies ride at night through the silent street, for these prosaic homes stand on enchanted ground.

Lo, I must tell a tale of chivalry,
For large white plumes are dancing in mine eye!

Anyone still blessed with imagination, in this matter-of-fact age, might indeed well think that before cock-crow, before the early milkman's call, before the first glimmer of dawn when the daily paper is thrown down the area, he might see riding through Merlin Avenue milk-white palfreys with silken trappings trailing to the ground, champing and fretting under lovely burdens, hooded falcons perched on delicate wrists, coal-black chargers flecked with flakes of foam, shimmer of satin and lightning of steel, all passing without a sound, ghost-like, a glittering cavalcade disappearing noiselessly in moonbeams or in clouds of dust, —going, going—gone!

Oh for the snows of yester-year! Instead of peacock-pie in glory of brilliant plumage, or maybe of gigantic venison-pasty with a dwarf inside, we have cold mutton for supper. No matter; we now live in a cold mutton age, and Beauty and the Beast (he is on the Sewage Committee), when they came to see us last night, expected nothing else. Beauty liked pickles with it—shrine of the mighty!

What has become of Astolat and of Camelot? Ay, and what will become of Buckingham Palace? The improved steam-laundry, the sweetshop and the young ladies' school that will one day occupy its site are almost as certain as to-morrow's sun. What would King Monmouth have said if a peep into the future had shown him his beautiful home in Soho Square, still standing and, awaiting the final demolition of all things, at present used as offices of a well-known firm of sauce-manufacturers? By a graceful recognition of the *genius loci* his portrait still hangs on the walls of the fine old room with painted ceiling and carved shutters; but it hangs between framed advertisements of mustard and sardines, and looks down with a somewhat astonished air on rows of marmalade jars and bottles of

vinegar. Does the handsome son of Charles the Second and brown Lucy Walters still walk at night in the home of which he was once so proud, and, in the ghostly silence peep curiously into vats of pickles and jars of oil ?

It is a long cry from the bare stone cave to the much bedizened room of yesterday ; we say yesterday because to-day the swing of the pendulum is very noticeable in the already more refined simplicity of decoration in our homes.

The Japanese, our rivals in the art of war and our masters, some think, in the more gentle arts, have taught us the beauty of simplicity. Their rooms never contain more than one good picture or painted scroll, not more than one spray of blossom or flower in a beautiful vase, only one god, no more, in a dainty shrine in the wall. Their conception of domestic life is the same as ours, with a difference. Where we sit snugly around the lamp, a Japanese family sit through a long dark evening round a dim paper lantern on the floor : of hearth in our sense they have none, merely a brazier with hot ashes to warm frozen fingers at ; but the home-circle is for all that a more positive fact with them than it is, for instance, with the Neapolitans, who only sleep in the garret of what was once a palace and live on the doorstep, dining off macaroni in the street.

Climate is, and has always been, the greatest factor in the domestic life of a nation. It has moulded us, made us what we are. In the days of the cave-dweller the English climate was very hot, and the cave made a cool retreat. When the Glacial Period returns once more, when the cap of ice and snow shall extend again over the whole of our islands from Lewis to Ilfracombe, as science tells us to be unavoidable, though too far off to trouble us to-day, our home-life will be changed to meet the altered conditions inseparable from Arctic life. However fashionable it may be now to dine or sup at the restaurant, a time will come when the rigour of the climate will turn our thoughts another way, and the renewed attraction of the hearth will be too powerful to be resisted. The *menu* of reindeer flesh and blubber, even the celebrated Blue Esquimaux Band, will not then seduce us from our own fireside.

MARCUS REED.

MRS. BOEHM'S PARTY

AMONG the many functions with which, on Wednesday, June 21st, 1815, London society was seeking to mask the sinking at heart that precluded the expected news from the seat of war, there was one party which stood out above all others. This was the dinner and ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Boehm at 16 St. James's Square. Mr. Boehm was a retired merchant of great wealth; his wife was a handsome woman of literary and musical tastes. At their estate of Ottershaw, in Surrey, they had acquired a great reputation for benevolence and hospitality, qualities which gained them the favour of the Duke of York. His Royal Highness made much of them and introduced them to his own circle of friends at Oatlands, and they were thus made free of the best society.

On the night of the 21st, no pains nor expense had been spared to bring about the most brilliant party of the season. The moment was not propitious. Many of society's favourites were absent in Flanders; news of triumph was hourly hoped for, news of disaster as constantly feared; nearly every family of distinction had given toll of its men to the barrier drawn across the path of Napoleon; the air was thick with rumours, the suspense must have been torturing. Nevertheless, Mrs. Boehm's party promised to satisfy the most ambitious of hostesses. She was honoured by the presence of three Princes of the Blood—the Prince Regent and the Dukes of York and Sussex. The advent of the last produced an "incident." The groom of the chambers proclaimed "Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Sussex and Prince Augustus of Sussex." When the Regent heard this his cheeks flushed, and turning his back he said to his brother of York: "Tell Adolphus from me that if ever he allows that young man to assume that title again, he and I do not speak

to each other." All who heard understood the reason of the words, but to-day they require explanation.

The Duke of Sussex had, in defiance of the Royal Marriage Act, married Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore,—a marriage which was declared null and void in the following year. Prince Augustus of Sussex was the son of this union. After the death of his father he sought to succeed him in the title ; the case went against him, and he was known as Sir Augustus d'Este, as in his father's lifetime. The trial produced a little romance. His chief counsel was Thomas Wilde, afterwards the first Lord Truro, who in the course of the business won the hand of Emma Augusta, Mademoiselle d'Este, sister of Sir Augustus, a marriage which was the occasion of a clever epigram :

Happy the pair who fondly sigh,
By fancy and by love beguiled ;
He views as Heaven his D'Este nigh,
She vows her fate will make her Wilde.

After the incident the dinner proceeded equably. The ladies went upstairs, and after the customary interval the gentlemen followed. The guests for the ball were already arriving, and, royal permission being graciously accorded, the first quadrille was formed. This dance was of recent introduction, and probably some of the guests had spent the morning practising it. His Royal Highness was in the act of walking to the daïs, when, suddenly, a terrific hubbub was heard in the square. As has been said, everybody was in the throes of expectation ; all were awaiting news, hopeful, yet dreading evil tidings of husbands, sons, brothers, lovers. Rumour had been busy all day. A messenger had arrived at the house of Rothschild with news of a great victory. Watching the house at Ghent where Louis the Eighteenth lodged, he had noticed a military dispatch arrive, had seen its joyful reception by the royal family, had hastened to Ostend, and got away one tide before Wellington's messenger. On the strength of this the Rothschilds indulged in some extensive dealings on the Stock Exchange, and then imparted the news to Lord Liverpool. The latter, after consulting with Vansittart (afterwards Lord Bexley), decided to wait for confirmation ; but the best kept secrets are apt to leak out and to assume extraordinary variations. Sir Robert Wilson ("the bird of ill omen"), dining at Lord Willoughby d'Eresby's that night,

told the gentlemen over their wine that the Allies had been totally defeated, that Napoleon was in Brussels, and had supped with Prince d'Areberg at the palace. A Cabinet dinner at Lord Harrowby's passed without any divulgence of the Rothschilds' message, but as Lord Liverpool was returning to his residence (Fife House in Whitehall Place), his carriage was stopped by a gentleman who had seen, in Downing Street, a post-chaise dressed in laurel, with French eagles showing through the windows, driven off to Lord Harrowby's. In the chaise was Major the Hon. Henry Percy, son of the first Earl of Beverley. He found Lord Sidmouth in his office, and they went together in pursuit of Lord Liverpool. Major Percy's dispatches were to Lord Bathurst, who was not at Lord Harrowby's, and he demurred to giving them to anyone else; but Lord Liverpool, who had returned, said, "You must come immediately to the Prince Regent." So the three, Major Percy, Lord Liverpool, and Lord Sidmouth, re-entered the chaise, and accompanied by a vast, shouting, exulting crowd, hurried off to St. James's Square, the eagles protruding from the windows as before.

It was the din of this mob that broke in upon the strains of the band just as Mrs. Boehm's guests were preparing for the dance. Everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation, and at the noise in the square all restraints of dignity and etiquette were forgotten. A rush was made for the windows, from which the post-chaise was seen picking its way through a seething mob. Poor Mrs. Boehm! The exultation of patriotism could not drown her grief for the failure of her magnificent party, and the "nasty French eagles" were to her but the symbols of her social disaster: she thought Major Percy might have waited till the next day. From the windows her guests saw a battle-stained soldier leap from the carriage, fight his way through the crowd and rush up-stairs. Dashing through the ball-room, he knelt to the Prince, and laying the eagles at his feet, gasped, "Victory, Sir, victory!" Lord Liverpool said: "I have brought Major Percy, who comes with the news of a great victory for your Royal Highness." "Not Major Percy, but Lieutenant-Colonel Percy," said the Prince, whereupon the ex-Major knelt again and kissed the royal hand. The Regent, the Ministers, and some of the gentlemen retired to read the dispatches. "We have not suffered much loss, I hope?" inquired the Prince. "The loss has been very great indeed," replied Percy, whereupon

says Mrs. Trench : "Ministers and all wept in triumph. The Regent fell into a sort of womanish hysteric. Water was flung into his face. No! that would never do! Wine was tried with better success, and he drowned his feelings in an ocean of claret." One by one as the Prince inquired for his friends he received as answers, "killed," "wounded," "missing," until he broke out in the voice of despair,—"Good Heavens! I seem to have lost all my friends." The glorious victory had indeed been purchased dearly; the gay, reckless dandies of that time, as of every time, were no carpet-knights. Could one have looked into the streets of Brussels one would have seen every other house with its doors chalked, *2-blessés 3-blessés, officier blessé*, and so on, and the churches with lines of wounded stretched on the floor.

Lord Alvanley gave the guests the first account of the losses; he was followed by the Regent, who said with emotion :—"It is a glorious victory and we must rejoice at it, but the loss of life has been fearful, and *I* have lost many friends." The victory was then announced from the balcony, and we can easily picture to ourselves how first one and then another of Mrs. Boehm's guests hurried off to hide their grief in the bitterness of solitude, with an anguish that could ill brook the triumphant pæan that was beginning to fill the land. The Princes soon retired, and "In less than twenty minutes," said Mrs. Boehm, "there was not a soul left in the ball-room, but poor dear Mr. Boehm and myself. . . . Even the band had gone. . . . Ladies of the highest rank rushed away like maniacs, in their muslins and satin shoes, some accompanied by gentlemen, others without escort of any kind, all impatient to learn the fate of those dear to them, many jumping into the first stray hackney coaches they fell in with, and hurrying on to the Foreign Office, or Horse Guards." The disappointed lady evidently thought it somewhat improper to place even such a victory above the glamour of her party, and to set the welfare of the heroes above the *éclat* of St. James's Square.

The sensation spread rapidly, and parties, balls, assemblies, broke up in the like disorder and wild flight for news. Lord Sidmouth hurried round to Lord Ellenborough, who was in bed, but on hearing the intelligence, rang for his servants : "Bring me my clothes," he cried, "I will not rob myself of one moment's enjoyment of this glorious night." When Tom Raikes reached Sir George Talbot's he found the Ladies Paget in the

utmost distress as Lady Castlereagh told them of their father's wound. Lord Uxbridge himself had taken it much more coolly. "It was not a bad leg as legs go," he had said as the surgeon cut it away.

Major Percy had hurried to battle in the uniform he had worn at the Duchess of Richmond's ball; he had had no time to change, and was now sinking with fatigue and excitement. The Prince graciously accorded him leave to retire, and he hurried off to his father's house in Portman Square. All night long throngs of anxious enquirers besieged the house, and deprived him of the rest he so longed for, and the impressions of that night so wrought upon him that his mind became deadened to the glory of the brief campaign. His pleading enquirers might have noticed a great dark stain on his breast; it was the blood of a brother-officer killed at his side. When at length he got to bed, he shook out from the folds of his sash fragments of the poor fellow's brains. Colonel Percy never recovered from the fatigues of the campaign and journey, and when, only a few years later, a little girl, afterwards Mrs. Charles Bagot, was lifted up to his bed, it was to kiss a dying man.

About five years after the abandoned ball, the Boehms fell on evil times, and had to give up their fine houses and think no more of costly entertainments. To his credit be it said, the Prince did not forget them. "Since their misfortunes he has redoubled his kindness to them. They have visited Windsor and received such protection that they have taken a house at Brighton for the winter months." So wrote Joseph Jekyll; and again after another five years,— "I hear the King has given Mrs. Boehm a pension, and promise of apartments at Hampton Court." The promise was kept, and on a table in her drawing-room there a column twelve inches high, of solid gold, generally attracted the attention of visitors. An inscription stated that it was given by the Prince Regent to Mr. and Mrs. Boehm in commemoration of the fact that the news of the glorious victory of Waterloo had been brought to him under their roof. This object was frequently the introduction of Mrs. Boehm's story of "that dreadful night," when "the most brilliant party of the season" was wrecked by the "indecent haste of Henry Percy," and the "unseasonable declaration of the Waterloo victory."

THE DAILY LIFE OF AN INDIAN PRINCE

SOME interest must attach, I think, to a narrative of the daily life of the ruling chief of one of the most populous, most prosperous, and most beautiful of the Native States of India, practically written by one of his own confidential secretaries (since deceased) whose very words are to a great extent preserved. It is he who writes this paper, though I have pruned, altered, and added, by permission sought and readily accorded. I was myself British Resident in the States of Travancore and Cochin, and holding at the same time the office of additional member of the Governor General of India's Council, occupied a position which gave me an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with the life and conversation of the ruler of a State like Travancore, and of comparing them with those of other ruling chiefs in India. His Highness the Maharajah is one of those rare individuals who want nothing in this world below. He long since received from Queen Victoria the extra guns which made his salute up to the highest possible number. He has therefore no ulterior motive in permitting his secretary to prepare, and myself to edit, a paper which I assured him would be of value and of interest to those in Britain (the vast majority) who have not the remotest conception of what a Hindoo prince is, or what his life is like.

To the student of sociology, no less than to the practical statesman, India presents an interesting and instructive field of study. The impact of the virile, realistic, and progressive West on the quiescent, massive, and slow-moving East has created a ferment which is gradually transforming the national life, ideas, habits, and sentiments. The new spirit, however, has leavened only the upper strata of society. The great masses that form the basis of the social edifice remain passive and inert, clinging to the old ways, ideas, and beliefs, and permeated to the core with

prejudice against all that has not received the sanction of time and religion. They have little sympathy with the party of progress, and its precious cargo of Dead Sea apples. It may be that they are not articulate, but they deeply deplore the tendency of the advanced classes to cut themselves off from the old moorings, to cast away all the trammels of tradition, to obliterate all ancient landmarks, and to transplant at once into India institutions which took root in Europe only in the course of centuries. We thus see in India a struggle between the genius of the East and the spirit of the West, a want of harmony between the wine of modern Europe and the bottles of the ancient Hindoo civilisation. The conflict is inevitable, and under proper conditions an onward movement is predicable; but the zealous reformer should not, as he too often does, forget how profoundly the genius and spirit of things is affected by the material, social, and spiritual conditions that surround them, and that no general advance is possible unless his ideas run more or less in line with those of the great body of the people.

The feudatory princes and chiefs constitute the apex of Indian society; and it is a gratifying feature that, while more or less imbued with the modern spirit, they, with a few exceptions, have no sympathy with iconoclastic zeal. The Maharajah of Travancore offers an example of the best type of an Indian prince, who remains an orthodox Hindoo, true to the traditions of his race, but rules his State in a manner in no way conflicting with the broad lines of Western policy.

His Highness Rama Varma, Maharajah of Travancore, Vice-regent upon earth of Vishnu in the Hindoo Heaven, Knight Grand Cross of the Star of India and of the Indian Empire, member of various learned European societies, and possessor of a dozen other titles and dignities, ancient and modern, lay and sacred, and of the maximum salute of twenty-one guns, is the ruler of one of the most picturesque Native States in India, wherein the sun fails not by day, the rain falls in due season, and drought is practically unknown. His family is one of the most ancient in India, reaching back indeed for its origin into mythical and Puranic regions. He is a Kshetrya, or warrior, by caste, and the Marumakkathayam law governs the succession in his family, as it also regulates the inheritance of the bulk of his subjects. Under this system succession follows the line of sisters and children of sisters.

Thus the Maharajah's predecessor was his maternal uncle, whom he succeeded in 1885, and since all the sons of his sisters have predeceased him, the male offspring of two ladies, recently adopted, will eventually succeed to the principality.

The Maharajah is now forty-seven years old. He is somewhat below the middle height and rather slightly made, with handsome, regular features. He does not take part in violent equestrian exercises, and would never witch the Western world with noble horsemanship as Sir Pertab Singh has done in Rotten Row ; but he plays tennis, golf, billiards, croquet, and badminton, and in all he does he excels, though falling short in these respects of a past-master of games like the Maharajah of Cuch Behar. He received a sound English education and speaks and writes our language perfectly. Indeed Sir Arthur Havelock (ex-governor of more Colonies and British possessions than can be recalled without the aid of books of reference) said the Maharajah reminded him of nothing so much as of a Permanent Under-Secretary of State. He knows several Indian languages other than his own vernacular Malayali. He dresses plainly, wearing no jewels or ornaments, except a little *aigrette* which is always worn by the head of his House. His manner is singularly suave, simple, and courteous. He possesses an equable temperament and those, if any, who have seen him lose his temper have never related the experience. In his habits he is regular and methodical ; he eats moderately, never touches animal food, and scrupulously abstains from all alcoholic drinks. In fact he fulfils all those caste laws and regulations of which London heard so much on the arrival at the coronation of the Maharajah of Jeypore. Local public opinion in Travancore would not yet accept a prince who visited England for one who kept his caste. In this mirror of ancient India a man of high caste has prodigious place, power, and precedence ; but he interferes not at all with the customs of other castes, to respect which is one of the chief ends of his own. And of course custom, and not the Vedas, is the life, law, and religion of the thrones, dominations, princedoms, and powers of India. Upon the coast of Malabar, secluded by sea and mountain from the rest of India and the rest of the world, unaffected by the Mahomedan invasions of the north, its sacred soil only now for the first time in history gashed and scarred by that great leveller, the railroad, you have the nearest possible approach to the conditions

of ancient India,—and you will not have it much longer. Hence it is that the Maharajah of Travancore, in his sacrosanct position, was unable to obey the royal summons to London for the coronation. His Highness does not like leaving his people, nor would they willingly spare him, while he journeyed over the black water to distant, and to them casteless and almost godless, Britain. The Travancore folk, if they heard that Mr. Justice Chandarvarker had said at the Society of Arts, that “caste was alien from the spiritual basis of Hindooism,” would merely remark that not the lecturer, but the reporter must have been at fault. No born Hindoo, whatever his own record or present belief, ever made a more monumentally misleading statement.

The Maharajah is fond of European society, is a member of the local European club, and is believed to admire the character of the ruling race. He certainly inspires those members of it with whom he comes in contact with sentiments of friendship and respect. He is, however, like the late Maharajah of Mysore (an altogether admirable prince), a man of two worlds, the friend and companion of the best Englishmen about him, but none the less determined to maintain cherished customs and associations, and to preserve venerable institutions.

He is intensely and innately religious, while perfectly tolerant of other creeds. One of the striking characteristics of the rulers of this ancient principality is their toleration. According to tradition, Christianity was introduced into Travancore by St. Thomas, the apostle, in the first century of the Christian era. There is no doubt that the Gospel of Christ was preached without let or hindrance from the early centuries, and as the result of this religious freedom Travancore contains to-day a larger proportion of Christians than any other Native State, or Province, in British India. A quarter of the population is Christian, as against an average of about one per cent. throughout the rest of India. The State is at once the most Christian and the most Hindoo part of India. Above the cocoa-nut groves tower tall temples and fantastic fanes; in shady groves are images of demons; beneath the sacred fig-tree the coils of the cobra are reproduced in stone; upon the tamarind trunk a streak of red proclaims the presence of a spirit, whose shadowy answers are waved to worshippers by the graceful boughs of the tree; before the shrine here are rose leaves, there the blood of a cock. The ground is holy, the soil is sacred, and at the same

time there are twelve hundred Christian places of worship, nor are Jews, Parsees, and Mahommedans wanting.

The ruling chief of this community has a most retentive memory, and most industrious habits. He takes deep personal interest in all matters affecting the well-being of his people of all religions, and controls every wheel of the machinery of government, of which he is, in fact, the main-spring. He is generally at work before many of his people have left their beds, cots, floors, hammocks, verandahs and lofts, all of which, and, in the forests, trees and platforms, serve them as resting-places for the night. Simplicity reigns within the palace, and there is a singular absence of the pomp of many menials and much service, which is usual in kings' houses. But see him on a festal day, surrounded by priests, walking slowly to the blare of trumpets upon strewn silver sand, to bathe in the seashore with the image of the god whose agent upon earth he is, and afterwards, clothed in cloth of gold, sparkling with jewels, aloft in his state-coach returning to his palace, and you would say pomp and glory were his attributes, simplicity his foible.

His Highness's family motto is *Charity our Household Divinity*, and his individual text is this from the AIN-I-AKBARI, the record of the greatest of Indian Kings: "The success of the Government, and the fulfilment of the wishes of the subject, depend upon the manner in which a King spends his time." How then does his Highness spend his time?

He rises between four and five, and is at the audience-hall by half-past five. From that hour up to half-past seven he is engaged either in receiving visitors, officials and private individuals, or in answering letters, for the most part with his own hand. At half-past seven he takes his bath. Whatever the season he plunges into cold water from a river running through his capital city of Trevandrum. The bath over, he says his prayers, and then goes to the family pagoda, which is situated only a few hundred yards from his palace. After worshipping at the shrine he takes his breakfast. This is his first meal, for it is contrary to the custom of his House for any member of the reigning family to indulge in even a cup of coffee before bath, prayer, and worship are accomplished. He eats his meal in the orthodox Hindoo fashion, the food being served in gold and silver plates and bowls, all artistically arranged on a large plantain-leaf, the delicate tracery of which exceeds in beauty

the product of any human hands. He eats frugally, and his breakfast, though a great number of dishes are placed before him, is only an affair of a few minutes. While he is at his meal, the Court musicians, who are all Brahmins, sing and play on musical instruments in an adjoining room. Shortly before ten his breakfast is over, and he again goes to business. His private-secretary waits with bundles of papers, and lays before him every letter received. He peruses all the papers himself and passes orders, clearly indicating the tenor of the reply to be sent, and in important cases he himself prepares draft replies. An abstract of all letters received and replies despatched is placed before him the next day, to enable him to see that his orders have been correctly understood. This function occupies him for about two hours, after which he sometimes, but rarely, takes a short siesta. He then reads his newspapers and periodicals, English and Indian, marking and sending to his minister observations regarding any affairs of State. As a rule everything moves slowly in the East, and it is said that there the practice is never to do to-day what you can possibly postpone till to-morrow; but the Maharajah loves the prompt despatch of business, which he practises himself and exacts from all his servants. He censures every officer who is guilty of procrastination, and gives short shrift to those in whom the propensity is deep-rooted. It must not be supposed, however, that all public business races towards a conclusion, for we are not in Utopia but in Travancore.

At two the Maharajah drinks tea, and then again transacts business or reads until four, when he drives to one of his neighbouring residences upon the seashore, or upon some breezy hill. He returns from his drive at half-past five, performs his ablutions, says his prayers, and at seven eats his dinner, which, like the breakfast, is a simple meal selected from innumerable vegetarian dishes. The Hindoos generally have far larger appetites, and the Brahmins particularly are tremendous trenchermen, if vegetarians, who consume snowy mountains of rice with sauces and pickles, can be so described. After dinner light reading occupies the time till nine, when a man who rises at four is glad to go to bed.

The Maharajah is accessible to all, without distinction of class, caste, or creed. He receives Indian visitors at prescribed hours; Europeans see him by appointment. They are received with the utmost simplicity, and after passing the sentry at the palace

gate not a human being as a rule is seen or heard except his Highness. The contrast with the distracting noises of the bazaars, and the bustle of most Hindoo houses is profound.

The chief minister waits upon the Prince twice a week, when important matters of State are discussed. The etiquette of an Eastern Court requires a profuse use of circumlocution and flowers of hyperbole, but the Maharajah encourages his officers to express their opinions freely and without reserve. Conversation is generally held in the Malayali, and the modern graduate, who has learnt to despise his own vernacular, is severely exercised as to a choice of appropriate language in which to address his Highness, whose perfect command of English has not inspired him with any disposition to under-rate the value, dignity, and beauty of his native tongue.

Occasionally he entertains the Europeans at his capital at a dinner which he sits out. He is careful that it should be the best procurable by trains and bearers who have brought ice and other luxuries hundreds of miles ; but he would not touch it for an additional gun to his salute, had he not, as he already has, the highest number possible. When he entertains a Viceroy, which he once did in the person of Lord Curzon, he takes his guest into dinner and sits beside him ; and the Resident takes him in to dinner, when on the occasion of the King's birthday he attends the celebration at the British Residency. The band then plays *God save the King*, and also the Maharajah's anthem, and the Resident's guard remains at attention throughout the mercifully short, though stately, feast. His Highness also gives garden-parties to the European society, when a few, indeed too few, Indian gentlemen are also asked. It is the Europeans who like the number kept down, and they are the losers by this foolish and utterly unreasonable exclusiveness.

The Maharajah, it need hardly be said, is supremely loyal to the throne and to the British Government. Since he cannot himself visit England, he rejoiced the more that he was able to entertain in his State the late Duke of Clarence, by whose early death he was sincerely touched. Towards the King he entertains that feeling of personal loyalty and affection with which the late Queen happily inspired the Indian princes.

The palace is a modest mansion, furnished with simple taste exempt from all extravagance. The floor of the audience-chamber is paved with encaustic tiles, with a carpet in the centre,

and its contents consist of a few chairs, a couch, a writing-table, and two china jars from the Summer Palace at Peking. No expenditure of public money is permitted without the Maharajah's general or special sanction, and this personal attention to economy accounts in no small measure for the satisfactory condition of the finances. A State which owes nothing, and until recently generally had a balance of a year's revenue in hand, is not heard of every day.

It may be observed that an enlightened orthodox Hindoo is neither an idolater, nor a polytheist as commonly understood. He believes in and worships one God, the Supreme Being,—the temples, the images therein, and all the ritual being mere aids to enable him to realise more intensely the all-pervading divine essence. Like every pious Hindoo, the Maharajah has deep faith in the divine guidance of human affairs, and among his numerous titles the first place is given to that of Sri Padmanabha Dasa (servant of Sri Padmanabha), the Patron Deity of his House. He goes through every one of his religious observances without fail; and they are many, and by no means easy. Besides the daily morning visit to the shrine of his Patron Deity, during the festivals, which occur twice a year, he has to visit the pagoda several times a day, take part in the religious procession inside the temple every night, and escort it on foot to the sea-beach, a distance of about two miles and a half from the palace. Twice a year he has to go through a ceremony called Bhadradeepom, the lighting of the sacred lamp, which lasts about eight days. Like the spiritual retreat this period is consecrated solely to the service of the soul, and the Maharajah then leads the life of an anchorite, occupying a separate building specially set apart for the occasion. The Dussera, which occurs once a year and lasts for ten days, is a less exacting festival, during which the Maharajah need not fast nor live in seclusion, but he has to attend daily the discussions of a College of Pundits. All the learned men of the land, and many from distant parts of India, attend it, some to display, some to impart, some to acquire knowledge, others to obtain the rewards which are freely given for distinguished learning. A prolonged and vociferous discussion ensues upon questions of logic, metaphysics, grammar, rhetoric and other humanities. Every man who takes part in it is given a small present, and the more profound scholars are rewarded according to their merit. It would interest the Platonic gatherings at

Claridge's to know that the son of Ariston and disciple of Socrates is not forgotten on these occasions, though in Travancore, and perhaps at Claridge's, there is no inscription over the door : *Let no one enter, who is unacquainted with geometry.* The occasion also brings to the capital distinguished native musicians, whose performances form part of the programme, and who are also duly rewarded. The festival closes with a procession to one of the suburban palaces, when the Prince goes in state in his coach drawn by six horses, escorted by his bodyguard and brigade, and attended by all his officers. The state-car was specially made by one of his predecessors in imitation of the vehicle said to be used in heaven by Indra, the Indian Jupiter.

The two previous chiefs of Travancore also were enlightened rulers, but they confined their interests to their own State. Though strictly orthodox and anxious to develop his country on national lines, the present chief keeps himself abreast of his time, and is ready, whenever necessity is shown, to introduce wholesome reforms. For the making of laws and regulations he has established a Legislative Council, composed of officials and non-officials ; he has also inaugurated a scheme of local government by establishing municipalities. In these two cases he has introduced the principle of representation,—one entirely foreign to the Oriental mind. The Maharajah also takes deep interest in female education, the proportion of girls under instruction in the State being larger than anywhere else in British India. This is partly due to the independent position occupied by women on the Malabar coast, where they are able to choose their own husbands and even to change them for good and sufficient reasons. There are at Trevandrum a vernacular high-school, two English high-schools, and a college for women. In the vernacular school pretty girls, clothed in white robes and wearing natural flowers in their hair, may be seen, like so many dusky Hypatias, demonstrating for the benefit of their pupils on the blackboard. Medical aid is provided throughout the State, and in deference to the natural, and by no means blameworthy, prejudices of Hindoo women against being treated by men, an excellent women and children's hospital has been established. The Maharajah has availed himself of the philanthropic scheme inaugurated by Lady Dufferin, and maintained by her successor at Calcutta, by offering liberal scholarships, and in these respects, and indeed in most others, few parts of India are better administered.

Travancore is as rich in natural resources as it is famous for its natural beauties. In Pliny's day its pepper and sandalwood were sold in the markets of Rome ; in the Middle Ages, when the Eastern trade was in the hands of the Moors, Quilon, a seaport forty miles from the capital of the State, was the entrepôt in India, wherein the Chinese traders from the East, and the Arabs and Venetians from the West, bartered their wares. Here Albuquerque built the first Portuguese factory, and here the Dutch followed his lead. The first English factory was built at Anjengo, about twenty miles from the capital, once the home of Sterne's Eliza. English enterprise has recently created and developed the coffee and tea industries, and efforts are being made to exploit the mineral wealth, now that the Government of India has at last made its regulations in this behalf, such as business-men may accept and work with profit. More than half the country is covered with primeval forest yielding a large variety of useful timber, fibre, and dye, and abounding in elephants, tigers, leopards, bison, deer, and an immense variety of smaller game. The Maharajah has constructed the first railway in the State, giving all the land required free of cost, and guaranteeing interest on the outlay.

A paper of this description is more or less authentic in proportion as the subject tells his own tale, or, when personal modesty or feelings of delicacy forbid that course, when the tale is told by someone busied about his person. In one sense then, this is a valuable paper, and I will try not to impair that value, by adding personal opinions and reflections upon the State of Travancore, its ruler, and its administration. For these I have, indeed, in the pages of the English reviews, and elsewhere, already expressed a sincere admiration while I occupied the happy office of British Resident, in which work and sport can be combined, in which pleasure and business can go hand in hand, to an extent hardly conceivable in this hive of incessant industry and exhausting amusement, whence it is an interlude of light, peace, and refreshment to look back upon that pleasant land.

J. D. REES.

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THE ENEMY'S CAMP

CHAPTER XXXI

MR. LAURISTON had misgivings. Reason told him that the business on which he was engaged was to all intents and purposes military in character, but conscience refused to admit this definition of it, arguing that it was police-work pure and simple. It is all very well, said conscience, to crouch in a ditch looking for an enemy, because you know that the enemy is crouching in another ditch looking for you, or at any rate that, if he is not, he ought to be. Moreover in true military operations, when from the security of your ditch you have observed the head of the foe incautiously upraised from another ditch your duty is clear and simple; you at once retire on your main body with the valuable information you have acquired. Meanwhile your enemy has probably seen you getting out of your ditch, whereupon he gets out of his ditch and retires on his main body to report his valuable information; and so all is peace, for no good scout will sacrifice useful intelligence to the vain-glorious desire for an affair of outposts of which he may possibly not get the better.

Had Mr. Lauriston's instructions been merely to watch and, if he saw a person clad in a blue suit, brown boots, and a Panama hat, to retire on Charles and report the circumstance, conscience would have admitted that the affair wore a military complexion and was not derogatory to an ex-volunteer. But such had not been his orders. "If," Charles had said, "you see him, knock him down and sit on his head, or else bring him along to me at the house-boat."

Mr. Lauriston had been about to object that he feared he was not now able to knock people down with the facility of his

youth ; but Charles, who had been on guard all the morning without seeing anyone and who was now hungry and rather out of temper, departed without waiting for an answer. Moreover he did not intend to return for two hours or more, and Mr. Lauriston had a strong and military sense of duty. He had undertaken to mount guard until Charles returned, and that he would gladly do ; but as to knocking down or capturing the enemy, he was not sure that it was part of his duty. He preferred to think that it was one of those cases in which a volunteer, or ex-volunteer, may use his intelligence and advance or retire (taking advantage of every bit of cover) at his discretion. Besides, he was an ex-volunteer, not an ex-policeman, and he naturally took the military view of the situation so far as he could. It was not possible to do so with a whole heart for there was no disguising the fact that the enemy was at a disadvantage ; he did not even know that he was an enemy. How then should he be crouching in a ditch looking out for Mr. Lauriston ? There was a one-sidedness about it that was not at all satisfactory, and it was almost to be regretted that he had lent himself to the scheme. However, since it was so he would do his duty, but he would not be rash.

This determined, he lighted another cigar and settled himself more comfortably in the ditch. His post lay at some distance from the mill between the osier-bed and the hedge that separated it from the lane. Charles had chosen it in the morning because it commanded a view of both approaches to the mill-door, and had made a seat in the ditch with a board and some bricks, from which he was able to look through a hole at the bottom of the hedge, probably caused by some dog that was accustomed to pass that way. Mr. Lauriston had not much trouble therefore in keeping a sharp look-out, though were anyone to come past it would be necessary to withdraw the head which, oddly placed amid the foliage, might attract attention.

It was some time before anything happened, but when he was about half-way through his cigar he caught sight of a female figure coming past the mill. It was Agatha with her basket. Mr. Lauriston withdrew, hoping that she would not notice the hole in the hedge and feel an overpowering impulse to mend it. She would wonder what her uncle was doing there, he felt. However, Agatha passed by safely and went on up the hill. She had not been gone long when he heard another person coming

along the path through the osier-bed. The path was soft, but there was a rustling of the osiers which served instead of audible footsteps. This person got over the stile and also went up the path towards the village. Mr. Lauriston peeping out cautiously after he had passed recognised Majendie, and noticed that he was adjusting his eye-glasses.

A little later still a third person appeared on the path by the mill, a person with a parasol and two red cushions. "She isn't going to fish then, after all," said Mr. Lauriston to himself, looking in vain for the rod of which Cicely had spoken with affection at luncheon. Cicely walked slowly past the mill, turned the corner to the right, and disappeared behind the bushes that grew round the mill-pool. Her uncle smiled after her, and reflected that he would be able to use the absence of a fishing-rod as a conversational weapon if she tried to tease him that evening. But his meditations were interrupted by more rustling of osiers, which indicated that another person was approaching in haste. Very soon the person was in the road, and Mr. Lauriston saw him take a hurried look up and down, and then disappear into the mill.

Mr. Lauriston felt excited. The enemy was probably now before him. If a man attired in a blue suit, brown boots, and Panama hat were to come out of the mill there would be no question of it. He watched the door expectantly, and before very long he was rewarded by seeing just such a person emerging. The man again looked both up and down, and then vanished round the corner of the mill in the direction taken by Cicely.

Mr. Lauriston sat up on his board to think. It was too late to knock the man down now, which was perhaps as well, in view of his military conception of duty, to say nothing of the loss of his youthful facility. It was still, however, open to him to pursue the person and, if occasion offered, to capture him; he was of opinion that occasion would not offer, but he determined to advance, and making his way cautiously through the osiers he gained the road and thence crept from bush to bush in the approved military fashion, reconnoitring every yard of country before he traversed it, and carefully avoiding dry sticks or leaves that might crackle and declare his presence.

All this took a considerable time, for Mr. Lauriston believed in thoroughness, and he would not leave one bush until he had

satisfied himself that the enemy was not in the immediate vicinity of the next. At last, however, he came to a point where there were no more bushes and where, if he continued to advance, he must do so across the open. There was a clump of willows down by the river some distance to his right, but elsewhere the landscape was bare, and there was no sign of the enemy. Mr. Lauriston felt the ground behind his bush, found it dry enough, and sat down to consider his next move.

CHAPTER XXXII

"I THINK the curate went straight back to his aunt and uncle," said Cicely, shaking her head disapprovingly.

Talbot was still nefariously resplendent, and resolutely conscious of it. "The curate didn't go directly," he asserted; "he wasn't really annoyed, you know."

Cicely shook her head again. He seemed even more than usually determined, and had possessed himself of her favourite cushion and was putting it against her particular tree. Although she had arrived first, something, perhaps this very fact, had induced her to stroll a little way down the bank, to find Talbot waiting for her on her return. She reflected that she had walked quite far enough for the present, but he was not to be pardoned yet. "Girls aren't supposed to be vain," she observed generally, continuing her parable.

"That isn't it at all, you know," said Talbot, "and the curate knew that."

"But when he had said what she ought to do and she didn't do it, he wasn't at all pleased," Cicely continued judicially. "It wasn't at all proper of her, was it?"

"It was all to show what she thought was due to the curate, and besides you never told the—"

"The curate's aunt went again to look for the portmanteau," Cicely digressed suddenly. "I believe they're looking for it now," she ended with a little merry laugh and a mischievous glance at him. But though his lips smiled his eyes never changed; they were fixed steadily on hers. Cicely looked away with an effort. "The big girl should," she began.

"I knew I should," Talbot conceded, "but there's one thing I must know first."

"No," protested Cicely, "I've told you all I can, and I ought to be very angry with you," she concluded rather weakly, with a consciousness that she was not to-day mistress of the situation.

"I must know the end of the story," he said resolutely.

"Oh! not this afternoon." Cicely looked up, appealing.

"There are not many more afternoons," he replied slowly.

Cicely was silent. She turned half away and looked at the river, where a fish had just risen. The little circling ripple widened, but she did not call his attention to it. The end was coming.

"Did the——did the curate," began Talbot hesitatingly. Cicely's left hand hung by her side near him, and her face was almost wholly averted. The little soft fingers unclosed helplessly. Talbot took her hand caressingly. "You know I have always loved you," he said. Her hand trembled; she did not speak. "Say that you love me, Cicely. You must, you shall. Don't turn away from me, unless that is to be the end. I will love you all my life, if you will. Look at me, Cicely, and tell me your answer. You must."

Cicely was still silent, but she did turn a very little, just to look at him once, for she did not want to answer just yet. She wanted to think, she said to herself, and he wasn't giving her any time. One peep though——

It was a longer peep than she had intended. Talbot was very close to her, his features set and grave. But, as she raised her face, the soft mouth puckered in pretty perplexity, half yielding, half elusive. He smiled triumphantly. "You do love me a little," he said stooping lower, "and we are going to love each other always."

It was not at all what she had meant to happen, as she remembered later; but then he had kissed her before she had any time to say anything, and without even asking if he might,—which was perhaps just as well, as if he had asked she would of course not have allowed it, and he wouldn't have done it, and that would have been a pity. So at least she thought afterwards; but at that moment she only felt that somebody had taken her quite away from herself and that she was very happy.

"You've spoilt my hat, I'm sure you have," was Cicely's first remark after the interlude. She slipped away from him blushing, and re-settling herself put up both hands to minister to

the imaginary damages, reconnoitring Talbot from under the brim with softly mischievous eyes.

The correct angler descended to earth with a half-sigh. However he resumed triumphantly his previous theme. "You do love me a little then, don't you?"

Cicely smiled. "Well, perhaps," she conceded.

"I did from the very first," averred Talbot.

"From the very first?" she echoed. Talbot repeated his statement with conviction. "Are you quite, quite sure?" she pursued.

Talbot was positive, and expressed himself at some length. "Yes, when I first saw you sitting just where you are now. So I began at once."

"Oh, but you didn't see me at all," said she. "You thought of nothing but the fish. You didn't even look at me till you'd caught it."

"That was very foolish," agreed Talbot.

"You don't mean that, you know," said Cicely. "Fish are so very important."

"But I do," he insisted. "I might have known you quite a minute longer if it hadn't taken so long to catch. And I can never get that minute back now, can I?"

"If you hadn't caught it, we would never have known each other at all, poor fish!" sighed Cicely.

"There's still the minute, though." Talbot had not yet forgiven the introductory perch. "We shall always have that to make up. It will take many many years, won't it? And to think that there were all the years before it, and I never knew you till then!" He was aghast at the improvidence of time.

"But you caught fish and never thought about me," she said.

"I never thought there could be you, you see. If I had known, I shouldn't have thought about anything else. There's only one you," he added.

Cicely smiled approvingly. "I used to think about you though," she admitted. "Only you weren't at all like you."

"What was I like?" Talbot was amused.

"You didn't behave like the big girl and hide portmanteaux," said Cicely. "You used to rescue people."

"Not from mad cows," he suggested.

"You were a really noble man." Cicely abandoned fancy's ideal and returned to reality. "But I think you,—*you*, I mean—are just as nice, only you ought to give them back, oughtn't you?"

"Well, perhaps I ought," he confessed. "Shall I be nicer than than the one you used to think about?"

"You are the same, really," decided Cicely; "but I never thought you would be down here."

"I suppose I used to think about you too sometimes," confessed Talbot after a little meditation, "only nobody ever knew."

"When the fish didn't bite?" she enquired.

"No, you didn't fish," he said in a tone which indicated his opinion of those who did.

"Well, do I?" she defended herself.

"You do just exactly what you ought to do," he agreed, "and I shan't be able to do without you. You'll have to come with me always when we're married."

They considered this prospect in silence for a while and then Cicely suddenly realised the situation. "Oh, whatever have I done?" she exclaimed tragically.

"Nothing very dreadful," suggested Talbot not yet enlightened.

"But it *is* dreadful, it's perfectly horrid; what can you think of me?"

"That you are quite the most charming little person in the universe," he smiled at her. "Now, what is it?"

"You, you don't know me!" she said, still tragic.

"Well, I shall live to learn, and I want nothing better," said Talbot.

"But we've not been—oh, don't you understand?"

"You mean, I haven't the privilege of Mrs. Lauriston's acquaintance?" said Talbot still smiling.

"How *can* you laugh?" she said plaintively. "What *have* I done?"

"We've met, and we're going to be married," stated Talbot firmly. "That's not so very dreadful, is it?" he insinuated.

"But what will my aunt say?" asked Cicely with a blush.

"That I don't deserve to have you, I suppose. However, if you don't mind——"

"But I oughtn't ever to have been here at all. How can I tell her?" she appealed.

"It was all my fault, so suppose that I tell her? Is she so very dreadful? I did ask you once, you know," said he.

"Oh, you don't understand at all, and it was all my fault," Cicely sighed.

"Now you're not to say that again," he ordained. "But I see Mrs. Lauriston is a very dreadful person sometimes. However, it's our affair."

"She'll say I must never see you any more," prophesied Cicely with solemnity.

"That won't happen, whatever she says," remarked Talbot. "Well, then, suppose we make it a little worse?"

"It can't be any worse," mourned the repentant one.

"I mean, suppose we went away now and got married."

"How could you think of such a thing?" Cicely was alarmed.

"There's very little I wouldn't think of, and do too, if it was a case of losing you," said Talbot firmly. "We could tell her afterwards, of course."

"Oh, if you say such things I oughtn't ever——" began Cicely.

"We neither of us always do quite what we ought, fortunately," he said with a smile.

"That's not kind of you," Cicely objected reproachfully.

"Then we've only done what we ought to have done, dear, and that's quite settled."

"Aunt Charlotte will be so angry though," she said returning to the main point. "Oh, I ought to have told her at the very beginning."

"Then she wouldn't have let you fish perhaps, and where should we have been now?" he demanded. Truth compelled Cicely to say that she feared she would have been in Ealing. "I should have been in Ealing too, then," he declared, "but it would have been different. Don't say you would have had it different, Cicely, for if you do I must regret all the perfect hours of my life. Just you and I; I wouldn't exchange a moment that we have had or alter it. You don't really want it to have been different, do you?"

"No, I couldn't," she admitted; "but I ought, I know I ought."

"What a woman you are," cried Talbot delightedly.

"So ought you," persisted Cicely, smiling again.

"I expect I ought," he agreed cheerfully; "but I suffer from the moral obliquity of the mere man, you see."

"Yes, I ought to have known," she sighed anew; "so it's my fault."

"If so, I'm glad I took Haddon's clothes," stated Talbot. Cicely looked at him for enlightenment. "That was my fault anyhow, and I ought to have known, so we're a pair," he explained.

"Now you're being horrid too," protested Cicely. "It doesn't make it any better, and it wouldn't help with Aunt Charlotte a little bit."

"Then there's nothing for it but——" Talbot was returning to his original short way with relations.

"You know you mustn't say that again; it wouldn't be right." Cicely was decided. "Oh dear, it's a dreadful tangle. Why did you? Why did you? We could have begun again so nicely, and nobody would ever have known."

"There wasn't much time to begin again," he said. "But you're right; we must not have any concealments."

Cicely agreed regretfully. "Not even a little?" she suggested with a pathetic air.

"No, not even a little," he returned. "I'll go and see your people at once."

"Oh, not Aunt Charlotte," she cried. "You don't know what she'd say. Oh it's——it's—— you *mustn't*. She'll forbid me ever to see you. And you wouldn't like that, would you?" she enquired with a delicious mixture of coquetry and alarm.

Talbot's negative was enthusiastic and he would have possessed himself of her hand to point it, and perhaps more; but Cicely held up an admonitory finger. "There mustn't be anything to conceal," she smiled.

"Then I must go to your aunt," he announced. He felt that he could face any number of aunts, whole battalions of aunts, and his heroic aspect diverted her from her panic and lent her a little courage.

"You're not to, you'll have to take my orders, sir," she said with pretty imperiousness. "I'll tell her a little about you, and then, if you behave really properly, she'll let you come sometimes."

"No concealments," commented Talbot, who saw Cicely's idea. "Do you know, I think you,—— I mean, that your aunt hasn't a proper sense of her responsibilities."

Cicely looked at him quickly. "I don't think the meaning very complimentary, is it?" she asked.

"And that," he continued, "is why I want to relieve her of them. You ought to have someone to look after you," he insinuated. "As it's been all my fault, I'm glad to say it's going to be myself."

"I can't tell her at once." Cicely disregarded his suggestions.

"But there's your uncle," suggested Talbot.

Curiously enough they had both overlooked Mr. Lauriston, and Cicely's "So there is," had almost a ring of surprise in it, as well as of relief.

"Then I'll find your uncle and tell him," Talbot decided. "I'll go and find him now."

"Now?" Cicely echoed.

"Yes, now," he replied, "this minute."

"But——" she protested feebly.

"You said you did a little, just a little," he returned, taking her hand.

CHAPTER XXXIII

MR. LAURISTON sat behind his bush and kept a vigilant eye upon the open country across which the enemy had evidently moved. He wondered vaguely where Cicely was, for she too had passed that way; but he reflected that she was probably settled comfortably somewhere by the river-bank, and to look for her would be to expose himself to the risk of discovery. Moreover Mr. Lauriston held decided views about the influence of women in military affairs, though he did not give expression to them in Ealing, and it seemed to him better not to let Cicely know that operations were being conducted in her vicinity. A woman's actions cannot be predicated, and he feared that though Cicely was Cicely, she might be sufficiently akin to the rest of her sex to desire to superintend his manœuvres, and to demand that he should execute an instant and heroic frontal attack for her amusement. Accordingly he dismissed the idea of finding her and lighted a cigar. As the open country extended for a considerable distance he thought the smoke would not betray

him, and it would certainly be a consolation in his position of solitary danger.

As to the smoke not betraying him he was wrong. Talbot, after taking an adequate farewell of Cicely, had left the perch-hole, intent on finding Mr. Lauriston immediately, though he was not sure of his whereabouts or even of his appearance. For the one point, however, he trusted to the luck that had attended him so marvellously that day, and for the other to intuition; it was impossible that an uncle of his beloved one should not have inherited enough of her perfection to be recognisable. Strong in these convictions Talbot started off to set the seal upon his happiness and to compel Mr. Lauriston's acquiescence in the engagement that had just been arranged. He was in his most giant-like mood, and felt confident that no avuncular protest or violence would make the slightest difference to the course he was running.

Just as he emerged from the clump of willows and was about to turn towards the mill, his eye was attracted by a thin blue column of smoke that appeared to be rising from a bush about fifty yards away. In spite of his pre-occupation he could not help wondering what it meant, and the thought flashed upon him that it might be a heath-fire just beginning; this thought expanded into ideas of burning prairies and smouldering forests, and culminated in alarm for the safety of Cicely among her willows. Talbot went very swiftly to put out whatever flame might be causing the smoke.

The grass was soft: Mr. Lauriston's vigilance was wholly expended on the open country; and Talbot reached the bush unseen and unheard, to discover that the smoke proceeded from nothing more serious than a cigar between the lips of an elderly gentleman in a grey flannel suit, who was seated on the grass and apparently meditating on the scenery. Talbot checked the foot with which he had been prepared to stamp out the flame,—it was obviously not quite the thing to stamp out an elderly gentleman or even his cigar—and paused. It did not for the moment occur to him that this was Cicely's uncle and he might have withdrawn, had it not been that Mr. Lauriston became suddenly conscious that he was under observation.

Mr. Lauriston looked round to find standing at his side, clad in neat blue suit, brown boots, and Panama hat, the man on

whose movements he had believed himself to be keeping an eye. The discovery was too sudden to admit of speech at first, and Mr. Lauriston kept silence while they looked at each other. His mind, however, was not idle and he ran over the instructions that he had received in the event of some such situation as this. He was to knock the miscreant down and sit on his head, or else to capture him and take him to the house-boat. Mr. Lauriston revised these instructions in the light of Talbot's appearance, and with regard to the before-mentioned loss of youthful facility, and came to the conclusion that without reinforcements it would be eminently unwise to attack; indeed, even if he were reinforced by Charles, it seemed improbable that the two of them could do either of the things recommended if the formidable person before him resisted in any way.

Mr. Lauriston put all thought of his instructions away from him: acting on them could only result in needless loss of life (his own life) and nothing would be gained; but he was too good a soldier to neglect his duty, even though he declined an immediate engagement. He would if possible keep in touch with the enemy until reinforcements,—Charles, Majendie, the Admiral, Martin, the miller and his two men—could be collected, and then battle might be given.

"Ahem," said Mr. Lauriston in pursuance of this determination.

Meanwhile Talbot had utilised the brief period of mutual inspection to wonder who the elderly gentleman was, and why he was sitting there. He was still without suspicion of his identity; he was seeking someone with Cicely's eyes and hair and similar pretty ways (an unreasonable amount to expect of an uncle by marriage, but lovers are not reasonable), and he did not see in Mr. Lauriston any of these things. He did see, however, that the elderly gentleman with the rather bald head, grey whiskers, and moustache, bent a somewhat severe eye upon him, a fact which he attributed to his having been disturbed. "I beg your pardon," said Talbot politely; "I'm afraid I've disturbed you. I didn't know you were here."

"Oh, not at all," returned Mr. Lauriston somewhat coldly, choosing his words with care.

"I saw the smoke of your cigar," Talbot explained, "and thought something was on fire."

"Nothing is on fire," Mr. Lauriston answered, feeling that the enemy was possessed of a good deal of assurance.

"Except your cigar," amended Talbot, hoping that this would provoke a smile. He felt happy himself, and he wanted this elderly gentleman to feel happy too, though he did not know who he was or why he was sitting behind the bush.

Mr. Lauriston did not smile. To smile would be to make terms with the enemy, he felt, and moreover he strongly disapproved of the laxity of morals that could allow the person before him to go about in another man's raiment and yet preserve a cheerful countenance. Such behaviour was positively indecent. The more he thought of it the more strongly he disapproved, and at last he determined to do what was clearly his duty. As a scout and an ex-volunteer he owed it to Charles, as a man and a householder he owed it to himself and the community, to raise a protest at least against open and flagrant dishonesty. "May I ask, sir," he said, disregarding Talbot's pleasantry, "where you got those clothes?"

Talbot's expression of half-humorous interest changed to blank astonishment. How in the world did this elderly gentleman, sitting behind a bush, come to have suspicions, apparently well founded, as to the authenticity of his costume? For a moment Talbot was completely taken aback. "These clothes?" he repeated mechanically.

"Yes, sir," continued Mr. Lauriston firmly, "and those boots, and that hat."

Suddenly Talbot realised who the elderly gentleman was; of course this was Cicely's uncle, though he hadn't her eyes or her hair, and certainly none of her pretty ways, and of course he derived his knowledge of the clothes from Charles. Astonishment gave place to amusement and Talbot laughed aloud, while Mr. Lauriston looked at him indignantly, but not without anxiety, for if the person was mad he would certainly be a very dangerous madman indeed, and the reinforcements he had thought of would probably be inadequate.

But Talbot checked his laughter, remembering that for Cicely's sake the uncle must be propitiated and not converted into an enemy. He also thought he saw a way of utilising a situation that looked awkward, of turning defeat into victory. "You must be Mr. Lauriston?" he said. "This is very fortunate," he continued, when the question had been answered by a slight nod of acquiescence. "In fact I was looking for you. Of course I'll tell you all about the clothes. May I sit down?"

Talbot accordingly sat down by Mr. Lauriston, who was surprised in his turn, but somewhat relieved by the prospect of a pacific solution of the question at issue. "My name is Talbot," continued the speaker filling his pipe; "I daresay my friend Haddon has mentioned me to you, though I expect he hasn't given me much of a character in the social line."

Mr. Lauriston admitted that he had heard of Talbot. "I gathered that you were an angler, and anglers are always solitary," he said politely, feeling that as he was to hear the explanation of the clothes there was now no need for other than a friendly demeanour.

Talbot nodded. "I *was* solitary," he said, "but that's rather changed. However, I'll come to that presently. Well, Haddon isn't like that, is he?" Mr. Lauriston conceded this. "He's a regular society-man, fond of drawing-rooms and at-homes, and flirtations and that sort of thing; I don't mean to run him down, because he's a first-rate fellow, but we all have our weaknesses and that's his. And that is the reason why I'm wearing his clothes." Mr. Lauriston looked surprised; the reason did not seem explanatory enough. "You see," said Talbot, noticing the look, "we came down here with a definite object. Most of us,—all except Haddon, in fact, who's rich by nature—work pretty hard, and when one takes a holiday one wants a real holiday, a return to the primitive man, so to speak." Mr. Lauriston nodded thoughtfully. "Well, I ask you," Talbot continued, "can one return to the primitive man in this sort of costume?" This again was admitted by a nod, but Mr. Lauriston looked as if he would like to ask a question. Talbot, however, went on before he could do so. "Therefore it seemed good to us to remove temptation out of Haddon's way. When one's in the condition of primitive man one's not good company for ladies. You see, women arrogate to themselves all the right of being primitive and they won't tolerate it in men. Therefore we didn't want Haddon in all the panoply of civilisation to display us as freaks to any ladies whom he might know in the neighbourhood. That was his first thought on arrival, and we had to act speedily to prevent it."

"I didn't know about that," Mr. Lauriston admitted after a little meditation, in which he recurred involuntarily to some of his own sensations on that evening of disillusionment; "it

makes a difference of course. I understand why you took them away ; but I confess it's not clear to me why you're wearing them now."

"I'll be quite frank with you," said Talbot earnestly. "It's rather amusing in a way too. If Charles (that's what we call him, by the way) has talked much about me to you, you will have gathered that I was not addicted to feminine society, a triple bronze sort of man where women were concerned.

Mr. Lauriston smiled, a little curiously. "He gave me the impression that you were—not impressionable," he replied.

"Thank you for the nice way of putting it," said Talbot. "It's quite true ; I'm not in a general way. But oddly enough I hadn't been down here two days when I discovered that I was not feeling so primitive as I had been ; in fact I was recalled rather suddenly to our time and its necessities."

Mr. Lauriston was smiling again, but he made a deprecatory movement as though to indicate that he did not wish to force any confidences. He was somewhat at a loss to know why they should be given to him. Talbot had not the air of one who tells all his private affairs to a stranger. "But you have a right to know," said Talbot, "as you have taken such an interest in the Gladstone bag, and besides I feel that I should like the benefit of your opinion. I can't somehow regard you as quite a stranger, if I may take the liberty of saying so." His tone was candour itself, and Mr. Lauriston could not help feeling a little flattered. Besides few men can turn a deaf ear to another man's love-story,—for the telling of it cannot but place their own wisdom in a light of creditable superiority. Therefore Mr. Lauriston put aside his wonder and prepared to listen benignly.

Talbot saw that he had made a good impression and went on with his artless explanation. "As you have guessed of course, my aspirations after a universally primitive existence were modified by meeting a lady, and as one can't pay one's addresses without a collar,—at least one doesn't feel sure of oneself without one—I was compelled to borrow the things in which you see me."

Mr. Lauriston's smile was sympathetic. He wondered how much his course of life would have been altered if he had wooed his own wife without a collar. He shrewdly suspected that such a proceeding would have incurred her just resentment,

and his own immediate dismissal. "I believe you were right," he admitted.

"It was a little unfortunate, perhaps," Talbot continued, "that Haddon should also have made up his mind to get to know the lady in question, because there weren't enough clothes for us both and the theory of the collar is one of his cherished beliefs. So he has put it off until he should find his clothes, while I——" he hesitated invitingly.

"Have made the best use of your time?" Mr. Lauriston suggested.

"Well, I believe I have," Talbot admitted modestly. "Not, I think, that Haddon would have made any difference; I could not have allowed that, of course." There was a decision about this statement and the air with which it was made that impressed Mr. Lauriston. "This sort of thing makes a man think," Talbot continued, "and I've been wondering whether I should be considered a good enough match." Thereupon he expansively opened his heart with regard to his financial position and prospects, his fairly satisfactory past, and his remarkably exemplary future.

Mr. Lauriston listened with the experienced air of one whose illusions have long since culminated in marriage, but kindly withal, and finally said: "I don't see that you could be objected to by her family, if the lady will have you."

Talbot was gratified. "I'm very glad to hear that," he said. "I am proud to say that the lady will have me, but as a matter of fact I have not yet had an opportunity of laying the matter before her family. You make me more hopeful."

"How long have you known her?" Mr. Lauriston asked involuntarily; he gathered from the narrative that it could not have been very long.

"A life-time," said Talbot promptly. "Other people would call it ten days."

"Do you always do things as quickly as that?" said the other looking at him in a kind of awed admiration.

"I generally know my own mind," Talbot answered, "and that assured there is seldom any case for delay."

"Very remarkable," ejaculated Mr. Lauriston. His own courtship had been an affair of protracted decorum. "Very remarkable indeed. I don't know whether I ought to approve of your proceedings though. In my young days——" he

paused ; Talbot was not the kind of man to whom one speaks of one's youth and the moral teaching that may be drawn from it.

Talbot, however, was submissive. "I know," he said, "that I must seem a sudden kind of person to you, but when a man finds his happiness within reach he would be foolish not to seize it. You don't think I should make a bad husband on that account?" he added in a tone of deferential anxiety.

Mr. Lauriston laughed. "No," he said, "not if you display the same decision on your wife's behalf."

"I shall certainly do that," Talbot returned. "I'm very grateful to you for your opinion ; it's done me good."

The other laughed his laugh out. "I'm sure I don't know why I've given it," he said. "I have an idea that you extracted it, but it cannot be of any importance to you."

"To tell you the truth," Talbot said slowly, "I attach considerable importance to it, because,—well you're a married man for one thing, and I should value your friendship for another and—" he hesitated, whereupon Mr. Lauriston nodded encouragingly ; he began to like this strange new acquaintance. "Well, in fact, the lady in question is your niece."

"My niece?" echoed Mr. Lauriston.

"Yes, Cicely," replied Talbot, watching his face, which presented an interesting study in lively and varied emotion.

For a long time silence reigned while Mr. Lauriston wrestled with incredulity, amazement, indignation, and all the deep feelings that are proper to an uncle. As he gradually unravelled the tangled skein of thought many things became more clear than they had been. Finally pent up emotion found vent in an irrelevancy. "And the fish?" he asked.

"I caught them," said Talbot.

"And I ate them," ejaculated Mr. Lauriston.

"I also taught her the Latin names," Talbot added.

"She only remembered bits of them," the other murmured. Then their eyes met and despite himself he began to laugh. Cicely's duplicity, reviewed with the aid of this knowledge, was irresistible. "I felt it all along—such big fish—all by herself—Cicely—Latin," were the disjointed utterances that marked his train of thought, brought out with some difficulty in the midst of his laughter.

"Then I have your consent?" Talbot said presently.

Mr Lauriston considered the set of his mouth and chin. "Would it make any difference to you?" he said with the irony of resignation. "But you've got to get my wife's, too," he added. "Cicely is her niece really, mine only by marriage."

"I have your good will?" Talbot insisted.

Mr Lauriston was moved, "You know what you are getting in her?" he asked. "The child has been a daughter to me."

"I do indeed," said Talbot very gravely. "She shall have no cause for regret." He put out his hand; after looking at him for a moment or two Mr Lauriston took it, and the compact was ratified.

Meanwhile Cicely had been sitting under her willow meditating and wondering whether Talbot had found her uncle, and what had happened, and if it was all right. She also considered what she should say to Aunt Charlotte,—a problem that lasted her for a considerable time. At length, however, as Talbot did not return she decided that she might find a more satisfactory form of words to be used with her aunt if she went for a walk. "Aunt Charlotte," she would begin, "how did you first meet Uncle Henry, and did you love him very much and—?" She had just renounced this opening as impracticable for the tenth time, when she came upon Uncle Henry just as he was grasping Talbot's hand. This sight put the other matter for the moment out of her head and she stopped in doubt whether to run away and hide herself, for, now that the inevitable moment was at hand, she no longer had any courage at all.

Talbot, however, had seen her at once. He jumped up and took her hand. "It's all right," he whispered as Mr. Lauriston rose.

That gentleman surveyed Cicely's blushing face, and shook his head smiling. "What was that Latin name?" he asked.

Cicely laughed consciously. "I couldn't remember it all," she admitted; "but it doesn't matter now," she glanced shyly at Talbot. "Are you going to forgive us, Uncle Henry?" she added in coaxing tones. "We've been very wicked, but we will always be very good in future."

"I want you to be happy, Cicely," her uncle replied tenderly, and if——"

"And if one is good one is happy," she declared triumphantly, "and I shall be very good indeed. But, Uncle Henry, you

must help us with Aunt Charlotte. You know you went to the house-boat yourself, and you *must*." Cicely said this with infinite decision.

"I hope you'll come there again," Talbot put in, "all of you. You must all come to tea to-morrow."

"I'd better talk to my wife first," Mr. Lauriston answered. "There are difficulties——"

"But those can be got over," Talbot interrupted. "How would it be if I——?"

"Better not—yet," said Mr. Lauriston in some alarm.

"To-morrow, then, when you come to tea," Talbot urged.

"If we come to tea," Mr. Lauriston amended with misgivings.

"But you will."

"We'll come if we can," he said, "that is, if all goes well. My wife, you see——," but Mr. Lauriston felt that he could not explain fully; later, no doubt, Talbot would find out for himself, and appreciate the difficulties.

By this time they had reached the mill, and the uncle and niece prepared to go home, and face the storm. "To-morrow, then," said Talbot, "at four o'clock."

"If it can be managed," Mr. Lauriston assented. "What about the other primitive men though?" he added slyly.

Talbot laughed. "Oh, they're open to conviction, most of them," he asserted, but he did not feel called upon to say why. After all his friends must play their own hands, and he did not know what cards they held. The three parted. Talbot shook Mr. Lauriston's hand warmly, and looked as if he were going to kiss Cicely, but she evaded him with a blush and a mischievous glance, though she permitted her hand to remain in his a fraction of time longer than was absolutely essential.

(To be continued.)

SOME THOUGHTS ON OUR PRESENT DISCONTENTS

EXCEPT among those who live altogether without thought, and some of those who profess the philosophy of indifference, there exists a deep feeling of unrest, an earnest desire of change, a discontent which is in some instances "divine," and which certainly is widely spread. We seem to have moved far away from the time when Tennyson, for example, could accept the early teaching of science, and find in it much of hope and consolation.

All, all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear ;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
And justice. . . .

So we may read in *IN MEMORIAM* ; but we seem, in the interval between his time and the present, to have approached nearer to the spirit of that other and later poem of his, *DESPAIR*, a vision of men unconsolated, inconsolable, who fear life more than death, and who, having lost hope and fear, preserve one desire only, to escape.

The change can scarcely surprise us, and, if we look for causes, we shall find many. We cannot yet have forgotten those thirteen millions, always on the brink of destitution, of whom we were told not very long ago. Their voices must all be raised against the present world, out of the depths of a misery which we can only guess at from *TALES OF MEAN STREETS*, or *THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS*.

Then there is another cause of social discontent. The people of Mr. London's underworld are too benumbed in their

wretchedness to make sharply realised comparisons between their condition and that of their more fortunate brothers. Their tragedy is most of all evident to an on-looker ; but there is another whose pathos is obscured by its wearing the mask of the ludicrous. We take the young and educate them, as we call it. We teach them many things for which they have no conceivable use. Without acquiring any counter-balancing steadiness of judgment, they learn to perceive the narrowness and, it may be, the squalor of their homes. They dream of freeing themselves from the bond-service, as they regard it, of labouring with their hands. They aspire,—do not smile, it is no smiling matter—to become clerks, or to succeed their pedagogue at his desk. Those who fail to realise their dream become but indifferent workmen, for they have an uneasy feeling that they were made for higher things ; and they scorn the work by which they live as a base necessity. Those who succeed find just above them another grade whose life seems pleasanter, easier, more “gentlemanlike” than their own ; why should they be checked in their ascent ? Thus they too nourish their grudge against a society which sharpens their wits, but sooner or later obstructs their ambition. Such people realise and exaggerate the differences in fortune between themselves and others ; and they suffer sharp torments, until the daily task has ground down their hopes and left them to live their daily life mechanically.

But there are other, finer types of discontent, that, for instance, of the man gifted with delicate perceptions and quick feelings, of him who is a poet at heart. He sees round him so many whose hearts are set on sordid interests ; he lives in a world which sets so high a value on the hard genius of money-getting ; he finds so few whose love of the simple beauties of natural things is anything more than affected sentimentality, that it is a wonder indeed if he does not feel isolated, uncomprehended and uncomprehending. He is driven to wear an armour of hardness or of irony, while emotions which should have been a source of joy are converted into a means of pain.

Or again, there is the man of culture, how can he regard the modern life ? He sees that knowledge, especially in physical and historical matters, has increased prodigiously ; but then he sees also that modern life is too hurried to transmute its new knowledge into fresh wisdom. He may meet many men of great attainments, and some of encyclopædic learning, but how

few who have found time to nourish the fine flower of culture with meditation. He hears our times praised as the era of liberty and of free opinion, when each can determine for himself what he will regard as truth ; but he sees that nine-tenths of us take our opinions ready-made, and dream no more of discussing their value than a good Catholic would dream of disputing the decrees of Mother Church. The Middle Ages had one authority ; we have none, and the result seems much the same. We, too, can give no account of ourselves. These free opinions of ours are only borrowed for the occasion. We do not understand them, we do not like the trouble of thinking, we take what is offered us as the latest theory. But no latest theory lasts long ; it is quickly supplanted, and hence our inconstancy of thought. What is lightly taken up is dropped as lightly. Our theory becomes unfashionable, and we straightway are converts to the latest intellectual mode ; or it conflicts with our desires, and we straightway throw it away. In politics, in ethics, in religion, we fight, most of us, under banners whose signs we have never learnt to read ; and our allegiance is as easily given, and as easily denied, as an Italian *condottiere's*. Our boasted intellectual liberty has come to mean that we may change our beliefs for as little reason as we please. We are becoming creatures of chance without any scheme of life.

Older, soberer ages offered their plan of life and thought to the child, and taught him lessons of conduct and self-restraint. Thus he learnt to perceive design in life, and to introduce design into his own career. A beautiful life, a life whose age fulfils the dreams of its youth, as it has been well defined, a life fairly proportioned, whole and shapely, was thus presented to him as an object for which he might strive. But our schools are devoting themselves more and more to the art of money-making. Every day sees them more technical and less liberal. Even our universities themselves are infected, and we hear of proposals such as that of building a School of Agriculture at Cambridge. It is one of the curious features of our modern life, that while our primary schools have been expanding their syllabus, and including odds and ends of the beginnings of a liberal education, our higher schools have been developing with all their might what is so aptly called the Modern Side.

In short, life has been cut from its moorings, and our inner life is too exact a counterpart of our outer. There we are

endeavouring to revert to the nomadic stage of existence. We make our homes nowhere. We are passing guests, ever looking to our next removal. Permanent ties irk us, and we are fearful of engaging ourselves to the morrow. Families no longer are settled in some one place to which their wandering members may look to return. We mistake unending restlessness for activity, just as we mistake inconstancy for width of mind. Just as we seek comfort in one belief to-day and in another to-morrow, so too we shift from town to town, and from town to country, hoping to find less care-stricken minds beneath new skies; then, disappointed, we reverse the process, but are never still and never content. This is the fruit of our modern life, with its feverish competition, and endless journeyings upon the wings of the wind.

And not only the intensely poor and those who are taught ambition without being taught the just relations of things, not only poets among the insensible, and men of culture among those who think that wisdom is a mere question of accumulating knowledge, just as one may accumulate wealth, but a type, not necessarily included under any of these, also has its deep reason for discontent. This is that class of men who have sought in "scientific method" a system of ethics, a social philosophy, a metaphysic, as well as a complete and powerful instrument for investigating material nature. In the early days of the scientific movement it seemed that human progress was indubitable. The world's inheritance of remaining evils, moral as well as physical, was going to be dissipated by great and demonstrated truths. Life was going to become altogether a simpler matter. Life is the subject of severe, unbending laws,—that was the postulate. "Let us discover these laws," men said; "and then we can live without ever coming into contact with the inevitable; then we can reckon out our course with certainty; then we can have done with all the distracting doubts which beset us; then we can be as gods, knowing good and evil." Thus thinking they set out with high hope, to codify the laws of the physical and spiritual worlds. In the one, indeed, they met with great, wonderful, and deserved success. Province after province they circumscribed and brought within our possession. As we look back, it is impossible not to feel deep admiration for their untiring, disinterested perseverance, and sincere gratitude for the deliverance from many evils which they have accomplished, not

for themselves, but for the whole of the civilised world. But even in physical matters their success has not been, and, we may venture to believe, never will be, absolute and perfect. Unhappily modern medicine and surgery have lagged a little behind the increase of disease; and modern sanitation has been able only in part to compensate the dwellers in our overgrown cities for the deprivation of sunshine and fresh air. In the meantime efforts have been made to set up sciences of history, of morals, of religion. But in the mental world scientific method has not nearly succeeded in performing all that it promised. It has built up large theories, but they are insubstantial; it has hazarded brilliant guesses, but they are not convincing. In metaphysics it has been even more unfortunate than elsewhere. While its more prudent supporters have held their peace, as knowing that the final solution of the metaphysical problem is beyond the reach of man's intellect, its rasher adherents have bound themselves to the narrow theory of materialism, which has been tried and found wanting by the subtler philosophers of every age. In philosophy, therefore, it offers us nothing except an old and long discredited system; in history it has collected new facts, but for any great laws underlying history we still look in vain; in morals it has done nothing; in religion it has disturbed men's beliefs, but given them no certainty in exchange. Thus in the moral world it has led to chaos, to a confused, useless, wavering scepticism. Those who have pinned their faith on science, and hoped to interpret by its teaching the inner secrets of the universe, receive this for their reward.

Modern scepticism is seemingly so deep and permanent that those affected by it lose the power of belief. Even if such a one felt inclined to believe something a little out of the ordinary course of things, he would look round and seek for those who differed from him, and their doubt would suffice to destroy his faith. Even if there were one abstract truth, not mathematical, which the whole of Western Europe professed to believe, there certainly would not be lacking men to point out instances of whole generations believing a gross error. It seems as if no argument about things for which men care could be valid enough finally to establish truth. Has it not been written, "For nothing worthy proving can be proven"? But men have lost faith even in the existence of truth as a permanent thing. *Magna est veritas et prævalebit*: Huxley could quote these

words happier far in his belief than our generation in its lack of belief; but it, the generation which he taught, tells itself sadly that the prevalence of a belief is no voucher of its truth, and that the universal right reason to which he and older philosophers appealed, is nothing but a dream. Hence springs a discontent scarcely divine, but very weary and profound, far more desperate than purposeful,—the uneasy, all-embracing discontent of those who have fed themselves on illusion, and who cry that there is nothing but illusion. It is the poignant message written for all to read in *THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT*, a message not true of all of us, but of too many of the nobler ones among those who try to think and find a sure footing for themselves amid the confusion of the modern world.

The evils from which we suffer, then, are something more than material. True, we suffer from material evils, even amid this age of material progress. Our mechanical industrialism has called into being an over-great population, and collected it in large, unlovely cities; and civilisation, which is born in the small town, in the kindly intercourse of those who know one another, and in the wholesome control each exercises over his fellow citizens, receives no further impulse when we live in a crowd of strangers to whose love and blame we are indifferent. In our great cities, too, we are ever in the midst of terrible and sordid things, which every now and then betray themselves, emerging from their subterranean existence for a moment like the foul creatures which our prophet of the future has described in one of his romances. But the sources of our discontent are far more moral than material; and it is only those who can live without conscious moral hopes and aspirations who can breathe freely and easily in the modern atmosphere. For the rest, they must do the best they can with the thick medium which surrounds them, since they can reach no other. And for their comfort they may choose a philosophy of life, according as their character inspires them,—the philosophy of indifference, or of regret, or of hope.

The first is the philosophy natural to these days, and born of them. It serves as a sedative only by way of counter-irritation. After labouring for long in doubt, some have grown weary of their labours, and have said to themselves: "What is the use? We have convinced ourselves that there is no truth; we have tried

every opinion, and declare them all to be false. Then let those dispute who will; for the future all opinions shall be the same to us, good only to be laughed at."

Most of us imagine the pessimist to be one who lives with a gloomy brow, and who chooses to wander in romantic scenes where he shall see nothing to remind him of his race and its futilities. But this popular picture represents not the true pessimist, but one who is masquerading in that character. The philosopher of indifference is far more profoundly pessimistic. He does not fly into wild solitudes, because so long as the human animal is to live, it may as well secure for itself the material comforts of civilisation. He does not mourn over himself and his fellow-men because neither he nor they are worth regret. He laughs, because man, his aspirations and his dreams are so wholly vain, their mere existence is such a mockery, that belief in them or compassion for them seems most ridiculous of all. From this point of view what can be more unwise than human labour, what more foolish than disputes over theories, or than efforts to increase that sum of vanities which we call human knowledge? Who is more imbecile than the judge who condemns a martyr, unless it be the martyr who allows himself to be condemned?

This philosophy of indifference is, we have said, only sedative on the principle of counter-irritation. It is the resource of the weak. It is a passing phase with many of us in our periods of weakness. Fortunately, with the return of self-possession, those who have assumed abandon it; for it is not the only philosophy which may help us through the modern world. Beside it, and far preferable to it, is the philosophy of regret. This is the philosophy implicit in much of our modern verse,—indeed, the looking-back to a Golden Age, which is common to all poetries, shows evident traces of it. But our modern poetry, far more than any which preceded it, consists in the evocation of a past of beauty for the comfort of the present, that we may forget the present in thinking on the past. Is not this the poetry of Keats, of Shelley, and of so many others who could be cited?

It is not in itself a perfectly wise philosophy. To live in the past, to dream of modes of life and forms of thought which have irrevocably vanished, to muse over decaying ruins and to sicken with desire for a departed serenity and grace,—this indeed

is no worthy manner of life. But at least it is superior to mere indifference. It has ideals, though it can find no mortal type of them in the existing world. It has belief in the good, the beautiful, and the true; and unless we believe in them, these can find no place in our hearts. And more than this,—to understand and judge the present, we must deeply read the past. Those who know nothing of what men have been, have no standard by which to measure men as they are. For even though the past has always to reckon with the judgment of the future, yet the perished generations also have their revenge, looking on and compelling posterity to judge itself.

We ought not, then, to reproach those who would revive in our minds the memories of what men have been. Such reminders can only be painful to us when we need to be reminded, when in some way we have become inferior to our predecessors. And thus the philosophy of regret, which looks back to the past and inspires us to meditate on more beautiful lives and more rounded culture than our own, justifies itself, for it shows us how our lives are imperfect and where our culture is incomplete. It yields a standard of judgment and a point of aspiration.

Yet the regret of past things amid our troubled present is really no more than the beginning of a true and precious philosophy. Merely to look back implies that one sees neither present nor past with perfect justness. You are apt to overlook the virtues, or at least the potential virtues, of present times, as well as to ignore the vices and faults of the past in which you have found your ideal. A clearer vision than this is needed, for no period was ever so deeply sunk but that man might cherish hopes of it, and might even attempt its reformation with advantage to himself and it. To such wistful regret and backward-looking, then, which show us where our world is falling away and retrogressive, we must add what we may learn from the philosophy of hope, which seeks out the means whereby it may become progressive, above all in those points in which it is in error. Is not this what every prophet and reformer has always set himself to do? Is not this the only manner in which he may set about doing any good to his generation?

To such questions the despairing and materialist philosopher answers: "No doubt it is the only way; but it is a way foredoomed to failure. A man is impotent against the spirit of the age. It is what Savonarola tried to do at Florence, and

got burnt for his pains. Carlyle and Ruskin and Arnold and the Pre-Raphaelites, and some of our socialists, each in his different way, have been trying to do it ever since the beginning of the period, but what success have they met with? They might just as well never have tried at all."

But this answer scarcely presents the facts fairly. It is clearly at the very time that the spirit of the age is against him, that there is need of the reformer. It is not a matter of indifference whether the reformer tries or not, however small may be his tribute of success. His own science should have taught the indifferentist that there is no action void of its result. We know too well that Carlyle and Ruskin and the rest have not succeeded in altering the complexion of the age. But we know too how Carlyle looked back to whatever time and place could show him a trace of the heroic; how Ruskin sought the spirit of truth and reverence; how Arnold remembered the ages when man was statelier and more complete on all his sides; how William Morris regretted those times when each took a deeper, truer interest in the rest, and felt a greater responsibility for their welfare. Although none of their ideals has been established in the hearts of this generation, yet we have been swayed towards them. We have the memory of their example; our ideas are the richer by their thought. As a generation we are shallow and unstable in all our ways; but without them the minority had been yet smaller.

As a generation we are so inclined to cheat ourselves with words that we are in danger of losing the sense of realities. We speak of the spirit of the age as if it were some definite and concrete force independent of ourselves. We are like those Frenchmen who in 1870 looked for Paris to be guarded by the shadow of the name of a Republic. In the same spirit of unreality, we say, "We have a spirit of the age, and it is no use our fighting it." And this metaphysical abstraction keeps us as quiet as a nursery bogle keeps the children. After all, the spirit of the age stands for nothing but the wishes and inclinations of the majority; and the disease of our majority is that of not knowing their own mind. This surely should not make a too awe-inspiring enemy.

Other reasons besides the invertebrate character of our majority seem to justify our practice of the philosophy of hope. We do not mean that the causes of our discontents are going suddenly to disappear, but that we have grounds for belief that they are not

permanent factors. The mental chaos, which has been produced by the excursion of science into metaphysics, raising men's hopes of a solution and then dashing them, will certainly pass away, nay, it is already passing away. Then, too, many causes are promising to reduce the feverish competition of contemporary life. The growing power of the worker will certainly retard that wild haste which has had such baneful effects in the United States; indeed it is already made a complaint against him that he is doing so. The increase of population is returning to a more normal ratio, and this will be followed by a more permanent and rational distribution of it. But these things mean only the removal of external and disturbing factors. It will be for ourselves and our guides to remedy our inner defects, to recover a more sane and balanced culture, to learn to accept the facts of life with neither revolt nor despair, and to throw away our idle scepticism which says there is no good because a tiny portion of the human race seems to itself for a little while to have lost its way.

THE CHARM OF THE LOWER THAMES

It was my privilege, some few years ago, to own a friend whose talents were most clearly wasted amid the ledgers of a City office. The steam and oil of an engine-room, tempered by the river breezes, spelled happiness, and the dull routine of business keen misery to that unfettered soul. Hence it followed that in his hours of relaxation a steam-launch was necessary to his content; and, since neither his funds nor his studied recklessness of apparel were suited to the Upper Thames, he turned his attention to the wilder river below bridges. It was the habit of my brother and myself to share his follies, and thus, when a chance-read advertisement lured him to Rotten Row in the West India Docks, we formed his escort. There, where the derelicts of the river lie in an ease that is not dignified and plead for purchase, we found the *LYDIA*, who straightway won our hearts, and from that hour the Lower Thames had claimed us for its own.

In no sense of the word was the *LYDIA* an up-river craft; that fact, at least, was made apparent by the merest glance. I would that I had space for an adequate catalogue of her virtues and defects,—especially her defects. She had grown old in Government service, but her narrow, forty-foot hull was of good oak and still fairly sound; and there perhaps her soundness ended. She carried a high unsightly cabin aft, not unremotely resembling the roof of an antiquated bathing-machine, and forward was a flush forepeak, always abrim with lumber. In the former three very weary men might with difficulty contrive to sleep. Between these two was the tiny iron-roofed engine-room, a very inferno in warm weather when the fires were full. There, in its majesty, stood the aged single engine, always bad to cope with, and the boiler, not seldom worse. I am not certain that she would not have been dear at any price, but at

the time she seemed absurdly cheap. We bought her hurriedly, lest luckier folk should snap her up beneath our very eyes, and placed her in the hands of a leisurely expert, with most extravagant ideas as to the value of his time and skill, until at last she was repaired and fit in some degree for use.

And then in the Lower Thames we found a playground that wound itself about our hearts, we three who had been together at a certain public school, and who now earned our bread in the same dingy office. The wooded reaches of Cliveden and the like were not for us, nor did we mourn them. I do not seek for a moment to disparage those placid, gracious waters, dappled with light and shade, in which the splendours of the Quarry Woods are mirrored, on whose bosom may be seen the fairest faces and the daintiest dresses in the world; but as well might you compare a dancing girl with a grim, time-scarred mother of nations, as the pleasant upper reaches with the swift, grey, sinuous river that we loved. Perhaps it appealed to us from its contrast with the roaring, squalid city, perhaps because its waters and its breezes are salt with the restless sea.

Mine was ever the lesser part to sit above and steer, while B. and R. took spell and spell about with the sluggish fires and stubborn engine. But R. would be the first to admit that B. was the master spirit in that narrow place of torment, what time the sun was blazing down upon the iron roof, what time the steam was dropping and the water low, what time the engine clamoured for eternal rest from jangling toil. Then it was that the greatness hidden in B. was apparent to the eye, and we who had tested him awaited the issue of the struggle with sure hope. I can see him clearly now, clad ever in wrinkled blue dungarees, his canvas shoes oozing black, oily moisture as he trod, and the picture is very pleasing to my eyes. Few in the City would have recognised him, with torn black hands that ever grasped an oil-can or a spanner, with face that curiously attracted oil and coal-dust, with eyes that gazed undaunted upon the job in hand through steam-dimmed glasses. Then, when another victory was added to his roll, when once again the engine was grinding steadily under the care of R., he would retire aft to the little bench, while from his dungarees would come the old black clay that never broke, that was ever with us as an oriflamme, and he would beam upon the world through a fragrant cloud of birdseye.

We rented moorings above Westminster Bridge beneath the windows of St. Thomas's Hospital, and every Saturday throughout that summer found us upon the river. They are unforgettable, those lazy Saturday evenings through which we lounged upon the deck, in the peace of tobacco, watching the long line of lights that glimmered from the Embankment, looking upon a misty night as though smeared upon the oily, sullen water. The river seems almost at its best in those evening hours, slipping grey and ghost-like beneath the echoing bridges, beside the great groined Houses of Parliament that loom huge and splendid through the soft, summer dusk. But then, to those who love it well, the great river seems always at its best.

It is very still upon the water as the twilight deepens ; so still that the swish of the passing river is as the voice of sombre music. Sometimes you may faintly hear a rustle or a murmur from those seats upon the Embankment where London's outcasts seek their broken rest ; sometimes the harsh voice of a policeman comes to your ears as he disturbs some homeless wretch's sleep. But for the most part those ragged, shrunken figures are as still and silent as though Death had already called them to his peace. I have seen strange folk upon those seats at times, as we returned from a theatre to our boat, and once I saw a little group that I have never forgotten. It was midnight, and a middle-aged woman, well and quietly dressed, was seated upon one of the stone benches with two small boys in sailor suits beside her. The children were asleep with their heads upon her lap, but the woman was looking out across the swift, dark river. I have often wondered what was the story of those three.

Sometimes there comes the shrill echo of a woman's laughter from Westminster Bridge, that looms a dim shadowy line before our bows ; sometimes with noiseless oars a police-boat creeps by upon its dark patrol. But mostly the world is very silent, save for the river's low undying song, as we lie chatting softly or surrender ourselves utterly to the magic of the night and to the glamour of those dancing fairy lights. It comes with almost a shock when Big Ben rouses himself to thunder brazenly the unheeded passage of the hours.

But if the charm of those dreamy, shadowy evenings made sleep appear a needless sacrilege, there was fascination also about those early mornings when we crawled from the cabin to watch the sunlight dancing down the misty river. It is Sunday, and

the peace of the Sabbath seems to brood above the city that for a while has ceased its tireless clamour. Many bells are clanging dreamily through the drowsy air, and the sleepers upon the Embankment are rousing themselves stiffly from their chilly couches to welcome the sunshine with reddened, blinking eyes. The Houses of Parliament peer through the pearly London haze that would lend beauty and dignity to far less stately piles than these, which scarcely stand in need of added grace. But there is always much to be done aboard a steam-launch handled entirely by three not over skilful amateurs; breakfast must be prepared, and steam coaxed swiftly in the stubborn boiler if we would profit by the morning tide.

The sun has sucked the mist from the river when at last we cast off from our buoy and begin our way down stream. The LYDIA on slack water is capable of little more than four miles an hour, but, with a lusty six-mile tide beneath her, her steady jog is not to be despised. We glide past many barges, beneath several grimy bridges, and emerge at length upon the crowded Pool. Before us the Tower Bridge looms through the faint blue haze like the gates of a giant's castle; behind us are the dull, serviceable arches of London Bridge. Away to the left the sun's rays catch the gilding on the Monument, and beneath them the dome and cross of St. Paul's seem worthy of London's greatness. On either hand tower up long rows of wharves and warehouses. At such short range, without the glamour of the kindly haze, they are clear cut and hideous to the careless eye; even the river seems to flow darkly and squalidly beneath their walls. And yet it spells wealth and strength and fame, the ugly, dirty drabness of it all. It is because of these grim warehouses that those long lines of tangled shipping have found their way to London's Pool from the ends of all the world.

Now we are level with the Tower and, as ever, its trim stone walls and keep appear in striking contrast to the memories it evokes and the ghosts that must surely haunt its gloomy cells,—the ghosts of the men and women who wore out their hearts or suffered cruel tortures and red deaths behind those walls. They have passed to dust long since; their tears have dried upon the stones and left no stain; their cries have ceased to echo down the narrow ways; and the great cage that hid their agonies has something of the trim smugness of a child's toy castle. Perhaps that very primness of appearance accentuates the grim memories

of its black past, and it has at least worn bravely through the crowded deep-stained centuries. Now we dive under the Tower Bridge, and the dingy warehouses and lines of shipping glide past on either bow as the *LYDIA* settles steadily to her work. Three hoys are forging slowly up the stream towards us; the sun glints pleasantly upon their huge, dark red sails that are filled to cracking by a strong stern wind. They seem picturesquely out of place in this prosaic age, and there is a homely, old-fashioned smack about their very names. You can read them upon their bows as they surge by against the driving tide; —the *THOMAS SCHOLEY*, the *NINE ELMS*, and the *FARMER'S BOY*. They are past us, and the stern, dark tramp steamers upon either hand seem to have the air of sneering grimly at such toy-like, old-world craft.

Here, beyond that string of barges heaped with glittering coal, lies the *HERMANN*, of Bremerhaven, laden with ice. She is goodly to the eye, with her lofty, square-rigged spars tapering gracefully against the blue sky, her square black stern with its smart gold line, and her neat white deck-houses; yet she, too, seems but a dainty laggard upon an altered stage. Once all the seas were white with the fair sails of such as she, and surely one may spare a sigh for those more gracious years. The warehouses on either hand are giving way to wharves strewn with the plunder of the richest city in the world. Here are iron works with heaps of tubing, oil wharves with piles of casks, boiler works, chemical works, cold storage wharves. There is a timber wharf with wood in every shape and form, from huge grey trunks, with the memory of the forest breezes yet in their scarce cold sap, to mammoth yellow heaps of trim, sawn planks.

There is much colour on the river as that great alchemist the sun gleams out, changing the brown muddy water into liquid gold. Here is a sight to please an artist's eye; a huge clumsy hoy, the *WATER LILY* of Harwich, staggering up-stream with such a stack of yellow hay aboard that the spread of her great red spritsail is curtailed. Her skipper stands at the gilded wheel with his wife beside him; good solid homely folk, whose faces the salt winds have tanned to the colour of their sails. When he or his mate would go forward they must climb a ladder and cross the great golden stack that seems too huge and top-heavy for their craft. They sweep past us, a blaze of colour in the

sunlight, and round this bend Greenwich, with its two domes towering over pillars and colonnades of dirty white, swims into view.

Then down the long grey curves we slide until Greenwich, gleaming whitely, is but a memory, until squalid Woolwich is left far astern, until the banks have crept away from either rail and are well-nigh bare of huddling, close-packed wharves. We are upon the lonelier river, and have space to mark the scattered traffic of the Thames. Now it is a heavy cattle-boat limping past us upon its way up-stream, with its raffle of pens and its sour sweet reek that comes across the water. Then we curtsey and dance our way upon the ripples past a white timber-boat from Norway, sadly lopsided, thanks to a shifted cargo. Erith is reached and passed, and the picturesque old training-ship beyond the bend, and now we strain steadily for Gravesend. The river is glimmering beneath the sunshine, but the head-wind is delaying us sadly, for even here the conflict of wind and tide are lashing the water into a miniature sea. When the grey, sad, old town is reached and we have threaded our way through the crowded shipping, the river widens, and here there is a most definite lop upon the water. The *LYDIA*, too long for her beam, strains and pitches badly, and in a little while I am luckless enough to incur the loud-voiced reproaches of my shipmates. Perhaps I was dreaming of that day of triumph long ago, when Francis Drake and his *GOLDEN HIND*, deep laden with bright gold and brighter honour, passed up the Thames to hear the praises of the Virgin Queen; or perhaps around the long curve I was unduly anxious to save ground, and did not allow enough for the treacherous mud-flats. At any rate, the *LYDIA* runs heavily a-ground, and looks like sticking upon a falling tide. But B. and the engine rise to the occasion, the latter for once consenting to reverse, and we grind our way to safety in a long mud-churned curve.

The river grows ever wider as we plough along, and there is certainly more sea than the *LYDIA* cares about. There is no denying it; she was a disappointing sea-boat. B. pushes her as best he can, for we know well that when the tide begins to make upwards our progress will be small. The low dim shores upon either bow are wild and lonely, and the brown mud-flats revealed by the falling tide give a touch of dreariness to the scene. And yet, somehow, there is something about it all that appeals more

strongly to our hearts, than the smooth prettiness of the Upper Thames. Here, at least, is a world untortured into shapeliness by the cunning, relentless hand of man.

A flag-staff leaps up out of the misty distance, and we know that we are nearing Hole Haven and our journey's end. Behind that slim white spar lies Canvey Island, the ancient home of smugglers, with its little, half Dutch village that three hundred years have lacked the power to change. We do not readily forget our first entrance to the quaint little port, when we headed the LYDIA straight through the dusk in our ignorance of the channel. A certain rescuing coastguard reaped rich harvest upon that occasion, which was but an incident in the course of a rash and well-nigh fatal attempt to take our boat round to Yarmouth; and we are wiser now. We pick out the landmarks with the cunning of old salts, and bring the LYDIA to an anchorage without mishap.

Many such voyages, not all as peaceful or free from peril as the one that I have sketched, did we make in the course of two golden summers, and they are pleasant to remember now that the LYDIA has passed to the Valhalla of her kind. I am conscious that I have sadly failed to reproduce the fascination of the old grey river; the charm of its deep-sea ships, the charm of its wild red sunsets, and the charm of London City dimly seen through the deep blue haze. Yet is it very real and strong to those with eyes to see, and generous to its lovers of memories that the long years may scarcely take away.

JOHN BARNETT

THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS

A CONSPICUOUS object in the House of Commons is a large armchair of heavy oak, upholstered in dark green leather, at the bar, raised a few feet above the level of the floor, just inside the swing-doors of the main entrance to the Chamber. It is the Serjeant-at-Arms's chair. The Serjeant-at-Arms is the chief executive officer of the House of Commons. He it is who is charged with the duty of preserving decorum in the Chamber and its precincts, of executing the warrants of the House against persons it has adjudged guilty of breaches of its privileges or contempt of its dignity ; and it is he who backs with force, when force is necessary, the "Order, order!" of Mr. Speaker. He sits in his chair, facing the Speaker, picturesquely clad in a black cut-away coat, open at the breast to show the daintiest of ruffles in the whitest of cambric (of which dandies in the times of the Georges were so fond), knee-breeches, black silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles ; and, as the symbol of the power and authority of his office, a rapier in its scabbard is girt to his side. Yet his voice has never been heard in the House. It is rarely necessary for the Speaker to give him an order in words, and a reply or explanation from him is never needed.

The Serjeant-at-Arms is appointed by the King personally. He receives a salary of £1,200, and has an official residence in the Palace of Westminster. The deputy Serjeant-at-Arms, who, wearing the same official dress as the Serjeant-at-Arms, takes turns at sitting on guard in the big chair at the bar, has a salary of £800 a year, and also lives in the palace rent free. There is also an assistant Serjeant-at-Arms, who, however, never appears on the floor of the House, but attends to the administrative work of the office outside the Chamber. He has £500 a year and £150 as an allowance for a house. The department of the Serjeant-at-Arms costs altogether £10,000 a year, for, in addition

to his deputy and assistant, there are also two door-keepers and nineteen messengers (recognised by their brass chains and badges of Mercury), who are his first reserves in the maintenance of order in the House, and many attendants and assistants of various kinds.

It is not alone to "strangers" who have offended the dignity and majesty of the House of Commons that the Serjeant-at-Arms is an awe-inspiring personage. Even the representatives of the people may have occasion to shiver at the dread touch of his hand on their shoulder. Of the large number of new Members returned at the General Election, few are probably aware of the fact (which, indeed, is not generally known even to old Members) that the Clock Tower contains a suite of rooms for the confinement of legislators who may be pronounced guilty by the House of some serious breach of its privileges or some outrage on its decorum. A Member of Parliament arrested on the warrant of the Speaker was formerly sent, like strangers guilty of breaches of privilege, to Newgate or to the Tower. But in the building of the Palace of Westminster prison-accommodation was specially provided for legislators and strangers committed by the House to the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms.

The prison of the House of Commons is situated about half-way up the Clock Tower, and under the home of that popular London celebrity, Big Ben, probably the best known clock in the whole world. There are two suites of apartments, each consisting of two bed-rooms,—one for the prisoner, and the other for one of the Serjeant-at-Arms's messengers, who acts as gaoler—and a sitting-room. There is, therefore, accommodation for two prisoners and two gaolers in the Clock Tower, which so far has been found more than sufficient.

Access to these rooms is obtained only through the residence of the Serjeant-at-Arms, who is responsible for the safe keeping of a prisoner of Parliament. Their windows command a view of the Thames and Westminster Bridge on one side, and of Palace Yard on the other. Imprisonment under any conditions is, perhaps, an undesirable position, but it must be said that in the Clock Tower it is deprived of all its terrors and most of its inconveniences. The prisoner may rise when he pleases; his meals are supplied from the catering department of the House of Commons, and he can have what he likes,—at his own expense. After breakfast he is allowed an hour's recreation on the terrace, accompanied by his gaoler and a police-officer in plain clothes,

and he may take the air also in the evening. Should his term of imprisonment extend over Sunday, he may attend service in St. John's Church, close to the Palace of Westminster, to which he is accompanied by his guards.

The practice of the House of Commons, in recent times, was to commit a person guilty of any violation of its privileges to the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, to be detained during its pleasure. The imprisonment generally continued until the prisoner expressed contrition for his offence, or the House resolved that he be discharged. But before he was free to go he had to pay a substantial fee to the Serjeant-at-Arms for locking him up, and seeing that he did not escape. The last occupant of the prison was Mr. Bradlaugh, the Member for Northampton. His confinement for twenty-four hours, in 1880, was an episode in his exciting contest with the House of Commons on his claim to be allowed, as an atheist, to take his seat without having to use, in the oath of allegiance, the expression, *So help me God!* Mr. Bradlaugh in a conversation about his prison experiences stated that, while the quarters were comfortable and the confinement by no means irksome, the terrible reverberation of the bells, when Big Ben struck the quarters and the hours, allowed him but little sleep.

Contumacy on the part of a Member of Parliament nowadays would hardly be visited by imprisonment. Among the expressions which are considered out of order are treasonable or seditious words, the use of the Sovereign's name insultingly, or with a view to influence debate, offensive or insulting references to the character and proceedings of Parliament, personal attacks on Members of the House, allusions to matters pending judicial decision in the courts of law, and reflections on judges or other persons in high authority. The Speaker, or the Chairman of Committees, has also the power, after having called attention three times to the conduct of a Member who persists in irrelevance, or in tedious repetition, to direct him to discontinue his speech. If a Member's conduct is grossly disorderly, or if he refuses to apologise for an unparliamentary expression, the Speaker or Chairman orders him to withdraw immediately from the House and its precincts for the remainder of the sitting, and should he refuse to leave he is forcibly removed by the Serjeant-at-Arms and his messengers. If suspension for the remainder of the sitting be deemed by the Speaker or the Chairman an

inadequate punishment for the breach of order, the offending Member may be named. The Speaker or the Chairman simply says, "I name you, James Thomas Millwright." The motion of suspension which follows the naming of a Member is moved by the Leader of the House, or, in his absence, by another Minister. It is simply and briefly worded, to this effect: "I beg to move that James Thomas Millwright, Member for Little Peddlington, be suspended from the service of the House." It is put to the House immediately, no amendment or debate, or even an explanation by the offending Member, being allowed. If the offence has been committed in Committee, the proceedings are at once suspended, the Speaker is sent for, the House resumes, and the Chairman reports the circumstances. The motion of suspension is then moved by the Minister and put by the Speaker. The Member thus suspended must forthwith quit the precincts of the House, a term officially interpreted as "the area within the walls of the Palace of Westminster." It will be noticed that the period of suspension is not mentioned in the motion. Formerly, the Standing Orders provided that for the first offence it was to be one week, for the second a fortnight, and for each further offence one month. But by amendments to the Orders made in February, 1902, the suspension continues in force till the end of the Session, unless previously rescinded. Suspension involves the forfeiture of the right of entry to the lobby, the smoking-room and dining-room, the library, the terrace, and, indeed, to any portion of the Palace; but it does not exempt the Member from serving on any Committee for the consideration of a Private Bill to which he has been appointed, which is considered an additional hardship.

If too large a number of Members to be coped with effectively by the force at the command of the Serjeant-at-Arms disregard the authority of the Chair, the Speaker, by powers vested in him in February, 1902, may forthwith adjourn the House. The new Standing Order was designed to cope with such a scene of disorder as that which occurred a short time previously, when a force of police was brought into the Chamber by Mr. Speaker Gully to remove a number of the Irish Members who, as a protest against being closed, refused to take part in the division. "In the case of grave disorder, arising in the House," it runs, "the Speaker may, if he thinks it necessary to do so, adjourn the House without question put, or suspend any sitting for a time to

be named by him." In other words, the Speaker can turn out the lights and the reporters, leaving the disorderly Members to cool their anger in privacy and in darkness.

The House has also the power of expulsion. This punishment is resorted to only in the case of a Member guilty of a gross criminal offence. Strangely enough, it does not disqualify for re-election, if the expelled Member could persuade a constituency to accept him. But to name a Member is the highest coercive authority vested in the Speaker, or Chairman, for dealing with disorderly conduct in the House.

But only those who have had the good fortune to be present in the House of Commons on one of those rare occasions when some violator of the privileges of the Legislature is brought to the bar for judgment have seen the Serjeant-at-Arms in all his glory. Parliament can itself redress its wrongs and vindicate its privileges. It acknowledges no higher authority. It has the power summarily to punish disobedience of its orders and mandates, indignities offered to its proceedings, assaults upon the persons, or reflections upon the characters, of its Members, or interference with its officers in the discharge of their duties. The Serjeant-at-Arms can arrest, under the warrant of the Speaker issued by order of the House, any person anywhere within the limits of the kingdom. In the execution of the warrant he can call on the aid of the civil power. If he thinks it necessary he can even summon the military to his assistance. He can break into a private residence between sunrise and sunset, if he has reason to suspect that the person he is in search of is inside.

The Serjeant-at-Arms brings his prisoner to the House of Commons. A brass rod is pulled out from the receptacle in which it is telescoped, and stretched across the line which marks the technical boundary of the Chamber at the bar. The sight of that glittering rod is then as thrilling as the spectacle of the judge fixing on his black cap to impose the sentence of death. Behind the rod stands the prisoner. To his right is the Serjeant-at-Arms, carrying the glittering mace on his shoulder. At the other end of the Chamber, standing on the dais of the Chair, is Mr. Speaker, in his flowing silk gown, his face sternly set under his huge wig,—an awful figure indeed—delivering in the weightiest words he can command, amid the dramatic hush of the crowded Chamber, the sentence or reprimand of the House on the scorners or violators of its ancient privileges.

In former times the prisoner at the bar was compelled to receive judgment kneeling. In February, 1751, a Scottish gentleman named Alexander Murray (brother of the Master of Elibank), having, in the course of a contested election at Westminster, under the very shadow of the House, spoken disrespectfully of the authority of that august assembly, was brought to the bar in custody. But so unimpressed was he by the crowded benches, by Mr. Speaker Onslow in wig and gown, by the Serjeant-at-Arms with the mace on his shoulder, that he flatly declined to kneel, though the Speaker sternly roared at him, "Your obeisance, sir! You forget yourself! On your knees, sir!" "Sir," said Murray, "I beg to be excused; I never kneel but to God." "On your knees, sir!" again cried the Speaker. "Your obeisance,—you must kneel." But down on his knees Murray stoutly declined to go. "That," said he, "is an attitude of humbleness which I adopt only when I confess my sins to the Almighty." The House declared that this obstinacy aggravated his original offence. "Having in a most insolent, audacious manner, at the bar of the House, absolutely refused to go upon his knees," so ran the resolution of the House, "he is guilty of a high and most dangerous contempt of the authority and privileges of this House." Murray was committed to Newgate, and so close was his confinement that he was denied the visits of friends, and the use of pen, ink, and paper. Committal to prison by Parliament lapses at the end of the Session. Accordingly, when Parliament was prorogued the doors of Murray's prison had to be flung open. The House of Commons, however, was not satisfied that three or four months' incarceration had adequately purged the Scotsman of his audacious offence. Next Session a fresh warrant for his committal was made out and the Serjeant-at-Arms went to his house to arrest him; but he had fled, and though a reward of £500 was offered for his discovery, he was never captured.

Twenty years afterwards the custom requiring prisoners to kneel at the bar of the House of Commons was abolished. The last prisoner to suffer this indignity was a journalist, Mr. Baldwin, the publisher of *THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE*. On March 14th, 1771, he was arrested for publishing a report of the proceedings of the House, and was compelled to prostrate himself abjectly at the bar while the Speaker scolded him for having dared to inform the electors of the doings of their representatives in Parliament. In 1772 a Standing Order was passed,—inspired,

as John Hatsell, the Clerk of the House, ingenuously suggests, by "the humanity of the House"—by which it was ordered that in future delinquents should receive the Speaker's judgment standing. Perhaps the action of the House was accelerated by the cutting irony of the remark of Baldwin. On rising from his knees, after being censured, he said as he brushed the dust from his clothes, "What a damned dirty House." Perhaps the House preferred to allow culprits to stand at the bar rather than run the risk, by making them kneel, of exposing its majestic self any longer to such ridicule.

The Peers, however, have never formally renounced this custom by Standing Order. Warren Hastings was obliged to kneel at the bar of the House of Lords on being admitted to bail, in 1787, on his impeachment; and again, at the opening of his trial in the following year, he remained on his knees until directed to rise by the Lord Chancellor. "I can," he afterwards wrote, half pathetically and half indignantly, "with truth affirm that I have borne with indifference all the base treatment I have had dealt to me,—all except the ignominious ceremonial of kneeling before the House." Even on being called to the bar to hear his acquittal announced by the Lord Chancellor, eight years subsequently, he had to undergo the same humiliating ordeal. But the Lords have not for many years now required a prisoner at the bar to kneel.

Persons of all sorts and descriptions, as the journals of the House show, have stood at the bar of the Commons not only for disobedience of the orders of the House, for indignities offered to its character or proceedings, for insults to Members, for reflections on their character and conduct in Parliament, for interference with the officers of the House in the discharge of their duties, but also to give evidence in enquiries instituted by the House, to plead some cause, or to receive the thanks of the House for services to the State. Samuel Pepys has stood there, to defend himself against charges of dereliction of duty as an official of the Navy Office. To fortify himself for the ordeal he drank at home half a pint of mulled sack, and just before being called to the bar he added a dram of brandy. So completely did he answer the accusations that he and his fellow officials were acquitted of all blame. Titus Oates, the perjurer, has stood there to relate the particulars of his Popish Plot. The great Duke of Wellington received at the bar the thanks of the

House of Commons, for his services in the Peninsular Campaign. Mrs. Clarke, the discarded mistress of the Duke of York, appeared there to give evidence in support of the charge brought against his Royal Highness of having, as Commander-in-Chief, bartered in Army Commissions, a charge that was declared not proven, though it led to the Duke's resignation. Warren Hastings stood there as a witness, close on thirty years after his impeachment. Members cheered him on his appearance, and when he retired they rose and uncovered. Daniel O'Connell, the first Roman Catholic elected to Parliament since the Revolution, stood there in 1828 to plead, and plead in vain, that he should be allowed to take his seat without subscribing to the oath which declared his faith to be idolatrous and blasphemous, an abjuration, however, that was abolished by the Catholic Emancipation Act which was passed in the following year.

Persons not so distinguished or notorious have also stood at the bar, in the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, charged with whimsical breaches of privilege. A man named Hyde, who tried to obtain admission to Westminster Hall at the impeachment of Warren Hastings, was rudely jostled into Palace Yard by a policeman. Hyde had the constable served with a summons for assault. For this Hyde was arrested by the Serjeant-at-Arms, on the order of the House, brought to the bar, and actually committed to prison, for a breach of privilege in having attempted to bring an officer of the House before the ordinary legal tribunals of the land. But perhaps the most amusing instance remains to be told. Dick Martin, a well-known Irish Member in the early years of the nineteenth century (founder of the excellent Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals), was greatly perturbed to find in a London newspaper some passages of his speech in the House, the previous night, printed in italics. He complained to the House of having been misrepresented, and the reporter (who happened to be a fellow-countryman of Mr. Martin) was brought to the bar for a breach of privilege. The journalist pleaded that the report was absolutely correct. "It may be," replied the indignant Irish representative, "but I defy the gentleman to prove that I spoke in italics." In this case the culprit was dismissed amid the laughter of the House.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF CAMOËNS

At the mouth of the wide delta formed by the Canton river the Portuguese town of Macao marks the introduction of European commerce to far Cathay. This outpost of maritime Portugal was the thin end of the wedge intended to cleave a way into the heart of the Chinese Empire, an unknown region veiled in the clouds of fancy and regarded as a virgin source of fabulous wealth. The establishment of a foreign colony was contrary to the letter of Chinese law, but the astute Portuguese obtained a measure of toleration by dislodging a band of pirates who infested those island-studded waters, concealing their booty in the vast caves which honeycombed the splintèred cliffs overshadowing the intricate channels. Sheds were erected on pretence of paying tribute to China. A mandarin ostensibly governed Macao in the name of the emperor, and a wall built across the narrow isthmus occupied by the new settlements prevented Europeans from entering Chinese cities or passing their own jealously watched boundaries. The wave of fresh life beating on the shore of stagnant China wore away the national prejudice; the mandarins of the overcrowded empire began to recognise the advantages of foreign commerce, and the colonisation of Macao by Portuguese merchants, with their wives and families, met with little opposition from the Chinese Government.

Crumbling streets of white houses gay with blue porcelain tiles, and broad squares shaded by pink oleanders, and feathery pepper trees overhanging marble fountains, recall the palmy days of medieval Portugal, the exotic colouring of the picture being emphasised by the contrasting character of the Chinese background. The twin towers of a ruined cathedral crown the hill sloping to the exquisite bay; fantastic islets lie like a broken string of amethysts on an azure shield, and the mountain peaks bounding the prospect cut sharply into the

shadowless atmosphere which interprets the harsh realism of Chinese art. The Praya, loveliest of marine esplanades, follows the curving coast line, a lovely scene when bathed in the radiance of a cloudless sunset. A motley population throngs the rickety wharves, European, Chinese, and Malay. Women in lace mantillas, with red flowers in their black hair, wear the hereditary costume retained since the days when the galleons and caravels of the great navigating power bore their enterprising ancestors to these Eastern shores. The commercial importance of Macao is still considerable, though she has become an Oriental Monaco, preying on the ruling passion of China and reaping a rich harvest from myriad victims. The gaming-tables in Portuguese hands pay for all the municipal costs of Macao, and provide a large surplus for the officials of the gambling dens, though all provisions and beverages are supplied gratis to the players. Fan-tan, the universal game, has the merit of ensuring fair play, the method of doubling the fourth part of the stake, and the rules concerning the distribution of chances, being simple and straightforward. The Chinese sit round the red tables on the ground-floor, European players being accommodated in an open balcony overhead, their stakes and winnings conveyed up and down in baskets slung on wires, like the receptacles used for giving change in European shops. Obsequious attendants press supplies of tea, lemonade, sandwiches, and fruit upon the visitors, and the Chinese players observe an unbroken silence, for these inveterate gamblers are far too eager for speech, though no trace of excitement stirs their stolid countenances. Stakes are low, but tables remain full, for crowds come in when shops are shut during the noonday heat to permit of the siesta enjoyed by Lusitanian tradition.

An old-world charm lingers round the arched halls and colonnades of the great silk factory, for the famous Portuguese industry manifests the poetry if not the dignity of labour. Every stage of the silk process may be studied, from the worm on the mulberry leaf to rich brocades or fairy fabrics apparently spun from moonlight and mist. Here we may imagine ourselves in the Lusitania of the West. Dark-eyed mothers rock brown babies cradled at their feet: sunburnt children with tangled curls wind the shining skeins, or carry baskets of cocoons; and girls with flower-decked hair croon the old ballads of their race as they ply the darting shuttles. Stately women with red bandannas twisted round

their glossy braids, keep order in the noisy throng, and plunge the webs of white or primrose silk into boiling cauldrons. Ragged boys, whose energy appears restricted to their tongues, lie on the brick floor, their bare feet swinging the cords of the huge fans which dry the sodden skeins, the frequent cessation of the winnowing process meeting with kicks from exasperated foremen emerging from clouds of steam, or with torrents of abuse from female custodians. The shadowy vistas, the ancient machinery, the gleam of feathery floss from whirring wheels, the glowing colours of silks hanging from rafters above the dyeing vats, and the sumptuous designs growing into floral beauty on the hand-looms, combine with picturesque individuality and the grace of movement inherent in Latin blood to produce a dramatic scene suggestive of CARMEN. Life in the sunny square, where the Portuguese inhabitants solace themselves with smoking, sipping sherbets, and listening to an effete military band, shows that Macao is Portugal with a difference. The unsympathetic atmosphere of China, the pig-tailed contingent of contemptuous Celestials in their long blue robes, and the apathetic sadness which invariably overshadows a far-away settlement, convey a sense of depression in this Lusitanian town planted three centuries ago on alien shores. *Ave Maria* peals from the tall belfries of white-washed churches furnished with colossal crucifixes and crudely coloured images of Mary and the saints; but devotion has dwindled in this uncongenial environment, and the fiery fervour of olden days, when the Jesuits lighted the torch of faith in Eastern lands, has long since cooled.

Spacious houses dot the green hillside, the modest mansions of Portuguese officials. The white villa and ilex-shadowed garden of Luis de Camoëns, the exiled poet of medieval Portugal, remaining unchanged, and affording the climax of interest to the European traveller.

A scion of an ancient but untitled family connected with Don Jaime's brilliant and cultured court, Luis de Camoëns possessed that *Foro de Fidalgo*, or patent of gentle birth constituting a Lusitanian aristocrat, rather than the title which in medieval Portugal, as in modern England, became cheapened by indiscriminate bestowal. At the royal palace he met Caterina de Atayde, a beautiful maid-of-honour to Catherine of Austria, and the face of the world was changed for the lover, whose passionate heart recognised the court lady as the inspiration of his life.

She became the poet's Beatrice, whom he worshipped with ideal devotion. The joy of mutual love was darkened by continual peril, for death was the frequent penalty of wooing a maid-of-honour in those despotic days. As Caterina leaned from her lattice in the moonlight, to hear the serenade sung in the black shadow of a towering cypress, the tryst was discovered, and banishment to the wild solitudes of the upper Tagus was the poet's first taste of exile. Sorrow and separation only tuned his lute to sweeter music, and Caterina's powerful family procured his further banishment to Northern Africa, where "he baptized his sword and washed his spear" in constant warfare with savage tribes, varied by brief spells of lion-hunting in the Numidian mountains. At length the three weary years dropped into their grave of sand, and Camoëns returned to Portugal, but, having wounded a palace lackey in a street brawl, he was punished by a third exile to India. In the bitterness of his aching heart he complained that "sins only worthy of three days in Purgatory are chastised with three thousand days of vengeance," literally nine years of cruel expatriation. Wearying of Goa, then the stately capital of Portuguese India in the zenith of her splendour, the spirit of adventure lured him to the Spice Islands of the tropic seas, which impressed their enchanting loveliness on mind and fancy. A raid on Cochin China, to aid a local rajah who sought Portuguese protection, followed the dreamy cruise among the palm groves and nutmeg forests of the fairy archipelago, and in 1556 Camoëns was ordered to China, where Portuguese villainy had provoked reprisals, Mendez Pinto and his band of merchant adventurers having embroiled their Government by robbing the treasure tombs of seventeen Chinese kings.

The prosaic duties of a Portuguese commissary, the weariness of exile, the pain of separation from all he held dear, and the constant fret of enforced idleness were ingredients of the bitter cup which eventually braced and concentrated the commanding genius of the court poet. The noble epic of the *LUSIADS*, celebrating the Portuguese conquest of India, was already begun, but the dismal isolation of Macao and the absence of social distractions in the actual China, which proved such a melancholy travesty of the Cathay of dreamland, seem to have matured and perfected the poet's powers. The immortal song was completed in the rugged grotto above the grey rocks which bound the secluded garden from whence the exile's longing eyes gazed so

wearily on the dividing seas. The music of the waves beating upon the crags echoes through the glorious epic, wherein mythology and history, love and ambition, hope and despair, weave the changing harmonies of the choral song which immortalised the poet and his theme.

Outside the dusky grotto the bronze bust of Camoëns crowns a monolith wreathed with the laurels which now make an ever-green wall round the historic spot. Every side of the grey obelisk bears a tribute of laudatory inscriptions from the great poets of other lands, to whom this dream-haunted garden of Macao is holy ground.

Distinguished by personal beauty, winning charm, and dauntless courage, Camoëns was swayed by the ruling passions of patriotism and love. The reckless improvidence and immoral lapses of a headstrong and turbulent youth marred the early promise of greatness, but the winds of adversity scattered the leaves and enabled the fruit to set, though the fame destined to ring across the world came too late to bring any personal consolation. Few of the poet's own contemporaries believed that "the idle singer of an empty day" in the brilliant court of medieval Portugal would afterwards be crowned among the immortals, though the passion and pathos of the *LUSIADS* at once aroused the attention of literary Europe. Camoëns leaves on record that his daily solace as he sat in the dim twilight of his wave-washed grotto was the ancient psalm of exile, *By the Waters of Babylon*. The weeping willows planted on the edge of the little promontory carried out the mournful symbolism of the Hebrew chant as they swayed to the rhythmic murmur of wind and tide, while the banished poet wove his own sad story into the sacred song. The melody of the *LUSIADS* was made in heaviness and the exile's harp tuned in a strange land, but the lofty strains of eternal music rang out clear and true from his unconquered soul.

After long years of sorrow and suffering Camoëns was recalled to Portugal, but relentless fate still pursued him. Escaping as by a miracle from shipwreck, he reached land on a floating spar, choosing to save his literary work at the cost of all he possessed. The modest competence amassed in Macao was lost, and he was utterly destitute. He speaks of "woes succeeding woes," but the cruellest blow was yet to fall. The long and perilous voyage, delayed by shipwreck, poverty, and sickness, was nearly over,

and brightening hope revived in the exile's heart as he drew near home, but when the ship touched at some Mediterranean port the tidings of Caterina's death awaited him. True to the last, she left him the riband from her hair, loosening the golden tresses with her dying hands, and praying only that her faithful lover might return in time to close the longing eyes described in one of his exquisite sonnets as "the sweetest eyes that e'er were seen."

Plague was raging at Lisbon; the Court had fled to the summer palace of Almeiram, and no place was found for a poor poet, though even the Inquisition dared not molest the author of the *LUSIADS*. A faithful Javanese servant begged for his master during the night, for they both depended on public charity for their daily bread. "My Javan asketh of me only two groats to buy my charcoal, and I have them not to give!" writes the heart-broken poet, unable even to ward off cold, intensified by years of tropical heat, with the tiny brazier of the Portuguese poor. Tradition tells that Camoëns himself begged for bread on the Alcantara bridge, generally thronged with passengers, so dire were the straits to which the greatest genius of Portugal was reduced. A Carmelite friar who administered the last sacraments to the poet, as he rapidly sank beneath the burden of poverty, neglect, and forgetfulness, asserts that he died in the hospital without even a sheet to cover him, for the charitable institutions of the Middle Ages could seldom afford more than bare shelter and scanty food for the multitude of homeless and destitute applicants. Even the grave of Camoëns is now unknown, for the church wherein he was buried was soon afterwards destroyed by an earthquake, and the site was lost. The tragic story of this ruined life bears eternal witness to the ingratitude of the nation whose fame was immortalised by the stately epic of the *LUSIADS*.

Student, soldier, traveller, naturalist, historian, musician, and poet,—the prince of Portuguese song crowded into one brief career enough of stirring events to fill centuries of ordinary life. The tumultuous episodes of a stormy youth were bitterly atoned for, though the undisciplined character gained strength and steadfastness from the furnace of sorrows into which it was plunged to harden and temper the yielding steel. Caterina's short life of thirty years was not spent in vain, for the golden thread of an ideal and chivalric love inextricably woven into the warp and

woof of a many-sided temperament was the infrangible cord which upheld the poet through the long years of adversity, those "sighing years" to which "the poor, tired, wandering singer" alludes so mournfully.

The deep sadness of that bitter past seems still brooding over the dim garden of Macao, where the thronging shadows of the hoary ilex-trees shroud the green pleasaunce in perpetual gloom. The garish sunshine sparkling on blue sea and purple mountain fails to penetrate the dense black canopy of over-arching boughs; the sombre avenues, the moss-clad grotto, and the whispering willows on the rocks suggest vivid impressions of the hapless poet, once the living centre of the unaltered landscape. The white villa of Camoëns, still a Government office, retains no memorial of the illustrious exile beyond a battered writing-table of doubtful authenticity, and the garden which he loved remains more closely associated with his memory than the house where he spent the prosaic hours of uncongenial toil. The green boughs of shining laurel now growing in wild luxuriance round the bronze bust and marble column present the only new feature in the consecrated scene of sorrow and song, investing it, as though in bitter irony, with memorial wreaths of the fame which forgot the living but crowned the dead with unfading glory.

THE PERVERSITY OF GOLF-BALLS

OF all the balls used in the realm of sport the golf-ball is the most perverse. A football has been known to seek adventures on the sluggish waters of a canal ; a cricket-ball has been extracted from out of a rainwater pipe ; while tennis-balls have behaved in an extraordinary manner on more than one occasion, even to the length of splitting a lady's parasol ; but the ways of the balls used in these sports are angelic in comparison with the habits and customs of the golf-ball.

The golf-ball, notwithstanding its core of india-rubber, is the most hard-hearted ball fabricated. A player may imagine that he is on good terms with his ball when he is playing at the top of his game ; but careful study of the golf-ball and its peculiar code of morals only shows that the little white pillule on these occasions is biding its time, and is merely encouraging the man behind the club for the purpose of letting him down badly when confidence has lured him on to taking upon himself some heavy task. And not only is it conscienceless, but it is also entirely bereft of the sporting instinct.

Give a golf-ball half a chance to lose itself, and it will immediately accept it. No ball with a grain of sporting instinct, after it had been hit hard and true from off the tee, would seek to hide itself, but a golf-ball will do so without a moment's thought. Indeed, to achieve its object when the lie is too good for it to hide in any other manner, this conscienceless sphere will so disguise its appearance that amid the daisies it will take the most lynx-(or should it be links-) eyed of caddies to differentiate it from those humble flowers that invoke the poet's praise and the golfer's anathema. How different from the Haskell is the football ! No one ever saw a football looking like a daisy.

The naturalist, desirous of emphasising the marvels of Nature, is never tired of bringing before the notice of local branches of the

Young Men's Christian Association the marvellous adaptability of the chameleon. "What other beast," says the lecturer on these occasions, "can in itself rival the colour scheme of a pyrotechnical display at the Crystal Palace?" He never receives a reply; yet every golfer knows that the beastly ball he so diligently pursues can defeat the chameleon at its own game,—six up and four to play—with the greatest regularity.

White, green, sand-coloured, yellow, or black, the golf-ball can adapt itself to its surroundings in every phase of lie. The story to the effect that a golf-ball was seen to burst itself in a vain endeavour to assume a slightly cerulean hue after its owner had played five-and-twenty strokes in the bunker guarding the Death or Glory hole is a lie of another description.

There is a farmer somewhere in the Isle of Wight who has discovered in a local golf-club a scheme for amassing wealth that will speedily put him in position to give libraries to all applicants. It will be assumed that the Cræsus in embryo farms out all his family and his wife's relations as caddies. Such an approach-shot, however, is short of the truth, for in reality he is an agriculturist of an entirely different character, and does not even train his live-stock to simulate death when a golf-ball alights in anything approaching close proximity to them. It is common knowledge that certain of the unscrupulous have ere this trained fox-terriers to retrieve balls that alight at a hole that is blind to the driver who follows the short-sighted policy of not sending on an advance caddy; but it is not due to subterfuges such as this that Vectis claims a son of the soil who is willing to admit that farming as a profession has been too extensively deprecated.

The club in question is situated by the sad sea shore; the farm in question, some distance away, also runs down to the sands, that are as golden to their tenant as a Pierrot site at Scarborough is to the Municipal Fathers. The golfer proceeds to the tee-ing off spot, tees up his ball, mentally imagines that he is standing on a species of gridiron, and places his feet in the position required by a famous professional when instructing the neophyte how and how not to play,—in the latter of which pursuits, it may be said in passing, the golfer *in futuro* instinctively knows far more than his instructor. He draws his clubs back slowly, he keeps in his wrists, and his right elbow is glued to his side, while his eyes are riveted on the ball, but not so firmly that he cannot with their aid follow its course as it sails

gaily out to sea. The seasoned player likewise tees up the ball, but if the tee-ing ground is large enough he places his feet where he likes. The onlooker does not notice his elbows, and his wrists do not catch the eye, for everything about him works like part of an intricate machine possessing, what no machine can ever possess, a movement that is the epitome of all that is humanly graceful. The ball at first keeps low, so low indeed that it appears to be about to fly into the embrace of the all-embracing bunker, but at this juncture it rises majestically as an eagle ascends from its eyrie, and all the time the lonely watcher on the shore is praying for a stiff land-breeze. It comes; the ball gladly yields to its persuasive whispering to depart from the straight path of rectitude, and descends like a bolt from the blue into the waters that lave our shores. The golfer—what of him? He, after summing up the situation in a few well-chosen words, drops another ball, and plays his third plump into the bunker. Then cometh the—that is to say, the lonely watcher on the shore waiteth for the tide to turn and deposit at his feet the never-failing harvest of the sea. As the poet has truly said, “The sea hath its pearls.”

Drive a golf-ball into the ocean well out of reach, and it will give a display of the natatory art that will make a Channel swimmer writhe with envy, while even the easy-going halibut will regard with jealousy its marvellous buoyancy. Take another ball, in every respect its counterpart, even to its inherent guile, and top your drive at the second,—what is the result? The sphere descends into the morass thoughtfully provided by a Green committee that is incorporated with the National Guild for the Promotion of Wading among Caddies; your partner asks if it was a new ball in a voice redolent with the sympathy engendered by two strokes in hand, and you say farewell both to the ball and to your faith in the floating ability possessed by india-rubber and gutta-percha. Can golf-balls swim? Of course. Will golf-balls swim? Not so long as there is a possible chance of their being recovered by their owners. It is, however, believed that no golf-ball can withstand the whistle of a caddy when, bereft of the white man's burden, the youth proceeds to the pool alone and lures the sphere from its depths by his persuasive note.

How full of resource is the golf-ball! It is never at a loss when desirous of causing annoyance. Once upon a time one

was driven off on the Chislehurst links that, finding no other method of getting itself disliked, sought shelter in the pocket of an innocent individual two hundred yards away from the player. It was not the ball that was lost on this occasion : its owner doubtless lost the hole, and the player driven into would have been justified in losing his temper ; but this last mentioned loss is extremely doubtful. Tempers are never lost on the links ; it is there that the mildest of men finds the temper that his friends never knew he possessed until at the twelfth hole he loses three balls in as many strokes when negotiating the hay-field that the committee playfully designates the carry from the tee ; then does he find the temper that proves him to be at heart a golfer.

In the course of a University golf match a year or two ago a ball, out of sheer desire for notoriety, ascended to the roof of the club-house at a critical point in the game. Most players in similar circumstances would, at the instance of the caddy, have appeared at the local Police Court the following day to answer a charge of assault and battery ; but the player was not one to give way to a fit of the Blues. "What do I do ?" said he, in a tone that indicated that, if necessary, he was prepared to drop another ball down the nearest chimney-pot and play it from where it lay. "Your best," laconically replied the referee. "Caddy, I'll have my ladder" (or words to that effect), continued the undefeated player, who, on that useful appendage to every golfers' kit being produced, quickly ascended to the roof, to the secret joy of a local builder who scented a job. On reaching the summit the player informed those below that the high sloping tiled bunker in front of him completely hid the green, whereupon a kindly soul on *terra firma* proceeded to the flag and emitted sounds resembling, to the best of his ability, the plaintive note of a hole seeking its mate. The ruse succeeded better than could have been expected, and the ball, rising to the occasion, dropped within ten feet of where it was required. Thus did guile meet guile.

Balls that sought to secret themselves have ere this lodged in hen-coops. Such lies would defeat the chicken-hearted player, but the golfer of spirit has been known to enter the coop and play the ball out, to the intense disappointment of the legitimate occupant, in whose breast hopes of hatching out a little rubber-cored had been suddenly raised.

At Bushey, some little time ago, a distinguished wielder of the

niblick was called upon to enter a pigsty to play his ball, which he most successfully extricated, although the tenant (who was a bit of a bore), disregarding all the rules of etiquette, protested loudly while the stroke was being made. Balls have attempted to escape from their owners by burglariously entering cottages through the window; and one had the extreme mortification of doing a good deed in spite of itself, for it broke the glass in front of a painting that was recognised by the driver of the ball as a Teniers worth £500.

It is needless to say that a ball which can, and does, play these tricks on the human intelligence will not hesitate to deceive an untutored quadruped. Dogs have been observed ere this carrying off a gutta ball under the impression that a succulent beef-bone had descended like the gentle rain from heaven for their special delectation, while strong men have kept nine couples and a four-ball match waiting seventeen and a half minutes by the clock while they argued out what ruling should apply to a ball that a neighbouring cow was masticating under the impression that it had picked up a delicate mouthful of hay. The man who did not play the ball argued that any ball must be played where it lay, saving in the case of it entering a rabbit-hole or, in the case of the Unatali or other African links, the den of a lion; no one disputed the ruling affecting lions' dens. The man who did play the ball, having failed to sustain the plea that he had driven out of bounds, held that as the cow was chewing the cud and the cud was originally grass, and the grass sprang from the ground, and that whereas in the first place the chewing process was not complete, and in the second that the ball lay in or on the cud, that he could drop a ball not nearer the hole, and play it without penalty. And then, when, in response to the question by what chain of falsehoods this exhibition of insanity was arrived at, the man who did responded that the cud was obviously ground under repair, the four-ball match malevolently and of malice prepense drove into them and changed the current of the conversation, with the result that the affrighted animal, galloping off in dismay, carried the ball two hundred and seventy-six yards nearer the hole and then restored it to its owner, who promptly claimed to have driven it three hundred and ninety-seven yards and the right to play it where it lay. In such manner are life-long friendships sundered through the guile of the malevolent demon that dwells in the heart of every golf-ball.

THE TIGER THAT WAS NOT

It is grey dawn on the banks of the Perak River. The little Malay owl has uttered its last *kū-hūp*; in every tree small birds are twittering and fluffing their feathers to warm themselves, and on all sides the jungle-cocks are shrilling a cheery defiance to one another. Sunken under an accumulation of ghost-like mists the wide expanse of river lies pale, drear, and chill. A faint saffron light in the east enables one dimly to discern upon the river bank a number of scattered dwellings, such as constitute a Malay village, and at the water's edge a long line of tethered house-boats, prahus, and dug-outs. One by one the Malays rouse themselves from sleep, and with eyes and brains still heavy with slumber, pull a scanty cotton cloth over shivering, rounded, backs, and make their way to the river where they perform their morning ablutions and repeat the morning prayer of the Mahommedan.

A few minutes later a glory of gold touches the saffron sky, tinges it, suffuses it, absorbs it,—and there is day. The sun springs above the horizon, shows his clear disc above the distant forest-covered mountains, and throws long horizontal shafts of light and warmth that dance upon the sparkling river and set coursing anew the blood of man and beast.

On one of the house-boats, whose Union Jack at the stern shows that she carries the District-Officer, the servants are laying breakfast, and preparations of a similar nature are going on in the next house-boat, whose flag of royal yellow betokens the presence of a member of the Sultan's family.

It was now nearly two weeks since a tiger had taken up its abode in a patch of *bluker*, or secondary forest, behind the village at which the house-boats are moored. Day and night it had terrified the villagers by roaring to a mate, and the local chief had applied for assistance to the Sultan's son, by whom, conjointly

with the District-Officer, the present arrangements for a drive had been made.

A Malay seated himself at a great brass gong hung in the rajah's boat, and began to beat the assembly-call. Before long a distant boat shot out into midstream, and moved in the direction of the sound. Then on all sides the bright surface of the water became dotted with black specks of various size all converging on the one point. The Malays whose houses were near at hand collected in small groups upon the bank. Round the landing-place prahus and dug-outs clustered thickly. Some held only a poler and a steersman, while others were laden to the water's edge with a crowd of Malays perched in ungainly bird-like attitudes, but in apparent comfort, upon the bare inch or two of the free-board. By the time that the party, of whom the writer was one, was ready to step on shore, some two hundred Malays had mustered on the bank. In this throng of men there was not one who was not armed. Nearly every man held a spear, many carried a dagger (*kris*) as well, and not a few showed a waist-belt loaded with an assortment of weapons that would not have disgraced the most piratical of marauders. The spears showed that a tiger-drive was contemplated, for across each, some eighteen inches below the point, a little piece of wood was lashed on at right angles to the shaft. This cross-bar is intended to prevent a wounded tiger from clawing its way up the spear-head that transfixes it to the man that holds the spear. Such men as owned, or had been able to borrow, a small dagger of a peculiar shape known as a *golok rembau*, exhibited their weapons with complacency and pride, for these daggers are supposed by the Malays to possess such extraordinary, even magical, properties that a tiger is powerless against them.

When the local chief announced that everything was ready, an old *pawang*, or sorcerer, stepped forward with a bunch of twigs of a tree for which a tiger is thought to have a peculiar dread. Holding this small bundle in both hands, he repeated over it the charm known as "that which closes the tiger's mouth," and then, after another incantation which was intended to prevent the tiger from winding us, proceeded to break the twigs into short fragments, which he distributed first among the shooters and then among the beaters. The ceremony did not take long, but by the time it was over, and the final words of advice, exhortation, and command had been said on every side, the sun was strong

enough to make the shade welcome, and without further delay the old chief led his picturesque throng of beaters down one path, while we set off along a track that took us into another part of the forest.

The direction that the drive was to take had been decided upon some days before, and a line along which the guns were to be stationed had already been cut through the forest. The line was broad enough to afford a fair shot, and had been more or less cleared of undergrowth and obstacles. For the benefit of those who do not know, I may say that such a line is not, or should not be, a straight one; for if the guns are all in the same straight line each man stands an excellent chance of being shot by his neighbours in the excitement of the moment.

The party consisted of nine guns, six Europeans and three Malay rajahs, and for each there had been erected in a tree a small platform made of lopped branches bound together with green rattans and screened with leafy boughs. The object of the platform is partly to keep the shooter safe above any danger from the tiger, but partly also to enable him to obtain the best possible view of the ground and to prevent the tiger from scenting him.

As soon as we had scrambled into our individual platforms, the Malays who had been our guides swarmed up adjacent trees, and, having first made sure that they had not intruded upon a nest of the great vicious red ants, selected comfortable perches from which to await the result of the drive. The beaters formed into line at a place some two or three miles away from the posts taken up by the guns. The forest that they had to beat out was a strip comparatively narrow in proportion to its length, lying between a Government bridle-path on the one side and a deep swamp on the other. It was most unlikely that the tiger would attempt to break out at the sides of the ground, and therefore no stops were posted.

We had not been long in our places when the preconcerted signal of a shot announced that the drive had begun. It would, however, be another two hours at least before the men would arrive at the line of guns, for beating in dense forest, if thoroughly carried out, is very slow work. Deep silence reigned through the part of the forest in which we were, a silence enhanced by the faint distant sounds of the occasional war-cry of the advancing Malays. A peacock-pheasant, whose persistent

scolding clatter, not unlike the note of a cackling barndoor hen, had warned every animal within hearing of our arrival, ceased its clamour at last, and recommenced its scratching among the fallen leaves. Two little birds,—the male, a brilliant black with a golden crown, and his mate, a sober russet brown—resumed the labour of feeding their speckled nestlings. A resplendent ground-thrush, gorgeous as a salmon-fly, which on our approach had hidden under some fallen leaves, regained its confidence, and came hopping out to continue its search for food. The life of every animal seemed to be a silent one. In the distance, it is true, a great rhinoceros-hornbill called from a tree-top to a mate afar off, and high over head, hidden in the blinding blue sky, a kite uttered at intervals its shrill querulous whistle. But these were the exceptions; at all hours and at all seasons the silence of the animals is one with the silence of the forest.

During the whole of the drive no animal larger than a mouse-deer appeared within sight of my platform; and, when finally the line of beaters reached the guns, we found that the drive was a blank. Some sambhur and barking deers had been seen by the other guns, but, since a tiger was our object, no one had fired at them.

The Malays were not only disappointed but much surprised at the failure of the drive. Day after day, and night after night, the tiger had been heard roaring in the area through which they had just beaten, and they could not understand why not a sign of it had been seen. They were positive that, since it was not in the ground which they had just covered, it must be lying up in a smaller strip of forest between the bridle-path and the Perak River.

After some short deliberation and argument, they went off without further delay to drive, and we stationed ourselves at intervals through the forest. There was no time to clear any lines, nor to erect platforms in the trees. We took up positions on foot, arranging ourselves in such order as we could, and each man knew, though he could not see, the situation of his neighbours on either side. At the place where the beaters formed into line, the bridle-path was about a mile from the river, while at the point where the guns were stationed, about a mile further up stream, river and path were within three hundred yards of one another. The ground to be beaten was thus a triangle; the beaters were at its base, and the guns at the apex. Behind the line of guns,

river and path diverged again, and between them lay a vast expanse of dense, heavily timbered forest for which it was thought that the tiger would make. We had not been long in our places before the beaters began to advance towards us. I studied the lie of the forest in my vicinity and the approaches by which an animal would be likely to come in my direction, and then fell to watching an interminable string of little black ants at my feet. They were migrating, but I could not see whence they came or whither they were going. The line that they followed was extraordinarily devious; up one side and down the other of a tree-stump, round three sides of a great boulder, over and along the roots, under a fallen log, the black line twisted and turned. There seemed to be no attempt to shorten or to improve upon the winding path selected by the leaders of the column. The little creatures moved in a line some six or seven deep, and for some reason, which it was difficult to discern, a constant succession of ants kept hurrying back through the ranks to communicate with the rear.

Suddenly there was a cry afar off: "Look out! The tiger is here!" How every feeling intensified at the sound! Not a soul was within sight, but one knew that the men who were hidden to right and to left had heard the words and had thrilled to them no less than oneself. The beaters were yet more than half a mile away, but it was not difficult to imagine the excitement that possessed them. Somewhere in the area encompassed by them and by the guns there was moving silently through the dense forest undergrowth the lithe powerful form of a tiger. We all knew it; it even seemed strange that the long string of ants should fail to know it and should continue their unheeding ceaseless hurrying. Somewhere near us the tiger was, or should be.

At the shout the men steadied themselves, moving to one side or the other in order to make the line of advance as perfect as possible. There was silence for a moment, and then a great voice shouted, "*Selawat* (prayer)." "*Selawat*," shouted everyone, and thereupon, somewhere in the long line, one of the men chanted aloud some verses of the Koran, concluding by shouting at the top of his voice the words of the creed of Islam: "*La' ila'hu illa 'llahu; wa Muhammedu'r—rasulu 'lldhi.* (There is no god but Allah, and Mahommed is the prophet of Allah);" and from every voice in the long array that was hidden up and

down the forest came the roar of the response of the final *Allah*. If a tiger is suddenly disturbed when lying up beside an animal that it has killed, or has cubs, or is wounded, or is for any other reason savage, it often gives utterance to an answering challenge which it not infrequently follows up by charging forthwith upon the men. I have more than once heard a sudden vibrating roar in reply to a cry of *selawat*, that has made the blood of the listeners run warm ; and not a few Malays have been struck down with the expression of their faith upon their lips. Apart from its religious aspect, the use of the *selawat* is to enable the men to know whereabouts in the denseness and tangle of the forest undergrowth the animal is hidden.

On this occasion there was no reply to the long-drawn *Allah*, and after a pause, during which each man assured himself of his position with regard to his neighbours, the array of beaters slowly and carefully moved forward. At intervals the piercing war-cry of the Malays rose and rang up and down the line. Occasionally an order was shouted to close in on the right or to move up faster on the left, but otherwise the advance was made in greater silence than might have been expected. The men worked out the thickets with their spear-heads, and rapped their spear-butts upon the tree-trunks with a steadiness and thoroughness that would have been creditable in any pheasant-covert in England. They were, I may say, an exceptionally fine set of men. The Malays of Saiong are famous throughout Perak for their skill and daring in a tiger-drive ; and on this occasion they were under the eye both of their Sultan's son and of the District-Officer.

Before long the cry arose again, "Here he is ! Here he is !" Upon this the old chief in charge of the drive shouted an order. "*Tahan, tahan !* (Steady, hold steady !)." Down on a knee dropped every man of the two hundred that composed the line. Close to his side each man gripped his spear, with its point thrust upwards into the dark forest undergrowth in front of him. It was impossible to see the plainest object at a distance of more than twenty yards, and a tiger might crouch unseen within three yards of the most vigilant. Little doubt that each man eyed the cross-bar on his spear, and thought how very small and very near him it looked : it gave a pleasurable titillation of excitement amid the tumult of the numbers of the village ; but its significance now became very real and very grim.

The chief shouted his order to the men to stand steady because he thought that, as the tiger had not by this time passed the guns, it must be aware of their position and intend to seek safety by breaking back through the line of beaters. Everyone knew what the chief thought, and waited, peering into the dark forest in front of him, in readiness for the next word of command. Then the chief shouted again. All leapt to their feet, ran forward a few yards, five or six perhaps or it may be even less, and then as suddenly stopped and knelt again. "Steady! Hold steady!" they shouted up and down the line, while all strained their eyes to catch a gleam of yellow in the heavy shadows of the black and green of the forest. Thus they advanced in short quick rushes with sudden pauses until they were within two hundred yards of us. The excitement by this time was almost overpowering in its intensity. I could not of course see the men, but knew by the sound that only this distance separated us, and that on the other side of the thickets and tree-trunks in front of me, fierce Malay eyes glared and peered for the hidden tiger. Then suddenly in a tree, half-way between the beaters and the guns, a squirrel raised its chattering note of alarm. Another squirrel immediately took up the cry, and the pair of them kept up such an incessant clamour that it was plain that they were scolding an intruder; it was obvious also that the intruder was within a few yards of them. The tree from which they uttered their defiance was situated in a ravine-like depression in the forest, exactly the sort of place in which a tiger, or any animal, would seek a refuge from the invasion of the beaters. The chief shouted to the men to move in upon the place, and the long line swept inwards and enclosed it in a semicircle. By this time the length of the line had so contracted that the men were nearly shoulder to shoulder. Only a hundred yards or so separated them from the guns, and it was therefore practically impossible for any animal between them and us to escape. The Malays now advanced foot by foot, and in an almost breathless silence. Then I saw something move stealthily under a fallen tree, whose dead leaves prevented me from getting more than a glimpse of it, and that, too, a glimpse not so much of it as of the place from which it had stirred. It saw me as soon as I saw it, and, knowing itself to have been discovered, a great, gaunt wild sow rushed out and dashed past me. The nearer of the beaters heard it and dropped on their knees with their

spears thrust forward to receive it. "Here he is! Here he is! Steady! Hold steady!"

For a space not a man moved; probably not a man breathed. Then I shouted that the animal that had come out was only a pig, and that the tiger had not yet shown itself. "Pig," they roared up and down the line, "only a pig"; and again the line moved forward to beat out the few remaining yards that separated them from the guns. But when they reached us not a sign was there anywhere of the tiger.

Excited questions were yelled on every side. No one knew what had happened. What everyone failed to understand was why no one had fired. The men thronged round the place where the old sow had passed by me, and leant upon their spears examining the tracks and mournfully shaking their heads. Their heaving chests, twitching muscles, and unnaturally contracted eyelids told of the intense nervous strain which they had undergone.

Had anyone seen or heard the tiger, and who had first raised the alarm? In reply to this, several men spoke to having heard the tiger, but no one had actually seen it. Every man of them indignantly repudiated the suggestion that he could have mistaken a pig's grunt for a tiger's growl. Malays know the two sounds so well that such a mistake would be most unlikely. Several pigs had been seen, but no one had taken any notice of them. When we asked the men who declared that they had heard the tiger how they accounted for its having escaped unseen, they pointed out that when the squirrels had given their alarm we had all taken it for granted that they had seen the tiger (whereas it was probably only the sow), and that when the beaters closed in upon the ravine they had left the forest on either side unguarded. This of course was perfectly true, and their explanation of our failure was probably the correct one.

Some of the more enthusiastic of the Malays proposed that the ground should at once be beaten over again, but midday was past and it did not need a second glance at the majority of the men to see that the excitement, rather than their exertions, had so exhausted them that they were not fit to undertake another drive. Moreover, even if the tiger had really been in the ground covered by the first drive, it by no means followed that it would be there by the time that the beaters were ready to line up again. We decided therefore that we must give it up. We

covered our disappointment as best we could, but our long high-strung excitement had had such a miserable ending that one might have noticed an almost hysterical catch in the laugh of more than one man.

This was the most sporting tiger-drive that I have ever seen. The fact that no tiger was seen and that possibly no tiger was near us does not in any way detract from the sport. We all believed that the tiger was there : the guns thought that a tiger which was aware of their presence was being forced to come towards them ; and the beaters felt that they were impelling forward an animal whose desire was to charge back through their ranks. If the drive had ended by a tiger being shot, it would not in the slightest degree have added to the excitement that marked the duration of the drive. I have shot a tiger in a drive that had not a tenth of the interest of this day. Accompanied only by Malays I have occasionally had to follow wounded tigers on foot through nasty country : as I have said above, I have heard the *selawat* answered in royal style ; but nowhere else have I seen such an intensity of feeling and excitement. With this the number of men employed had a great deal to do. It is seldom that one requires more than thirty or forty beaters, whereas in this case fully two hundred men were engaged. The amount of magnetic feeling, where the excitement was communicated from unseen unit to unseen unit throughout the forest, was enormous, and the air vibrated to the unuttered excitement of the men.

It is in a drive where a line of men armed only with spears advances thus determinedly upon a tiger, that you realise how powerful a brute it is that they are assailing. From the safety and height of a tree or an elephant's back, you may shoot tigers with safety ; but when you come down to the ground, and either advance on foot to meet the tiger or wait on foot for it to be driven up, the feeling comes home to you of the marvellous strength and activity that are combined in that beautiful frame. It may be within a few yards of you, perhaps, seeing all that you do, and itself unseen. It can steal noiselessly through the forest where you can only move with crackling of leaves and breaking of twigs. You know that, when the occasion comes, that wonderful lithe body can come with lightning speed through the thick tangled growth that hampers and impedes your every movement. Finally you know that at close quarters a man is

as helpless as a child against the overpowering weight and strength of an animal that kills an ox at a blow.

There is little doubt that almost every one has a peculiar sensation of the almost god-like beauty, power, activity, and strength of a tiger. A tiger will overawe and make conscious of his inferiority a man who would be unaffected by the bulk of an elephant. The feeling is, however, elusive of description, and I can perhaps best explain it in the words of a most charming French gentleman (now dead, alas!) who was once manager of a great tin-mining company in Perak. I well remember his coming into the Tapah messroom where the Europeans of the district used in those days to take their meals. We had just finished lunch when he entered in a state of tremendous excitement. Walking alone and unarmed along an unfrequented bridle-path through the forest he had walked almost on to a tiger. He gave us a most vivid narrative of the encounter; how the tiger had been lying down concealed in some long *lalang* grass beside the path, how he was within ten yards of it before he saw it, how then it rose and looked at him, how it yawned at him, how it then walked slowly across the path in front of him, and then stopped and looked at him, again yawning; and how it then deliberately walked away into the forest whose depths finally hid it from view. I cannot attempt to imitate the beautiful and forcible diction that Monsieur C. had at his command, for the plain facts that I have thrown into a single sentence received from the narrator a majesty of style and a wealth of colouring and detail that cannot be reproduced on paper.

Someone asked him whether it was a big tiger. It is his answer that illustrates my meaning.

“Well, Messieurs, I cannot say if he is a big tiger. My eyes see that he is big; but I cannot say how big I see him to be; and if I say how big, it is perhaps that I tell you a lie. But I can tell you, Messieurs, how big I *feel* him to be, and I can tell you the truth. When he is standing there in front of me, I tell you that I feel he is not less than thir-r-ty feet high.”

GEORGE MAXWELL

CHINESE LABOUR

(FROM SOUTH AFRICA'S POINT OF VIEW)

To be coherent, any scheme for the mitigation of South African troubles must be founded on the principle of the essential unity of that country, though the English people can hardly be blamed for overlooking this fact when South Africans themselves so continually lose sight of it. That essential unity of destiny and of interest must be the *grondwet* of the nation building here, if the edifice is to stand secure ; for though it is true that there are here five independent States and three Protectorates (including Swaziland), not all the political tinkering of man can set physical geography at nought, and Nature has conjoined them all. This is the first principle to be borne in mind in any attempted solution of the African Sphinx's enigma, and it is because of this principle that Chinese labour on the Rand is of such importance, since it affects all South Africa in a vital point and not the Transvaal alone.

It cannot be too often repeated that it is not only the Transvaal which is concerned, but South Africa as a whole and in an almost equal degree. It is true that when the question of Chinese labour was first put forward (and it originated, be it noted, in Rhodesia and not at Johannesburg), all the rest of the country took alarm and was bitterly opposed to it. It is equally true that, except under certain conditions, the whole country would be as bitterly opposed to it to-day. But, given those conditions demanded unanimously by all for the protection of all, and South Africa as an entity is penetrated with the conviction, come to against, not with, her original inclination, of the necessity of the present importation of Chinese labourers to her own largest and most general interests. She has not come light-heartedly to this belief ; it has been forced upon her by the

inexorable logic of her needs, and this being so, her wishes and opinions should not be carelessly set aside.

South Africa may be pardoned for having assumed that the whole question had been settled once for all, not to be thrown back into the melting-pot of party politics. The subject had been threshed out on a thousand platforms and in as many papers, explained from every point of view and justified, cavil by cavil, until it had seemed impossible that anyone in England could be still in ignorance about it. The animadversions that were kept up she took calmly, considering them to be mere party tactics, the froth on the waves of a general election, with nothing of serious intent behind. Now, however, it appears that she was wrong in her estimate, that interference is still intended, that she must fight over again a battle which by every right ought to have been decided long ago, and this although she needs all her time and all her strength to deal with other pressing problems of her development. Tariffs, freights, railways, unification, and Kaffir legislation, are sufficient to tax the powers of any young community without adding to them such a fundamental difficulty as labour, a difficulty which has been discussed already *ad nauseam*.

The whole question of imported labour falls naturally into two parts, each of which parts are equally of importance to South Africa. First, there is the need of imported labour at all; secondly, the way in which that labour should be admitted. The two are best considered apart, seeing that they are the two aspects of one subject; but it must always be borne in mind that the first can never stand without the second and that, though the aspects may be two, the subject is for ever one.

It is generally maintained by the Anti-Chinese at home that the question of Chinese labour was first raised by the mine magnates of the Rand, anxious to increase their dividends at the expense of the poor Kaffir (some say of the poor British), who had yet sufficient independence of mind to refuse to work for anything less than a living wage. Since the mines are gold-mines they ought of course to be able to afford the highest wages, and the cry of *too much expense* from delvers of gold can never be entertained. The point as regards white labour can be set on one side; it is only advocated by a few, and those few are men who compare mining in Africa with mining in America and Australia. The labour is all white in both

these places, they contend ; the newcomer and not the aborigine is the man there to go down the mines. But they do not add that in neither country is the aborigine in sufficient strength to be anything but a negligible quantity and that in neither country has he stamina enough, even were he numerous enough, to undertake the work. America and Australia are both white men's lands, but South Africa is, and must always be, a black man's land ; for the Kaffir, unlike the Red Indian and the Australian aboriginal, has the same power of resistance, the same rate of increase, as the white invader, and so long as he maintains his equality in these two things so long will South Africa remain what it is, his country *par excellence*. It is not the Caucasian who is the backbone of this land ; it is the Kaffir. In the British territories south of the Zambesi there are less than one and a half million white inhabitants, but of the black there are about five millions. And the black population stands at this figure in spite of the continual checks which obtained until late years, in spite of settlers' wars, in spite of inter-tribal friction, in spite of witchcraft, in spite of diseases brought in by civilisation and to which uncivilised peoples are peculiarly susceptible. In spite of these ravages during the whole of last century, the figures of the census still stand at these five millions, and with numbers approximating to these there can be no question as to South Africa being anything but a black man's land.

Now the most numerous class in any country is always the class to whom the unskilled labour is relegated, and most especially does this law hold good here where civilisation and barbarism live cheek by jowl. The Kaffir occupies the position of the most numerous class, though too many efforts are made to move him out of his sphere and to leave it to the white man. The white man in refusing to be a party to any such levelling policy is actuated by no tyrannous impulse, for English nature is not changed by a three weeks' voyage, but by the simple instinct of self-preservation. For if South Africa be a black man's land, it is a white man's land as well, seeing that the greatest Kaffirphil (to coin a vile hybrid) has never suggested that we should clear out of our conquests and abandon them to heathenism, and seeing that the white man thrives in this country as well as the black, that he can bring up his children here and his children's children and the race suffer no deterioration of physique. But whenever two races of varying colour and

(still more potent) of varying civilisation live side by side, the one of the higher mental ability must take the lead and be the overlord, or be swamped in the greater volume of the lower. The theories of the Social Democrats cannot be put into practice in a case like this without the disappearance of the higher in the lower. So long as the black preponderates and is at a lower level of mental culture, so long must South Africa be an oligarchy and not a democracy. The Governments do not employ gangs of white men to do the rough work along the railways. The Boers do not employ white men for the hewers of wood on their farms. None but the meanest of the whites,—and there are not enough of these to make any appreciable difference in the labour-supply—none but the meanest of the whites would accept such work, because for the white man to descend to the level of the Kaffir and to share his avocations would be suicidal from a racial point of view since it would destroy his superiority, familiarity breeding in this instance, if not contempt, at least presumption.

What is to be the final position of the Kaffir in South Africa is another matter. As to that, Mr. Rhodes's dictum, "Equal rights for every civilised man south of the Zambesi," is the only reasonable conclusion that has been reached as yet, but the reasonableness depends on that important adjective *civilised*. To cram a Kaffir's brain full of Greek roots is not to civilise him. His whole nature requires disciplining, morally enlightening, ballasting, before he can be called civilised, and that ought to, must, occupy some considerable time, considering that cannibals are still alive in Basutoland, that deaths by "smelling out," by being tied over an ant-heap to die by inches, are reminiscences of but yesterday. In these pages, however, no attempt is being made to deal with the ultimate destiny of the Kaffir, but only with facts about him as he is to-day.

Granted, therefore, that the unskilled labour of this southern continent is the speciality of the Kaffir, why not use the Kaffir instead of bringing in strangers to usurp his functions? Nothing could be more desirable if there were sufficient Kaffirs to meet all the requirements, but is this the case? In this country the supply of labour has never been equal to the demand, though the reason accepted up to a few years ago, and still largely urged, has been that the Kaffirs, though in sufficient numbers,

are too lazy to come forward and do their share of the day's work. It is true that the Kaffirs are happy-go-lucky, irresponsible beings, with no notion of continuous toil, but work of a sort and for a short space of time, say six months out of twelve, they are ready enough to undertake, and this theory seems borne out by the census returns. The statistics as regards the native population are still very scanty, so much so that even the Native Affairs Commission could only obtain the most general figures. A fair average to take, however, is that which allows British South Africa about five million natives (including the sick, the aged, and the infants in arms), of whom some 800,000 are able-bodied men. For Portuguese East Africa the figures are far more unreliable, but Portuguese East Africa may be put down as the home of some million natives, of whom 100,000 may go to swell the 800,000 to a total of 900,000 possible workers. Of these men there are in continuous employment between 400,000 and 500,000, but as a Kaffir rarely works for more than three to six months in the year it follows that, taking one part of the year with another, the whole of that contingent of 900,000 possible labourers must go to work or the figures of the continually employed would not be maintained, and that the numbers are not susceptible of much improvement except by the natural increase of the population and the advance of civilisation which will conduce to longer consecutive periods of industry.

The manner in which the importation of Chinese originated is some evidence in favour of this theory of the non-existence of any reservoir of labour in South Africa itself. It was not from the wealthy Rand, it was from Rhodesia, from the small, struggling mines there, that the cry first came for some supplement to the indigenous labour-supply. Rhodesia was a young country, and of native population it was the least wealthy of all the colonies, for the perpetual warfare that had ravaged it before the occupation had decimated the inhabitants. The little community of Englishmen scattered over the land found it impossible to make their requirements tally with the assistance forthcoming and at the same time to develop the land. Several experiments were tried to meet this need. Arabs were brought in, Somalis were tried, but one and all failed ignominiously. Coolies from India were discussed, but here the Government of Rhodesia and the Government of India were unable to see eye to

eye, and the scheme fell through. Then it was that, everything else having been tried and found wanting, the idea was first mooted of labour from China. But the thought of such an innovation alarmed the whole continent, and the protests were vigorous indeed. In a country like Rhodesia, where the mines are numerous and isolated, it was recognised how impossible it would be to keep a sufficiently strict hand upon the coolies and to ensure their repatriation at the end of their term of service. The public voice was unanimous that severer supervision was necessary than could be guaranteed by the peculiar conditions of Rhodesia, and the proposal had to be abandoned.

It was not renewed until the end of the war revealed such a shortage of native labour on the Rand itself that some alleviation of the distress became necessary. But on the Rand the conditions were different from those obtaining in Rhodesia. The whole mining industry is situated in one small area, and it became easy to both devise and enforce regulations that would safeguard the colonies from any dreaded influx of Chinese population. The colonists, too, were beginning to feel more severely than ever the pinch of the continual lack of labour which became more pronounced as every year brought fresh developments. It was realised that it was necessary to the whole of South Africa that Johannesburg should be provided with the labour it required, and that for two reasons. To begin with, every accession of wealth to Johannesburg meant an increase of prosperity to the rest of the country in creating fresh openings for the unemployed and in increasing the volume of trade. Secondly, the Rand was bound to get labour in some way, even if it had to pay double the current rates of wages. But in this, its necessity of finding hands, a necessity which it was in the best position throughout South Africa to satisfy, lay the danger that the increased trade its enlarged prosperity inaugurated would find the rest of the colonies in no position to profit by it, because the indigenous labour by which alone that increased trade could be taken advantage of would have been absorbed by the mines themselves. In this way Johannesburg would profit at the expense of the rest of South Africa, unless some alternative could be devised by which its supply of labour could be met from some other source, and this source seemed to lie most naturally in China. The question of Chinese labour had indeed become a burning one for the whole country.

Nor were they any panic statistics that committed the future federation to the importation of coolies. From the very beginning the shortfall in the labour-supply had been the principal factor in the slow development of these colonies. So long ago as 1894 Mr. Rhodes, in moving the second reading of the Glen Grey Act for the improved training of Kaffirs in civilisation, referred to the difficulty then experienced by the Boer farmers in this very way. He had often, he remarked, heard them accused of the most flagrant indolence, and it had struck him as strange that any could be so indifferent to their personal interests as these were supposed to be; but on examining more closely into the matter he had found it was not so much laziness as lack of labour which lay at the root of the trouble. The farmer could never be sure, after he had put himself to great expense to cultivate his soil, that he could obtain a sufficient supply of Kaffirs to reap his harvest and recoup his outlay for him, and this uncertainty had bred discouragement in all. The restriction of enterprise from this cause was giving anxiety even in 1894, in what was an undeveloped country catering to a foreign State still in its infancy, with few interests of its own except immense barren farms feeding the minimum head of stock, and one great industry at Kimberley which absorbed the greater proportion of what labour was available. The conditions that were so cramping in 1894 have intensified sevenfold by 1906. The paralysing effects of the war are wearing off, and the whole country stands on the threshold of a tremendous expansion. It has only to be reflected that the measure of this expansion will be determined entirely by the amount of the labour forthcoming, to realise of what immense importance to South Africa as a whole is the colony of Chinese coolies at Johannesburg which sets free a corresponding number of Kaffirs to take up work in other parts of the country.

The undertakings requiring the services of the Kaffir are very, and increasingly, great. In Rhodesia, to begin with Benjamin, there are over 2,000 miles of railway. The Cape to Cairo has now crossed the Zambesi, and draws its labour from the natives north of that river, but throughout South Africa the need for more railways is urgent, because since there are no rivers the entire trade travels by the locomotive. Cape Colony must be connected with Natal, Kimberley with Bloemfontein, Swaziland with the sea and with Johannesburg, and other feeding lines must be built to open the land for agriculture.

To return to Rhodesia, the whole of its foundations are gold-seamed, and there are small gold-mines scattered through the length and breadth of the land, all of them in poor circumstances and unable to afford anything too extravagant in the way of wages, and all of them dependent for their continuance on their Kaffir miners. At Wankie, near the Victoria Falls, is the beginning of what will be a centre for the output of coal which is of almost more importance to a young country than gold, for on it depend cheap railway-rates, and on these in their turn depend rapid development. In close proximity to the coal-fields of Wankie iron, that most useful of metals, has been found, so that the place only wants exploitation to become a great industrial and manufacturing district. Silver and lead are also known to exist, some £14,000 worth having been exported last year; the diamond is suggested in the vicinity of Gwelo and copper around Victoria. Beyond the riches that lie below the soil are the riches of the soil itself, for here, as in Cape Colony, the farming industry will be the backbone of the country. There is water in Rhodesia, the soil is fertile, land is cheap; tobacco-growing bids fair to become a lucrative source of income if it can only be cultivated in sufficient quantities; potatoes thrive there as nowhere else; flax is a new branch of cultivation that promises well; fruit-trees, especially the citrus and stone varieties, respond to the least encouragement. There is a great future before agriculture in Rhodesia provided the cost of production is not so high as to swallow up all the profits. At present this is largely the case, and is sufficient reason why so little has been heard of the industry hitherto.

To meet the needs of all these various occupations there are barely 100,000 black men between fifteen and forty years old, and of these only some 50,000 work continuously.

Unlike Rhodesia, which has equal mineral and vegetable resources, the Orange River Colony is principally devoted to farming, but it is mineralised like the rest of South Africa and, besides diamonds, is known to have stores of both coal and iron. Stock-farming however has been its staple occupation as yet. So good is much of the veldt that it will more than repay the trouble of irrigation in the dryer parts and, considering that the conquered territory, for instance, is the most productive tract in South Africa, some system of irrigation which will bring other areas to like fertility must undoubtedly be the first care of every govern-

ment in that colony. But to meet all its demands the Orange River Colony possesses merely some 47,000 possible day labourers, of whom only 23,000 are in steady employment.

In Natal there are, roughly speaking, some three-quarters of a million of Kaffirs, a more favourable estimate than in the two preceding colonies ; but in Natal the natives are allowed to rent small farms from big estate-owners, and in cultivating these small farms in a Kaffir's slip-shod way, and for their own use, their services are withdrawn from the market ; so that in the long run Natal is no better off than her sisters in this respect, though she acknowledges as great a diversity of interests as they and as exacting a future. Her coal-mining (and she supplies the Royal Navy to a small extent) is a growing industry, and in its wake will follow the exploitation of her iron-mines. She has marble-quarries too, and shale-beds rich in oil. Her agricultural possibilities, ranging from sugar and coffee to wheat and apples, have been turned to more advantage than those in the other colonies, but there is still room for considerable expansion. In the case of Natal, however, her tropical cultivation will be undertaken by Indian coolies and not by Kaffirs, so that her development will be less of a drain on indigenous resources than that of the rest of South Africa.

In Cape Colony, the oldest and the most advanced of the South African States, the need for labour is daily growing. There are diamond-mines (absorbing yearly 10,000 Kaffirs from all parts) coal-mines, copper-mines ; while iron and silver are known to exist as well as deposits of petroleum and nitrates, only awaiting the next wave of enterprise to be taken in hand and profitably worked. Stock-farming and agriculture in all its different branches are practised and can be practised with still happier results. Merino sheep and Angora goats are especially successful, and there is a wide scope for the multiplication of these flocks as both can thrive in parts, and in years, fatal to good stock for slaughter. Greater care of the surface of the soil is urgently needed, however, if the country is not to be gradually bereft of its fecundity, for at present the rains, uncertain, it is true, but torrential when they occur, delve themselves channels (or sluits), in the dry, crumbling earth, washing it away into the gorges and down to the sea, and leaving the rock beneath bare and devoid of fertility. Some organised effort is required, such as the immediate checking of these sluits on formation ; but to deal effectively with this

danger an army of men will be necessary for some time. The country, too, is crying out for a better management of its water-supply so as to enable land, now only carrying mediocre crops or a few head of stock, to be utilised to its full advantage. Fruit growing in particular is a special branch of agriculture with an opening future before it in Cape Colony, for much closer settlement can be carried out by means of fruit farms than by either stock or cereal farms, seeing that the profit of an orchard by the acre is far greater than that of either of the others.

So far the immediate prospects of mining, agriculture, irrigation, and communications alone have been considered, but manufactures must also be taken into account. As yet these are only in their infancy, but with any improvements in the development of the country along the lines already discussed, manufactures are bound to come into early importance and to make their claims upon the labour-market. There are certain manufactures which must without fail leap into prominence before long, certain manufactures for which the whole of South Africa is well adapted. The leather trade, the saddlery and harness, the boot and shoe trades, belong of right to the country, besides those in candles and soap. Wine and spirit making, fruit drying and preserving, the manufacture of furniture and vehicles, all of which are already prospering in a small way, must develop rapidly until they supply the whole of the South African market. When once iron begins to be mined, agricultural implements and much of the machinery required, instead of being imported as now from abroad, will be produced on the spot, to be followed by the manufacture, certainly of woollen goods, and perhaps of linen as well. Nor are any of these developments fore-shadowed further off than the next few years should see accomplished. The country is ready at last to advance along the lines of material prosperity, is ready at last for the inflow of the white settler whose advent always heralds an immediately greater demand for Kaffir labour. But in all South Africa, including those parts reserved for natives, such as Basutoland, and including Portuguese East Africa which contributes a large quota, there is a Kaffir population of but six millions, or 900,000 able-bodied men, providing a continuous supply of 450,000 upon whose shoulders must ultimately rest the success of every new venture; and the Rand mines, also during the next few years, will be able to absorb more than half of that labour for themselves. Of the Transvaal's

resources, ambitions, and endeavours I have not written. The fact that the Witwatersrand alone will soon be able to account for over half of the indigenous labour-supply is sufficient without piling up the other requirements of the Transvaal to enhance the dilemma.

Chinese labour on the Rand, therefore, is a vital issue, not only with the Transvaal but with South Africa as a whole. To withdraw it will mean the dislocation of the labour-supply throughout the Southern Continent. It will mean the competing of State against State, of industry against industry. The jealousy and heartburning brought in by such a condition of affairs will not conduce towards early federation. The outbidding for his favour will be the worst thing possible for the Kaffir, who is being ruined by over-attention. But the one to suffer most will be the farmer, the man who is toiling against the greatest odds in this land and for the smallest profits. Johannesburg will secure as much labour as it is possible to get, because it has the longest purse; yet even Johannesburg will feel the pinch and be unduly cribbed and cabined. If this will not be the case, why is there a sort of panic in that city,—men winding up their affairs and leaving the place, the number of the unemployed increasing almost daily—as the result of the Liberal Government's pronouncements concerning African matters?

But South Africa, in admitting the need to herself of the admission of Chinese labour, has not lost sight of the dangers threatened by such a step. She has attached a stringent condition to her acquiescence, and has insisted upon such a strict oversight of the imported coolies that it will be impossible for any of them to escape from the Rand to any other part, and upon the universal repatriation of them all as their term of service expires. Rather than run any risk of a Chinese settlement she would withdraw her consent to the whole venture, recognising that, though the absence of the coolies would be a severe loss to her, in practically ruining her hopes of expansion, yet ultimately their perpetual presence would be a still greater menace to her prosperity. It is a matter on which she has taken long views. There are already, she argues, sufficient racial problems in this country without introducing a new one. The Dutch and the English are still like oil and water, for the better understanding that had begun to grow up between them is rapidly going to pieces once more. "Who is the rebel now?" said a Boer to an English settler

when the new policy of the new Government at home was announced, coupled with dark hints as to still further innovations, and with a censure of the representative of the British Crown through the storms of the Anglo-Boer war. There is no really racial or religious hindrance to the amalgamation of Dutch and English in South Africa; but if events progress along the way they are moving at present it will take the presence of that other and far more sinister race intolerance, that of white against black, to bring the two into a final harmony. What place the Kaffir is to take in South Africa in the future is beyond all others the danger spot in this country, whether he seeks to raise himself by a general war, rallying around some man of his colour with the genius for leadership (and the Zulus, the Matabele, and the Basutos have given proof that they can produce such), or by a long and bitter political struggle. Either way the horizon is heavy with thunder-cloud. The introduction of yet another racial question to complicate further these already complicated issues would be the height of folly. The Chinaman as a bird of passage is all very well, when his passing can be turned to account; the Chinaman as a permanency is altogether undesirable. And, lest South Africa should have any doubt as to the unwisdom of mothering all the coloured races, even for the sake of the immediate welfare of her own children, she has been given a standing object-lesson in the case of the Indian coolies over-running her villages.

Natal, so rich in tropical products and unable to persuade the Kaffirs to give her the reliable labour to turn them to account, imported natives from India to take their place. The plantations, especially the sugar-plantations, prospered, but the coolies, when they had finished their term of service, showed no inclination to return whence they came. Some, even before their contracts terminated, escaped into the interior, and set up for themselves. Industrious, thrifty, with no wants, with the acute, over-trained brain of centuries and the commercial immorality from the same cause, they have overmatched the Kaffir at every turn and undersold the European. From Natal they have spread into the Transvaal; they hold the entire retail trade in fruit and vegetables; they are formidable competitors of the small English trader in every branch, and their money-lending propensities are inveterate. Despising the Kaffir, they have won his hatred in return, and the jealousy of the white

man into the bargain. South Africa, finding out her mistake too late, has stopped their importation and tried to counteract their unwholesome influence by forcing special legislation upon them, only to earn the remonstrances of the Indian Government and to raise another burning question between herself and the Imperial Government.

Now, what the Indians are, the Chinese are also in an even greater degree. They are the hardest-headed business men in the world, older by several centuries than the Indians; their industry is proverbial, their plodding patience with small profits inimitable,—all very good qualities in themselves but dangerous to introduce into a land occupied already by two different races, of which the one is too uncivilised, and the other too impatient, to exercise them. Let the lessons be inculcated by all means, but not by the example of a third race which, in practising them, would take the bread out of the mouths of the other two, for the Chinaman would speedily oust the Kaffir from much of the employment that suits him best; what is more, he would oust the poorer class of European from all the petty trades. Such a cockpit of four antagonistic races as South Africa would present after a few years would be a spectacle for the world.

Besides this, the influence of the Chinese who, though abnormally civilised in some ways are yet painfully uncivilised according to our ideas in many others, would be very bad on the Kaffirs with whom they would come constantly in contact. The Kaffirs need to be protected from evil influences and ill company as much as any children with half developed minds. Our own example to them often leaves a great deal to be desired: they take more readily to our vices than to our virtues; but that is no reason why they should be exposed to another and a different contamination. Because they learn to drink from us is no reason why they should learn to smoke opium from the Chinese, or to band themselves in secret societies for the subversal of our rule. The political methods of the Chinaman are pernicious as well as peculiar. It is evident that under no consideration can South Africa agree to any mitigation of the compound system which has worked satisfactorily at Kimberley for nearly twenty years without degradation to white or black. It is absolutely necessary that the conditions on the Rand be such as to obviate any chance of the Chinese evading their contract and settling

themselves in the country, any chance of their leaving the mines until they are shipped back again to China. Nor is there the least reason why such conditions should be incompatible with humanity. It is to the material interest of the Rand magnates that their coolies should be well treated, comfortably housed and fed, and secure of justice. Were the Chinese to find themselves downtrodden and unhappy, they would neither renew their contracts nor advise their friends to come and join them, since the Chinaman, is of all men (as I have said before), the most level-headed in business affairs.

To sum up, therefore, it cannot be urged too strongly upon the Imperial Government that this question of Chinese labour is one affecting the whole of South Africa. Without it, because she has not sufficient indigenous labour to take its place, her rapid development will be greatly retarded, if not put an end to, as well as the growth of a kindlier feeling among her inhabitants so largely dependent on prosperity. But the safeguards with which she has hedged this labour must be maintained unimpaired, or she will have nothing to do with it, whatever the sacrifice to herself. Here is the whole of the case in a nutshell, and she should be left to decide it on her own responsibility.

I. DOBBIE

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THE ENEMY'S CAMP

CHAPTER XXXIV

DURING Talbot's parting words with Cicely and her uncle an astonished face was gazing at them from the stile in the osier-bed,—the face of Charles, who had just come to relieve Mr. Lauriston of his watch and had found the post deserted. He reached the stile in time to see the farewell, and was still standing dumb-struck when Talbot turned towards him. The countenance of the arch-criminal was serene and he seemed no whit abashed at the sight of the man he had wronged. "Congratulate me, old fellow," he said when he got nearer; "I'm going to be married."

"Married?" repeated Charles mechanically, surveying his own raiment with languid interest. The sight of Talbot in amicable converse with his ally, and apparently with the vision of yesterday, had come as something of a shock. "In my clothes?" he added with a faint curiosity.

"Oh, I borrowed them, didn't I?" Talbot conceded. "I forgot to tell you. Of course you haven't paid your tailor yet. Tell him to send the bill to me, old man." Therewith he swept the subject magnificently aside and returned to the more important matter. "Man, I could move mountains!" he exclaimed. "I've been accepted. Have you ever been in love? But no, how should you? No one has ever been in love except myself."

Talbot looked so confident that Charles did not dispute it. "Who is the lady?" he asked, still somewhat stunned, as they turned in the direction of the house-boat. Surprise made him oblivious of the Gladstone bag and of the fact that he now had

a good opportunity to recover it since the mystery of the clothes was cleared up.

"That was she," said Talbot; "the only one in the world."

Charles allowed this statement also to pass unchallenged. "How did it happen?" he asked, and Talbot briefly related the story, ending it as they reached the plank bridge.

Charles remained silent and thoughtful until they came to the house-boat, near which their friends were busy getting tea ready. Then he spoke magnanimously: "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said; "I'll give you the clothes as a wedding-present."

Meanwhile preparations for tea stopped abruptly. William, Majendie, and the Admiral opened their eyes wide and stared. Talbot advanced unabashed clad in neat blue serge, brown boots, and Panama hat while Charles walked at his side apparently in a state of acquiescence.

"Ahem," said Majendie, adjusting his eye-glasses.

"Dear me," observed the Admiral, "*quantum mutatus ab illo*." Talbot surveyed them coolly, and decided that any attempts at inopportune wit must be checked. "How is the patient to-day?" he said pleasantly to Majendie. "You have prescribed groceries as usual? That is good," he added as the Doctor's countenance lost its possibilities of humour and lengthened in unexpected seriousness.

"I trust the pupil is diligent?" Talbot went on, turning to the Admiral. "*Non cuius homini*—you can't paint King Charles's oak in one sitting." The Admiral for a brief moment looked like one of his own schoolboys found defective in repetition; he had no words to utter, and was conscious of Charles's suspicious eye.

Having so far cleared the path of possible unpleasantness Talbot turned to William. "Wish me joy, old man," he said.

"What about?" asked William, somewhat mystified by all that was happening.

"I'm going to be married," Talbot replied, "and the lady is coming to tea to-morrow. How are the stores? We must do it properly, iced cakes and chocolates, and things of that sort. You make me out a list, and I'll drive into Oldborough and get them this evening." Talbot was not aware how nearly his projected feast was at that moment being jeopardised by occurrences in the other camp, and he was confident in Mr.

Lauriston's power to persuade his wife. He naturally took a sanguine view of conjugal relations.

"All for one lady? Who is she?" William returned. He was hardly surprised; after the confessions made to him yesterday by Majendie and the Admiral he was prepared for shocks.

"Yes, of course, all for one lady," Talbot went on. "But there are others coming too, and a gentleman."

"Others?" questioned Majendie who had recovered himself.

"Yes, the patient is coming,—and the pupil," Talbot added, looking at the Admiral.

"Who," asked Charles, "are they?"

Talbot told him, at some length, interrupted from time to time by indignant exclamations from the Admiral and the Doctor. "It is not an engagement at all," said Mr. Crichton warmly, "and I shall be grateful if you will refrain from misconstruing a perfectly innocent friendship."

"A doctor," Majendie joined in, re-adjusting his eye-glasses, "is never safe from calumny, but I must protest against such unwarranted insinuations."

"Oh well," Talbot conceded, "if I am premature, forgive me. At any rate you won't object to entertaining them to-morrow?" And they did not object.

Then they sat down to tea. Presently Charles said in a reflective tone. "Well, it's all very nice, and everybody seems pleased, but what I want to know is, where do I come in?"

Talbot's answer displayed genuine contrition. "I'm awfully sorry, old man, but I'm afraid you don't come in anywhere," he replied; "unless you'll do so as my best man."

CHAPTER XXXV

"I NEVER heard of such a thing, never," was Mrs. Lauriston's opening observation on receipt of the intelligence. "How you can have the face to come and tell me! It's—it's—it's *brazen*! Don't you try to interfere, Henry; I won't hear any excuses; there aren't any. A niece of mine—after the bringing up I've given you, Miss Cicely Neave—and you come and tell

me you've been carrying on with a man who may be a counter-jumper for all I know—they do say one of Mr. Neave's sisters ran away with the butler, or was it the groom? They may do those things in society with their actresses and American heiresses for all I care, the hussies! But after I've given you a home—and there isn't a better in Ealing—and you—you go deceiving me behind my back! I wonder you dare look at me, but you'd do anything. All I can say is, after the way you've been behaving the sooner you marry your counter-jumper the better,—that's all!"

"My dear Charlotte," began Mr. Lauriston, "Mr. Talbot is—"

"I don't want to hear what Mr. Talbot is; it's the deception I care about. I'm thankful I never had any children of my own, if that's the way they behave nowadays. You'll be wanting to go about in rational dress next, I suppose, without a hat. Go away and marry him before he finds out what you're like. No, Henry, I won't hear any more. She's talked you over, a nice one, she is. I won't hear any more, and I've done with her. Why don't you speak, you chit?"

"Speak," echoed Cicely, who had turned very pale, "after what you've said about him? If I thought you knew what you were saying, Aunt Charlotte, I'd never speak to you again." Without a word more she turned abruptly away and walked very slowly, holding herself extremely erect, to a clump of trees by the river until she was out of sight.

Mrs. Lauriston choked. She had a multiplicity of emotions to express and parsimonious nature has only endowed woman with one tongue, a most regrettable economy. "She—she—she ought to have her ears boxed, the minx!" was her eventual utterance. It seemed inadequate even to herself, but it was only a prelude, and she soon made up for such comparative reticence. "Henry, you ought to thrash him, philandering after a respectably brought-up girl as if she was a housemaid. To dare to answer me back, too! I shall go back to-night—no, there isn't a train, and we can't sleep in a house without getting the rooms aired and the sheets too; you must telegraph to Martha, Mr. Lauriston, and we go back at once. I'll see to her!" she decreed in a tone that boded ill for the person in question.

But Mr. Lauriston's reply also contained something of the unexpected. "Cicely is quite right; you always want to decide

everything in a hurry, Charlotte, and you've not been at all fair to the girl."

"Fair—fair to her? I've not been fair to her, when she's trying on low intrigues with a groom or a counter-jumper or a——?"

"Mr. Talbot is certainly a gentleman," her husband put in.

"He doesn't behave like one, whatever he pretends to be. A gentleman? Pouf!"

"You are going too far, Charlotte." Mr. Lauriston waxed bolder. "When you are a little calmer I will bring her to explain to you," and he walked off after Cicely without another word.

Mrs. Lauriston felt that she could have shaken him, she really could. After they had been married all those years too! She picked up the teapot, as a substitute, and shook that, and in so doing was reminded that it was tea-time. Mrs. Lauriston was fortunate in being able to expend accumulated energies in domestic pursuits, and she forthwith began to make ready for the meal.

In the meantime Mr. Lauriston had discovered his niece, a disconsolate little figure that had abandoned dignity in favour of tears. At his approach she momentarily drew herself up, prepared for defence, but on seeing him she complained with a little sob, "How could she, how could she?"

"It will all come right," said Mr. Lauriston boldly, sitting down beside her. "Don't cry, my dear child."

"I can't ever forgive her," mourned Cicely, who refused to be comforted, perhaps from a feeling that her excellent uncle was not precisely the comforter demanded by the occasion.

"You mustn't cry," repeated Mr. Lauriston. "Suppose Mr. Talbot were to see you now."

Cicely reconsidered things. "But after what Aunt Charlotte said," she began dolefully.

"Never mind," said Mr. Lauriston; "your aunt is sometimes a little hasty, of course, but when she gets to know Mr. Talbot,—by the way, where did you first meet him?"

Cicely smiled through her tears. "You're getting quite too clever, Uncle Henry," she said; "you're an old dear." Whereat Mr. Lauriston was gratified, for it testified to his ability to grapple with the mysterious moods which agitate the feminine half of creation.

His wife, however, had no one either to comfort or blame. She was left alone with her indignation and the teapot. The one was but slightly relieved by polishing the other for the third time that day, with murmured strictures on Martin's incapacity to supply elbow-grease to silver. But when she had finished this, and was looking round for more occupation, she perceived Agatha and Doris returning together and conversing as they came in high good humour.

Their evident satisfaction with the ordering of the universe vexed Mrs. Lauriston. She called to them. "Come here, girls, and help pack. We must go back to Ealing this evening."

"This evening? But we can't!" said Agatha, aghast. Doris said nothing, but her shy smiles vanished.

Mrs. Lauriston was inwardly pleased. "This evening," she repeated; "I hope you understand."

"But whatever," began Agatha. She stopped herself with a secret sense of guilt.

"Oh, I hope nobody's ill!" exclaimed Doris.

"Ill? I wish they were, the whipper-snappers!" retorted Mrs. Lauriston. "Ill? not they. It's never the people who ought to be anything that are. Why that plumber who put all our drains into typhoid and diphtheria in the back kitchen, so that we had quite a bad smell in it in hot weather—he told me he had never known what it was to be ill. Ill, the counter-jumpers! We ought never to have stayed here a single minute after that exhibition, swimming in broad daylight, in the river too! I told your uncle, but he wouldn't listen to me, he never does, though after we've been married all these years he ought to know that I don't speak about a thing unless it's absolutely necessary; but you backed him up, so it's your fault, too. If I'd done what many wives would have done and not let myself be guided against my better judgment it would never have happened. After the way I've brought you both up, too!"

The two girls looked at each other in genuine alarm. "They're not counter-jumpers," said Agatha at last, recovering herself; "and it was all an accident."

She was under a misapprehension, not unnaturally. People were apt to confuse the heads of Mrs. Lauriston's discourse, and neither of the girls imagined that the outburst could be even remotely connected with the true offender. An ability to create

cataclysms was not credited to Cicely,—so unappreciated is merit in the family circle. Mrs. Lauriston was sensible that someone had spoken, but had no time to disentangle the self-accusation in the speech. The last word, however, proved inspiring. "Accident!" she repeated. "Accident! A nice sort of accident to happen in a respectable family. It'll be talked of all over Ealing! To think that I should have one of my sister's daughters talked about as if she ran about in tights and played football and had her photograph in the papers, like those people who get into divorce cases and dance in music-halls, and call themselves smart; I'd like to make them smart, the—the things! I'd like to talk to him, and I will when I see him. He'll know what a decent woman thinks of such conduct!"

"There's nobody to talk about it if you don't," said Agatha with some asperity. She disapproved of Mrs. Lauriston's methods of comparison, and was prepared to defend herself.

"And who else should talk about it, I should like to know?" retorted her aunt. "If nobody else knows what is respectable in these days, when everybody bets and drinks whiskey and leaves their husbands and paints themselves up to look as if they were two years old, I do. I declare if she wasn't my sister's child I wish she'd go and do the same just to pay him out. She will, too, if she goes on like that. I wish Mr. Talbot joy of her, I do indeed. And we're going back to-night, and I'm never going to let her see him again, never."

"Mr. Talbot," echoed Agatha and Doris, amazed.

"Yes, that's his name, and Mr. Lauriston would have given his consent to their being engaged, I do believe. That's her! She can do anything with men; where she learnt it I don't know—the same way as she's done now, suppose."

"Cicely engaged to Mr. Talbot?" exclaimed Agatha.

"Why he only cares about fishing and hates women," said Doris.

A brief and expressive silence followed this announcement. "Dr. Majendie told me about him," said Agatha, as Mrs. Lauriston's eye compelled explanation.

"Indeed! and, pray, who is Dr. Majendie?" Aunt Charlotte inquired.

"He rescued me from a mad cow,—it had eaten the mustard," Agatha explained rather nervously. Her aunt's calm was in some ways more awful than the storm.

"And I heard from Mr. Crichton," confessed Doris in a small voice; "he saved my sketch for me and he knew my brother at Oxford. He told me quite a lot about Mr. Talbot."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Lauriston icily. "Agatha, I presume, has heard as much also. May I ask how often you have been rescued from mad cows?"

"Dr. Majendie sometimes comes to shop for his party," Agatha replied.

"I quite understand," said Aunt Charlotte, "I quite understand." She walked slowly away.

Doris made a movement as if to follow her. "You will find the tea in the black canister in the left corner of the tent," said Mrs. Lauriston without looking round.

"Oh, Aunt Charlotte," began Agatha.

Mrs. Lauriston turned abruptly. "You have deceived me," she said coldly and then passed on.

Agatha drew back. "Oh dear," exclaimed Doris, "what have we done?"

"Bring me the black canister," said Agatha. "Uncle Henry will want his tea."

Mrs. Lauriston walked on, hardly knowing whither her steps were leading her, and half stunned as by the crash of her world falling about her ears. Suddenly she came upon Cicely and her husband. She looked at them uncomprehendingly for a moment. Then, "They have deceived me too, Henry," she said wearily, "after all I've done for them. I suppose it is my fault that everyone hides things from me; I suppose I am too hard and you all hate me."

"Oh, Auntie, you know it isn't that," Cicely sprang up and ran to her. "You know it isn't that, only we had to hide things a little wee bit, just to have something to tell. It's my fault really. Now do sit down and be nice and I'll tell you all about it, only you mustn't think we did it on purpose. We didn't." She led the strangely passive Mrs. Lauriston to her vacated corner and sat down at her feet.

Mr. Lauriston half opened his mouth to speak, but decided that after all this was a woman's affair. Also, if he had spoken there was yet another confession unmade, a confession connected with a Gladstone bag, and he feared that somewhat weighty article might perform all too effectually the office of the ultimate straw.

"Did you always want to tell everybody everything when Uncle Henry was making love to you?" asked Cicely in her most insinuating manner.

"Mr. Lauriston's family were well known to my father and mother," said Mrs. Lauriston severely.

Cicely welcomed this return to the more familiar manner. "Of course they would be, Auntie dear. But just at first, at the very first, before you were really engaged, you didn't want them to know quite all about it, did you?"

Mr. Lauriston chuckled. "We used to leave each other letters under a stone in the square-garden," he commented.

"There, Aunt Charlotte," exclaimed Cicely in triumph. "I'm sure you never told anybody about that. And I really am going to tell you," she concluded virtuously.

"Henry!" said Mrs. Lauriston, still fearing lest ideas should be planted in Cicely's head.

"You were as handsome a girl then as you are a woman now," said Mr. Lauriston gallantly; "and I remember that day when you ought to have gone to the Smythes and—"

"I remember," interrupted Aunt Charlotte.

"Oh what did you do?" Uncle Henry, I'm sure it was your fault," cooed Cicely. "Why you won't tell even now," she added, as Mrs. Lauriston shook her head with a half smile.

"You see, we shall have to forgive her," said Mr Lauriston. His wife frowned, recalled to the present.

"You must," said Cicely, "because it's all my fault."

"That hardly seems a sufficient reason," her aunt opined.

"Oh, but it is; it wasn't his at all. And it's your fault too, all of you. It was the fishing; you would all make me do things, so I said I'd fish, though I can't. Don't you see?" Mrs. Lauriston did see, but she did not yet approve. Mr. Lauriston did not and said so. "He came along just as the rod hooked a fish, and he caught it for me before I knew what was happening, and then he would have gone away altogether. You wouldn't have liked it if Uncle Henry had gone away the very first time, would you, Auntie? And besides I should never have caught any more fish, and then Agatha would have made me row about till I was all over blisters, or I should have had to use a lot of horrid paints and got my fingers all sticky and turpen-

tiney, and he never looked at me, he just thought about the fish, and you wouldn't have liked it if Uncle Henry had only been thinking about fish or bayonets or something when he oughtn't to have been thinking about anything except you, would you, Auntie? And then Uncle Henry liked the fish, and you said it saved buying so many eggs for breakfast, and so I had to get some more, and I couldn't even catch one however hard I tried, and you've got to put horrid squirmy things on to hooks first, you see,—and so, and so, it wasn't really my fault, was it, Auntie dear?" She patted Mrs. Lauriston's nearest hand, looking up in innocent appeal. Mr. Lauriston chuckled again.

"You child," said Mrs. Lauriston not unkindly, "do you never think what you're doing? But this Mr.—"

Cicely hastened to interrupt. "Now you mustn't say anything against him. He was so dreadfully proper, Auntie, you can't think. He wanted to go off and tell you directly, but I couldn't let him do that; it was such fun,—you thinking me such a clever girl at fishing, I mean. It would have spoilt it all. And then, and then, after a little—it was the fishing part at first, it really was—but when—you didn't want anybody to read the letters you found under the stone, did you, Auntie dear? But he came and told Uncle Henry all about it at once, and you mustn't be very angry, Auntie dear; because I love him very much, and he's *my* Uncle Henry, you see."

"Has he got any money?" asked Aunt Charlotte, after an anxious pause. Mr. Lauriston satisfied her on this point. "Well, I hope he deserves you," she conceded at last.

"I knew you were going to be nice," declared Cicely, kissing her gratefully. "But you must forgive the others too, because that was our fault."

"Your fault?" Mrs. Lauriston looked at her husband.

"Not Uncle Henry's," said Cicely, "mine. They would have told you and that would have been so soon. So I used to find out where Doris was going and tell him, and he told Mr. Crichton without letting him know he knew, because neither she nor Agatha would ever have gone of themselves. I know I oughtn't to have done it, but if someone had told Uncle Henry where you were going to be when you wouldn't have said yourself, you wouldn't have been very angry with the someone, would you, Auntie? And they are *their* Uncle Henrys. Only don't tell them because they don't know I did it all. It's just a secret for

you because I'm telling you everything, and you're such a nice old Aunt,—no, not old, only an old dear, and we are all going to tea on the house-boat to-morrow, and then you'll be very nice to him, won't you?"

Mrs. Lauriston's answer was only a shake of the head, but Cicely must have found encouragement in her expression, for she kissed her again and then ran off to tell the others the good news, while husband and wife followed more slowly towards the camp.

CHAPTER XXXVI

"OH Auntie, it's he," was Cicely's sufficient introduction, as Talbot, still attired in the blue suit, brown boots, and Panama hat, advanced to meet the little procession that neared the boat-house. With him came Charles, still magnanimous and willing to begin the duties of best man from the beginning.

Mrs. Lauriston, though she had yielded and was in a Sunday mood, was yet minded to be severe to the male delinquent. But Talbot took her hand firmly, before she had time for speech. "Cicely's aunt?" he said. "It is my regret not to have known you before. I must be permitted to make amends in the future."

Charles, in the capacity of best man, bowed to aunt and niece in his finest manner, so far as a straw hat allowed. "My friend is a man to be congratulated," he said, including the elder lady in the suggestion.

"With your consent, too, I hope," added Talbot in a manner that admitted of no reply. Mr. Lauriston and the other girls, who were a few yards behind, now came up and introductions were effected. Mrs. Lauriston was still almost silent. She was considering Talbot, who stood beside her. On her other hand was Cicely, looking up beseechingly.

Presently Mrs. Lauriston addressed him with unwonted mildness. "You will be kind to her?" she said with almost a note of entreaty in her voice. "I never had any children of my own, and she ——"

Talbot bent down a little to answer her fears. She seemed curiously different from the idea he had formed of her, and, indeed, she may have felt a difference in herself. "I hope she

will always find a mother in you, and that you will have me for a son," he added, surprised at himself as he spoke.

Meanwhile Mr. Lauriston had seized the opportunity of a word with Charles. "My wife—" he began in an undertone, "I mean—she knows who you are of course, but she is not aware—I have not had a favourable opportunity of informing her—that I used to come and see you here."

Chares remembered the highly technical conversation sustained during his visit to the other camp, and gallantly repressed a smile. "I quite understand," he said. "Will you honour me by allowing our friendship to have been of older date, and our meeting down here to have been but a most unexpected renewal of it?"

Mr. Lauriston nodded gratefully. Tact such as this was rare in an unfeeling world, and for its sake he was prepared to condone any slight confusion of dates. "So far as I am concerned," he said, "I should have been happy to count you among my friends whenever and wherever I had met you."

Thereupon Sir Seymour claimed Mrs. Lauriston, leading her off to the tent by the house-boat, while Talbot was left for a moment with Cicely. It is to be feared that he wished the whole party anywhere, and his face said as much. "Wouldn't you prefer the perch-hole?" he suggested.

Cicely blushed. "You don't know what trouble we had to come."

Talbot looked at her and understood. "It's over now?" he asked.

"You must be very good to Aunt Charlotte," she replied.

"Yes," he admitted, "we shall always be grateful to her."

By this time the others had reached the tent, and Mrs. Lauriston had presented to her Majendie and the Admiral, neatly attired in grey flannel, and William, who was still as disreputable as of old, except for the facts that he had shaved and wore a tie. Even Talbot had not convinced him that it was his duty to go into the town yesterday and procure raiment suitable for the occasion. Her attention was principally given to Majendie, who, after shaking hands, adjusted his eye-glasses and began boldly. "I am very pleased to meet you. I had the honour of being of some slight professional service to Miss Neave. I have hoped for this opportunity ever since."

Mrs. Lauriston thanked him for his efforts on her niece's

behalf, reflecting that Agatha might after all do worse, and she acquiesced in his at once monopolising the young lady. In Doris she could not be expected to take so much interest, but she greeted the Admiral politely enough, after which he followed the Doctor's example.

Mrs. Lauriston was settled in the most comfortable chair by the attentive Sir Seymour, and had leisure to observe the tea-table. It displayed a profusion of inedible but artistic cakes, confectionery, chocolates, and cocoanut biscuits, sandwiches of cucumber, of watercress, of jam—indeed everything that yesterday's expedition had been able to procure. It was a wasteful extravagance, and she felt that, even though in her honour, it should be rebuked. "Thank you, I will have a piece of bread and butter," she said in answer to Charles's enquiries.

Charles looked round anxiously. Men always overlook essentials on festal occasions. Fortunately, however, William had thought of the bread and butter at the last moment and there was a plate. "We had hoped that you would preside," said Charles indicating the tea-pot which was placed close to Mrs. Lauriston. And so it came about that Mrs. Lauriston, with a baronet in respectful attendance, made tea for six very self-absorbed young people with her husband and William as an interested but amicable audience.

She was, however, saved from too acute reflection on the mutability of human affairs by Charles's conversation, which never flagged. "It was a very odd thing that I should have met your husband down here of all places, was it not?" he said, true to his word. "In Leadenhall Street I confess it would not have surprised me, but to learn that he was actually camping out within a quarter of a mile of me was the last thing I expected. Needless to say I took an early opportunity of paying my respects."

Mrs. Lauriston listened with amiability. It spoke well for her husband that he should be in the habit of meeting persons of title in Leadenhall Street, and reticence about such matters was only to be expected in a man. "I hope you will come and see us in Ealing," she said.

Charles expressed the pleasure he would gain from doing so, and went on to touch lightly on other subjects. "A remarkable man," he said, looking at Talbot, who at that moment was

pressing chocolates on Cicely, "and quite one of the leading juniors. He can bully an unsatisfactory witness better than any man I know, and has as much work as he knows what to do with." Mrs. Lauriston reflected that, though not of her own catching, Talbot was eminently eligible so far as his worldly position went, and hoped that Cicely would manage to avoid having to give evidence when he was acting officially. She was also reassured as to Dr. Majendie, who, Charles pointed out, was bound to succeed, for was he not the son of his father? It was also satisfactory, since she was in some sort responsible for Doris, to learn that Mr. Crichton was well thought of in scholastic circles. And lastly Charles managed delicately to hint that his party by no means neglected going to church—had in fact been there that morning.

In short by the time the meal was over Mrs. Lauriston was prepared to acquiesce in the course events had taken and was even beginning to see how, rightly understood, not a little of the credit for it was due to herself. Charles also was pleased, for he perceived that he had recovered his lost ground and was advancing in the lady's good opinion. It was perhaps, he thought as he looked at his friends, but the belated shutting of the stable-door; nevertheless after the failure of his previous effort it was something to reinstate himself now. Emboldened by his progress his ideas of hospitality asserted themselves. He had conferred with William, who brought out a tray, on which were glasses of varied shape and size and a magnum of champagne. Mrs. Lauriston regarded the one with disapproval and the others with pain, but Charles, nothing daunted, smiled at Cicely and Talbot and addressed himself to the company in general and to Mrs. Lauriston in particular, while William grappled with the cork. "On this auspicious occasion," he began in the time-honoured manner, "when camp and house-boat are no longer—" but an interruption occurred and the prepared period was lost.

Standing just outside the circle was Martin, considerably disconcerted at finding his master and mistress there, and somewhat at a loss as to what he should do with a large Gladstone bag which he held in his hand. He had been informed that Mr. and Mrs. Lauriston and their party were going out to tea but not with whom. Therefore, when in course of conversation with one of the miller's men he had learnt about the Gladstone bag in the cupboard, he

had judged it a good opportunity to take it to the house-boat, quieting the man's scruples and persuading him to unlock the door by saying that there was a reward attaching to it, a reward which might be capable of sub-division. Martin therefore grasped the bag and went off with it in triumph, and was now puzzled to explain matters in Mrs. Lauriston's presence.

"The portmanteau," whispered Cicely to Talbot, "and the big girl never gave it back."

"She meant to, but she was thinking of the curate," he returned. But some measure of justice overtook him.

Charles relieved Martin of the trouble of explanation. "My missing bag," he exclaimed for Mrs. Lauriston's benefit, rising from his chair. "It got lost somehow, and I have been offering a reward for it. That is very good of you," he said to Martin. "Here is,—" he felt in his waistcoat-pocket and then suddenly remembered something. He went over to Talbot. "Lend me a couple of pounds, old fellow," he said, "a reward for the bag." Talbot handed them over while Cicely laughed approval at Charles, who on second thoughts returned one, and went on to Majendie and the Admiral and levied half a sovereign from each of them. Justice was thus evenly distributed and Martin went away rejoicing.

Thus Charles had leisure to return to the more important matter that had been deferred, but, perceiving that the magnum had not been so successful as himself in winning a way to Mrs. Lauriston's good graces, he altered the form of his intended toast giving the honest bottle a chance to reinstate itself too. And so it came about that criticism was disarmed, and the wine flowed in honour of the Mistress and Master of The Enemy's Camp.

THE END

IMPERIAL RECRUITING-GROUNDS

IN the opinion of the men on the spot, and therefore, according to Lords Curzon and Elgin, the men most likely to know the true state of affairs, the real origin of the unrest and uprising among the warlike Zulus and other Kafir tribes in South Africa is neither the poll nor the hut tax. Both, it is true, have been, and may be still, the nominal reason for the general ferment and warlike spirit that is bursting its trammels in the southern hemisphere, but neither is the real reason of the mutiny against the Paramount Power any more than the real reason of the Sepoy Rebellion of 1857 was the cartridges believed to have been made from the fat of pigs and cows.

To find the true cause one must look deeper, and study the history and natural instincts of the Zulu nation. In the opinion of those best qualified to judge, that is to say of those who have spent their lives among these warrior tribes of South Africa, and who speak their tongue with the native-like vibration that can only be acquired by long residence in and among their kraals, the true reason of the outbreak is nothing more or less than the natural warlike instincts of the race.

It has always been, and still is, the custom of the race, in spite of the apparent peace within its confines for over a quarter of a century, that a Zulu boy does not assume manhood, with its full complement of wives and cattle, until he has wetted his assegai in the blood of a foe.

Since the downfall of Cetewayo as the head of a great fighting nation, wars both inter-tribal and against the white man have ceased. The rôle of the witch-doctor has practically disappeared and the young bloods have, forsooth, during these times of enforced peace within the borders of the once bellicose land of the Zulu, been prevented, by the Great White Power that is over them, from indulging their warlike propensities in anything

more exciting than competition in throwing the knobkerri and assegai and the fantastic measures of an occasional war-dance.

It takes more than a quarter of a century to cool the hot blood of a martial race. It has taken considerably more than a century to convert into peaceful husbandmen the once martial races of Bengal and Madras who under Clive helped us to found our Empire in the East. When once, however, such a conversion is accomplished, it is practically impossible to reinstil the former fighting spirit into a race. It is these descendants of the virile tribes of Southern India, whose warlike attributes have been dulled by long neglect of the sword and fostering of the plough, that we now consider no longer fit to wear our uniform nor to fight our battles for us. The assegais of the Zulus, however, are not so blunted nor their spirit so tamed that they desire to forget for ever the prowess of their forbears, and to turn their fighting metal into ploughshares under the protecting influence of the Pax Britannica.

The question, then, which arises is this: from an Imperial point of view is it most desirable to try to kill by degrees the warlike instincts of the race, and to suffer the heroes of a hundred fights to sink gradually into mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, or shall we foster the magnificent material at our hands in South Africa and make use of it for Imperial purposes, thus raising up for ourselves and for our descendants a loyal race of chivalrous fighting men who will stand by us in our hour of need as have done our gallant Sikhs and Ghoorkhas?

The position of the Zulu nation after their defeat in 1879 was very similar to that of the Sikhs after the decisive battle of Goojerat on 21st February, 1849. In both cases a martial race had after severe fighting succumbed to the power of Great Britain. In both cases the Government of the day determined that for the peace of the country the warlike soul of the conquered nation should be smothered, and that ploughshares should take the place of swords and assegais.

That this decision was taken as regards the Sikhs in 1849 is somewhat curious, because immediately after the conclusion of the first Sikh war in 1846 our former enemies showed their loyalty to us in a most marked manner. It will be remembered that when John Nicholson was in Cashmere, as military instructor to the local forces, a rebellion was raised in that country against our protégé Gholab Singh, by Imam ud Din the Governor

of Srinagar and the Vizier Lal Singh, with the intention of throwing off the suzerainty of Great Britain. There being no regular forces at hand to stamp this out, we called to our aid some ten thousand Sikhs from the ranks of our late enemies, under Lawrence and Hodson, to assist us in placing on the throne of Cashmere Gholab Singh, a man who in the eyes of the Khalsa was a rebel against their late Government. Right loyally did our former foes perform their part. Such rash and enterprising combinations are perhaps unintelligible to the average foreigner, but it is the way we have made our Empire, it is the way we have made our former enemies our friends, and have firmly rooted the loyalty of our fighting races. Nevertheless, John Lawrence decided after the conclusion of the second Sikh War that the recruiting of Sikhs for our Native Army was undesirable, and an order strictly forbidding it was issued by him just before the Mutiny in 1856.

Had John Lawrence's ideas prevailed, one of two things must in the natural course of events have happened; either the martial attributes of the race would gradually have died out, and they would have sunk, as the Bengalis and Madrassis have, and as the Rajputs and Mahrattas are sinking, into a race of peaceful husbandmen, whose sole ambition is ease and a sufficiency of money for their daily wants, varied at times by a dash of intrigue and disloyalty to the Paramount Power, or the young bloods would (like the Zulus) have continued to live up to the chivalrous standard of their fathers, and trained themselves for the ordeal of war against the time when a fresh opportunity should present itself of again wetting their swords for the Khalsa and proving themselves Singhs in act as well as in name. The latter opportunity would most undoubtedly have been found by the Sikh nation during the troublous times of 1857-8, and all our blood and treasure expended during the two Sikh wars would have been in vain. Luckily for the Empire, however, in the beginning of 1857 we had in the Punjab such far-seeing and shrewd lieutenants as Herbert Edwardes, John Nicholson, and Neville Chamberlain. The result was that, owing to their advice, and it may be said to their insistence, John Lawrence's short-sighted measures were overruled and the gallant soldiers of the Khalsa flocked to the standard of Nicholson and his companions. History tells how this warlike race, but lately our foes on many a hard fought field, loyally upheld the cause of their new masters

during the dark days of the Mutiny, and how they have since, in many a battle, both within and without the marches of our Indian Empire, proved themselves to be in the first rank as gallant and faithful soldiers of their Sovereign.

What our army in India would be without our Sikhs, those who have spent their lives in the East know. The same may be said of the Ghorkhas, Dogras, Beloochis, and Punjabi-Mahommedans, all of which races have measured swords with us in the past, and in all of whom we have since found gallant fighters in our ranks.

It is these races, martial by nature, by history, and by inclination, that form the backbone of our Indian army. It is to these nations that we have given the only natural and possible outlet for their warlike propensities by making them soldiers of the King. They have, as have the Zulus of to-day, the same desire to prove themselves men and to follow the profession of arms; but unlike the latter they are encouraged to do so, and by this timely foresight in the past, we have gained for our great Empire several races of men whose gallantry and loyalty on a thousand fields have been written in golden letters in the annals of our nation.

It would take many years to kill outright the martial attributes of the Zulu. Years and years of fighting ancestry have made him, like the Sikh and the Ghorkha, a born soldier, and although in times of poverty and distress he is sullenly willing to work in the mines or to till the soil for a scanty wage which, when saved up for years, will buy him a wife and a cow, his natural warlike instincts are still alive, as the present year shows, and the youth of the nation but hankers after the life of a soldier and an opportunity to prove himself a man as did his fathers before him.

Nowadays a large number of troops from our Indian army are yearly taken for service over-sea both in times of peace and of war; Aden, the East Coast of Africa, Hong Kong, the Straits Settlements, and Mauritius are cases in point, to say nothing of Egypt, China, and Malta when necessity arises. If we denude India of its troops for service beyond the borders of that Empire, why should we not in part fill their places by Imperial native troops from other parts of the British Empire?

Ten years ago, in an article on this very subject in a Service Journal, I wrote as follows:

We are an Imperial Nation, and it seems a matter of regret that our recruiting, whether it be for the Empire at large or at all events for that

portion of it which is under the Government of India, should not be carried out under more Imperial conditions. To make use of our fighting races in India for service elsewhere in the Empire, as we do at present, by employing soldiers recruited in Northern India for service in Africa, Mauritius, Singapore, Hong Kong, Burmah and Aden, or for active service in any part of the Globe when occasion requires, is but acting up to our Imperial Policy ; but if we export Indian soldiers for service abroad, why not import others besides Home Troops for service in India ?

In 1893 there was some commotion at Army Head-Quarters, Simla, over the disaffection in the North-West Provinces, Oudh, and Bengal, connected in some mysterious way with the "tree daubing," and no little difficulty was experienced in arranging for the despatch of troops to the disaffected districts who would have no sympathies or caste ties with the rioters, should resort to arms become necessary. The necessity and the advantage of having troops on the side of Government unconnected in any way with the people of riotous or mutinous neighbourhoods was clearly portrayed to us during the dark days of the mutiny. Had we at our disposal, beside the many tribes of which our Indian Army is composed, battalions of Zulus, Houssas, North American Indians, Arabs, Soudanese, Malays, &c., not only would the effect, politically speaking, be far reaching and advantageous, but in case of necessity arising for the despatch of the best and most reliable regiments of our Indian Army either across the seas or across the frontiers on active service, the presence of troops, aliens to the natives of India, while loyal to and dependent on the British Government for their pay and prosperity, and who could have no possible sympathy with the people of the soil, would do more to ensure peace within our borders than would be possible were our "Obligatory Garrisons" composed of purely Indian-raised troops.

The ten years that have passed since then, and the experience of three times ten years spent mostly in India and partly in South Africa, have only made me more convinced that the true solution of the Native Problem in South Africa, be the tribes Basutos, Zulus, Swazis, or Matabilis, is that solution which has bound fast to the Empire the fighting races of India—namely, to grant to these tribes the facilities for following their natural careers as soldiers in an honourable and remunerative form.

The possible areas of our remaining recruiting-fields in India itself are becoming year by year contracted and the produce less satisfactory. The Rajputs and Mahrattas, from long years of peace, are no longer the magnificent raw material we once had to work on ; no longer is it their proud boast that no generation has ever sheathed its sword and that their horsemen water their steeds at every stream in Hindostan. Even the Sikhs, Dogras, Ghorkhas and Punjabi-Mahommedans are beginning to

show signs of martial deterioration, and were it not for our ever recurring little wars, the fighting spirit of these races would gradually die out. As it is, we recruit a great deal more than many consider safe from beyond the marches of our Empire across the North-West Frontier among the Afridis, Urukzais, Jowakis, and such like tribes. In times of peace these gallant hillmen serve us well, and in times of war, with but few exceptions, they have proved themselves true to their salt while the Union Jack is in the ascendant. The question arises, however, as to what would be their behaviour in the event of a big war with Russia or maybe with the combined forces of Russia and Afghanistan, when their loyalty would be put to a severer test than it was at the Peiwar Kotal in 1878 and in the Tirah Campaign of 1897. At any rate, given a war with Russia or Afghanistan, we could no longer count on the same results from our trans-frontier recruiting as we do now; most certainly not, were we unfortunate enough to suffer the slightest initial reverse, and when has Great Britain ever waged a big war in which reverses did not form the early chapters of events before we came to the later period of "muddling through"?

The Empire is large and its responsibilities, both within and without its borders, are ever increasing. Fighting men will always be required, in numbers increasing in geometrical progression as the years go by. Please God the day may come when the white man of the Empire will quit himself like a man and take upon his shoulders the duty of universal training in the Militia or Volunteer Forces throughout our dominions, so as to fit himself for his duty in defence of his home and country if need be; and let us pray that this may be ere our fighting instincts have become as dulled as those of the descendants of the victors of Arcot and Plassy, and ere our enemies take us unawares at our gates. We should, however, look to the martial instincts and training of the coloured tribes within the Empire as well as to our own, for on them we have depended in the past, and on them we shall have to depend in the future to maintain the integrity of our vast inheritance.

Is it wise to consider only the present when the future looms so big before us? Is it wise to endeavour to obtain a temporary peace within our borders by destroying for ever the magnificent fighting qualities of the Zulus and other martial races within the Empire? The loyalty of the Sikhs and the Ghoorkhas was worth

to us, after we had fought side by side in 1857, treble what it was before. A Zulu brigade that had wetted its assegais and shouldered its rifles alongside the British and Native Indian forces in battle for the Great White King would go far to instil into the tribe the loyalty and devotion which is the type of all that is noblest and best in a soldier, and which is found to-day in our former opponents in the Nepaul, Scinde, and Punjab wars.

The idea of employing in our army Imperial native troops from the four quarters of the Empire, and bringing them together in the comradeship of war-training and war, is neither chimerical nor impossible; it is but the natural evolution of an empire on the lines carried out by Cæsar, Alexander, and other great empire-builders of old. The resultant intercourse between the various fighting tribes throughout our Empire could not but be beneficial to all concerned, and would lead to a better appreciation of our resources on the part of the many races that owe us allegiance. It would impress the North-American Indian, the Zulu, the Maori, the Houssa, the men of Uganda and the Soudan, the Arab, the Malay and the heterogeneous and manifold races of India alike with the power of the Sovereign under whose flag they thrive and prosper, and under whose government they find justice, peace, and honour, the like of which was unknown in the great empires of the past. The idea is Imperial, the results would be Imperial, and would forge yet one more link of strength and harmony in the chain that encircles our world-wide dominions.

VINCULUM

HOLIDAY-LAW

THE average Englishman who takes a holiday in his native land does not trouble himself as a rule about the legal aspects of his various enjoyments. A meekly conscientious sightseer, he visits ruined abbeys, cathedrals, and historical castles at the time and in the manner dictated by the guide-book, is prepared to pay his shilling or sixpence, and generally shows all respect to other people's property. At the sea-side he finds that practically he can bathe, fish, or sail as he pleases, subject only in the towns to bye-laws necessary for convenience and decency. On the river the same applies to bathing and rowing (but he must make inquiries before he fishes), and in many inland counties he can wander on foot or horseback over commons, moorland, or open down for miles without challenge, save perhaps from some much-tried golfer who has left his temper and manners in the nearest bunker. So long, then, as such freedom is open to him, he does not brood over the legal rights and wrongs of his position.

Now and again a faint echo from the law-courts may reach him, as when a claim to exclude him from some favourite place is made and established; but he knows that he has always been able to rely on a well-recognised fact that the rights which the law of England gives to landowners have hitherto been tempered by a sense of obligation. The law permits of selfishness; strong but unwritten custom lays down that it is unbecoming to those who have inherited places of historical interest or natural beauty. Thus the public are given access at proper times and with reasonable safeguards, and so long as the sightseer can enjoy himself, he does not mind whether the law upholds him as a genuine traveller, politely pats him on the back as, so to say, a chartered libertine, or even frowns disapproval at him as a technical trespasser.

Undeniably, this system,—that of the absolute legal right of owners to exclude the public, modified by benevolent custom—

has, on the whole and in the majority of cases, worked very well indeed. Ancient fabrics have been preserved : there has been an absence of red tape and officialism ; and, where freedom has been curtailed, in nine cases out of ten it has been through the misconduct and selfishness, not of the owner, but of misbehaving visitors.

If alterations in our law are ever found necessary, it is clear at the outset that the terms of access to historical castles and buildings still habitable and inhabited must be those upon which the comfort and convenience of the inmates are properly ensured. A right of invasion of an Englishman's castle because it is a large and ancient and castellated building would not accord with established principles ; but for the public enjoyment of such places as, to name a few, Pevensey, Hurstmonceux, and Kenilworth Castles, Fountains Abbey, Tintern Abbey, the camps on the Roman wall in Northumberland, and Stonehenge, different considerations prevail. Most of those named, and others similar, are owned privately : the fees, where charged, are usually for maintenance only, and the public have sufficient freedom ; but the argument that their rights ought not to be defeasible or subject to individual caprice is stronger. Then also there are questions of the right of excursion to places of natural beauty, such as the Cumberland lakes, rivers, mountains, and waterfalls, the Malvern hills, the Sussex downs, the caves near Buxton, the Thames, the Norfolk Broads, and the coast of Cornwall ; and likewise concerning such matters as rights of bathing, fishing, and other recreations. The recent decision in the case of Stonehenge has once more drawn attention to the question as to how far our present law in England holds an even balance between two conflicting interests. On the one hand there is the worker, who seeks to enjoy his much-needed holiday in a land whose orators shout very loudly to him of freedom, and on the other the owner of property, who does not care to risk its defilement and defacement at the hands of the baser sort of tourist, or even the freeholder, who has paid for privacy in his domain and considers he is entitled to have it.

Fortunately for those who discuss a concrete instance, the case of Stonehenge was one in which the element of personal selfishness, and all the prejudices it brings, was conspicuously absent. The owner, his advisers, and his opponents alike recognised both the moral right of the people to visit this wonderful monument

and the importance of its preservation, only differing as to the best method of combining two somewhat incompatible objects.

To arbitrate between persons inspired with the best motives, but entertaining diametrically opposite opinions as to methods, would have been rather a delicate matter ; but a judge who has to interpret the law is absolved from personal responsibility for it, and the question whether the law is best left alone or ought to be improved is one ultimately for the people, who can leave it or mend it. For this purpose some account of it as appearing in the quoted and other recent decisions may be useful, especially as its full significance is hardly yet appreciated.

Like much other English law, that applicable in this instance has for the most part to be taken from times before railways, telegraphs, telephones, huge towns with octopus tentacles of suburbs, and monster excursions, and then squeezed and moulded to fit modern conditions ; and thus inevitably come about legal fictions and other absurdities and inconsistencies. But the broad principle of it is that private right, when once established, can only be tempered by ancient custom, and ancient custom is a thing of medievalisms, quaint and interesting enough, but not always applicable to the present. For example, the inhabitants of a certain village valued their privilege of dancing round a maypole at the appropriate season in a field privately owned, and established it by custom ; but the King's subjects in general did not trouble themselves about their right to gape at Stonehenge from inside the circle, or, just as probably, ancient owners did not trouble to dispute the right of access to a bare bit of down, thinking that possible groats from excursionists were too few to be worth collecting, which may well have been the case. But the consequence remains that the villager can dance round the maypole, a thing that he usually considers beneath his dignity at the present day, and the owner of Stonehenge could if he pleased encircle the stones with a hoarding thirty feet high, carve his name upon them and sell visitors the privilege of carving theirs, or even have every single one of them blasted to pieces with dynamite if it suited his fancy.

In cases where the right of dancing round a maypole, or of following any other specified recreation such as playing cricket, was established on private property, the ancient judges seem to have been very careful to limit it, for reasons which no doubt were sufficient at the time, but which do not, as a rule, seem to

have any present application. Such decisions, however, still bind modern judges, and thus it was held lately that the public, as such, cannot claim a custom of recreation, but only the inhabitants of a parish. Even a district was too large a unit. Perhaps the question whether a traveller staying at an inn for a week was entitled to be considered a temporary inhabitant might be arguable, but the ordinary excursionist could certainly acquire no rights by his journey. To many millions in search of recreation, therefore, ancient custom avails nothing.

The right to travel on the highway or public path will here suggest itself as an exception to the above rule, being a privilege extended to all ; but legally this right is on a different footing from those just considered. If the tourist exercises it alternately with that of obtaining refreshment from licensed victuallers, his position is unassailable ; but a series of recent decisions has shown that directly he stands still on the road for any purpose whatever he is in danger of being a trespasser. In the case of a man who stopped on a road across a moor and flapped his umbrella to spoil a grouse-drive, not much sympathy need be wasted, nor need the bookmaker's tout who loitered about a highway for the purpose of spying trials be considered a martyr to injustice ; but the judges who applied the law in these instances had to admit that, if pressed home, it would prevent an artist from planting his easel by the roadside, and technically it might even prohibit a wayfarer from stopping to admire the view. Moreover, the prevailing impression that the public can acquire rights by going to a place of interest for a long enough period should have been rudely dispelled by the Stonehenge and other cases, which it followed, laying down the law that, in general, a public road is a road which leads from one public place to another (as not even a country common is necessarily a public place, it might almost be said, from one public-house to another), and that "there cannot be a right for the public to go to a place where the public have no right to be." If loyal citizens had been accustomed to pass through the circle at Stonehenge in order to drink a pint of beer at Amesbury, the law might have helped them, but if they came to see the stones, it would not allow time or usage to legalise such a proceeding.

It has been said that a country common is not a public place ; technically it is a waste piece of ground over which certain neighbouring inhabitants had rights in ancient times, usually to put

cattle and sheep to graze. Being thus open to a considerable number of persons, a stranger would not find himself molested by owners ; but again he has no legal rights, except on certain specified commons dealt with in particular Acts of Parliament. Unless he is in the neighbourhood of a large town, he is more likely than not to be a trespasser.

If a tourist has a passion for being always within his strict legal rights, perhaps he may object to this state of things and turn his attention to the river, where he will have seen considerable freedom of behaviour. But here again, if he wishes to enjoy himself, he cannot extract much comfort from the Law Reports. The smaller rivers and tributaries are private property ; along the King's streams, such as the Thames, the public have a right of navigation which is simply a right of way, so that here again the loiterer will technically become a trespasser. And on the reasoning in the Stonehenge and other cases, it would seem that this right would not extend to a backwater, the case of a *cul-de-sac* in a town, like Stratton Street off Piccadilly, being judicially distinguished.

As regards fishing, it was laid down by a late distinguished judge that the public, as such, have no rights at all ; and it would seem that the free fishing in the Thames has for the most part come about by accident, former owners having let their rights to stop anglers lapse by disuse. The public are thus indebted for their privileges, not to the law, but to the carelessness or good-nature of individuals.

As regards bathing, and applying the principles governing the use of highways, the question of legal right would seem to be one of fact. A man swimming from one riverside public-house to another might be in an unassailable position, while one who bathed from a stationary boat where the banks were privately owned might be a trespasser. Where the banks are owned by public bodies the public will of course have rights defined by statute and bye-law, but this is not the general case.

If the intending holiday-maker finally decides that he does not like fishing by indulgence, or punctuating long drinks by longer stretches of swimming, perhaps as a last resort he may think of the seaside. He has a shadowy idea that the King owns the foreshore between the tides, allowing his subjects to roam over the beach, and a clearer one that the sea is not the subject of private ownership. Here at last should be found symbolic and literal freedom.

It may be said at once that his presumptions of law are in the main correct ; but the Stuart kings had a habit of granting Crown property to their friends, and if a piece was on the coast would throw in the foreshore, which then became private property. The public, having an inalienable right of fishing in the sea, have as appendant to it a right of access to the shore for that purpose, and a shipwrecked mariner may also save his life by landing where he can, without liability to actions for trespass ; but this limits the public right, and where the coast is privately owned it has been very recently held that there is no right of bathing or recreation. So no doubt, if the baby on the shore in the popular song had been found by a policeman, it would have had to explain that it was exercising a legal right by looking for shell-fish ; and the Walrus and the Carpenter would have proved that the oysters were free by custom, and their expedition thus both lawful and expedient.

A broad objection may be raised to such a presentation of the law that practically everybody does not stand on their strict rights all day long, and thus matters adjust themselves on a fair basis of give and take ; and indeed, judges have uttered solemn warnings to the public not to be over anxious about their privileges, lest riparian and other owners should take alarm and become churlish, standing on their strict rights lest they should lose them by indulgence. However, for those who are ready to adjust ancient laws to modern conditions it seems a fair question whether the public should depend so largely on indulgence in matters of such importance, and whether any change which might be desirable would not be more easily made now than hereafter. Hitherto holiday-makers have had little or no cause for complaint, and in these matters *noblesse oblige* has bound the owners of historic places, because they have usually belonged to noble English families. But times are now changing. The typical Earl of Bareacres, whatever his faults, was proud of his place and pleased that his countrymen should come and find the honourable records and relics of his ancestors ; but the worthy Mr. Hoggenheimer, to whom the impecunious peer has had to sell his home, has no such sentiments. He desires to entertain people whose pictures appear in illustrated papers, and does not care for tourists ; and if he can do so without becoming unpopular with the set to which he aspires, he will probably exclude them.

Perhaps this danger of mere selfishness is small as yet, if not

negligible ; but another coming danger is that the money which the public can be made to pay for sight-seeing may in certain cases represent an income with which a needy landowner cannot afford to dispense. In a certain locality not far north of the English border this is already largely the case. No doubt it tends to the preservation of ancient buildings, because supplying a powerful motive to this end ; but it seems a pity that the people's delight in their popular heroes should be taxed to benefit individuals. By the accident of British lack of enterprise, no Places of Interest Trust has hitherto been established, nor have "corners" been made in Warwickshire and Roxburghshire ; nevertheless, it may be well for us to consider our law before the American hustler comes over and shows us what he can do in this direction.

A third danger has been suggested in the remark that the owner of Stonehenge might blow up the stones with dynamite. In this case no one supposes anything so ridiculous, but it may fairly be urged that such danger is not entirely inconceivable for all places and all the future. Sudden madness is not a possibility which should be utterly disregarded, if its results would be disastrous for all time ; and even persons usually accounted sane may find reasons satisfactory to themselves for doing the most irreparable damage. There was a striking instance lately in America, where the owner of certain Red Indian monuments known as the Painted Rocks had them destroyed because the tourists going to see them disturbed his privacy. As the law now stands in England, there is nothing to prevent this gentleman buying some historical ruin or natural object of beauty and dealing with it in a similar fashion ; and even if such an occurrence is rendered very unlikely by our better enforcement of the law against trespassers, the same effect may arise from other causes. Fanaticism, for example, may be far more destructive than mere selfishness ; and the descendants of Cromwell's Ironsides, contemplating any cathedral which the Protector honoured with a visit, need not flatter themselves that even fanaticism is impossible to Anglo-Saxons. It is said that a certain peer has become a Buddhist, and another was a Mahommedan ; among all the landowners in England there may be several more who have turned to these faiths, in addition to a number of atheists and agnostics, scientific and otherwise. In the ordinary case the beliefs of these gentlemen might not be of any public importance ; but the convert is

nothing if not zealous, and a Mahomedan or militant atheist owning some priceless relic of Christianity would have those who valued it entirely at his mercy, while he regarded their reverence as mere foolish superstition. And, as there are plenty of people in England who still share Cromwell's sentiments on certain subjects, it is not even necessary to put the unlikely case of the Mahomedan. There are many professing Christians who would be only too glad to destroy shrines and relics, provided they could do so lawfully. The fact that no serious damage of this sort has been perpetrated by any landowner in England for so long is not due to the law, but to the fortunate accident that no iconoclast or monomaniac has yet acquired this kind of property. If, according to precedent, our legislators wait until the particular combination for mischief comes to pass and something priceless is destroyed, it is to be hoped they will make a proper use of their lesson.

An Act thus passed on a wave of public indignation might be too sweeping; if the danger is prevented in time, there need be no disturbance of our present system worth mentioning, for machinery is already at hand in our law, and can be applied by Parliament when thought necessary. More than twenty years ago an Act was passed called the Ancient Monuments Protection Act, by which owners were given powers to make a quasi-dedication of certain objects of interest (including Stonehenge) to the public in return for the expenses of preservation. The exercise of these powers is now permissive only,—that is to say, the matter depends solely on the views and opinions of the owner; but if certain public bodies were given a power exercised every day by railway companies in their own interests,—the power to acquire land otherwise than by agreement, on payment of adequate compensation—all possible mischief would be averted. If proper discretion were observed, and the exercise of it were made subject to the consent of some responsible Minister, such a power would be used sparingly, and places like Pevensey Castle left to their owners, with every advantage to the public and posterity; but it could be applied where the possessor was bankrupt, a lunatic, a fanatic, or even a selfish curmudgeon or otherwise unworthy to own an object of national importance. Perhaps this should not apply to residences or the surrounding gardens; but it might be useful if an owner could bind his successor to admit the public at reasonable times,

without creating a legal charity or being liable to the interference (now often highly resented) of the Charity Commissioners. At present such a condition is void if it is not technically charitable. With such reforms, the question of right of way might also be modified to this extent, that the view of a waterfall or from a hill should be recognised to be as legitimate an object as a public-house, so that a way there and back again by the same path might be acquired by usage. And if necessary a *jus desipiendi in loco*, or a legal right to loiter for innocent purposes, might be given to the wayfarer.

Such compulsory powers of purchase might be exercisable where the foreshore was owned privately (under the Lands Clauses Acts, which now regulate all such purchases, ample compensation would have to be paid for possible profits from future docks and wharves), and they might also frankly extend to large tracts of open down or woodland to be enjoyed by all the public, and to fishing and even sporting rights. Such a power might also be vested (and perhaps most usefully of all) in any voluntary body binding itself to serve the public interest on lines similar to those of the Garden City Companies. Such associations would not have to consider the immediate pressure on ratepayers' purses, as the councils which can now compulsorily acquire lands for public recreation-grounds are obliged to do.

Well enough as our present law has worked, it seems a fair argument (on the assumption that recreation is necessary for health and sight-seeing for education) that an independent people should not be indebted to indulgence for their necessities, nor honest folk to legal fictions. And, as in the classical case of the Sybelline books, the more promptly the matter is negotiated, the more will the nation get for the money expended.

ALFRED FELLOWS

FEMALE WRESTLERS IN JAPAN

"THEATRE is not, juggler is not," said Iwase, despairingly pulling a grieved face. We were his guests and our entertainment hung heavily upon his hands; it was distressing, therefore, that the usual gaieties of his native town were absent.

"Then what amusing is?" we persisted, sure in time to discover something we wanted to see. He shook his head with a sharp jerk; this invariably facilitates his thinking process.

"From-here-three-streets-honourable-guest-female-wrestlers-on-to-look-at-might-find-good," he said in one breath.

By all means! We embraced his suggestion enthusiastically, and started so soon as the time came for lighting the lanterns, eager for a sight few travellers have the opportunity to witness.

Iwase's native town is primitive. Its people require no grand setting for their amusements. A few *nobori* (picturesque strips of cotton cloth covered with hieroglyphics) floated like sails from bamboo poles to announce performances of the Amazons daily, from ten in the morning to ten at night, while a drummer, seated on the top of a high tower, drummed and screamed the news into the heads of the illiterate countrymen.

Iwase stopped at the door to negotiate for our admission and paid (we shrewdly suspected by the bargaining) exactly double for us. To be sure, there was some reason in the extra fee. We barbarian foreigners cannot sit neatly packed up on our heels like the Japanese, but must have plenty of room to "stretch out our fat legs." We quote literally from Iwase's explanation, offered in all simplicity to the ticket-collector as an excuse for our peculiarity.

We entered the mat-pavilion through a low doorway opening into a cloak-room, or, its Japanese equivalent, a shoe-room. Here Iwase trustfully left his clogs and received a little wooden block as a check for them; when delivered up at the end of the performance this would serve to distinguish his particular pair

from the hundreds of other similar pairs hung on pegs, like onions in an old-fashioned kitchen.

Once inside we found ourselves under a primitive square tent, draped on the sides with cloth hangings in bold blue and red designs. A little ring of soft clay, enclosed by a girdle of sacks, occupied the centre, and around it stretched a checker-board of rough mats laid on the bare ground. Finally, along the sides of the place ran a very rough scaffolding (two boards and a crack) covered with wadded quilts, raised about three feet from the mud floor, and railed off by a bamboo. Here sat the First Families. As Iwase was most anxious to place us beside them, we obligingly mounted a little ladder evidently intended to impede progress rather than further it. After many stumblings and creepings we were up on to the flooring of uneven boards; but to sit down on the cushions was no easy task, with one board disappearing far below the level at which we had arranged to arrest our downward course, and the other rising unexpectedly to meet us half-way. We accomplished it, however, in time to see the beginning of the performance in decent quiet.

First there stepped into the centre of the ring a man dressed in a blue cotton ceremonial petticoat, and holding a metal fan of oblong shape inscribed with characters. This is the insignia of office, corresponding to the wand of our traditional fairies. He chanted a few sentences of explanation, a reference from the employed to his indulgent employer the public, and then retired to make way for the chief wrestler, controller of the band. She also said a few words craving "our august condescension for her insignificant performers." This humility, even the enforced humility of conventional politeness, sat strangely on her, for she looked the most bombastic and strident person imaginable. Like the famous Montmorency, her heaven was doubtless represented by thirty fights a day.

During her speech the wrestlers trooped in from behind the red and blue curtains. There were about twenty of them, and at first sight it seemed impossible that they could be women. Their figures denied it; their thick, heavy legs, which might have done duty as piles for a pier, their muscular arms, their bull necks. Their clothes denied it also; the short tight jackets of white cloth open at the throat, the trousers reaching to the knee leaving the leg and foot bare, and the heavy cloth belt which Japanese wrestlers use to secure a hold. Even the hair, dressed

in a flat knot on the top of the head, was copied from the fashion of male wrestlers. Lastly, the gestures and movements of the performers were masculine to a degree of rough uncouthness which horrified us. Could these indeed be specimens of the Japanese women whose reputation is for all the opposite characteristics,—softness of speech and manner, gentleness, unobtrusiveness? Iwase noticed our impression and hastened to apologise for the performers. “They people rude and unworthy are,” he said. “By good fortune all Japan only one village of them contains; but I am ashamed that in the eyes of the honourable guests this bad example should look you.” We, on the contrary, felt a sort of Pharisaical pleasure that our entertainment was not one offered to the common herd.

The wrestlers arranged themselves in two sides, each led by a captain. They sat cross-legged around the platform in the dirt, all but the two chosen to begin, who advanced into the centre with the umpire. They squatted upon their feet and bowed to each other slowly and solemnly. Politeness thus being fulfilled, they stood up again and bent over opposite one another like two gamecocks, watching intently for a chance to seize an advantage. During the preliminaries the audience was tense with expectation. Then suddenly the women sprang,—hissing at each other furiously and gnashing their teeth, at first by simulating ferocity to spur themselves up to greater excitement, but, after a few clutches, in deadly feminine earnest, the umpire meanwhile buzzing close to them as they swayed round the narrow ring.

Any and all holds seemed fair means to the end of pushing a combatant over the edge. Sometimes with a clean throw one woman landed her opponent sprawling in the midst of her friends. This was the signal for the umpire to begin, “*Hitotsu, futatsu, mitsu, yotsu, itsutsu* (one, two, three, four, five),” in a series of irregular and disconnected squeaks; and before he ceased counting another wrestler from the losing side jumped up to meet the champion, who stood panting, hissing, and spitting like a boiling kettle, in the centre of the arena. This time there were no preliminaries; a wild rush, and like two furies or two beasts the women were struggling again. Some affected quick clutches, some locked their adversaries in their arms and stood stock still for a full five minutes; some picked up their opponents almost at once and threw them bodily over the ring, while others rolled over with them. This latter course threatened to cause

almost a disaster on several occasions. The poor weak umpire (he seemed almost a midget beside them) attempted to assert his prerogatives, to declare the result, as was his custom after every bout, in a high sing-song voice and with a raising of his fan to his forehead, an excellent gesture of finality. But if his decision displeased the combatants, they would have none of it. The captain of each side sprang up into the ring followed by several of her dissatisfied companions. They clutched at his garments; they pummelled him roughly; soon partisans in the audience joined the lively discussion. "Without etiquette is," said Iwase scornfully; but the young gentlemen, who had plainly wagered upon the champions, did not abate their zeal in the least for adverse criticism. Usually the umpire's discretion got the better of his conscience, and he obligingly announced what the majority wanted. Then only was he left in peace; the irate ladies returned gurgling to their places, and the wrestling recommenced. The act was completed with the vanquishing of one side, after which, bowing low, the performers trooped out to rest.

Pedlars, sweetmeat-sellers, and dispensers of tea moved about among the crowd during the interval. Iwase pressed some tea upon us; "Most good is for honourable nearness," he said. The audience was delightfully friendly and informal. Babies ran from group to group and were courteously redirected to their rightful owners; tired spectators curled up for a little nap on the mats; the thirsty drank with audible enjoyment; old women drew tiny pipes of silver from their girdles and smoked a whiff of mild tobacco from time to time.

Presently the next act began, announced by the beating together of two wooden blocks. It was a match between two champions more serious than the last, a match to a finish with enormous enthusiasm. Weight-lifting followed to vary the programme, the old familiar business of the woman with the iron jaw, which was less interesting to us because unfamiliar only in its details. As with everything in Japan great ceremony attended the arranging of the loads, which were weighed before our eyes. Iron weights they were, wrapped in straw with a straw handle to hold them by. Some the woman lifted standing; others she raised as she lay on her back supporting the whole strain with her neck, not only of the weights but of a pyramid of tables and tubs and acrobats on the top of them as well. All the while two of the other wrestlers discoursed music from *samisens*, proving that in Japan,

no less than in England, a true vaudeville artist must be versatile.

The players remained to accompany an old wrestler's dance, very quaint, and now seldom performed according to Iwase. The curious short coats of patched cotton worn by the dancers have been in use on the festival of the God of Wrestling since time immemorial. The gestures of the dance are no less ancient, and wonderfully suggestive and grotesque like Hogarth's paintings, rough and rude certainly, but with that unmistakable touch of life which lends dignity and interest to any performance. It closed with a pantomime supplicating the great Shoki conqueror of Demins, and was in fine at once an epic of strength and a propitiation to the God of Muscle, "the august Heaven Shining Deity," Iwase named him.

One more general *mélée* ended the performance. There was hearty applause again and much bowing, after which we rose stiffly from our cramped position and filed out with the crowd who blocked the doorway while they delivered up the wooden checks and received their clogs in return. At our tea-house Iwase took his leave with many protestations that his entertainment had been "honourably mean" and "augustly rude." He agreed to escort us on the following morning to photograph the women, but only after much begging. We were astonished at the extreme reluctance in such a small matter of one who had been invariably so eager and anxious to please us. The secret slipped out next day when we found our wrestling friends lying quietly on the mats of their tea-house and much averse to any effort. "The people too much *saké* have been drinking," said Iwase scornfully; this was sufficiently evident from their uncombed hair, their wild reddened faces, their dull hazy eyes. Iwase was plainly ashamed to be seen speaking to them, fearing to lose caste thereby. We might coax; he would not. We were at liberty to bribe of course, but our actions must inevitably lower him in the eyes of the *inkyō*, the neighbourhood, the idlers, the old men, women, and babies who gathered around scornfully; even the lowest assumed a superior air before the wrestlers.

Many questions laid bare the root of prejudice. "Much shame is," wailed Iwase, when we asked him why he scorned to interpret our wishes to the wrestlers. His horror came from a deep-rooted convention, a rigid view of decorum laid down in THE LESSER LEARNING, which forbids women to contaminate

their reputation lest they bring down reproof on their parents and the community. But worst of all he regarded them as humiliating his people before us their allies, and thereby lowering in our estimation the whole elaborate standard of his national civilisation. That they were villagers from the strange west coast, where established standards are set at naught, and the women are the bread-winners while the men meekly attend to domestic matters, was no excuse for them. He was intensely relieved when we reluctantly gave up our attempt at photography, worsted by the wrestlers' obstinacy; and the poor man was even more relieved when the gay banners were rolled up and the drum-tower pulled down, unmistakable signs that the company was moving on. Nor did we dare allow how much the entertainment had interested us, lest such a confession should sink us irretrievably in his conventional eyes.

THE LAIRD AND HIS TENANTS

THERE is not much doing in the village on the loch to-day. The water shines serene for the shore hills to use as a mirror, and cats and men bask on its malodorous margin. Until yesterday, for a week there was something of the excitement of real methodical industry in the place. A barque, with all sails set, had crept in from the sea and dropped anchor under the lee of the humpy little peninsula which makes from the mainland as if it had meant to cut the loch in two but had suddenly decided that it was not worth while. Coal for the winter was in that barque, and from the minister of the manse downwards in the scale of importance every householder with pence to spare purchased coal. The inn took small cart-loads of it. The stalwart village Macs, who seem so wasted on the effortless daily round of their lives, dragged wheelbarrows over the shingle, achieving several journeys in the day, pausing between them to sit on the handles of their barrows, re-light their pipes, and talk. Their haggard wives (poor ill-fed souls), instead of climbing on to the moor with creels for peats, established in the wet mud and sand a trail of bare foot-prints, for the tide later to wash out; they went to and fro without pause.

Each tide which floated the barque showed it higher and higher in the gull-flecked water. Now it is buoyant, almost as a cork, and waits for a wind to depart; and the village is normal again. The men discuss the chance of a rousing breeze from the west which shall flush the loch with many sea-trout in addition to salt-water, and give them a profitable night with the nets. They also discuss the laird, not affectionately. When he comes north next week with his fine Southron friends, to shoot, fish, and enjoy himself as lairds seem born to do (and for little else in the village opinion), will he, as a year ago, make a disagreeable fuss about the taking of these sea-trout which the village sends

off stealthily in boxes to the little port eight miles away, thence to be caught up by a steamer and so to "Glesca hersel"? Such journeying compares favourably with the feats of transport a hundred years ago, when the fresh salmon were despatched on horseback from Gairloch to the Moray Firth (a two days' jog), there boiled, and sent on thus for London's eating. Locally, the laird's water-bailiffs have been slack at repression these many months. Ever since, in March, Tammas Macrea was shot by one of them in the stomach, feeling round the loch has been of the smouldering dangerous kind. If Tammas's stomach hadn't been a wonderful one, and the catch of salmon that night abundantly consoling, he would have died of the bullet. The doctor himself says so, yet has advised Tammas never to risk a second such accident. But Tammas is related by blood-ties to half the village and his wound is a personal affair with two score other manly Macreas and some Mackenzies to boot; and the water-bailiffs have had it put to them very straight that they will not die in their beds if there is any more shooting. Hence they wink discreetly for a season at the nightly water excursions with nets. The winkers look sour and fierce enough in the daytime, yet have next to nothing to say to the robbers (so they term them) whether in warning or defiance. The robbers themselves smile and do not mind their looks. If the keepers refrain from more deeds, they may be forgiven even that shot at and into Tammas Macrea. The laird, however, is another matter. Depend upon it, he will not like to find his river practically void of the sea-trout and salmon he is coming north to capture, and so intestine war may soon arise.

Meantime, under the golden sunshine and the blue beauty of the scene, the village stalwarts sit and smoke and gossip while their wives work. A minister of Lochgillean many years ago, in reporting upon the social and fiscal state of his flock, declared that "idleness was almost the only comfort they enjoyed." One might say the same of these villagers, with the substantial addition of magnificent if not florid health, and sundry grievances whose removal would put their tongues at a loss.

They do not see many visitors here, a fact which explains their marked curiosity about the few who come. Now and then a vagrant young gentleman arrives at the inn, for the fishing, but the tendency is for him to hurry elsewhere after scornfully staring at the bare legs and thatched huts round about him. The fishing

is indifferent and the village smells are strong. The inn is an ancient house flanked by mean and mouldy cots which let loose many children, who gape at the stranger and follow him about with whispered remarks, critical and admiring. The schoolmaster, a handsome whiskered man, fully mindful of his university education of thirty years ago, does his best on these occasions to divert the ruder instincts of his flock. It is excellent to see him first sweep off his hat in too courteous salutation of the tourist and then break into Gaelic denunciations of the youngsters. These fly smiling before him, the more intelligent of the boys, like enough, in the direction of the dominie's own snug nest apart from the village, his absence from which gives them at least a chance of raiding the raspberries, currants, and green embryonic apples of his garden ; others, if the day be warm, to snatch a dip in the loch, with the lassies sitting afar off on land in respectful envy of man's enterprise. On very hot days it is no uncommon thing to come upon a small regiment of the boys in the uniform of Adam marching up the road (the school is at the end of the village) with sticks on their shoulders for muskets, chanting a warrior's song while the lassies clap their hands to the show. The dominie, good easy man, sees nothing reprehensible in such sport. He even condones the occasional spoiling of his garden when this is not carried out under his very eyes. "They've all their troubles before them," he says on this subject, "and hunger's a harder master than I have any wish to be, puir laddies. Ay, and I was one myself once, yes, indeed."

The laird, who comes north only for the killing of stags, grouse, and fish, knows little about the village's battle for even the first necessities of existence. He is an Englishman, like so many lairds nowadays, and does not understand the Celtic-Norse temperament which seems to compel these people to half-starve at home rather than go boldly into the world and earn man's wages elsewhere. So the minister says, and the dominie. The minister dines once a year with his lairdship in the grouse month, and then edges in sympathetic words about rents and advisable concessions to the needy. Something generous always ensues, but the laird's impatience with the foolishness of people who seem wilfully blind to the world's opportunities is just as constant. And there is always also that irritant of what he reasonably enough terms the poaching of his waters. What is he to make of God-fearing rascals who plot to take his salmon and sea-trout

even while they stride from the chapel door in their Sabbath black, with the minister's last prayer (a long and eloquent one for certain) still echoing in their ears? It irritates him still more that they do not get decently out of the way of his motor-car, (themselves, their womenfolk, and their poultry) when he toots down that street of hovels fronting the loch. Nor do they bend their strong lazy heads to him, nor doff their bonnets, with anything like the air of inevitability which he has perhaps the right to expect from them. He is a somewhat new laird, and has not taken pains to study the Highland character. The remark may indeed be hazarded that in these matters he is on a par with Mr. Creevey's friend Western, who confessed that he knew as little of history, even of his own country, "as any gentleman need do." There are lairds and lairds, and he belongs rather to the numerous body between the two categories.

The poverty in the village is very genuine. They do not beg, save in the dumb appeal of their pinched and wrinkled faces, which are yet consistent with health and energy. Their pride and lack of practice in the art deter them. They leave this to the shameless vagabond tinkers who set their wigwams in the woods lower down the loch side and come whining softly at the stranger with outstretched hands, and later ask even the cottars for one or two of the dried cuddies which fringe their thatch. But anything they can earn on a fair pretext is a Godsend to them. The other day, for example, I was followed a long mile by a meek old woman with enormous feet who wondered if I might be needing a pair of home-spun stockings. That was how she expressed it, reflectively, while she stroked the grey hairs on her chin and viewed the quiet design of the hose I chanced to be wearing. Her husband, a joiner as much or little as anything else, had, she said, a week ago conceived just that notion: "Maybe the gentleman could do with a pair of stockings, or some yards of cloth." Since then she had waited her opportunity, and now she had summoned up courage to stalk me to a standstill. They were astonishing stockings when they came, a pattern of sunsets and rainbows on a green ground; but the comfort in the old lady's eyes as she took the money was some compensation for their impossible garishness. She confessed, when coaxed, that she was in debt for meal to the grocer, like everyone else: "But I'll be easier in my mind the noo," she added. It is in this village by the loch just a little as it was

throughout Scotland in 1476, when an Act of Parliament ran in preamble, "Because victuals are right scant within the country and the most supportation that the Realm has is by strangers of diverse nations that bring victuals, &c., &c." The supportation of strangers does not work here so directly as amid the fancy landscapes of the Trossachs and on the main touring-routes; but it works, as witness the alien laird and the alien integers who come to the inn and go thence holding their noses after paying their dues.

Of course not more than a particle or so of the old clan feeling now survives even in this remote village. Three hundred years ago it was a typical little barrack of fillibusters, all ready at a word to follow the local chieftain anywhere. A few miles south of the other side of the loch lay the hill country of their dearly-beloved enemy and nearest neighbour clan, with a sea-loch of their own from which boats sailed forth and round into our loch to fight for fighting's sake, a compliment which was promptly requited when the weather and want of other engagements permitted. Tradition tells of the bloodshed in these bouts. At one time the largest galley of the other clan had the ill-luck to get pinned on a rock at the mouth of our loch, with more than threescore cursing and fully armed warriors in it. Then did our men swarm round that hapless shipload of their foes and enjoy themselves. They picked them off at their leisure, either on the rock itself or in the water, with much ungallant abuse of their victims and their victims' ancestry. They were not so civilised here as in the Glenorchy lands farther south, whose lord in that same century commanded all his householders to furnish themselves with the preposterous and burdensome luxury of a kail-yard for red kail, white kail, and onions. The king's warrant was then something to smile at on this loch-side. Who was the king, pray, unless their own great man gave him a certificate of character? Their own great man was idol and Providence in one. Blood of their blood, they lived for him and on him, with merely casual appeals to the sea for its herrings and the land for a sufficiency of meal, with mutton, beef, and venison when their lord willed, or the fortunes of war favoured.

And now the descendants of these men exist here like the stranded relics of an old time. The intermediate centuries have given them schools, vaccination, and a freedom from dependence which even yet they do not know what to do with. It is dinned

into their unwilling ears by kinsfolk in half a dozen colonies and the manufacturing towns of the south that they ought to be doing better for themselves, but they seem to receive the information only with puckered lips and doubts. They are so pledged to the shopkeeper for flour, sugar, and sundries that they are morally bound to the soil on the loch-side. With their sons it is different. These make their way on to one or other of the world's highroads, and succeed or fail as may hap. There is the blacksmith, with one lad a doctor in London, another an engineer in Glasgow, a third thriving in New Zealand, and a fourth who has just sent home from British Columbia a nugget of gold which his old father has paraded up and down the village this week past with a high white head. Only the other day one of these Glasgow immigrants from the loch-side came home with distressing abruptness. He was the sole son of his mother, a matched old lady with a wrinkled yellow face, and went south to keep the home alive upon his Glasgow earnings. Suddenly he fell from a ladder and broke his neck, and four days later, in long procession, the village escorted his white coffin with the cheap gilding on it to the churchyard alongside the manse. He had left money for just this journey if the fate befell him, and his tottering old mother welcomed his body as the last good thing she could now expect from life. This much only of the old clan spirit remains in the village; its exiles determine to rest after death with their forefathers and not amid the nameless crowds of a town.

One day the handsomest and most daring of the fishermen gave me a call with a brace of fine sea-trout which he sought to sell. There was policy in his visit, as well as commerce and courtesy. He is the afore-mentioned Tammis Macrea's own brother-in-law and declared champion against the water-bailiffs, whom he has challenged in the good old style to come between him and what he considers his rightful prey in the harvest of the sea. He it is who arranges for the disposal of the packed salmon and trout when these make bulk, and many village homes look to him for their maintenance. A superb physical specimen is he, with the eyes of an eagle under his black hair and dark blue bonnet. He had some questions to ask when our transaction was concluded. Begging to be excused for his inquisitiveness, he desired to know about my politics. Was I by chance a Radical? It was just a little pathetic, however, to come

at his interpretation of that forceful word. He knew and cared next to nothing about the programme of Westminster's representative Radicals ; all he saw in the word was its battle cry for men like himself and his brother freebooters, who retain or have acquired the simple belief that it is not just for lairds and the law to say, "Thou shalt not take white fish from the sea." He was pardonably anxious moreover that I should not inform the laird of the considerable trafficking in these same white fish which went on in the village. His arguments were of course plausible, and he was extremely picturesque in the fine heat with which he elaborated them. He regarded lairds as little better than tyrants. Who but this laird and his predecessors, he enquired, had to be thanked (that is, execrated) for the decay of the village ? In the lifetime of my visitor's father herring-boats were actually built on the loch-side and sold as far north as Stornaway. But such industry did not suit the laird of that day who, wanting no sound of hammers in his valley, crippled the industry so that it died. And now there were the deer. A man could not wander about the mountains without meeting a surly loon strung with a telescope who turned him back in his master's name. All the fresh-water lochs and the very burns were also under the control of these same loons. A stranger like myself might get permission to fish them, but a villager by no means. It was an article of faith with the laird (and with all lairds, my visitor believed) that the native-born were to be persecuted out of existence, or at least out of the homes which they had inherited from their forefathers. "They treat us," he said, "as if we were trespassers in the land that gave us birth. I'm telling you the truth, they do." And so on, and so on. After the interview he strode off cheerfully, having given me his hand and the assurance of his conviction that, if I was not exactly a Radical of his kind, I was well disposed towards him and his principles.

Well disposed ? One could hardly be aught else in the abstract. It was when, with the laird's permission, I fished in the laird's own tidal river and caught nothing worth a turn of the reel that the other side of the picture came very much home to me. That morning more than a hundred sea-trout, weighing from half a pound up to three pounds apiece, had been hoisted from the salt water within a stone's throw of the mouth of that once famous stream. There had been handsome rain for a

week, and by all portents the fish ought to have got into the river and the fresh-water loch three miles up the valley. But it was never a one for me ; and the laird's own son, installed at the lodge with his rod betimes, had spent a whole week for a single salmon, and that only a six-pounder. The laird's head-keeper and the laird's son both talked heatedly about necks which deserved twisting ; and the former especially, being a man of a distant clan, hoped with all his heart that his master would stand no nonsense with the rogues. That bullet in Tammas Macrea had been richly paid for with these months of unhindered poaching. A doughty fellow was this head-keeper, with the tuft of pine in his bonnet to declare his primary devotion to the Grants of Speyside. He would risk much to reinstate the laird's dignity in the land, and had little sympathy with the Southron weakness which, on the Tammas Macrea news, had bidden the laird write to his men not to establish a blood feud ; better a little lawlessness than that. Hoots ! one may die worse deaths than fighting. This doughty headkeeper was built on the mould of that Captain Lamont of the Black Watch who bewailed the hardship of his lot in going out of the world in his bed "like a manufacturer" ; he loved a mellay for its own sake.

But, on the other hand, a contrast of the laird's luxury, even in his Highland lodge, with the privations of my poor friends the Macs of the village, was enough and more to make me half the Radical that leading Macrea would have had me be. I was in the cabin of one Sandy Macrea in the morning, and that same afternoon was shown the glories of what to the laird was a mere pleasure-box for a month or two in the year. Sandy's cabin was warranted three hundred years old, and still had for a chimney only a hole in the thatch of the kind which authorities on Highland domestic architecture used to think so fine an aid to the seasoning of timber and so sound a preventive of rheums, catarrhs, and fevers. I could not stand upright in Sandy's parlour, and could just touch its side walls at the same time. Ceiling and walls were papered with newspapers, some of mid-Victorian days. The floor was black earth hardened by the tread of Sandy's boots and his grey-haired sister's feet. There was a small niche in the parlour for the lady of the house to sleep in ; and Sandy himself snored o' nights in the handsbreadth of shedding the other side of the wall. The house had but this

one room, in fact, which was kitchen as well as parlour; though inasmuch as breakfast and supper consisted of only a small bowl of stirabout apiece, and dinner what sea-fish Sandy could take in a borrowed boat, the room was more parlour than kitchen. No rent was paid for the cabin, which had bred Macreas unceasingly since the time of Queen Elizabeth; and on earnest calculation Sandy thought that maybe he and his sister spent on their joint maintenance from half-a-crown to three shillings a week. They looked marvellous well on it too, and asked for not much better than the power to make sure of just those two or three weekly shillings.

But there was the rub. Save these nocturnal catches of white fish in the loch, Sandy had not a resource in the world, and it was only in the rare coming of a visitor to the village that Sandy's sister could earn a trifle as a laundress. Yet the contentment of this couple of middle-aged happy-go-luckies! They rejoiced in the beauty of the outlook from their slit of a door and peephole of a window as if they were emotional cockneys among the mountains for but a fortnight. They were nigh above the fish smells of the village, and they rejoiced also in the nettles and clover of the green slope from their cottage door. The distant hills, the nearer water, and the pageants of sunrise and sunset, were, so the sister declared with bright eyes, daily sights better to them than salt to their brose. And hap what might, both of them wanted no more of life than the privilege of just existing as they did until it was time to die in the little house, which could in the past have served only as a sort of hutch at night-time for a larger family. The laird, said Sandy's sister, part mirthful and part indignant, had tried to persuade Sandy to go to a town, and set up as a painter. But why on earth should he do the likes o' that foolishness, Sandy's sister mocked, when he was so well off where he was, and in his own country moreover, where everybody respected him?

It was good to gossip with such contentment in the midst of what would seem unbearable poverty in Poplar or Shoreditch. There it would mean not only poverty, but degradation and the world's contempt. To Sandy Macrea and his sister there was no shadow of such a fear. They laughed at the smallness of their porridge-bowls and put their trust in Providence. It was as if they had been brought up on Jean Paul Richter, as well as the irreducible minimum of nourishment for health, strength, and

spirits. "What," asks Richter, "is poverty, that a man should moan under it? It is but like the pain of piercing the ears of a maiden, and you hang precious jewels in the wound." I gather that the minister of Sandy's kirk preaches pretty often on this same text. But he need not trouble even to do that for these two. Sandy and his sister have a priceless dower of resignation and dignity of their own, nor would I for a small bribe offer either of them a half-crown except on some specious pretext of a reciprocal service.

And from Sandy's cabin, in an hour or two, I found myself at the laird's lodge, a little palace of grey granite, with leaded extinguisher turrets and every modern luxury inside. The mountains rise like a cleft wall behind it, so that with the naked eye one might see a stag if it chose to perch on the summit of the topmost precipice, three thousand feet above the grapes in the lodge conservatories. And the stags often do so choose, in the summer, though in the winter there are sheltered glens and corries enough for them in the many square miles of mountain and valley over which the laird reigns triumphant. Dark brooding crags, the crashing of white waters from their midst, thick woods of pine and fir, the shining river in the valley, the silver pool of the nearest loch, and gardens teeming with fruit are here at the service of the laird when it pleases him to enjoy them. The rhododendron makes banks of many colours by the roadside and in the lodge woods. There are hedges of fuchsia by the lawns, roseries that astonish in such a latitude, rustic summer-houses on little beauty-spots, rotting raspberries in the garden of a size the village dominie's caterans would hardly believe possible, ripe strawberries enough for a village, and a very prince of kail-yards in which every vegetable seems the candidate for a prize-show. Glass-houses also are there, where grapes, peaches, nectarines, plums, pears, and purple figs are all ready in a moment to put on the very bloom of perfection for their master's pleasure; acres of glass, screening such good things in such abundance that I do not wonder to hear that much of it all rots like the raspberries.

I was admiring the tortured ingenuity of the apple-trees, loaded with fruit in this lavish garden, when a sudden "Look!" drew my attention to the mountains. It was the laird's pet eagle. The fiat has gone forth in this as in other Highland territories that the king of birds is no longer to be

shot like a pirate pest, but cherished. The laird's eagle has its eyrie among the sheer crags above the lodge, and is wont to float at its ease in the air between the mountain-top and the turret of his benefactor. There is also now a mate to him, and eaglets are expected. Local opinion does not run at all even with the laird's on the interesting subject of his strong-pinioned favourite. The farmers of course send in claims for lambs. His lairdship's keepers are at one with the farmers in their detestation of that composed shape drifting so tranquilly out of gunshot in the blue upper air. They wonder what the laird can be thinking about. He might, in their ignorant belief, as sensibly welcome grouse-disease, or the small-pox. It is not as if the birds merely take toll of the lambs, with now and then a very young calf to their names also ; their feud with the hinds and their young in the mountains is just as resolute, and would, with most lairds, be a deciding mark against them. But our own particular laird does not heed that, and so the eagles here are to live just as nature bids them.

From the lodge and its surprising grounds I ascend into the mountains by that white torrent. There are little lochs full of fish high up, and I am permitted to look at them. The track in this savage and very contracted stairway is as smooth and firm as a park walk. There are, I discover, miles and miles of other tracks in the hollows between the mountains, where the lochs with their pink and white sanded shores are now consecrated entirely to the deer. "Ay, they're the old foot-roads, but they're not used now. You see, it's all in the forest," is the information I receive from my verderer guide. Asked if he would prevent a Macrea of my village from crossing the glen at our feet by the ribbon of road which is still so very white and broad, the verderer is very positive on the point. He would not trouble himself in the winter, when no sane Macrea would be after taking such a short cut through the mountains ; but in the summer, with the shooting-season at hand, he'd like to see the Macrea or the Mac-anything who would escape his vigilance. "Would you knock him down if he refused to keep off the road his forefathers' feet made?" I ask, rather flamboyantly. The verderer did not think the law empowered him to go quite so far. He would however tell the rascal what he thought of him, take his name and report him ; and if he was a tenant of the laird's at the time he might as well thereafter shift without waiting to be sent

about his business. The verderer had, naturally, more sympathy with his master's potentiality and privileges than with the limited life-horizon of the neighbouring Macreas.

And so down to the laird's garden again, whence, having eaten a Sforza fig and an Emperor plum, I return to the little village on the loch, its penury and its smells. That is a curious inference of Dr. Sven Hedin's in his book *ACROSS ASIA* where he says: "The glen was both wild and picturesque, the mountain scenery being on an imposing scale; consequently the people who inhabit it were frank, cheerful, and liberal-minded." These loch-side villagers live surrounded by just such landscape charms, but like the Corsicans and other mountain-bred folk of my acquaintance, they fail in those very qualities which, according to Dr. Hedin, belong to their birthright. They are too much in bondage to the tyranny of their heart-strings for one thing, and too instinctively intelligent for another. A village full of half-brained fools might do well here if they were poor feeders, but discontent must ever be the portion of a hundred or two average Macreas, in spite of the counterpoising and rather sombre charm of an ancestral atmosphere. The laird in the midst of his splendour and purchased powers never can be loved by these unwelcome hangers-on to his coat-tails unless he resolves to sink his own interests in the very troubled lake of theirs.

And that of course is where the difficulty in these modern, as in most other, days happens to lie. The spirit of the times must rule predominant. Our own particular laird would be accounted mad if he dismissed his gamekeepers, bade the Macreas of the village take the white fish at their will, and encouraged them to increase and multiply and enjoy the rather mystic pleasures of a life of abstinence and idleness. He would do anything in reason to save the life of one of these poor, and perhaps lazy, sentimentalists, but why cannot they see that his nor any man's coat-tails were made for such abject clinging? Where is their common sense, their manhood even?

If all these loch-side Macreas were such blithe Stoics in indigence as Sandy and his sister in their inherited kennel, one might meet the question comfortably. No matter for their sense or manhood, one might retort; let them stay where they are and receive half-a-crown a week or so per household from the State as models for a newer and very economical scheme of Poor Relief whereby existing workhouses may be broken up, and the

country, as distinct from the towns, be peopled afresh and thus be more closely cultivated. But that were impossible. The pride of the Macreas will help them to bear much privation, but it forbids them to accept doles. If they were thus endowed, I can fancy them throwing their weekly half-crowns to the servants of the laird up the glen, as better accustomed to the receipt of alms. The Black Watch, who were sent south to be exhibited to George the Second at St. James's Palace, did something of that kind with the guineas the monarch gave them in approval of their inches and costume. It is in the blood of people whose simplicity and devotion to their native spot is so extreme as theirs. And so, with the laird himself, one can only wish them well while they are alive, but no sons and daughters as simple as themselves.

CHARLES EDWARDES

A VILLAGE TRAGEDY

Down through a hot haze sinks the sun, on his way to peep through the cloudy skies of our cold home-land in the far West. The thought makes one long for a shiver,—other than those foretelling fever—for a fire and the need of it, even for the choking, evil smell of a London fog, and the oozy mud on its pavements. Here the still air quivers with heat, as though the rich earth were palpitating from the too ardent embraces of her lover the sun. Against the deepening blue of the sky tall palms and clumps of feathery bamboo show their graceful outline above the grey-green gloom of the lower mass of foliage. Below us the last rays of departing light linger in a golden mist on flooded rice-fields and the river that wins its way, through rifts in the hilly ridges, to the open plains and distant sea. All around broods a peaceful quiet, a calm content that induces an indescribable mood in which the past vanishes, the future withdraws in a rosy cloud, all things drop away, and it sufficeth to be alive to feel the glory of all things. Truly is it a Lotus land!

This night the dream lasts exactly so long as the sunset. When the globe of molten heat has disappeared, as the grey haze darkens to a livid purple that loses itself in the unfathomable blue above, the buzz of sound from the village, hidden in deep shadow below, recalls one to things actual. It holds a surfeit of life, that strange, as yet uncomprehended life in the midst of which Fate has placed us. Will one ever comprehend it? One cannot but ask oneself this question as a tinkle from the bells of the neighbouring monastery echoes over the valley, and yellow-robed figures hurry past through the lengthening shadows. Every Burman dons the yellow robe of the monk for some portion of his life, be it but a day, and this is the Buddhist Lent, when monasteries are filled with the pious and youth of the

land. The fast ends shortly, and already preparations have commenced in the village for the feast to follow.

Yet, after all, down there, in those wooden houses and bamboo huts, runs on the tale of life in endless circles of birth to death, as in the Western lands beyond the sunset, only with sharper contrasts. Here the calm is more ineffable, the passion more violent, and both, withal, more transient, the paradox more contradictory. One page in the life-stories of our district has fixed my interest. Stripped of its local appendages there is nothing new in it ; it is only the age-long tale of December warming to a simulated heat over the charms of May.

December, in this case, is assuredly an old reprobate, and when the over-worked Official, who represents Fate to me, first mentioned this village drama, all my sympathies were reserved for May. They were wasted seemingly. Yesterday I saw her in all the glory of a new silk petticoat. My Burmese will not yet go far, but we manage, woman-wise, to gossip after a fashion. She was not at all averse to display her new finery and tell of its acquisition. The silk, of a complicated pattern, fine texture, and brilliant colouring, came from Mandalay. At the name Mee Hla giggled ; a gleam of white teeth showed between the crimson lips, and the dark eyes flashed mischievous meanings. The point was that all the village knows old MOUNG GOUK has but recently returned from Thebaw's city.

MOUNG GOUK makes periodical expeditions, nominally to trade, but my Official let drop the other day that he was one with the village in misdoubting this information, and that there are whispers of how, in the old days before the country was settled, MOUNG GOUK had been one of the leaders of a band of dacoits, under a noted chief, and had harried the country for miles round. When the British officials came and the gang dispersed, MOUNG GOUK, with Boer-like cunning, returned to the village and settled down to a life of unimpeachable respectability ; but rumour has it that spoils of past raids are hidden in some secluded jungle fastness, and that MOUNG GOUK's departures are to disinter portions of his booty. Certainly the very limited supply of carving and lacquer work that he takes with him on these occasions would not alone account for his general air of well-being on his return. Everyone knows him to be the laziest man in the village (which is saying much in Burmah), yet he never lacks for anything, and lately, since his elderly fancy

fixed upon young Mee Hla, he has paraded about in unusual and unexcelled splendour of attire ; while the presents he offers to the village beauty are as costly as they are varied, and far surpass the usual gifts presented by local swains.

Mee Hla accepts his presents with the most fascinating of smiles, and his attentions with provoking calm. This much I understand, and also that, after all, Mee Hla knows her own business best, young as she is, and can apparently take care of herself. None the less must one pity any girl with youth, high spirits, and beauty, should she fall to the share of that old scoundrel Gouk.

Another factor in the drama is Mee Thaw Hehn, the beauty's mother. Burmese married women age very rapidly, and a girl of twenty summers, who has had three or four children, would compare badly with an English matron who might have as many grandchildren. Yet, even knowing this, it is startling to realise such a wrinkled hag can be the mother of pretty Mee Hla. Mee Thaw Hehn is not a prepossessing old woman. Her tongue is loud and unceasing, her voice harsh ; she hen-pecks her easy-going husband, and gives one the impression of being a bad specimen of the domestic tyrant. The question suggests itself how much of Mee Hla's treatment of her elderly beau may be due to the older woman's influence, if the mother can be forcing the girl to marry that lump of senile rascality. A mercenary match is no new or surprising event, after all ; but among this scenery, so remote from the conventional, it jars. It is a note too discordant, too crude, for the land of silken lovers, when one has not yet penetrated beneath the glamour and found the same old dull humanity hidden in novelty's romance.

The lights in the village have disappeared, and our Eastern love-tale has led to most Occidental moralising. In the immensity above multitudes of clear, cold star-points regard me reproachfully. For a space, then, if the gods be kind, may we go by the gates of sleep, to wander through green English meadows flecked with purple shadows cast by soft white clouds that sail across the grey-blue skies, in dreams as fleeting as the shadows ; until the hot glare of Eastern day recalls us to the monotonous routine of our exile life.

Our quiet village has been in a state of wild excitement. Monotony, for once, did not await us ; tragedy has thrown its

dark shadow over the valley, and passion has evoked death to play a part.

The final act of the drama opened two days ago at the big show held to celebrate the feast for which all the preparations had been adoin'g. It was a gay show. The Deputy Commissioner came in, and we all went to look on at this (to me) fresh phase of village life.

Mee Hla was there, of course, very resplendent in her Mandalay silks, and jewels which roused envious glances from other village maidens. The envy was by no means lost on the conceited little beauty as she strutted in her peacock splendour with the peculiar swing affected by all Burmese belles. Moun'g Gouk hovered near with a heavy scowl on his never beautiful countenance. Only that morning he had given his inamorata the necklace that sparkled against her graceful, dusky throat. The gift won him but the curtest of thanks; and to make matters worse the fickle fair was now flirting openly with a young Burman in English dress who had accompanied the Deputy Commissioner, and even throwing coquettish glances at the great man himself. And what was worst of all, the whole village knew his disappointment, for in his pride and assurance he had sought a degree of publicity in making this latest and costliest gift. Now though publicity is by no means foreign to sentiment in this land where everything is public, from birth to death, from waking to sleeping, in this case publicity entailed ridicule, and Moun'g Gouk's angry soul presupposed mockery on every smiling face. For the first, and only, time I felt sorry for the man; his infatuation was so evident, and, in its way, so genuine, while the spoiled beauty had not a look for him.

All this little by-play drew my attention from the entertainment, a marionette show, and good of its kind. Yet the village puppets in our corner of life's great stage were better worth watching; for one caught a hint of possible tragedy from Moun'g Gouk's lowering countenance, and vaguely wondered what it all meant, if it meant anything, or whether the prosaic would predominate.

Seemingly it was to be the latter, for, when the young Burman left, Mee Hla turned to her elderly admirer with a cleverly affected start of surprise to find him waiting in such close attendance. He was rewarded with a most charming smile, and an air of satisfied proprietorship succeeded his angry

discontent as he listened to the naughty beauty's quips and jests at the company and the show. Our Chief, however, about this time declaring a preference for some less local entertainment, we returned to our bungalow, and the methods and manners of Europe.

Yesterday Mee Hla strolled up to pay me one of her periodic visits. She came with overflowing smiles, and puffing energetically at a huge cheroot, to bring me some lovely sprays of orchids and fragrant camellias, very different from the waxy, scentless blossoms of English conservatories. In the girl's dark hair I recognised an uncommon flower that her Burman admirer had worn in his button-hole on the previous night. Mee Hla intercepted my glance as it fell from the flower in her hair to Moung Gouk's gift round her neck. She laughed long and merrily. "He big old fool," she said in laboured English, with a saucy shake of her little brown head. As two days ago Mee Hla knew no English, it was obvious that the original owner of the flower had taught her this the day before. Then, with much laughter, she continued her tale.

Moung Gouk, it appeared, tired of uncertainty and spurred on as much by the possibility of a rival as by her subsequent encouragement, grew bold, urged matrimony, and with confident temerity appealed to her mother. Old Me Thaw Hehn made no bones about it, but shrilly told the discomfited applicant she would have none such as he for son-in-law. Flirt he might, an he so liked and Mee Hla choose to permit it; gifts he might bring in return for such condescension on the part of the young beauty; but marriage—there should be no more of such nonsense with so well-known and disreputable an old scamp as he. Again and again Mee Hla laughed at the recollection of the scene, and repeated, "He big old fool, big old fool."

It was impossible to scold that pretty irresponsible child, or do other than laugh with her. As Me Thaw Hehn put it, old scamps must expect to pay for the privilege of flirting with young beauty, and to go further and be in earnest was presumption meriting punishment. So Mee Hla's rippling laugh rang out unchecked as she re-examined my English fancy-work and the knick-knacks of a work-basket that never failed to rouse in her a spirit of tolerant curiosity. Then she tasted some newly-arrived Paris bonbons with undisguised approval. The adjective is needless; everything

about the girl was unaffected and natural ; even the elaborate fibs she occasionally favoured me with were such palpable untruths that their futility was only exceeded by their limitless scope and flow.

All the morning the child proved a more entertaining companion than usual. She was set upon acquiring English ways and phrases. Evidently the young official had made considerable, if transient, impression on her fickle little heart. When at length she passed down my garden, a lithe, bright figure against the purple line of bougainvillia hedge, I watched, with a smile for the beauty and petulance of this spoiled darling of life's sun-land, before resuming my work with a sigh for the lost irresponsibilities of my own youth.

Night fell with nothing of the unusual to mark one hour from another. The sounds from the village waned to silence. My Official still wrestled with an uncommonly heavy mail, but the land and the people thereof slept in the covering darkness.

Suddenly, in the village below, a bright flame leaped into the air and lit up the surrounding bamboo houses. Another wicked red tongue flickered up through the blackness, another and another, now accompanied by shrill cries. Dark against the flame-lit doorway stood a tall figure ; there was a flash of fire-light on steel ; a woman's scream rang out in the silence ; another figure rushed out frantically from the doomed dwelling, and again the dark form loomed out from the shadows, again came the flash of a falling weapon, a struggle, and yells of terror and pain.

And now the whole village had roused. From the clearly illuminated houses poured forth an eager and excited crowd. More screams followed, more struggles, and that deadly flash of wicked steel heliographing a tragedy to the silent watchers of the night. It was horrible, indescribable, unearthly, as though the darkness had parted suddenly to disclose a nightmare Gehenna.

But this was no nightmare, no dream of distorted imagination. The flames roared higher, a burst of sparks flew upwards in a brilliant shower of ruddy glory. Then the house collapsed ; the light died to a hot red glow, amidst which the moving figures swayed mysteriously ; a babble of excited tongues replaced the shrieks ; the tragedy sank into a mere village fire, no rare occurrence. Then a breathless messenger came running up.

There were trouble and murder in the village ; His Honour's presence was required.

The tragedy proved to be the sequel of the story told with so much laughter a few hours before. Smarting with the wrath bred of wounded vanity and frustrated desire, Moug Gouk left the village after his interview with Me Thaw Hehn and her daughter. He departed muttering threats of vengeance, whilst Me Thaw Hehn stood in the doorway and shook an angry fist at his retreating form, and Mee Hla's peals of laughter found many echoes from the more youthful beaux who witnessed and jeered at his discomfiture. Nothing had been seen of the old man all day, but a passing priest afterwards told of an encounter with an angry, red-faced man in the neighbouring jungle, armed with two swords, with which he slashed furiously at the surrounding trees, shrieking curses and crying, "Kill, kill, kill!"

None had guessed that this was old Moug Gouk working his rage to a fine frenzy. Under cover of the darkness he had crept back to the village. To fire the dry bamboo roof of Me Thaw Hehn's house was easy work. When the sleepers, roused by the heat and glare, hurried out, they were met in the doorway by a furious onslaught from the maddened incendiary. A cut over the head had flung the old mother back, mortally wounded, on to the blazing woodwork, and a second thrust of the deadly weapon cut down the terrified girl. Yelling abuse and curses, the madman stamped upon the quivering limbs, and stabbed again and again before the hastily aroused villagers could rush in, knock him down, and drag the other half-suffocated victims from the burning building before the flaming roof fell through.

So runs a tale of passion, tragedy, and death in this village I had deemed a veritable Sleepy Hollow. And this is a glimpse beneath the fair outward show of contentment and indifference that pervades this land, like the soft green scum and metallic sheen on the surface of stagnant waters.

D.

MUSICIANS

(BY ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED)

WHAT an existence of moods and perplexities is that of man ! In what diverse and strange ways does he occupy himself during his brief stay on this little planet ! Yet there is one path which nearly all humanity treads. Here, in a large, probably dimly-lighted hall, is a crowd of men and women wrapped in silence, listening to one of their species loudly crying, lowering and then heightening his tones, grading and measuring out his sounds, in an effort to produce a vague quantity known as melody. Again, in some back lane you see a man, with swollen cheeks, blowing into a tapering, funnel-like instrument, and assiduously pressing certain keys with his fingers ; he also is in search of melody. You see another man caressing what seems a piece of daintily fashioned wood, with three or four strings drawn tightly across its front. He puts one end of this thing beneath his chin, draws a long wand backwards and forwards across the strings, and produces strange, and on rare occasions entrancing, sounds. Meanwhile he gazes vacantly at a small sheet on which are lines, and dots, and dashes.

All mankind is in pursuit of melody, and more often than not it is a heart-breaking chase. What a spectacle man presents to his faithful dog or cat as he exercises his lungs, or ill-treats his piano, or wears down the strings of his violin, all in the conception of this uncertain melody ! What can your cat think of it all as he sits watching you with that half-amused quizzical wink of his ? 'Tis true that our soft friends have sometimes little concerts of their own at an uncomfortable hour in the dead of night, but then their music is a chance outcome of the meeting. The concert is only an accident with the cat ; it is man alone who classifies sound, produces combinations of it,

regulates its length and variety, calls it music, and imposes it in the street, in the hall, and in the home.

It is not an easy thing for the ordinary man to define music. The ordinary man, however, is not held as entitled to an opinion, and therefore has not the unhappiness of trying to find an answer to the riddle.

If a man wants to be looked upon as one who has the privilege of saying on behalf of his average brother what music is, then, by some uncertain means, he gets himself recognised as a critic. Once a critic, everything is easy. The critic has fixed ideas and doctrines on the subject, for which, more than likely, he can give no genuine reason, and everything fitting in with those ideas is music. Anything which runs contrary to those particular doctrines, or comes from some one the critic does not like, is not, and never can be, music, no matter what any other critic may say.

Every man, unless nature has utterly unfitted him, is a musician in some degree. He begins to show his gifts in this way very soon after his entrance into this puzzling world. His song is as yet untutored, wild, and inharmonious, but here are all the elements that may make for cultured music. The baby is a bully; he soon finds out how surely his song of appealing force,—sheer brute force—strikes at the hearts of the gracious beings about him, and there are few pianissimo passages with him. The baby grows apace, begins to walk, catches stray fragments of popular songs from his nurse, and combines with others to make violent noises. Soon he goes to school. A big man stands in front of a long chart, and the boy commences the scientific study of music. The teacher spends much time in making varied sounds, and the poor child is requested to say what note the teacher thinks he has sung. Some fine day the boys and girls wake up to find themselves men and women. For the great majority of them music will never be an art, but it may be a solace, and on they go towards their goal, wherever it be, humming and whistling, and now and again in some inspired moment opening to the fuller swell of song. Thus far, but no farther!

Yet a few go farther, and then we get the phenomenon of professionals and amateurs. The amateur is one, man or woman, who performs at social meetings mostly for charitable purposes, and gets his or her friends to lead the applause. The

professional is one who travels from city to city, and, according to the newspapers, from success to success. The male distinguishes himself from the amateur by his dignity, his grandiose bow, and his self-possession; the female simpers at the audience, curtsies prettily, and does not know the meaning of the word *encore* unless there are at least three separate rounds of applause.

Again, there are subdivisions of the main classes. The basso is a small man whose opening note startles everyone by its profundity. He seems hollow, his frame a shell fitted to produce deep notes. The tenor is a big, burly man with a fierce moustache, and his voice sounds as if led by a slender silver pipe from the interior of a solid body. Baritone is the name given to a male singer when you are doubtful as to the quality of his performance. A comedian is a person whom the audience laughs at from a sense of duty; he is clean shaven, and in private life is sad-eyed and melancholy; his favourite headgear is a brown wideawake hat, encircled by a black band. The instrumentalist is a human being who sometimes, by artificial means, attains a measure of harmony, after a long and wearying period in which his friends suffer a time of trouble such as the victims of the Chinese torture-chamber never knew.

A member of a lowly branch of the professional division is he whose stage is the common roadway and whose critic is the man in the street. The street musician is a lonely, a unique, and a ragged figure, an outcast from the kinship of his sleek brethren who move in more gilded circles. He, in his way, scorns the pampered existence of his rich relations. His passion is for the people,—music for the people, not for the bored, bedecked, be-scented few who sit in the half-sovereign seats. The artist of the halls is under the bondage of etiquette and of the manager, while he is as free as the wind, the clouds, and the rushing river. He is a mystery who glides as a phantom through life. He seems to come from nowhere and to go nowhere. The aim of the professional of the music-hall is to get as many as possible to pay to hear and see him; the aim of the street-professor is to persuade as many as possible to pay him to go away.

You meet the flute-player in the evening when the lamps cast deep shadows on the streets. You become sympathetic; you hold out a penny, and your fingers come into touch with a cold,

lifeless hand, gloomy eyes gleam out at you from gloomy depths, and a muffled voice utters dull, jaded thanks. The piping tune again breaks forth, and the player shuffles out of sight. The organ-grinder is such a familiar specimen that his habits need not be detailed. His chief function in life is to be moved on.

Street-singers are nearly always disappointing. They mostly belong to the sentimental order, but while the sentiment and the intention are good, the music is far otherwise. One minute you seem dimly to recognise the air, but in the next you are inclined to think it is some other tune. The feeling grows upon you that you are one who knows nothing, or that the singer knows just too much to keep to one thing closely, in case he be found out. The street-singer has usually an audience of two small children immediately in front of him, a bigger boy who stands on the pavement, and a woman who looks out from a window. When he earns enough for his purpose he leaves your lane and goes by tortuous paths to the nearest house of licence. Then he vanishes in the night.

Musicians are often found in groups. There are natural and there are unnatural groups, and the unnatural are the more desirable. The principal of the natural groups are those termed musical families. Their chief object is to make as much disturbing sound as can be made in the longest possible period. The main evil arising from a thriving group is that it always includes at least one learner, who maps out a restless, unsatisfying existence for himself, and gives degeneration to the life of all around. A musical family is a menace to the community, and should be forbidden by Act of Parliament. The unnatural groups include the choir, the band, the quartette, and others. A wide field is open for original research and investigation as to the laws which govern the rise and progress of these, but, doubtless through an oversight which is a blot on our civilisation, the subject has not yet claimed its specialists.

When all is said and done, there are some fine musicians, and to hear them sing or play is to admire, indeed, almost to envy them.

GEORGE SAND'S DAUGHTER

IN 1831 the Baronne Aurore Dudevant, having arranged with her scamp of a husband for a temporary separation, came to Paris and began her literary life as George Sand. How she fared as an artist and a woman is part of the history of the romantic movement. Gifted with the rare and potent charm of which no portrait gives an idea, she passed from one love affair to another, all the while carrying on the real business of her life, the art for which she lived. But what is strange and almost disconcerting is that, interwoven with her sentimental adventures and the serious patient pursuit of her life-work, there was a third thread of her existence, a simple domestic side. Amid all her aberrations the instinct of orderly life asserted itself, and in the end overcame. She was a devoted mother. Her relations with her only son were exceptionally close and tender, and to the brilliant daughter, who inherited so much of herself, and whose history in some ways so strangely repeated her own, she was always a wise counsellor and patient friend.

The year after the great plunge Madame Sand brought up with her to Paris her little girl, three and a half years old. Solange was a splendid child, plump, pink, and fresh as a rose. She accommodated herself very quickly to the life in the flat on the Quai St. Michel. We have glimpses of her in George Sand's letters, climbing in the morning into her mother's bed, laughing and chattering in baby language, then running out on the balcony, and when she breaks the stems of some of the plants, trying to stick them together with wafers.

Solange Clésinger (*née* Dudevant-Sand) died at Paris in 1899. Even if she had not been the daughter of the greatest female writer of her time, she would have deserved to be remembered for her own sake. She had been beautiful and up to the last preserved much of her old charm, but it was her wit which drew

to her little drawing-room some of the ablest men of the day. Keen, original, biting, her conversation showed a virile strength of mind, oddly blended with the irresponsibility of a child. She was intensely proud, passionate, and exacting in friendship. There was something in her of the country girl of Berry, a good deal of the fashionable beauty of the Second Empire, and a considerable infusion of romanticism. Such as she was, she has left with those who knew her the memory of a brilliant and unhappy woman, dowered with great gifts which, through ill luck as well as defect of temperament and character, never came to full fruition.

The story of her relations with her famous mother,—relations often difficult and painful in spite of deep affection on both sides—has recently been told in a volume of letters edited with skill and taste by M. Rocheblave. It was remarked at the time of the publication of *George Sand's Correspondence*, edited by M. Maurice Sand, that the collection contained none of his mother's letters to Solange. The fact was that his sister was not at that moment on terms with the editor. She was supposed to have destroyed her mother's letters, but they were carefully preserved, and the most interesting of them have been published by M. Rocheblave, together with some characteristic epistles from Solange herself.

Here we see George Sand as no other side of her correspondence has revealed her. We know from her letters to Flaubert that she could be a true and magnanimous comrade: we know what she was as a mother to her son; but in her relations with her daughter,—and such a daughter, resembling her in so many ways by gifts and disposition—she appears as mother and comrade both. And there is a painful interest in the clash of temperaments inevitable between two women too much alike to be very tolerant of each other's weaknesses.

These difficulties begin early. From the year 1836 the law had put Madame Dudevant-Sand in possession of her children and her patrimonial estate of Nohant in Berry. M. Dudevant made one attempt to carry off Solange but was promptly checkmated by his wife, who pursued him to his house at Guillery and got the child back with the assistance of the strong arm of the law. "There had to be three dear little policemen," wrote the small heroine of the occasion to her brother, "to give me back to mother." After this alarm George Sand did not care

to part from her daughter. She kept her at Nohant and engaged a governess for her ; but at thirteen the young woman was too much for any governess, and her mother would not venture on the task.

There is not in my opinion [she wrote] a worse governess than a mother : we are so anxious to see our children make progress that we have not the calm and composure necessary to moderate our precepts, graduate our lessons, and, above all, compose our impatience. Besides, the mind of Solange has become too independent for me to resume a dominion over her which I had never completely exercised.

Accordingly from thirteen to fifteen Solange was an inmate of the Institution Bascans-Lagut in the Rue de Chaillot. M. Bascans was a brilliant, interesting man, and (to use a phrase of M. Rocheblave's) an impenitent Liberal well qualified to give religious instruction to Mademoiselle Dudevant-Sand, in accordance with the views of her mother.

If it entered into your views to explain to her the philosophy of Christ, to move her by the beautiful poem of the life and death of the Divine Man, to present the Gospel as the teaching of equality, in short, to comment with her those Gospels so scandalously altered in the Catholic rendering, and so admirably restored in Pierre Leroux's *BOOK OF HUMANITY*, this would be the true religious instruction which I desire that she should profit by in Holy Week and all the days of her life.

Madame Bascans was a woman of great tact and moral worth, great-hearted and strong-willed. Her influence over her wayward pupil was strong and lasting, and it was to her that Solange turned for sympathy later on, in the trials of her married life.

Even in her childish letters home she reveals a very definite and singular personality. Her first essay in friendship is significant of much, as Carlyle used to say.

Dear Mother [she writes] do you advise me to have a friend among the boarders? I have two to choose from, one who is good when one wants to laugh and play, another who is good to make one work and lecture one. [The experiment was made with the results which appear in the following extract] :—I did find a friend, Celina Higonnet, but I discovered that she was full of faults, so I gave her up. I do not think I want a friend. When I have anything to tell I will tell you. I do not see the use of having a friend when one has a mother, unless it is to play and joke with.

The whole history of Solange is foreshadowed in those words, "I found she was full of faults so I gave her up." Critical,

impatient, inconstant, she passed through life in quest of an impossible satisfaction.

George Sand's reply to her little daughter is full of large-hearted common-sense.

When you say that when one has a mother one does not need a friend, it is very nice of you and very sweet for me, but you are wrong in thinking that you do not owe affection to anyone but to her who prefers you to all others. When one meets a person full of good qualities to whom one is drawn in friendship one should yield to that friendship. Because we love what is true, kind, just, and wise, in ideas or feelings, we should love the beings who possess these great gifts of heaven. Do not then look for a friend among your companions, as you would look in a shoemaker's shop for a shoe which did not pinch you. But when you find one who inspires you with a great esteem, get it into your head that it is God who sends you one more duty and happiness in your life.

Admirable as all this is, there were aspects of George Sand's influence which were less well adapted to promote the healthy development of a passionate and self-centred nature. Moral discipline was what the child needed, and what her mother was perfectly incapable of giving her. It is not merely the genius of George Sand, it is her possession in a high degree of certain great moral virtues, honesty, industry, generosity, and courage, which, in spite of moral lapses which would have stamped any other woman as worthless, have established her claim to respect. Yet, perhaps it was her punishment to see the daughter whom she had nourished on the theories of amiable visionaries like Pierre Leroux, whose creed was "Love your neighbour and do as you like," accepting the second clause to the neglect of the first. While still a schoolgirl, Solange was a student of her mother's novels. She had her favourites among the heroines, preferring Consuelo to Edmée in MAUPRAT. Times change, but our mothers would have considered MAUPRAT rather strong meat for a child of fourteen. At fifteen she argued with her mother on a footing of equality. The sentiment of the following letter is precociously complicated, despite its childishness.

You lay reproaches on me, dearest, which I have not deserved. You say I have an affected style. If it is so, which is quite possible, it is unintentional. It is not everybody who has your style. But do not blame me because mine is not natural. It is perhaps because it is too much so that it seems not to be. You almost say that I do not love you. But since I have seen you quietly writing a letter to Madame Perdiguier on purpose to make her cry, I have thought that you have done the same for me.

And then to grieve me more, you tell me that you are giving lessons to Luce when I am in Paris. You are not nice when you scold me.

At sixteen Solange went home to Nohant, the property of George Sand, which she had inherited from her grandmother, Aurore de Saxe. Here George Sand spent her time with her two children, writing, painting (she painted flowers beautifully), keeping up her enormous correspondence, looking after her property, and entertaining her guests, of whom Chopin was the most famous. For eight years Nohant had been the musician's home when he cared to make it so, and the mistress of the place nursed him through his constant illnesses with unvarying patience. For years there had been nothing between them but this friendship, exacting, tormented, exclusive on the part of the artist, patient and almost maternal on the other's. There were other visitors more or less famous in their day, and some whose fame has endured. Sainte-Beuve once said to Solange while she was still a child, "It is well you are good, Mademoiselle, for you will never be beautiful." She used to tease him about this in after years. There was the beautiful Pauline Viardot, the famous singer, who was the original of Consuelo. Balzac came once, and Matthew Arnold has left a description of his visit in one of his charming essays.

One of the minor lions who came to Nohant when Solange was nineteen, was a young sculptor named Clésinger. George Sand's kind heart, and perhaps her vanity also, inclined her to play special providence to struggling artists. She asked Clésinger to stay at Nohant, and gave him a commission for busts of herself and Solange. The younger model was a handsome animated girl, with flowing locks and the look of a huntress Diana. She had just become engaged to a blameless young squire of the neighbourhood with whom she had been quite ready to think herself in love. But the wooing of Clésinger carried her off her feet, and before her mother had time to realise the danger, things had already gone too far to be stopped.

A girl who has been brought up to believe in the "rights of passion" may be pardoned for not seeing that her case ought to form an exception; but George Sand seems to have been wholly unprepared for this striking application of her own theories. Once realising, however, that the marriage was a necessity, she pushed it forward with all her might, praised the bridegroom to her friends, and declared herself perfectly satisfied.

But the pair once wedded, and her daughter's reputation saved, she did not attempt to conceal her vexation, and her dislike of the man that Solange had forced upon her as a son-in-law. If Clésinger had any idea of establishing himself at Nohant, he was at once undeceived. "My daughter," said Madame Sand, "shall be welcome to my home at any time. As for M. Clésinger, I do not know him."

The bride naturally took part with her husband. She had a short interview with her mother, of which George Sand writes:—"She was stiff and cold and not at all penitent. For the rest she is well, more beautiful than ever, and taking life as a collection of beings and things which must be scorned and braved."

A terrible disillusion awaited the beautiful defiant girl, so ignorant of life. Her sculptor, for whose sake she had jilted the young squire, estranged her mother, and deserted her home, turned out a coarse dissipated scoundrel, half crazy with vanity, extravagant and dishonest. The letters of Solange to Chopin during the first years of her marriage are filled with accounts of money-troubles. In December they were nearly ruined, and George Sand, who had settled her Paris property on Solange when she married, was herself in embarrassed circumstances and could do little to help them. In 1849 she began to make her daughter an allowance which was continued for the rest of her life.

In 1848 the birth of a little daughter brought about a reconciliation between Solange and her mother, and the correspondence between the two women was resumed. The letters of Solange give glimpses of an existence of rather precarious brilliance. Clésinger was the fashion both in London and Paris and was making money rapidly, and spending it even more rapidly. Solange amused herself well enough in the atmosphere of extravagant and wealthy Bohemianism into which she had married, but the coarse violence and bluster of her husband disgusted and wearied her. Sometimes a longing for her country home finds shy and whimsical expression in her letters.

This fine weather is miserable at Paris. It makes me as sad and cross as anything to see the sun and greenery in my Meissonier of a garden [an allusion to the diminutive size of Meissonier's pictures]. I go out on horseback at 7 a.m. to refresh my ideas, and find nothing in the Bois de Boulogne but dust, and idiots in nankeen pantaloons. I roll with Nini on

a green and red carpet, which in spite of my good will does not give me the illusion of a meadow enamelled with poppies. When I make Bébé [the dog] jump in my vast garden, she squashes my root of pink or knocks over my baby rose-tree. In short, I am the most unhappy woman in the five quarters of the globe, Oceana included.

She did make a visit to Nohant and took with her the baby Jeanne, or Nini as she was called, who at once wound herself round the heart of the grandmother ; but Clésinger, who was madly jealous of his wife, speedily recalled her.

George Sand must have felt, in considering the lot her child had made for herself, that it bore in some respects a striking resemblance to her own. She too had drawn a blank in the matrimonial lottery. She knew what snares and pitfalls surround the steps of a young, clever, and charming woman who despises her husband : she knew what in similar circumstances had saved her, not indeed from error or from sorrow, but from final shipwreck and hopeless degradation ; and so she bent all her powers to induce Solange to interest herself in the work that had saved her mother. It was her work, the business of literature, which had steadied her in days of passion, and in times of overwhelming trouble had reconciled her to life. So when Solange writes that she thinks of taking up literature as an occupation, her mother abounds in encouragement.

At your age one has already a great store in the mind. But it is vague because there is no form. When the power of form has come one is surprised to see what mental stores one has, and one discovers oneself after being long a stranger to oneself. Then one is angry with oneself for the time lost, and life does not seem long enough for all that we have to produce. With or without great talents, with or without profit of money, with or without reputation, is not this an immense result obtained—a victory over the ennui, the deceptions, the languors, and the griefs of life ? I never really began to live till the day when I had to work for a living.

This cry from the heart of the born artist, so strenuous and joyous, so sure of herself, roused no echo in the heart of Solange, whose talent was critical rather than creative, and who had not the energy and perseverance of her mother. George Sand has to chide her for what seems like wilful despondency.

You tell me that your husband loves you and everybody says so. Your Nini is charming and gets on well. You are not ugly, you are not stupid. You would be well in health if you would give yourself the trouble to be so. Thus, the greatest griefs of a woman you do not experience.

Solange retorts with the eternal cry of youth for its place in the sun. She cannot reconcile herself to her mistake.

One must absolutely be happy when one is young. Duty is a big word without meaning. Virtue is a big pretence. I have your love, my dearest, and Jeanne. But Jeanne is two years old, and you are sixty miles away. And meanwhile I am devoured with grief and I swallow my tears in a corner, ashamed of having the weakness to suffer and not knowing how to be silent.

In 1852 the troubles of the Clésinger household came to a climax, and Solange demanded a legal separation from her husband. The poor little child became a bone of contention between the two parents. George Sand managed to keep it with her at Nohant for a considerable time, and grew more and more attached to it. Nini was the first and perhaps the dearest of the "grandchildren of Nohant." But in 1854 Clésinger contrived to obtain the custody of his little daughter. Worn out by the anxieties of the suit with her husband still pending, and half broken-hearted by the loss of her child, Solange fell ill. In her sickness and trouble she received much kindness from a connection of her mother's, Gaston de Villeneuve. This good man introduced to Solange the Père Ravignan, one of the most famous directors of Paris, whose name occurs so frequently in Mrs. Craven's *RECIT D'UNE SŒUR*. Under his influence Solange for a time returned to religion. About the same time as she made her first communion she received the joyful news that the law-courts had decided in her favour, and that Madame Sand was to have the custody of the child. There followed a letter from her mother, which, considering the nature of George Sand's own religious beliefs, shows some large-mindedness.

What happiness, my daughter! God will strengthen your faith. God has come to your help, and whatever religion one is of, one feels this aid when one seeks and implores it. You must come at once,—but with Jeanne. You must take her away from that horrid *pension*.

The two women were eagerly planning the future of their darling. Solange wishes her to be educated at the Sacré Cœur, and George Sand was not prepared to object.

I would rather [she said] Nini were brought up to believe in the Immaculate Conception than that she were educated to despise everything good, with the ladies whose history, true or false, Clésinger has told me.

He had a contempt even for the person with whom he placed his daughter. This is not reassuring.

But oh, irony of fate! In the midst of their happy projects Nini fell ill. She could not be moved from the wretched house in which she had been placed by her father, whose control over her was now at an end. They hoped that she would soon be well enough to be taken away, but it was not to be. Only a little corpse was brought home to Nohant, and buried under the great yew near the tomb of *Aurore de Saxe*. Over the child's grave they placed a simple cross of marble with this inscription: *Jeanne-Gabrielle, daughter of Solange, born at Guillery May 10, 1848, died at Paris in the night of January 13-14, 1855.*

George Sand mourned for the lovely child with the bitter sorrow of those who are growing old, and who feel that time can bring them no compensation for what it takes away. Yet her sorrow was as nothing to that of the child's mother. It seemed that the best hope of a dignified and useful career for Solange had disappeared with her little daughter; henceforth the poor wild creature drifted on the waves of this troublesome world like a rudderless ship. She still turned to her mother for sympathy, of which she was greedy, and submitted, more or less patiently, to advice which she never took. She visited Nohant on various occasions between 1855 and 1861.

These [says M. Rocheblave] are the good moments of Solange, those in which the mother has least anxiety about her. But George Sand, whose life is burdened with work and obligations of all kinds, does not intend to be at the mercy of a sudden impulse, a whim, or a surprise. She chooses her moments, she fixes her dates, and sometimes her conditions. When Solange is at Nohant she is in her mother's house and not in her own; she is invited, she does not invite herself. This is a precaution which George Sand considers indispensable. She wishes that Solange should earn the right to come to Nohant, that she should recognise, by an effort of conduct and character, the favour of being received there. The reasons of this maternal policy may be guessed, and we can only touch on them lightly. Enough to say that for a long time Nohant was a restraint on Solange, and the frequency or rarity of her apparitions there, after certain dates, form in some sort the barometer of her moral life.

Much had been done by the mother, and long years of forbearance passed, before she wrote this letter, giving up, as it seemed, a hopeless task.

I believe I have explained myself ten times on what I believe to be permitted in your situation, and what is not permitted in any situation.

But we have two such different points of view, and you have given me, from the beginning of your life, the rôle of responsibility without authority, which is an impossible situation. . . . You have heart, devotion, affection, more than most women. But fair Paris of Troy passes with his curly hair, and off you start for the land of flutes, ribbons, and bells, putting on the airs of a female Don Juan, and saying with bursts of laughter, "How stupid it was of me yesterday to be good and reasonable." I have sometimes said to myself: "I have brought her into the world, fed her, whipped, adored, scolded, spoiled, punished, pardoned her, and for all that, I do not know her in the least, and I can never understand or guess why she does such and such things, which to my mind are completely unreasonable."

Whatever can be said for herself, Solange says, in a pathetic little letter, written not very long after the loss of her child.

Then they say that I am committing follies at Paris when they see me with men and women of my own age at the theatre. It can hardly be otherwise, living as I do completely alone, without any kind of protection, near or far, and carrying with me a profound grief. It is quite simple that I should try to forget that I should exhaust my youth and health by intoxicating myself with noise and movement, and I am more to be pitied than blamed. People do not know how a woman weeps in the night when they see her amusing herself all the evening.

Thus Solange went her brilliant, wilful, reckless way, and George Sand remained in the old home with her dutiful son Maurice and his wife. Again little voices called her grandmamma, little arms clung again about her neck, and little feet pattered, as Nini's once had pattered, along the garden-walks. The long, full, busy life drew to its close in peace.

Solange Clésinger survived George Sand for twenty-three years. With all her adventures of sentiment and fancy, her mother had always been first, or all but first, in her affection, and it was in her mother's home, under the shadow of the trees of Nohant, that they laid her to rest at last. Only one other love beside ever had lasting dominion over that wild heart, and the memory of it is carved upon her tomb. The inscription runs as she devised it: *Gabrielle-Solange Clésinger, née Dudevant-Sand, mère de Jeanne.*

A MATTER OF BUSINESS

I.

MR. STEPHEN ALLISON entered the library with the pleasant expectation of being about to make himself comfortable. He had, alas, reached that age at which comfort appears more attractive than pleasure. Besides, he had been shooting all day, and, though he would never have confessed it, he was tired. There was a certain weakness about his knees, a stiffness about the small of his back, which had the same depressing effect upon him that the discovery of a grey hair would have upon a beauty at her glass. Decidedly, he told himself with a sigh, he was growing old.

The lamps had not been lit, but tea had been brought in, and his hostess was sitting on the long, low stool in front of the fire, absorbed in a book.

"I feel a heartless wretch, Mrs. Holton," said Allison plaintively, "but could you leave the heroine to her distress one moment, and give me my tea?"

"It is too sweet for anything," said Mrs. Holton abstractedly, as she tried to manipulate the tea-pot with one hand, and hold the book in the other.

"The novel, or the tea? If the latter, I won't have any, thank you. Gout is hereditary in my family."

"The novel, of course. I do know by this time that you only take one lump. Cake?"

"You go back to your story," said Mr. Allison, making himself comfortable, "and leave me to browse over the muffin-dish alone."

"It is hardly a story," said the lady with the modest pride of one found reading the book of the season. "It is the LETTERS OF A WIFE."

"Ah," said Mr. Allison, intent upon the muffin.

"You always say *ah*," said Mrs. Holton petulantly, "and you nearly always mean something nasty."

"Nasty? I merely meant to endorse your criticism."

"Why, I rave about it. Don't you?"

"You forget," sighed Allison. "I only take one lump."

Mrs. Holton did not reply directly. She was not fond of her guest. Conversation with him was apt to make her feel as if she were rehearsing a duologue, and had forgotten her cue. She occupied herself in preparing an expression of opinion to deliver to her husband on his conduct in leaving her to entertain his guest.

"I suppose," she said slowly, after a pause, "that you mean the book is too sentimental."

"To reduce it to a personal equation, Mrs. Holton,—do you write letters of that description to Holton when he is away?"

"He never is away," sighed Mrs. Holton, "unless he stays the night in town. Then he telegraphs for his dress-suit and I send him up a list of his things in the portmanteau. But we used to write each other letters," she added, brightening, "when we were engaged."

"Why, I thought you lived in the same street?"

"So we did; and George used to come and see me every evening. Then, after he left, I used to run upstairs and write, so that he got a letter at his office in the morning, and I got one from him, too."

"And were they——? No, no! The question is withdrawn."

"The answer to that is," said his hostess, smiling, "that you should get engaged."

Allison left his table, and came nearer the fire. Mrs. Holton still kept her position, though it was now too dark to read. There was a little smile on her face which worried him. It could hardly have been conjured up by Holton and the dress-clothes; he felt a vicious desire to say something to drive it away.

"I don't mind confessing," he said at length, "that I have never read the book."

"Oh, for shame! Then all your abuse of it goes for nothing."

"I do not remember abusing it, but let that pass. I have no time to waste on novels."

"Of course it is a novel pure and simple—"

"I should hardly have applied those adjectives to the modern

novel, myself," murmured Allison, but his hostess's patience was getting rapidly exhausted.

"All I can say is," she cried as she rose to go, "I am glad I've read it, and my advice to you is to read it—or no ;—get engaged first, and read it afterwards."

And with this parting shot she left the room.

II.

A few days later Allison returned to town. He had rooms in one of the many little streets leading off Bond Street, where he kept his belongings, and occasionally entertained a friend. His acquaintances he met at his club. For occupation he had a subordinate post at a Government Office. When it was fine he walked to his work in the morning ; it was one way of keeping young. When it was wet he took a hansom. It was only lately that he had been able to afford a hansom, and he still enjoyed the sensation of hailing one. He was out nearly every evening, for his circle of acquaintance was large, and he had the reputation of being a clever talker. When he was disengaged he would go to a concert, or spend the evening at home, laboriously playing over any passage from a score which had struck his fancy. Men said he was a lucky fellow, who made abominably bad use of his money. Women said he ought to marry ; Allison did not see the necessity.

The night after his return Stephen was in an evil frame of mind. The season having not yet begun, he had perforce to stay at home. Then his piano had not been tuned. Thirdly, the librarian at Mudie's had doubtless also been taking holiday, and Allison's book-list had got exchanged with that of someone else, who evidently had widely different views on literature. Allison gazed in speechless disgust at the offending pile of books, then he picked up each volume in turn between his finger and thumb, read the title, and dropped it as if it had been an obnoxious reptile.

The last book was an unpretending little production, bound in white, with fine gold lettering : **THE LETTERS OF A WIFE**, by Nina Henry.

It was probably the recollection of the little scene in the library which made Allison look at this longer than the others. His lips

twitched into a smile as he thought of the little woman on the hearth-rug. Why had the book so fascinated her? Well, the evening was already wasted, he would read and see.

The plot was simple. A young naval officer called away on duty leaves his three months' bride behind with his own people. The writer tries, not very successfully, to trace the gradual sapping of the girl's affection by the separation, and the countless petty worries of her life. It was obviously the author's first attempt at novel-writing, and, as I have said, not an entirely successful one. But even Allison had to acknowledge that the book had a certain charm. It lay in the self-revelation of the girl in her first few letters. He read these, skimmed the rest of the book, found it, as he had expected, dull, turned back and read the first again. Her gaiety, her pride in her love, her cheerfulness, her sense of humour,—it was all delightful. He went to bed with the girl's voice ringing in his ears.

The infatuation lasted a week. During this time he dreamed of Nina Henry, talked of Nina Henry, lived for Nina Henry. Then the reaction came. The reality faced him suddenly, and stunned him as if he had run against a wall. This girl,—what was she to him? Nothing; he was not even sure that the name he knew her by was her own. And the letters were not written for him, were not even written for love, but for money.

For money! Well, he had money. The idea followed his train of thought so naturally that at first he did not perceive the extent of its suggestion. Then its simplicity overwhelmed him. He had money; and though money cannot buy love, yet it can buy love-letters, and Allison did not want more. He was perfectly willing to have his emotion without paying the penalty. He would have his love-letters, but no lover.

The way was easy. Allison wrote a letter to Miss Henry, to the care of her publishers, and offered her advantageous terms if she would write to him once a week. The money would be paid through his bankers, and would begin on receipt of the first letter. She might assign to him and to herself any character she pleased, only he stipulated that for the purposes of the correspondence she should be engaged to him.

On the Monday morning a letter in an unfamiliar hand lay on his plate. He picked it up, and broke the seal. He was a young man again, a lover with the world before him, and a maiden waiting him, waiting in a little Devonshire vicarage

cuddled under the slope of the down for Donald to make his fortune and come back to her.

"Do you know," she said, "that it is six months to-day since you went away? And six months to-day the first blossom came out on the cherry-tree. Father was so pleased that I remembered the date. He thinks I may make a naturalist yet. But I knew, because I picked it when I went to meet you at the gate in the cherry-orchard, and you—Don, dear, do you remember? If you do not, I shall break my heart, but I shall never tell you."

Mr Allison put down the letter, and stroked his moustache. Then he finished reading it, and put it in his breast-pocket. He was an engaged man, and,—yes,—he liked the feeling; a little sheepish, perhaps, but that did not matter, as happily he did not have to run the gauntlet of his friends' congratulations. That morning, when docketing some memoranda, his face was suddenly illuminated with a brilliant smile.

"Now I wonder," he said to himself, as he tied the bundle neatly with a piece of pink tape, "what it was I did in the cherry-orchard?"

III.

The letters came regularly. Every Monday the last epistle retired from the breast-pocket in favour of the new comer. A little packet in Allison's drawer began to swell. The official habit was too strong within him to admit of his doing anything but docket his precious possessions. Be it said, however, he did not use red tape. He bought a piece of pale blue ribbon at a haberdasher's. He liked to think that she had given it to him; she always wore pale blue.

One evening in March Allison met Mrs. Holton at a dinner. He had not seen her since she had sat on the hearth-stool and recommended him to get engaged.

"Do you know," she said, "you are looking very well?"

"I was about to say the same to you," he replied, "but a *tu quoque* compliment is always open to suspicion. I don't know why, I'm sure, for it is quite within the bounds of probability that we are both looking very well this weather."

"'In the Spring a young man's fancy,'" quoted Mrs. Holton, looking up under her eyelashes.

"Ah; that does not apply to me, I am afraid."

“It applies to everyone now-a-days. Youth is a knack which can be acquired. It is merely the habit of looking forward ; only age looks back.”

“And middle age is left the present,” said Allison, surveying the dinner-table. “Well, I don’t object to the present. By the bye, where is Holton ?”

“George is at home, waging war with the plumbers. I slipped away for a day, succumbed to the fascinations of London, and stayed on.”

“And reversing the usual order of things, I suppose George sends you up a portmanteau with a list of your evening clothes ?”

“No, the maid does that,” said Mrs. Holton literally ; then she laughed. “What a memory you have ! Did you ever read that book ?”

“You forget you imposed another condition first.”

“Then you never did. Well, it is too late ; no one ever talks about it now. Poor thing !” sighed Mrs. Holton. “I heard the other day from someone who knows somebody who really knows all about her, and she leads a miserable life with a drunken brute of a husband and six children.”

The lady broke off to help herself to some dish, and appeared to forget her subject. Allison did not remind her ; he turned his attention to his other neighbour, and soon afterwards the conversation became general. After dinner he pleaded another engagement, and left early, but he went straight home. When there, he wished he had not returned, the room was so dreary. He tried to play, but it was no good. He tried to read his latest letter, but the six children rose, phantom-like, between his eyes and the page. Six children ! It was monstrous, impossible ; and a drunken husband. One should only believe half one hears. If you granted the husband, the probability was against his drinking. Well, in any case the correspondence must cease. He wrote at once.

MADAM,—It was agreed that your engagement should close at a month’s notice. I therefore beg that your letters may be discontinued after April 1st.

Yours faithfully.

Allison read the letter through. It seemed rather a brutal termination to an idyll. He ought to mention what a pleasure

her letters had been to him. He set out to mention it, and the result was an ardent love-letter. Allison was appalled when he read it over. How simple these things sound when spoken ; and how remarkably compromising they look on paper. Yes, it would be easier done by word of mouth. He wrote a short note, asking Miss Henry for an interview.

By return of post came Miss Henry's reply. She regretted that she was unable to see him, and also that she would no longer be able to continue her weekly letters. The object of the interview being accomplished, Allison should have been satisfied, but he was not. He wrote again, entreating her to see him. Something of his emotion may have found its way into his last letter, for a little agitation was visible in the lady's reply.

"Do not ask to see me," she wrote. "Indeed I am very different from what you think me ; it would be better for us not to meet."

Different ! Allison walked down Whitehall that morning in a dream. Was it as Mrs. Holton had said, that she was unhappy ? It might be ; or was it that she felt herself plain, elderly, and dull, and feared to disillusion him ? But dull she could not be. An elderly woman would surely have been amused rather than agitated by the transaction ; and what if she were plain ? "If she had sandy hair and a squint," cried Mr. Allison to himself, as he stopped short in the middle of a crowded crossing, "I should love her. Love her !" he repeated aloud, gazing into the face of a straining cab-horse, whom its driver was vainly trying to back. But the cab-horse had no interest in the matter, and knocked him down.

IV.

Allison lingered some weeks. His injuries were internal, and from the first the doctor gave no hope. His acquaintances were sympathetic, and sent him daily offerings of fruit and flowers. A few of the braver type came in to see him, and brought him comic papers. An elderly maiden aunt arrived, took possession of the case, and quarrelled with the professional nurse. The nurse complained to the doctor. "Try and bear with it," advised the latter ; "it is not for so very long," and he went in to see the patient.

"How long?" enquired the patient from the bed.

"My dear sir, we'll have you up and about before the summer's out."

"If you want to tell lies in here, doctor, you should be careful to have the door shut before you speak the truth outside it. Come, how long?" And the doctor told the truth.

When he had gone, Allison asked for a pencil, and spent the evening scrawling some words on a piece of paper. The nurse addressed it for him rather haughtily. She did not think much of writing-women.

"One more day," said the doctor, and then again "one more." Still Allison lingered on. "It's my belief," said the nurse, "that the man is waiting for something." One picks up many little superstitions in the hospital wards. The doctor shrugged his shoulders, but he did not contradict her.

That afternoon the nurse on duty came to Allison as he woke from a morphia sleep. "There is a gentleman in the next room," she said, "who says that you have asked to see him. His name is Eldry"—Allison shook his head—"but he told me to tell you his name was Henry. Now, Mr. Allison, you cannot see anyone if it excites you like that."

"Show him in," gasped Allison. Oh, queen of prudes, to send her husband at the last!

The new comer did not look a drunkard, and so far Mrs. Holton's story seemed to be at fault. He was a tall, thin man in a shabby coat, with a refined, soft-bearded face, the face of a dreamer, not that of a successful man. He advanced to the end of the bed, and stopped, gazing in nervous distress at the figure in it.

Allison was the first to break the silence. "Well," he said bitterly, "am I so dangerous? You might have let her come."

Eldry wrung his hands together nervously. "It was a mistake," he said, "a bitter mistake. I felt it from the first when I began—"

"You? You began?"

"I wrote the letters. Yes, I am Nina Henry."

He did not look up as he spoke. When he raised his eyes the face on the pillow was as impassive as ever.

"Ah," said Allison after a little pause, "ah. Pray don't let me detain you. I believe my banker has settled your account. Good-afternoon."

Eldry shambled to the door, then turned, and by a sudden impulse came up to the side of the dying man. "I should like to tell you," he began hurriedly, "what a pleasure it has been to me. Don't think I did it for the money—it was not that. I liked to do it. I believe I live in dreams. My profession is a sordid one; I get little pleasure from it, and I have many cares at home, though my wife is a good woman." He broke off with a half laugh. "I declare that I live in such a haze that when she goes from home I find myself expecting her to write those letters to me."

Allison turned slightly on his pillow and looked with a faint interest at the speaker. "Ah," he said slowly; "and does she?"

"No."

The dim eyes lit up with a faint amusement, the compressed lips twitched into one of his rare smiles. "Ah," he said, and then after a pause added, "Stay."

V.

"Very sad case," said the doctor, "very sad! Cut off in the prime of life! May I ask if you are any relation?"

"No, no connection," said Eldry mechanically.

"Old friends only?" said the doctor.

He spoke for the sake of making conversation, but Eldry misunderstood him and thought that his position was being questioned. "I fear I am hardly even that," he said nervously, as he prepared to take his departure. "The fact is," he added in one of those embarrassing bursts of confidence indulged in by nervous people, "there was but one tie between us; we both loved the same woman."

"My dear sir, I quite understand," said the doctor impressively; "good-evening."

A few minutes later, as Eldry crossed the street and stopped to look up at a darkened window, he wondered to himself with a little smile, how much the doctor understood. But after all, it came very near the truth, though perhaps Mrs. Eldry would not have liked one to say so.

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A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE

THE Queen had smiled for a moment to see the young courtier in his disguise. The blue smock, the baggy breeches that he knelt in with so gallant a clumsiness, the *sabots* that had made such a clattering on the polished floor,—these, and the stains on face and hands, made of M. Jean de Pellotin something so different from the sumptuous and exquisite gentleman-in-waiting whom she had seen a few hours ago.

“You are transformed,” she said.

“Except from my loyalty,” he replied.

“Ah, sir,”—the Queen smiled upon him, very gracious for all her melancholy—“you are most loyal and most brave. I do not know for what merit of my own I am surrounded by such gallant gentlemen.”

“Madam, it is a most trifling service,” said de Pellotin. Indeed, since he had at that moment knelt to kiss her hand, what concerned him chiefly was the desire to carry himself through this ceremony of farewell without undue awkwardness, which was perhaps a trifling consideration. The hundred thoughts that had oppressed him for the last few hours, ever since he had volunteered to carry a message in disguise through the ranks of the revolutionists, the innumerable conflicting anxieties as to what a disguised man should do in various contingencies, had left him for the moment. He was still in the citadel, and his business was to take a decorous farewell of his Queen. “Indeed, Madam,” he added, “it is an honour that I should have been selected.”

“You are most brave,” she repeated.

The Chancellor and the General, who alone were in attendance, had been conversing in low whispers, and now the General broke in: “But you must go, de Pellotin. It is time,—if you are

ready?" "If her Majesty is ready?" corrected the Chancellor, formally. The Queen nodded, as the young man rose to his feet. "Pray God you may prosper!" she said.

De Pellotin made a low bow. From outside came the noise of the revolutionists, the roll of drums, shouts, the crack of a musket let off at random, all the confused din of a city in mutinous revelry. But the sounds did not concern him greatly; rather, they chimed in with his present state of exaltation. They were no more alarming to him, as he backed from the throne-room and followed the two old noblemen into the corridor, than are the accompaniments of an orchestra to a singer taking his topnote. The sounds of the rebels were his orchestra. Perhaps that is why a sort of gloom came on him now, as he moved along between the other two towards the picture-gallery of the citadel. The corridors were so silent, so depressing, that he lost his illusions immediately, as an actor might whose accompanists are cut off at a critical moment, leaving him unsupported. It was not fear of the risks he was to run that beset him, but doubt, a provoking doubt, that made everything, perils and all, misty. His mind had reverted to all the previous anxieties, which he had put away from him when he had to appear before the Queen, when he had to show himself ready, and even more than ready, to play the hero in advance, as became the courtier, not to fall below his reputation,—which he had put away, in the hope that the moment of action would prevent their return. He had hoped to find himself single-minded at this moment and clear of the mists. And yet, once again, he was only conscious that the business of penetrating the city in disguise had been put upon him, and that the hundred uncertainties it involved dazed him intolerably.

"A man with a head,"—de Pellotin became aware that the Chancellor was talking cheerily—"a man with a head should accomplish it without difficulty. We place you beyond the lines, so that, although the city seethes with malcontents, you are at any rate past the supervision of the more disciplined. True, patrols go round at intervals, but there is no order about it, no certain scrutiny; one has only to keep one's eyes open."

"I understand." De Pellotin was pleased to hear that his own voice rang clear in answer. Somehow he had expected it to be unbalanced, too mild or too harsh, for the old man's chatter was annoying in its easy fluency. So old a man might

have known, de Pellotin thought, that a silent sympathy would have been more decent.

"You think it will be quite easy?" he asked, with concealed irony.

"Quite," said the Chancellor.

"In my view,"—the General must needs strike in with a different opinion—"a disguised man depends on luck. There is no denying it. The best hypocrite might well fail to preserve his secret, while the poorest, on the contrary, might swagger through. I remember once when I took a dispatch through the lines at Platonne"—

De Pellotin stared curiously at the General. So he was become garrulous; he also, it seemed, had tried the business of disguise. Could it be then that he was ignorant of the horrid anxieties that clung to a man at the start? Apparently it could be. He was telling with a laugh of some absurd misadventure that had nearly brought about his death.

"I repeat, it is luck. At another time I could never have stumbled on such a folly, or again have recovered my footing and got away safe. All luck! I wish you plenty of it, young sir."

"You are very kind. I—" de Pellotin paused. He had an insane idea of asking the General to sketch his feelings, his emotions at every inch of that overpast perilous road. But he perceived in time that the General had forgotten them as if they had never been. Perhaps he himself would also be able to forget,—in some time to come.

Presently the Chancellor stopped in front of a panel in the gallery. "These antique passages," he said, "are always the same; but how they keep their secrets! Enter, gentlemen."

The panel had revolved on hinges inwardly at the pressure of some unapparent knob, and a tunnelled passage led downstairs into darkness.

The Chancellor was fidgetting at de Pellotin's slowness. "Quickly, please," he cried, "and you, General. I will light the taper inside; it is wise to keep these secrets."

They stepped in, all three, and the door closed behind them. An earthy smell rose to meet them as they descended, the Chancellor leading. "Quarter of a mile," he kept saying; "and one might die of a rheumatism on the way."

"Egad, you civilians!" said the General, tramping sturdily. "But where the devil does it come out?"

“By the linden coppice, at the left extremity of the park. You have observed it, riding? Well, that is beyond their lines, you understand? The smaller gate on the right leads to a lane abutting on the Rue St. Dominique. The only difficulty is to get through the city, which our friend, the General, calls a matter of luck.”

“Assuredly.”

“Well, it may be; but, in my opinion, a man with a head assists luck.”

“You should know, Chancellor,” said the General, pacifically.

“Well, well,” the other chuckled, well pleased.

De Pellotin heard their chatter with disgust. They seemed to him without feeling, withered up, the veriest stocks. And at what a pace they were hurrying him along! Shame only withheld him from asking them to go more slowly, shame lest he should be mistaken.

He had no wish to withdraw from his mission: his desire to serve the Queen held as strong as ever; but he wanted to collect himself, to arrive at a precise scheme.

Incredible as it might seem, they had already reached the end of the passage.

“Listen,” said the Chancellor. “I will half open the door, and you must step quickly out. Not that there are likely to be loiterers hereabouts; but one must keep the secret of the passage. We are not relieved yet; it lies with you. You understand? The disguise must take you to the outskirts of the city. Once in the open country you should be safe: they have no force to patrol it for half a mile; and ten miles away, at Groyal, Colonel Cabot lies. His instructions are, *Come at once*; that is all. As it is, he awaits reinforcements, thinking the rebels stronger than they are, and not knowing our weakness.”

“Yes, yes,” said de Pellotin pettishly. He had heard it all before a hundred times. If he arrived at Groyal, he knew what to say well enough. Good heavens, could not this old dotard see that it was the traversing of the city that was the formidable business?

The Chancellor was holding out his hand. “Farewell then,” he said, and turned to open the door.

The fresh upper air came streaming down as de Pellotin was shaking the General's hand. “Now!” said the Chancellor. The General was gripping de Pellotin's hand fervently, or was

it he who was gripping the General's? Somehow the young man did not want to let it go. Not until the other began to withdraw his fingers did he realise what he was doing, and at that he dropped the General's hand as if contact stung him. The next moment he had stepped out into the night, and the door was closed behind him. And since that was so, he could not hear the Chancellor remarking to the old General, "A little nervous, our young friend, eh?"

"As he should be," said the General stiffly. "It is what one expects. Disguise changes a man. I remember well how——"

"But you think he will get through?"

The General shrugged his shoulders. "Sir," he said, "it is a young man of spirit. If it were a fight, hand to hand, I should not hope to better him. As it is; disguise plays the very devil with the inexperienced. God send him luck!"

It was already long past midnight, and the evening had set in with a warm rainy wind. A moon of autumn, very lustreless, was caught in some trees, and in the open sky was a suppressed glare of stars invisible behind an overdrift of clouds. The gusty air took away de Pellotin's breath as he stood there on the threshold of his adventure. No one was about in that recess of the dank park; no one to challenge, nor even to see him, and there seemed to be a lull in the ceaseless din that had beaten into the citadel all day. The trees, well-nigh leafless as they were, seemed to shut out the furious world. A sudden feeling that in that coppice he could be himself, indisputably individual, neither courtier nor peasant, bound to pretend neither fearlessness nor abashment, gave him the desire to stand there for ever. Why should he be driven on into perilous imposture?

Splash! A drip of rain water from a bough overhead that shivered on his neck reminded him of the issues that depended on his going. Scarcely witting, he ran forward and found himself passing through a little gate into a lane. The tread of someone advancing warned de Pellotin that he had left solitude behind, and must play the part of the peasant he represented. It was time, more than time (so near the steps sounded), to adopt a single coherent plan of action if he would not put himself at the mercy of the 'countless contradictions' that vacillation breeds.

As a peasant he was disguised, well, he must keep in mind the gestures, the accent, the slouch of a peasant. Under a

mask of boorish torpor he must be ready to seize occasion in a lightning of wit, and retain his composure, should a shadow of suspicion be visible, up to the very last. All the while the footsteps were coming up, and the slouching peasant was feeling at his pistols; he was afraid lest he might lose touch of them in the vast folds of his breeches.

"A warm night, Jacques."

"Er,—what?"

"A warm night."

"V—very." De Pellotin stammered out the word, and was already slinking off, leaving the rebel soldier, who had so innocently addressed him, staring. "Now, what ails the cur?" asked the soldier of the empty street. No one replying, he spat on the ground reflectively; then put up his hands and looked through them after de Pellotin. "It might be a spy," he said aloud. "Maybe it would be as well to tell the Captain." He was not suspicious enough to make any haste about the matter, and de Pellotin, looking back in a frantic wish to know if he were still observed, saw the man standing gazing, interested, as it seemed, in the peasant who shuffled along so outrageously.

Whether suspected or not, de Pellotin was painfully conscious that he deserved suspicion. Composure! At the first most commonplace greeting he had almost betrayed himself. He, who had determined to be on the alert, had choked for a word; a gentleman of wit had nothing but a stammer wherewith to answer a common rebel. Already the game might have been up, the Queen's secret surrendered. What was he fit for, who had proven himself imbecile?

The blackest doubts assailed him again, like a swarm of bees, and he looked about distractedly. The roar of the Rue St. Dominique was ahead of him, but he dared not turn into it. To face a multitude of men with eyes was more than he could bear; there must be some other route, though he could not think of that, or indeed of anything. Moving more like a rabbit than a man, he scuttled into the first silent street that offered itself, stopped, and again looked about distractedly.

It was a winding cobbled street with tall overleaning houses to keep out the sun, old houses with slant red roofs and overhanging eaves. Here and there rose a tall lean lamp-post, but the street was unlighted except by splashes of invading moonlight

that fell on the wet stones and seemed to be driven about, as the leaves were, by every puff of wind.

To de Pellotin the disguise he wore, added to his distrust of its efficacy, was bringing a hideous fancy. Not himself was disguised, but the city, which wore an unwonted and fantastical countenance. Never before, to his recollection, had he seen such monstrous and menacing architecture as overtowered him now. He had come by this way to avoid the eyes of men, and a myriad inanimate eyes searched him. Chimneys, prodigiously crooked and life-like, were on the look-out; sudden windows leered on him from unexpected floors; lamp-posts started up out of the darkness, like sentinels, to challenge him. Twice he shrank back before them into a doorway, but the soft wood that his hands touched felt like human flesh, and he fled from the silent ambuscaders.

Even as he ran and shrank and dodged, he conceived he was learning his part. For it was part of his delusion that he felt compelled to play the peasant everywhere. If the walls were unconscious witnesses, so much the better, but he must practise humility none the less. Humility, humility,—he kept repeating it to himself—he must not forget that humility became him. At such moments when he believed himself still undiscovered he exercised himself in this unwonted capacity, doffing his cap to door-posts, slinking past dumb masonries, as though they were some great ladies whom to touch with his stained blouse would be presumption. The more he disbelieved in the adequacy of his acting, the more intensely he acted; and, because intensity of application counts for years of practice, the more deeply he sunk into his feigned humility, until it was no longer feigned but real. In half an hour, maybe, Jean de Pellotin was, to all outward intent and appearance, absolutely mean, one of the servile rabble, overcome by the reality of his disguise. No one would have recognised the young courtier in that stooping wretch, if he had but known it. But he slunk on, unknowing, his eyes fixed on the ground in his abjection, and if he looked up, and saw, maybe, the grinning gargoyles carved on the porch of some church, he thought them facetious conspirators grinning at him, and he only dropped his jaw in a deprecatory manner.

In such fashion, with a great thirst growing on him, he passed through a tangle of silent streets, until he came out on a square

and, in the middle of it, a little fountain where, back to back, four dragons stood rampant on a circular pedestal. The solemn-visaged beasts attracted him, and he would gladly have gone up and worked the handle he could see and made the water spout through their nostrils. But the steps that led up to the fountain level were splashed already with water, and the wavering moonlight made them look so slippery that de Pellotin (whose nerves were now topsy-turvy) feared to ascend them.

“Hi!”

As he stood there, thirsty and vacillating, a woman hailed him. He saw that two women, one old and one young, were on the steps at the opposite side of the fountain, and the old one had hailed him. Immediately he tried to become a part of the shadows, but the old woman was not deceived. “See, my son,” she cried, “it’s too high. Oh, these villains of rulers to have made the fountain so high that poor folks cannot drink!”

De Pellotin perceived that neither she, who had put down from her curved back a heavy bundle, nor the girl, who carried a child, could reach to the handle. It struck him as immensely pitiful, but he tried to go past nevertheless. “Very sad,” he mumbled.

“Come and turn it for us,” said the old woman.

“No, no, I couldn’t; I swear—upon my word now.”

“Name of a swine!” The old woman reeled off a medley of curses. “Do you call yourself a man, and cannot turn a tap for Mother Voglee. What? You will not? But you shall! Come!”

She stood there, skinny-armed, invoking a hundred devils. Her screech and fiery eyes and diminutive stature reminded de Pellotin of nothing but a witch. Suppose she were a witch? Suppose this old hag possessed some supreme malignant spells to hold a man? He could not stir.

“If you come not, I’ll curse you, hearken, you an’ yourn, your pig and your crop”—she ranted on.

Vaguely the threats terrified him. True, he had neither pig nor crop to fear for, but the curse assumed enormous potentialities, seeming to embrace his whole existence. “Stop, stop, I pray,” he cried.

“If you be not coming——”

“I’ll come.” He crept up, treading carefully the moonlit

steps. The old woman gabbled violently while he set himself to work the rusty handle. "Water!" she kept crying.

The girl stood silent, holding the child, until the water gushed out of the dragons' mouths, when she drank of it eagerly. The old woman also drank, but, finishing first, nudged de Pellotin in the ribs to draw his attention to the baby that was in the girl's arms. "What o' that?" she asked, ogling him.

"A f-fine child," he stammered in reply.

"A fine child!" she cackled with laughter. "Here's a mince-mouth for ye, Amélie. A fine child, your little bastard! 'Tis a bastard, my son." She altered her tone. "Didn't ye know it, mince-mouth?" She regarded him closer. "Why, you be no peasant-boy; you be some broken valet, some gentleman's man, you and your mincing. Strike me dead, likely you're the gentleman himself." She stretched up a skinny hand and seized de Pellotin's collar.

"It's a lie," he said, in terror.

"May be, but you're a gentleman. 'Twas a gentleman," she said. "Hey, Amélie, was this mincing crittur the man?"

"I swear I never saw—" began de Pellotin.

"'Twas not he, 'twas a real gentleman," put in the girl in a sing-song voice.

The old witch released his collar and gave him a push. "Get away, you hulking beast!" she screamed, flinging curses after him as he hurried away.

The young man was running, as if for his life. No clear thought was in his head, except that the falsity of his position was too much for him at last, and that somehow he must escape; so he ran and the warm air suffocated him. His legs trembled, the sweat ran from his brow; he shut his eyes in fear; the sound of his own footsteps threatened him like pursuers; he dodged the shadows. Then something struck him and he struck back madly, clutched at the enemy and began wrestling furiously.

There is this difference between an intense and an habitual frame of mind, that the former cannot last. Never in his life before had de Pellotin played the abject, and when he opened his eyes, neither throwing nor overthrown, and found that he had been struggling with the protruding post of some balcony, his mood of humiliation vanished, and he burst into laughter.

"This is acting that would bring down the house," he said

aloud ruefully. "I must have lost my head. The devil take a disguise in which I have deceived myself and no one else!" It was clear enough, he thought, that he could not act. Even that old woman had seen through him. Twice, with every advantage on his side, he had bred suspicion in the unsuspecting. Positively he had forced detection upon these casual innocent wayfarers. Why? Because he could not rid himself of his self-consciousness. He saw it now. He put it that he was not born to be an impostor; but he recognised that, even if he were so born, an impostor, to be successful, requires experience. Disguise places one in a new world of new customs and manners. At every step some new necessity arose, for which no previous reasoning could prepare him. To slouch and cringe was merely the alphabet of imposition. Well, he would do no more imposing; he would plunge boldly forward, swagger, and trust to luck. The thought recalled the General's saying, "All luck."

The first step he took in his revived confidence was to return to the fountain. No one was there, and he drank to luck in the cooling draughts. "And now for the Rue Dominique," he said to himself. The roar of it appealed to him now, and he had no desire to avoid his enemies. He made for it as directly as possible, and came out upon it quickly.

The whole wide street was in commotion. Crowds of citizens poured up and down it, doing what took their fancy without regard one for another. Bonfires had been lighted at intervals in the open road; unhorsed carts stood, blocking the pavements, some upright, others overturned. There were half-finished barricades that barred nobody, and hindered everyone. As de Pellotin came out, a soldier, evidently drunk, with a goose under his arm and a drawn sword in his hand, was hacking his way along with good-humoured intolerance, followed by a trail of mocking boys. Another led solemnly an improvised file of shrieking girls, the rank being broken every now and then for the sake of a kiss. Here was a fight surging round a plucked fowl; there, a sudden break and lifting of skirts, as some child threw a squib into a circle of women. De Pellotin, as he walked along grimly amused, was unexpectedly embraced by a thin weedy old man, decently gowned as a professor with a college-cap at the back of his head, who stumbled upon him and clung. The old scholar had a silver tankard, half-full of wine, in one hand,

and he was droning out some long-forgotten song of his student days.

"Hold up, sir," said de Pellotin, amused.

"I will hold up and I will hold forth," said the Professor; "and all in this lecture-room shall join the chorus.

'Twas in the jady month of June
That Kalba donned her scarlet shoon :
And just an hour past dusk, I swear,
She reached the mill, for I was there.

I was there, there," repeated the old man. "So the song says, but most untruly; for to tell the truth, sir, nothing of the kind has occurred in the twenty years of my professorship."

"I can well believe it," said de Pellotin, who conceived his respectable and reeling companion to be as good company and as safe as anyone he was likely to come across in the Rue St. Dominique. "To be a professor is to sit high and cold, to be exemplar at a desk, a model in a cap and gown," he continued.

"But is it life, sir?" demanded the Professor. "Damme, sir, do you call it life?" He thumped de Pellotin on the chest gravely, and maundered on. "Plain living,—no wine to-day, Professor; remember that you have to lecture for three hours this afternoon. You have had sufficient of the stuffed carp, Professor; consider how it always affects your elocution."

"Plain living, certainly," agreed de Pellotin.

"But high thinking," said the Professor. "Moral philosophy, seven o'clock; pure mathematics, nine o'clock; logic, ten o'clock. *Barbara celarent*—prove everything, or write it out three times. How many twos make four? Why? What would happen if the same number made five? Is it life, I put it to you?" And without waiting for an answer, he recommenced his drone:—

"My shoes were white as hers were red :
'Good e'en to you, fair Miss,' I said :
'What's this,' she cried, 'whose shoes are white ?'
'Tis sure a ghost ! Sir Ghost, good night !'
She turned upon a flying heel,
And faster than a water-wheel—

Water-wheel—water-wheel." The Professor lost the thread of his song. "'Tis what I feel like myself," he continued thought-

fully. "A water-wheel—very true; turning round and round,—you comprehend me?—now heads down, now tails up. I believe it is life."

"I shouldn't be surprised," said de Pellotin. "I felt not unlike that half an hour ago." He was very content to have the old man clinging to his arm, lurching along, for together they seemed to make a familiar piece of the strange crowd. A peasant and a professor arm-in-arm were, after all, no more remarkable than half the pairs that passed them. Also they were covering the street at no mean pace, considering the traffic. At present, for instance, there was a great block ahead caused by a company of soldiers, who had turned out suddenly from a by-road four deep.

"The patrol!" cried the Professor. "A noble sight! Quick march! Forward! Left wheel!"

"Suppose we change hats?" said de Pellotin, dragged along in spite of himself to where the soldiers stood, marking time. Some words of their leader, addressed to the crowd in a stentorian voice, had caught his ear. "Citizens, it is supposed that a spy, dressed as a peasant, is trying to escape through the lines. Has any man seen him?"

The Professor, with de Pellotin's cap pressed on his lank hair, lurched forward vigorously, and when the soldier repeated his question, shouted out: "I have him, Captain, in the hollow of my hand. Forward!"

"What do you mean?" whispered de Pellotin, who had started involuntarily.

The Professor winked solemnly. "Nothing," he said. "It is a game, as you shall see. Always assist a soldier,—that is life. Ha, forward!"

Despite his relief, de Pellotin could have wished his maudlin companion at the bottom of the sea, for the soldier came shouldering through the crowd towards them. "What is this?" he demanded. "Have you seen such a man?"

"Why truly," began the Professor, "if two and two make five, of which there can be little doubt to-night in the mind of any man acquainted with metaphysics. I should have no hesitation——"

"The devil!" said the soldier. "Is he raving? Has he seen anyone?"

"Truth, Captain," said the Professor, "is a matter upon which philosophers—philosophers——"

Seeing the Professor at a loss, and the soldier rapidly becoming intolerant, de Pellotin struck in: "True enough, Captain," he said; "my friend saw just such a man as you describe passing three minutes ago, fast."

"Faster than a water-wheel," added the Professor.

"In which direction?"

"Towards the open country."

"Lead on then," said the soldier briefly. "Way there!"

The surging crowd raised a cry of "Spy, follow him!" and de Pellotin found himself with his staggering friend drifting down the Rue St. Dominique alongside the soldiers. The Professor indeed got on with much difficulty, but he had taken to the idea of pursuit, and shouldered his tankard as though it were a sword. "A rascal, I warrant you, Sir Captain," he kept saying.

"How dressed?"

"Red shoes."

"Red shoes?"

"'Twas in the jady month of June," asseverated the Professor. The precise import of his words was lost in the shouting and clatter of heels on the pavement, and de Pellotin did his best to reassure the chafing Captain. "Without doubt the Professor has seen him. A little wine has gone to his head since; but he vows he has seen him. Indeed this is the direction."

"Forward there!" cried the Captain.

The crowd was thinning off, and the interest of the more sober portion becoming extinguished, as the march proceeded. The more riotous were damped at the sight of the untenanted street, dark enough after the glare of the bonfires and torches in the crowded end, and dismally wet with untrodden puddles of the rain and fallen leaves uncleared by the feet of passengers. Only a few stragglers followed now, and by the time the last house was passed and the road ran on through a dark and solitary country these few also had fallen away. Only the soldiers remained, and de Pellotin with the Professor.

The Captain called a halt, and drew de Pellotin aside. "See here," he said confidentially, "you seem a capable man and this spy must not escape. I am told that already Colonel Cabot lies at Groyal, which, as you know, is at no distance. The devil will be in it if this spy informs him of our condition."

"How so?" asked de Pellotin.

"The fellow will march on us straight; he will be here at dawn."

"And then?"

The Captain spread out his hands, as if to signify the deluge might then be expected. "What would you recommend?" he asked impatiently.

De Pellotin hesitated, and looked about him. Flat lands lay ahead on either side of the road, fields sodden with autumn, and, here and there, a covert of black dripping trees. "Scatter, and search every piece," he suggested at last. "Let some go ahead; the fellow cannot have got so very far."

"That is what I think," said the Captain, giving orders accordingly. "We must leave the old man; you and I will lead." It was no part of de Pellotin's plan to accompany the Captain, but choice was not allowed. "I am with you," he said submissively.

"Forward!"

They left the Professor in a maze, lecturing to the empty air with his tankard for pointer and night for his black-board. The wind, that had blown in such fearsome gusts before, was fallen, and the disguised man, stepping side by side with his pursuer, felt in a very whirl of glee. That his so facile imposture should be successful to the extent of inducing a worthy captain of rebels to employ Jean de Pellotin, in disguise, to capture a further more phantasmal Jean de Pellotin, the creation of a fuddled professor's brain, struck him as the essence of humour. And since the soldiers were scattered at considerable intervals, not easily to be collected, he could not refrain from venting his amusement on the Captain. At the time they had just entered one of the coppices, and the moon, that at last had shaken off the clouds, struck full upon them.

"This fellow we are after must be quaking," he said. "It cannot be any joke to slip about in disguise like that."

"Why should the rogue mind?" asked the Captain.

"Try it," said de Pellotin; "only try it, my friend." The self-consciousness, the difficulty of acting up to the state you have assumed—maddening, I assure you.

"You have tried it then?" said the Captain innocently.

"Truly I have, and not so very long ago. Phew! to act one must be at a certain temperature, and the weather at another, I assure you, Captain, if one is disguised as a peasant. These

breeches,—picture escaping in them.” He had his hands in his pockets, and shook the folds out before the puzzled soldier’s eyes. “And the mortar-board,—I have had enough of that.”

He took off the Professor’s head-gear and flung it into the forks of a tree.

Something in the action struck suspicion into the other’s mind. “Stay! who are you?” he cried suddenly.

“Why,” said de Pellotin laughing, “if the truth must be told, and your men are far enough away to make imposition unnecessary between comrades, I am, by name, Jean de Pellotin, by rank, gentleman-in-waiting to the Queen.”

“The spy!”

“At your service, when Colonel Cabot marches on the city at dawn; but at present—”

In a fury the Captain rushed upon de Pellotin with drawn sword; but the young man’s head was clear and his hand steady. A pistol cracked in the covert, and the scattered soldiers who started at the sound saw issuing from the trees a solitary figure.

It was M. Jean de Pellotin making in hot haste for Groyal, no longer in disguise.

R. E. VERNEDE

EARLY JACOBEOAN ARCHITECTURE

It has been commonly observed that a peculiar charm resides in the examples of any art achieved at the moment before it enters upon its final decadence. One may already note the seeds of degeneration, but they are veiled by the technical perfection and appealing expressiveness which are the common characteristics of an art during the last few years when the corrupter's hand is yet stayed and the great tradition of taste is still a vital power. Such an almost pathetic beauty is the dominant note of the later tomb-reliefs of Athenian sculpture, of the last great pictures of the Italian Renaissance (before beauty was banished by formalism and the insincere pietism of the Counter-Reformation), and of the English lyrics of the reign of Charles the First when poetic feeling was not yet killed by metaphysical conceits. But it is perhaps most noticeable of all in English architecture in the earlier years of the seventeenth century.

The decline of Gothic architecture in England was very different from its decline in the countries of the Continent. Here it died no violent death in the flamboyant extravagances of France, nor yet was it driven out by the passion for the classical styles which the Renaissance inspired in Italy; it lingered on for centuries, gaining nearly always, like some beautiful old face, a new charm of expressiveness to compensate for those more obvious perfections which it had lost. It is not, I think, fanciful to suppose that the cause of this euthanasia consists largely in the fact that it was the Perpendicular which became the most permanent and essentially English style of Gothic architecture. It was not only that the Perpendicular style, erring, as it does, rather on the side of coldness and lack of imagination, was by its very nature unlikely to fall into the

extravagant or the bizarre; but its chief safeguard, for the preservation both of its permanence and its charm, lay in its peculiar adaptability to the purposes of domestic architecture. At the very time (the Elizabethan age) when English ecclesiastical architecture was either bad or non-existent, those manor-houses were being built which seem to so many of us the most delightful places of residence that were ever raised in any age or country, combining all the historic charm of the Gothic tradition with the English instinct for comfort, satisfied by a thorough mastery of architectural rules. Nor must we forget the influence of Renaissance ideas in these still Gothic buildings of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. Many a beautiful house have we seen which, while Gothic in its general tone and outline, is so full of Renaissance detail that it is really hard to know to which style to attribute it; buildings which must indeed have seemed strange and freakish to a contemporary foreigner from their successful combination of that which he had been taught to believe most true to the canons of art with much which he would condemn as barbarous and medieval. For, while it is true that the Renaissance nowhere made a complete and immediate conquest of a country's architecture,—there are in Italy, for example, Gothic portals covered with classical designs, and strange quasi-classical churches in Brittany with steeples and all the structural portions of a Gothic building—yet in England that conquest, which came so much later, came also far more gradually than in continental countries. Englishmen have been, as a rule, but little influenced by pure theory and abstract principle, and it would appear that the revived interest in classical art was never to our countrymen, as to the Latin races, a new revelation. It is scarcely likely that Elizabethan architects had ever heard of the doctrines of Vitruvius, nor did they modify the received style of building out of any deference for the greatness of ancient Rome. They would seem rather to have been influenced by another motive, also highly characteristic of the Renaissance,—the motive of curiosity. Delighted by what was most immediately attractive in the earlier Renaissance buildings of Italy and France, they wished to try their hand, so to say, at the new style, and, without any idea of abandoning the old, to graft upon it what they liked best of the new.

And wonderfully well they succeeded. In those few years of

the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries men, whose names have rarely come down to us, achieved the successful fusion of two styles, entirely different both in spirit and origin, and both of them then living styles of art, not archaistic revivals,—and achieved it, as it would seem, by way of an experiment. For a fusion it may justly be called; since, so harmonious is the general effect of these buildings, that only after a critical examination we remark that the characteristic Perpendicular doorway with its Gothic mouldings is flanked by pilasters that might have come from some Roman temple, or that the tracery of the Gothic windows is entirely classical both in spirit and design. It is impossible to analyse the quality of these Elizabethan and Jacobean manor-houses, so many of which still fortunately survive; but I suppose that the reason why they appeal to us so strongly and so immediately is that in them pre-eminently we have the successful adaptation of the means to an end, the union of delicate fancy with perfect taste and of a freedom from dogmatic rule with a deference to received tradition.

I have said that it was in domestic architecture that the builders of this age excelled, and the statement needs no defence; but here and there, scattered about the country, we come upon ecclesiastical or quasi-ecclesiastical buildings which, while lacking the grandeur and fine purity of earlier times, have brought into the sphere of ecclesiastical architecture the peculiar homely charm of contemporary secular buildings. Naturally enough it is in the colleges of our universities that this fortunate adaptation most frequently occurs. Oxford, however spoiled by the tasteless Gothic revival of modern times, can still show many good examples of the ideas of the seventeenth century. The hall and chapel of Oriel College, the hall of Exeter, and the chapels of Lincoln and Jesus must be numbered among the best buildings in this style; but the most attractive and, at the same time, the most typical examples are to be found in Merton and Wadham Colleges.

Owing to the fact that Merton has older buildings than any of the other colleges,—the choir of the chapel having been completed before the end of the thirteenth century—one is accustomed to associate it chiefly with medieval architecture, though it possesses in its Fellows' Quadrangle some of the finest seventeenth century buildings in Oxford. They are still chiefly Gothic in style and feeling, but the beautiful tower, with its classical pilasters, is an

admirable example of the manner in which the architects of this period combined the two styles.

Wadham is such a particularly good example of the last phase of Gothic architecture that I shall allow myself to speak of it at some length. It is almost unique among Oxford colleges in retaining all its original buildings unchanged and with very inconsiderable additions, while from an architectural point of view it is perhaps, as a whole, the most satisfactory of them all. The front quadrangle is of the conventional type and, except for a more perfect taste than is to be found in the buildings reared in the latter half of the century, does not differ from those of several other colleges. But, as seen from the garden, it resembles a beautiful manor-house rather than a college, a home of ancient peace where quiet people, whose family had lived there for centuries, might spend long years of placid enjoyment, rather than the brief halting-place of transitory youth. It is, as I have already suggested, that its architects have imported into a building, still quasi-religious and semi-monastic in its intention, the essential homeliness of those houses about which one feels that there, at least, men must have been able to lead fine and happy lives.

Wadham is also an admirable example of that blending of the Gothic style with the Renaissance of which I have spoken. It is impossible to speak of it as belonging to either style; for, while most of the buildings are Gothic, or what passed for Gothic in the seventeenth century, over the entrance to the hall is a frontispiece with pillars of different classical orders placed above each other, and at the same time the doorway itself is Gothic in character under a classic architrave. But it is the chapel which is most surprising. Here we have a building erected in 1610, with lofty pointed arches in the ante-chapel which might well date from the fourteenth century, with windows in the chapel itself of the ordinary Perpendicular pattern, while the windows in the ante-chapel, of the same shape and size, have (like those of the hall) the incongruous tracery, full of classical feeling, which the Renaissance architects sometimes chose to put into Gothic windows; lastly, the beautiful Jacobean screen and stalls are purely Renaissance both in feeling and design. Truly the architects of this college can be said to have belonged to no school and adhered to no artistic creed; they chose what seemed to them best of the styles they knew and, by some divine good

fortune, achieved a whole unsurpassed for pleasant harmony and quiet charm.

A few miles from Oxford, remote from any high-road, there stands amid rich pastures beside the little Cherwell stream a house which embodies all the graces of early Jacobean building. Water Eaton Manor House is not a great mansion and, though it is probable that in the time of Lord Lovelace it possessed another wing which has since disappeared, it can never have been more than a quiet country-house ; but, preserving, as it does, its chapel, barns, and separate offices, it presents a singularly complete example of the English manor. It is of about the same date as Wadham, and its little chapel, like that of the college, is of a much purer Gothic style than most buildings of the period, the foliage of the windows being even reminiscent of Decorated Early English; and yet the beautiful screen, pulpit, and pews, which are contemporary with the building itself, have, like those of Wadham chapel, no trace of Gothic feeling.

What a fine critical taste these architects of James the First's reign must have possessed and what independence of judgment ! It is so seldom that the masters of a living style in art can recognise, in practice at least, the merits of those that have gone before, and it is even rarer that the eclectic artist produces work that can be really said to live. But the architecture of this fortunate generation, when the native English style was not yet dead and classic formalism had not yet begun to dominate the country, is spoilt neither by the dogmatic exclusiveness of the champions of the new and the defenders of the old nor by the insipidity of those who, having no ideas of their own, make lifeless re-arrangements of the ideas of others.

It was, indeed, a brief halcyon period, when the country was engaged in no great foreign war, and when domestic quarrels had not yet suggested to either party the appeal to the sword; a time when Shakespeare was still alive and Bacon and Ben Jonson still writing, when the English Church had not yet decided to enforce on all men an exclusive interpretation of its doctrines, nor the Puritans to banish the law of beauty from religion. A dark day was coming when art should be swallowed up in blood, religion in sectarian hatred, and patriotism in party-strife. When that deluge had passed away and art once more raised her head in the days of Charles the Second, England, and especially the art of England, was utterly different from the England of Elizabeth

and James. The imaginative power, the freshness, the fine air of freedom of the Elizabethan poets and architects were impossible in a country where the standard of taste was set by the corrupt and artificial court of the Restoration. It was an age of some great poets and some good architects, but, alike in poetry and architecture, it was that other quality of the Renaissance, devotion to formal correctness, which now ruled the country, instead of the lively curiosity and love of experiment which characterised the early years of the century. We have Dryden instead of Shakespeare and St. Paul's Cathedral instead of the Jacobean manor-houses, while, in Oxford, the cold and formal dignity of Queen's College,—though, in point of fact, its fine buildings are of somewhat later date—typifies, in the sphere of art, the close of the century as truly as the poetic charm of Wadham typifies its beginning.

J. L. ETTY

SHORT COMMONS

TIME was hanging heavily on our hands in San Ramon fort. Samar is, notoriously, the most gloomy island in the Philippines ; and we had long since come to the conclusion that no spot in Samar could equal in dreariness that sheltered little bay, with its many-coloured coral reef bottom, its long, impenetrable, mangrove swamps, and the heavy dull-green hills which bordered it on the landward side.

The fort itself was designed more for utility than comfort. Built of the charred poles which were all that remained of the once flourishing little town, the stockade had a decidedly ragged appearance, while the quarters inside merely bore out the promise of the exterior. Still, it had served to keep off the insurgents once, and, as it turned out, was destined to do so again. Moreover, the roof kept us dry on most nights ; and it was only on special occasions that the savage little squalls, which came tearing through the entrance to the bay like miniature tornadoes, managed to soak our blankets. So, after all, we should have been grateful ; for, in Samar, to sleep under cover every night, and to know that, when the gay *pulajan* insurgent comes dancing in with torch and *bolo*, you will, at least, have a chance to empty your Winchester shot-gun once, constitute a luxurious existence unknown to the majority. But we lacked one thing, and the want of it neutralised our other advantages ; we were short of food.

We had been sitting still for a month, waiting, and, of necessity, consuming our provisions. The rebels had made one abortive attack, had worried us by the blowing of many alarm-horns and the lighting of many signal-fires ; but latterly they had left us alone ; and, with the exception of two or three lean, mangy dogs which persisted in prowling round the ruins of their former homes at night, we had the place to ourselves.

True, twenty-five miles away was Maslog, the insurgent headquarters; but Crockett, our commander, had received strict injunctions not to attack it; so, perforce, we sat on the platform of the stockade from sunrise to dark, cursing *pulajanes* in especial and Filipinos in general, pondering over the growing shortness of our supplies, and speculating vaguely as to when the coastguard steamer would come in with stores, or, more welcome still, with orders for us to quit that God-forsaken little spot.

At last, just as we had come to the end of everything, except tinned salmon and rice, the look-out man gave a shout of joy; and, a few minutes later, we could see the trim little steamer threading her way in among the sharp, jagged reefs. Before she had dropped anchor, our dug-out canoe was alongside, and we were scrambling aboard; but a few words sufficed to send our spirits down to zero. She had no orders for us, absolutely none; and, worse still, no stores. Someone had blundered, as usual, and left our garrison of five white men and a hundred and thirty natives to look out for itself, to follow the example of the ravens and seek its meat from God,—in a country which had been laid waste by both rebels and Government troops, in which not a single village was unburned, through which you could not travel a hundred yards with a force less than sixty strong, where not a single animal or a handful of rice could be obtained, except by capturing it from a determined and resourceful enemy.

The people on the ship gave us their sympathy,—which was kind—and a hundred cigars,—which was kinder still. They had merely looked in to see if we were still alive; but would return again with stores,—soon. Then, after pressing on us some rather unnecessary advice as to doing the best we could, they weighed anchor and departed; while we paddled back to shore, feeling the reverse of amiable.

That night we held a council of war, with the result that, before dawn, a party, sixteen strong, took the largest vessel of our navy,—a very old and very rotten dug-out, which we had carefully patched with the sheet metal from empty codfish-tins—and made its way over to a small island, which lay at the entrance of the bay, some two miles from the fort. We had never visited the place before, and, for all we knew to the contrary, it was full of *bolo*-men; so we landed quietly, with a

caution born of experience. From the appearance of the expedition, it might have been a band of pirates on its way to dig up treasure buried by some rival crew. The three white men carried Winchester shot-guns, terribly effective weapons at a short range, as well as the inevitable six-shooters; while the native soldiers were armed with Springfield carbines, in addition to the varied and bloodthirsty-looking collection of *bolos* and daggers which dangled at their sides. All, white as well as native, were ragged and campaign-soiled. Some were bare-footed, others wore native rope slippers; only one or two possessed anything worthy of the name of boots. The khaki trousers were stained by months of tramping in the mud, the blue service-shirts torn by many thorns. We looked a dangerous, brigand-like crew, bent on some desperate errand, typical villains from a penny novelette. But, in reality, our object was very prosaic. We were out, not for plunder or human blood, but for bats—great, big, ugly brutes, four feet across the wings, with formidable talons and hairy, evil countenances which displayed a liberal supply of sharp, white teeth. We wanted them as food; and though in the course of getting them we might have to shoot an insurgent or two, they formed the sole end of our expedition.

We found a convenient landing-place, a strip of sandy beach, out of which jutted a large native fish-corral. Beneath some palm-trees we could see a small house, just discernible in the dim light of the dawn. The men spread out, and, crawling through the bush, surrounded the place; but, on closing in, it proved to be unoccupied. A few broken cooking-pots were scattered about the floor; in the doorway lay a smashed guitar with some long silky hairs stuck to its body by an ominous, dark-brown clot. Outside, in a tangle of grass, one of the soldiers stumbled over some hidden object, which proved to be a skull almost cloven in half by a blow from a *bolo*. Evidently, the hut had once belonged to one of the peaceable fisher folk, the coast *tao*, and the *pulajanes* had been there before us.

Finding the island deserted, we turned our attention to the bats. The trees were full of them, and, with our Winchesters, we soon secured a large bag. But they were not inviting-looking game; and when we had piled them up in the bow of the boat, and examined more carefully the repulsive faces, the curious, clammy membranes of the wings, the squat brownish-black bodies,

all now limp and liberally stained with blood, and remembered, too, how they had fought on the ground when the soldiers, who had brought them down, were giving them the *coup-de-grace* with the butts of their rifles, we began to wonder if our appetites were really so keen as we had imagined.

Bats might be valuable as food, were they prepared by a master-cook, seasoned with many spices, and, most important of all, served to those who did not know what they were ; but, as we had them in San Ramon, merely boiled, and then dished up in all their natural ugliness, they were not appetising. Still, the days of manna and quails were past ; and it was incumbent on us to eat what we could get, or to prepare to go whence the manna and quails came. We had canned salmon, to be sure ; but we had already lived on that for three weeks, and man is but mortal. Salmon, fresh salmon, may be a luxury, and so might canned salmon be to one who had never eaten it before ; but try to live on it solely, three times a day, and, before the sun has risen and set many times, you will have voted it a nauseous, aniline-tinted mess, with great possibilities in the way of ptomaine poisoning.

After the bats, came more bats ; and then, as time went on, other things, stranger still. Iguana, great yellow and black lizards, I have often seen eaten by the Makalanga in South-Eastern Africa, and those cheerful and uncleanly savages used to assure me that the flesh resembled chicken. In those days I was content to take their words for the fact ; now, I know. Certainly, the meat is white, white and tough as that of the most venerable rooster ever served, even in an African hotel ; but there is more than the mere flesh, for the iguana possesses sufficient thin, spiky bones to furnish one or two fair-sized snakes, and yet leave enough to make up the fowl-like part of his anatomy as well. There were fish in the bay, many of them, and they used to leap derisively before us ; although they looked with scorn at our hooks, even when the latter were garnished with the most alluring baits. From a couple of traps in the bay we sometimes obtained a few small specimens, but these all went to the steadily increasing inmates of the hospital ; and only on one joyous occasion, when we captured a young ground-shark, was there enough for all.

The nadir was reached with hawk-stew. I passed that, having a deep-rooted objection to birds of prey ; but one enthusiast,

who ate largely, declared that it possessed a fine gamey flavour, an assertion which was probably true, if the smell of a dish furnishes any clue to its taste.

As day after day passed, and we saw no welcome smoke on the horizon, our faces grew longer, and the meeting on the platform of the fort became a very silent one. Tea, coffee, and even salmon, were finished, flour had long been unknown to us; and we faced the future with only a few bags of mouldy rice between us and starvation. Tobacco had given out, and, though various leaves were tried as substitutes, they proved but poor ones. Although we never saw them, the insurgents were all around us, watching our every movement. Hardly a day passed without our hearing the signal-horns, the hateful *boudjons*, booming out from the jungle, or saw the thin wisp of smoke from a signal-fire ascending among the neighbouring hills. It was too hazardous for us to forage about the neighbouring country. A small party would have been cut up; while a large force could not be despatched without unduly depleting the garrison, already weakened by the heavy roll of sick.

The days grew to weeks, and still no sign of relief appeared. It was a siege without any of the glamour and excitement usually attendant on one. One morning our hopes were suddenly raised to fever-heat by the report of smoke on the horizon; and there was a rush to climb the look-out tree, up which a man was now constantly stationed; but we were doomed to disappointment. It was some large vessel, bound up through the Straits of San Bernadino; and with sad and hungry eyes we watched her pass on her course, her human freight oblivious of the starving little band a few short miles away.

The native soldiers were eating monkeys, which they shot in the jungle hard by; and, on more than one occasion, we ourselves discussed the advisability of doing the same. Our chief topic of conversation became the various dishes we would choose, if we had the chance. The Captain's mind seemed to run on the corn-bread of his own native South, corn-bread and strong, black cigars. The man from Ohio waxed eloquent on fried oysters, many of them, fried oysters and beer. The Westerner wanted a steak of incredible dimensions; while the two Englishmen sighed for a land of milk and honey, far away on the borders of Central Africa, where they had lived many years.

It was the uncertainty which told the most heavily. We saw no one, not even an enemy. All the other garrisons might have been cut up; and, when the weeks of waiting had grown to a full month, we began to feel sure that some great disaster, a general rising throughout the islands, must have occurred. Even the bats on the island were running short. The neighbouring cocoanut-trees had been robbed of all their fruit, and only a couple of bags of mouldy rice remained. A sergeant had shot a fourteen-foot python, and we were vainly engaged in trying to get our teeth into the nauseous white flesh, when, once again, the cry of the look-out man caused us to spring hurriedly to our feet. This time it was no illusion; the coastguard boat had come with the stores. Again we paddled out hastily, and anxiously demanded the news. "Nothing of importance," was the answer. To our indignant questions as to the cause of the delay they replied, with an injured air, that they had done their best to get round at once; but, finding that impossible, had assumed that, after all, Captain Crockett's company could always look after itself, and therefore they had put off coming until a more convenient time. When we described the bats, hawks, snakes, and other luxuries, we were politely informed that our imaginative faculties did us credit, and such was the report ultimately sent to headquarters. A few, a very few, who knew the conditions in Samar, acknowledged that it was the hardest experience American troops had had in the Philippines; but the majority merely laughed, though we, who went through it, never saw anything very amusing about it.

The one pleasant memory it left was that, though our tempers were sorely tried by the inaction and lack of food, there was never a quarrelsome word among the five white men, a fact which was mainly due to the influence of my brother, a happy, brave-hearted boy, who kept our spirits up through it all, and who, though he died shortly afterwards, left us with grateful recollections which neither time nor separation can ever efface.

S. P. H.

OLD BAILEY'S WOOING

A boy was cleaning boots in a little stone-paved yard, and beside him an old man watched the operation keenly. Behind them stood a toy cottage, ludicrously like the Noah's Ark of childhood's days. Two toy trees stood in front; anyone had to look twice before being convinced they were rooted in the soil, and were not resting upon circular wooden plates. Upon the sides of the gorge toy cows were stationed, and a toy copse of stiff larches appeared farther down. A little stream descended from the moor, gurgled across the stone floor of the toy yard in front of the toy cottage, and bustled down the gorge to join the Taw River. This stream was the pride of the old man's heart, for it was his very own. It was the Bailey Brook, and the name of the gorge down which it flowed was Noah's Ark Corner.

Bailey was the king of the gorge. He had been called the Central Criminal Court by an irreverent London visitor who had heard everyone refer to him as Old Bailey. Many years ago a certain shrewd individual annexed that Dartmoor gorge with its crystal stream. He built himself the tiny cottage, threw up a toy wall, planted the toy trees, and reclaimed a patch of moor. When he died his son succeeded to the property, and that was how the Duchy of Cornwall lost Noah's Ark Corner. The Baileys from being squatters became commoners, and enjoyed the great privileges which that title confers.

Old Bailey had cleaned his own boots for more than half a century before discovering that it was not a gentlemanly thing to do. A visitor had remarked in his hearing that one of the chief advantages of gentility was an immunity from boot-cleaning; this was after a day's tramp through Dartmoor bogs. After that day old Bailey never cleaned his boots. He hired a boy to do it for him. The old man's grandson had married the daughter of one of Bailey's numerous cousins, and the boot-cleaner

was their son. The old man solved the problem of relationship by calling the boy Uncle ; the boy called him Guv'nor.

One boot was finished, and the boy set it down on the stones, where it looked like a stranded coal-barge ; it was certainly out of proportion with the cottage. Old Bailey advanced to inspect it, with his clasp knife in one hand and the greater part of a rose-tree in the other. He picked up the boot and turned it about, so that the sun might glint upon its polished surface. He knew by instinct that it is the duty of a critic to find faults rather than to praise.

"That be a thumb mark," he grumbled.

"It b'ain't," retorted Uncle. "Anyone that calls thikky a thumb-mark be a liar."

"I says 'tis," said old Bailey sternly. "Be I a liar?"

"You b'ain't a liar, Guv'nor, and thikky b'ain't a thumb mark neither," said Uncle.

"If I says 'tis a thumb-mark it be, whether it be or b'ain't," said old Bailey. Then he breathed heavily upon the blemish and passed the boot across, remarking: "Brush 'un agin ; I b'ain't going a courting wi' dirty boots."

Uncle lowered his arms, and gazed at his elderly relative open-mouthed. "Be going a courting?" he said.

"Soon as I gets they boots on," the old man replied. "Florry be going to London, and I b'ain't going to pay housekeeper while there be lone women."

Florry was the old man's granddaughter. She had kept house for him a good many years, and at last had come to the conclusion that she had bloomed unseen upon Dartmoor long enough. She was therefore about to leave the place where she was wanted, and go to a place where she was not, which is what most young people do.

"You've been married twice, Guv'nor," said Uncle warningly.

"It be my duty to get married," replied old Bailey with a self-sacrificing air. "Heathman over to Lew, him wi' the fifteen maidens, was a telling me how there be two women for every man."

"Ain't 'e married two?" Uncle reminded him.

"There be many who doan't," said old Bailey. "Sam'l Parr to Tor Down ain't never been married ; there be two lone women. Jamie Dunn to Brynamoor ain't been married neither ;

there be another two. Most o' the others ain't been married more'n once ; that means one lone maiden every time."

"I know who 'tis," Uncle cried. "'Tis Sal Stanbury."

Old Bailey told him to mind his own business. The boots were finished by this time, but the gay lover seemed in no hurry to put them on. He stood beside the Bailey Brook, cutting thorns off the rose-bush, until his granddaughter appeared with his hard hat and neck-cloth. She had been doing her best to renovate these articles. "What be'st doing wi' roses, Guv'nor?" she called, when she perceived old Bailey's occupation.

"Guv'nor be going a courting," cried Uncle shrilly.

"Be ye?" cried Florry admiringly.

"Ah, I be," said old Bailey. "B'ain't ashamed of it neither."

"Wish I was a man," sighed Florry. "'Tis nice to go courting when you wants to. Let me pin two o' they roses in your coat, Guv'nor, and let Uncle brush ye; and do 'e let me get my scissors and trim they white whiskers a bitty."

"Let me bide, will ye?" said the old man crossly, as the two young people came about him. "When I wants a varlet, Uncle, I'll tell 'e. Keep they hands off me, Florry; I put on roses to go courting afore you was born."

Shortly afterwards the lord of Noah's Ark Corner set forth, followed by the admiring gaze of his young relations. He was a fine-looking old gentleman, wonderfully upright, and his face shone with ardour and soap. No handsome young fellow of twenty could have sought out the lady of his heart with half the assurance displayed by this old rogue of seventy-two. He advanced towards the far end of the village, where three granite cottages stood in the centre of small wind-swept gardens. In one of these cottages dwelt Sal Stanbury, who was about to be offered the honour of becoming Mrs. Bailey the Third.

The truth may as well be told. Mrs. Stanbury was a wealthy widow, with no less than £80 a year. That was why old Bailey's heart was beating amorously. For those fourscore sovereigns, coming regularly year by year, he wore his yellow roses; for those delightful sovereigns he was for the third time a lover.

When Mrs. Stanbury came to dwell in the little stone cottage Bailey had received her coldly; as a commoner he did not care for foreigners. Then a rumour was spread that the widow had

a little money invested, and straightway he experienced a new sensation. Later it became known that the sum invested was considerable, and the symptoms increased. Finally it was established that the good lady's wealth had not been exaggerated, and at the same time old Bailey realised that he was for the third time in his blameless career hopelessly enchained in the meshes of love. His devotion took a strange form. He collected eighty pebbles from the Bailey Brook, and set them out in parallel lines along his little stone yard, and gazed at them until Florry thought him quite demented; she did not know he was in love.

Mrs. Stanbury was fat and fifty,—at least she said she was fifty; she could not deny her obesity, which was too obvious. The shadow she cast was considerable, and it did not grow less. She had a trick of entering a room sideways, and most people said it was necessary; when she went out for a walk she was unquestionably a feature upon the landscape. She was a kindly woman with a not unpleasing face, sober and respectable, but unfortunately not very thrifty. There was no trace of avarice in her character. Had that been known to old Bailey he might have hesitated before setting forth from his toy kingdom, with his roses, and smile, and dream of love.

The widow had a daughter to whom she was entirely devoted. Bessie was a learned young woman. She was selfish, but that was the fault of her mother, who gave way to her in everything. Bessie had been educated in Exeter, where she had become strongly attached to the academic life. It was her ambition to open a preparatory school for young ladies, and she was always begging her mother to advance money for that purpose; this the widow would have done willingly had her income been sufficient.

Mother and daughter were in the garden when the suitor made his appearance. Bessie saw him first, and the bunch of roses fastened to his coat gave her an inkling of the true state of affairs. She knew that when a man wears roses he must be courting, as surely as when a horse has its tail plaited with coloured ribbons it is for sale. So she called to her mother, "Here's Mr. Bailey coming to see you."

Mrs. Stanbury shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked along the road. "He ain't coming here," she whispered cautiously; "he's going to Lake."

"Who would he be courting there?" Bessie demanded.

"He ain't courting," said her mother. "The idea! And him past seventy."

"He is courting," Bessie insisted. "Look at his roses, and he is wearing his best clothes. Mother, you know he has walked home with you from chapel the last four Sundays."

With that Miss Bessie departed, not wanting to embarrass the old man by her presence. It was known that old Bailey was a saving soul, and it was rumoured that he was well off. Her preparatory school might emerge from the stage of dreamland and become an accomplished fact if her mother married the commoner. Bessie ran upstairs to watch the comedy from the corner of her bedroom window.

Bailey approached the fence and bowed to the widow in his best manner. Mrs. Stanbury inclined her stout figure graciously, and made the usual opening remark concerning the state of the atmosphere. The commoner returned the customary answer, after which a period of bashfulness ensued. Then Bailey had a vision of eighty golden sovereigns, and he plunged wildly into small talk.

"Did 'e hear they owls hooting to-night?" he asked.

"I never heard 'un," said the widow; "I sleeps sound."

Another period of bashfulness intervened. Upstairs Bessie was shaking with laughter; such simplicity appeared very absurd to one of her advanced ideas.

"They was hooting loud," Bailey went on.

"Was they?" said the widow. "What would they be hooting at, Mr. Bailey?"

"Doan't 'e know?" asked Bailey.

"No, I dusn't," replied the widow.

"Nor me," remarked Bailey.

There ended the first stage of the wooing. Bailey prided himself on his small talk, and he considered his remarks about the owls were decidedly luminous. The next thing was to persuade the widow to come for a walk. He suggested they should go to Collyford Bridge, which was known locally as Lovers' Meet; Mrs. Stanbury smiled archly, and went indoors to put on her hat. While she was absent Bailey had another, and a nearer, vision of eighty golden sovereigns.

Presently they set out down the lane. They had to walk close together, as the lane was very narrow and the widow was

not ; it never occurred to Bailey how entirely out of proportion she would be at Noah's Ark Corner. Mrs. Stanbury was contemplating the changes she would make in the gorge when it became her property. Before reaching the bridge she had made up her mind to rebuild the Ark, and divert the Bailey Brook so that it should run round the yard instead of through it, with various other minor improvements. Bailey could afford the changes quite well. She was prepared to marry him ; he was an influential commoner, and she was only a foreigner. By marrying him she would obtain a position in the neighbourhood unattainable otherwise ; she would become the mistress of a considerable property ; and above all she would be in a position to give Bessie that opening in life which the girl so ardently desired.

They came to Lovers' Meet, and Bailey made the same remarks he had made to the girl he had brought there half a century before. He observed there was not much water running ; there would be more after the next rainfall ; there would be still less if the rain kept off. The widow made very much the same answers as the girl who had become Mrs. Bailey the first, and the young woman who had become Mrs. Bailey the second.

The old man began to grow nervous. He was perfectly prepared to court as he had done in times past, that is to say, to propose a trip to Tavistock Goose Fair, and in reply to a bashful protest suggest a wedding ceremony that morning, with a subsequent honeymoon upon the swings and roundabouts ; but in this case some originality was demanded of him. It was necessary to discover how the widow's money was invested ; he had to break new ground, so to speak. A brilliant idea occurred to him. He pointed with his stick to a clump of larches upon the rocky edge of the moor, and asked, "How many trees do 'e think be there ?"

The widow considered, and suggested, "Two or three hundred likely."

"There be eighty," said Bailey shamelessly, "and there be a circle of eighty gurt stoanes round 'em. It be curious how that number eighty comes up hereabouts. There be eighty hens down to the Ark, and father died at eighty, and I got a field eighty yards across, and us'll be eighty if us lives long enough," he concluded recklessly.

"It be curious," said Mrs. Stanbury.

"Ah, 'tis," agreed Bailey. "If I was to sell Noah's Ark Corner for what I've been offered for it by the Duchy I'd have eighty pounds a year."

"That be just what I've got," exclaimed the innocent widow.

Bailey was intensely interested by this piece of information. "That be more and more curious," he said. "I wouldn't sell," he went on sharply. "When money be invested you never feels safe. One year it comes; another it doan't."

"There be good investments, and there be bad," said the widow.

"All be bad," asserted Bailey with deep conviction.

"They b'ain't," denied the widow.

"Where be a good 'un?" asked Bailey bitterly.

"My money be in a good 'un," said the widow, falling into his trap. "My husband started a steam-laundry and turned it into a company, and I got so many shares in it."

"It might bust," said Bailey.

"So might the moon," the widow retorted, "but it doan't; it gets bigger every year."

Bailey inferred rightly that the increase was to be set to the business of the laundry, not to the circumference of the moon. His knowledge of laundries was contemptible; but he had heard enough to be convinced that the widow's income was as safe as could reasonably be expected, and he decided that he might launch out boldly into the progressive stage of courtship. All this time they had been standing on the bridge. Anyone who has had experience in courtships will not require to be told that for some reason or other it is easier to propose when sitting down. There was a boulder covered with patches of black lichen hard by. Bailey proposed that they should seat themselves, and Mrs. Stanbury did not object. While they were settling themselves the cunning old man contrived to drop one of his roses; he presented it to the lady, and she was graciously pleased to accept it. The old man perceived that his suit was prospering, and the eighty golden sovereigns loomed up as large almost as the widow herself.

"Florry be going to London soon," he announced with great deliberation. "She says, 'Be going to better myself, Guv'nor.' I says, 'Take care you don't worser yourself.' She says, 'You'll have to get a housekeeper,'" he concluded pathetically.

"There be women," said Mrs. Stanbury encouragingly.

"If I gets a housekeeper I'll have to pay she," said Bailey keenly. "If I marries she I doan't have to pay."

"Be you thinking o' marrying?" the lady asked pleasantly.

"Ah, I be," admitted Bailey.

The widow, being able to think of no reply to this, remained silent. At length Bailey remarked impressively, "I be thinking of it."

"Of what?" asked the coy widow.

"O' marrying," replied Bailey.

This brought them back to the same place as before. Silence came again, until the widow stirred her ample form and declared she must be going home to prepare the supper.

"Why doan't Bessie do it?" inquired Bailey.

"Bessie!" exclaimed the widow, with a laugh. "She's no housewife. The girl can't cook a potato; she's at her books all day long; she's a clever maid."

Bailey had his own ideas about the education of the young, but did not venture to express them, because he knew how the widow doted upon her daughter. Perceiving that the fateful moment had arrived, he drew himself up, placed both hands on the knob of his stick, stared vacantly at the distant tors, and demanded: "What be you a going to do second Wednesday in October?" He had asked that question on two previous occasions, and it had become with him tantamount to a proposal of marriage.

"Why, that be Goose Fair!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanbury, little guessing that the two previous Mrs. Baileys had made that same remark in reply to Bailey's question.

"It be," said Bailey contentedly. It was all plain sailing then; he knew the part by heart. "Shall us go to Goose Fair?" he asked glibly. "Shall us throw at the cocoa-nuts and ride on the wooden horses?" He forgot that a change had come over the scene. He was somewhat past throwing for cocoa-nuts, and Mrs. Stanbury was not admirably adapted for riding upon the wooden horses.

"Go to Goose Fair wi' you!" the widow exclaimed. "Whatever would the folk say?"

Bailey nodded his head approvingly; it was the right cue. "They would say we was honeymooning," he replied, staring harder than ever at the distant tors.

Here the lady departed from tradition. The correct reply

was a giggle, but being a widow, and therefore untrammelled by convention, she said somewhat sharply, "They'd call us two old fools likely."

Bailey paused. This new rendering of the part bewildered him, and he forgot his answer. He stared in deep thought, until the setting sun came into his eyes and made them water. Then it occurred to him he might repeat his last line. "They would say we was honeymooning," he said again.

The widow opened her mouth to reply, but seeing the puzzled look on the old man's face, she laughed instead. It was not a giggle certainly, but it served the purpose of one.

"We could tell 'em we was," said Bailey promptly; "we could be married in the morning."

Bailey had played his part, and it now remained for the widow to play hers. The end of it was that they walked back up the lane arm-in-arm.

When Bessie saw them from her window she knew it was time to play her part. After the suitor's departure she had an interview with her mother, the result of which was so satisfactory that she dreamed all night of a house in one of the side streets of Plymouth, with a brass plate upon the door setting forth the fact that there was the preparatory school for young ladies conducted by Miss Stanbury.

The widow had dreams of Noah's Ark Corner under entirely new management. As for old Bailey, he had eighty intangible sovereigns dancing gaily upon his patchwork quilt all night.

He announced his engagement to his granddaughter laconically. "It be done," he said.

"It be?" cried Florry eagerly.

"Ah," said the grandfather.

In due course the portly bride-elect came to take stock of Noah's Ark Corner. Her presence ruined the gorge from an artistic standpoint; she was like a female Gulliver in a new Lilliput. Explaining to Bailey that, before marrying him, she should require certain alterations to be made, she gave instructions for a new kitchen to be built, for the windows to be enlarged, for the doors to be widened, for the roof to be tiled; she had never lived under thatch, and she was not going to. The old man agreed to everything, and sent for the builders at once; the expense would come out of his wife's pocket, not out of his. When they were married he could teach her economy;

but he knew that to win her he must spend some of her money.

On Sunday evening the engaged couple went to chapel. The widow had something on her mind ; knowing that old Bailey was not free from avarice, she had determined that evening to put him to the test. When they had got rid of the neighbours after service, and were walking down the lane, she mentioned, in what she hoped was a careless voice, that in consideration of his comfortable position she had decided to make over her money to Bessie in order that the young woman might open her school.

The old man was far too keen-witted a bird to peck at such chaff. He had never in his life heard of anyone voluntarily resigning an income in favour of another ; he knew perfectly well people never did such things. They might suffer for others, they might even shed their blood for others, but they would never give up their money. Bailey supposed such a case had never occurred in the whole history of the world. The widow's ruse was somewhat too palpable. Had she said she proposed giving Bessie a tenth part of her income she might have deceived him, although it was unlikely ; but to say she intended giving the girl the entire amount was to place rather a low estimate upon his common sense. Indeed, it was in quite an offended tone that he replied : "The money be yours to give or to keep ; it b'ain't mine."

"You doan't mind, then ?" said the widow. "I thought you wouldn't. You be well off, wi' plenty for the two of us."

"I b'ain't so well off as folks say," said Bailey hurriedly. "I knows what 'tis to be pinched for a shillun."

"Give over wi' they tales," said the widow archly.

"It be true," asserted the old man. "I be dreadful in debt ; I owes six shilluns to Joe Hutchins for cutting turves ; I had to ask 'un for time."

"If you be in debt I won't marry 'e," declared the widow.

"I'll pay 'un," said Bailey hurriedly. "I'll send 'un to 'e wi' receipt."

"We'd be in work'us 'fore Christmas if the truth was being told," the widow went on. "You'll marry me for myself alone, won't 'e ?"

"Ah," said Bailey.

"Then I'll marry 'e on Goose Fair day," the widow promised.

The second Wednesday in October arrived, the great day sacred to the goose, and old Bailey was duly sacrificed to his avarice amid an odour of sage and onions. The ceremony took place in the early morning. No expense was spared, as the old man felt he could be liberal for once with his wife's money. Then they went off to Tavistock, but Bailey was greatly disappointed to find he was not such an adept at throwing for cocoa-nuts as on those days when he had celebrated his former honeymoons. Nor was this his last disappointment. One fine day a big bill came in from the builder, another from the carpenter, another from the painter, another from the glazier, and a few more from smaller fry. There was also a carriage to be paid for, and the ringers expected a dinner, and the neighbours demanded liquid refreshment according to custom. Bailey gasped at the prospect of parting with so much of his wife's money; but when the creditors became pressing he approached the good lady, who was still full of schemes for the improvement of Noah's Ark Corner, and was even then engaged in executing them with little regard for cost, and suggested that the time had come for him to administer her estate.

"What be you talking about?" said Mrs. Bailey, who was beginning already to rule the Ark with a firm hand. "You knows well enough how I made over my money to Bessie."

"Ah, you did say so, but I knew you was joking," replied the old man lamely.

"But I have," the lady cried. "Bessie has got every penny. If you doan't believe me, you can go and see the school she's starting to Devonport."

"Was you telling me the truth?" gasped Bailey.

"Well, I b'ain't a liar," said Mrs. Bailey, who had determined to cure her husband of avarice by spending all his secret hoard.

"Then I be ruined! I be going into work'us this afternoon!" moaned the miserable old man.

Instead of that he had to pay his bills, and submit to a sermon from his wife upon the sin of covetousness, which was no doubt good for him; but those who ought to know say that old Bailey has aged considerably since his marriage.

ERNEST G. HENHAM

FORENSIC ELOCUTION

THE capacious Forum has been left far behind, an obsolete form of tribunal. Its modern equivalent is the austere Court of Justice. The physical change is drastic and necessary, but it is not the only change that has come about. Have we not also too completely outgrown that distinctive claim of the ancient court, its pride of rhetoric? Where now is to be found the "heavenly oratory" once so zealously cultivated? Surely not in the Halls of Themis at Temple Bar! Of which High Court judge, might it be said, in paraphrase, that his eloquence, like another's

Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne?

Of which learned counsel is it true that

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope?

Not very long ago I heard an excellent judge direct a jury with a lozenge in his mouth. Demosthenes is said to have practised elocution with a pebble in his mouth, to cure a natural defect of speech; but that was done in the solitude of the sea-shore, out of view of a critical and impressionable public. This judge was troubled with no such compunction; his summing-up, though marred by strange oral jerks and pauses, was listened to without resentment; nobody heeded the lozenge. We have travelled far since law and rhetoric were in partnership.

Up to a certain point this mighty stride is capable of a simple explanation. It is the result of evolution. Oratory is no longer a profession. In some degree it has lost its power; even Parliament, its legitimate home, scarce knows it; the ends it once attained may now be reached by other means. It does not give unlimited power, reign absolute in assemblies, or decide important affairs of State. Men reach high office without it;

there is no need to harangue tumultuous waves in private preparatory to investing men's minds in public. Especially with the man of law is it a failing force. When the law-giver and the legislator were combined in one individual, eloquence was a tremendous power. Brilliance of language was often necessary then to hide weakness in the law; now the two are separate entities, and the law-giver needs knowledge of jurisprudence more than of rhetoric. Hence in courts of law eloquence has gradually lapsed into plain colloquy. So far the way is clear; by plain colloquy a result not wholly unsuited to the practical spirit of the age would be reached. But have we not passed that limit and gone very near the antithesis of deliberate oratory,—slipped, in fact, into an era of carelessness, from which escape seems difficult? If, as many people hold, the law is as much an ungodly jumble now as Cromwell described it, the need cannot be growing less for expounding and presenting it in language well chosen, if not choice and elegant. There is, of course, no call for Homeric periods in a tiresome commercial case, no occasion for reference to Nemesis when defending a poor company-promoter, no need to declaim over ancient lights; but there is still a welcoming ear for clear, intelligible diction and the light and shade of emphasis. Yet the pleaders are very few who can narrate simple facts in interesting fashion; still fewer are those whose speeches reveal a cultured choice of language. One of Lord Justice Vaughan Williams's quaint sayings is to this effect, "Eloquence has ceased to be fashionable except in patent cases." The remark was conceived in humour, and may not be literally accurate, but it indicated his Lordship's acquaintance with the fact observed by all, that legal oratory is almost extinct. His Lordship may have had in mind, when he uttered this remark, some such extraordinary sentence as that which came from the lips of a learned King's Counsel when examining a witness some months ago: "Did you," he said, "I know you did not, but I am bound to put it to you—on the 25th—it was not the 25th really, it was the 24th—it is a mistake in my brief—see the defendant—he is not the defendant really, he is the plaintiff—there is a counterclaim, but you would not understand that—yes or no?" "Yes or no, what?" answered the startled witness. That is by no means a unique example of legal lucidity; its counterpart may be heard almost every day. Sane speech should be the gift of every advocate,

but there is no rule in legal education demanding it. Clearness and rhythm, when they are present, come almost as a surprise. True, the law is a compendium of rigid forms and precepts that unconsciously mould the phraseology of the man who is immersed in it. Forms of address there are which have become standard and orthodox; yet a splendid opportunity lies at the hand of every lawyer for picturesque narration. Very few attempt to seize it. The School of Law, if it is ever founded, will not lack fresh ground to break.

In making comparisons between the present and the past there is always danger of exaggeration. Estimates become distorted by lapse of time; imagination is stimulated by repetition, and small things become glorified. Yet, making full allowance for this, we search in vain among living judges for the equals in the gift of speaking of some who have even but recently passed away, and were familiar figures to this generation. Which of them has taken up the mantle of Lord Russell of Killowen? In whom survives the gift of idiomatic English and racy speech, of lucid exposition in the midst of elaborate reasoning, that distinguished Cockburn? Which of them commands such an armoury of rhetoric as Lord Cairns owned? Far be it from my intention to suggest that there are not judges who state their views clearly and concisely. Lord Justice Romer, for example, stands out conspicuously as a man of lucid expression, whom all can understand; but the list is long of those in whom no such practised transparency is revealed. One judge, as clever a lawyer as the age has produced, exhibits a strange combination of strength and weakness. The opening sentences of his judgments are models of definite phraseology and distinct meaning, but before long he becomes involved and ambiguous, and the listener grows weary of his voice. There is an obvious inability to sustain a high level of clear expression, and repetition creeps in with wearying regularity,—a bad habit, by the way, of Chief Baron Kelly. Lord Justice Mathew, who recently resigned, once said: "In any judgment the arguments most often repeated are the worst; the good ones take care of themselves." There is logic in that observation. Force of intellect answers for rhetoric in these days, however, and the method of its expression is little heeded, be its conclusions satisfying. It is of little moment that an advocate should address his Lordship as "M'lud," provided he obtains judgment with costs. Even

among the lawyers who stand in the front rank of their profession other reasons for their position have to be sought than the gift of oratory. Sir Edward Clarke is perhaps the most captivating speaker among modern advocates, but it is the captivation of precise rather than of picturesque language and style. Some very strange anomalies indeed are sometimes to be found. I will give a literal extract from the speech of one of the most popular criminal lawyers of the day, the mention of whose name is enough to draw crowds to hear him. For defective diction it would be hard to beat. "At the trial," he said, addressing a Court of Appeal, "—the close of it, my friend had the advantage of replying upon me because—because I was placed in the difficulty of putting in—putting in the coroner's notes; but for the purpose—for the purpose of my case all the material was already before the jury. There was nothing that I—nothing that I could call evidence upon. And then, going back—going back to what the matter was that was complained of, and looking at what—at what the matter is that is complained of in the libel, I submit that the real question—the real question to which the minds of the jury—the minds of the jury were directed was the question—" &c. Were terse delivery a necessary qualification to reach eminence, such a melancholy display would ensure defeat. The example serves to show how great the change is that has come about, how practical we have become, to a fault.

There is some ground for hoping that the relapse into desultory talk may not pass beyond recovery in the fact that its existence is observed by occupants of the Bench. Mr. Justice Darling, in his entertaining book, *SCINTILLÆ JURIS*, makes this timely remark: "I could wish that the opening of a case were not quite so like the reading of old almanacs, supplemented by an aggregation of comment which has for the most part got stale by the time it is presented." And Sir Edward Clarke has followed up the hint by thus observing before the Hardwicke Society, which is the law's great training-ground: "It is desirable that members of the Bar should equip themselves for making speeches instead of making simply those desultory and tedious observations which generally take the place of speeches in the Courts." This is wholesome warning. Preparation is as necessary for the Bar as for the Pulpit, but its absence is too often painfully obvious. Addressing a counsel guilty of laxity

in this respect a learned judge once inflicted the cutting admonition: "I wish you would put your facts in some kind of order. Chronological order is one way, and perhaps the best, but I am not particular, any order you like,—alphabetical order if you prefer it." Inelegant diction has often invoked judicial reproof. A young barrister who appeared before Mr. Justice Buckley asked that a case in which he appeared might be postponed, as his learned leader was "on his legs in another court." "You mean he is speaking, I suppose," coldly remarked the judge, and the junior blushed his apology. That was an instance of slavery to stereotyped expression, the pitfall of the young lawyer.

I cannot call to mind now any prominent member of the Bar who wilfully invents words in order to secure effect, as did the Irish barrister, Egan. Egan was an adept at that kind of thing, having the faculty of appreciating phonetic sound in a high degree; and, after all, that enters very largely into effective speaking. Once, when at a loss for an appropriate adjective, he referred to a prisoner as "this naufrageous ruffian," a fine-sounding phrase, which it would be difficult to define from any dictionary. On another occasion he had to follow a counsel whose eloquent speech visibly impressed the jury. Up jumped Egan: "My learned friend, gentlemen, may run away with the idle notion that all this loud and empty declamation of his has secured for him your verdict; but, gentlemen, I know you too well,—I have known you too long—I have experienced too often already that twelve men of your commanding sense and discrimination will not and cannot be led away by the dark oblivion of a brow." There again was an acute sense of the effectiveness of mere sounding phrase. Egan, perhaps very properly, earned the prefix Bully by reason of his faults of manner, and there is no call, therefore, for his prototype in this generation; but something of the discernment which secured him prominence would not be amiss in many leading counsel of the present day, whose phraseology and style are hopelessly at fault. If eloquence is no longer essential to the execution of a great design, it is at least an æsthetic feature prizeable in every age.

Sir Edward Clarke, on the occasion already mentioned, went somewhat deeply into the ethics of the matter. "Freedom and facility of expression do not make an orator," he observed.

Literally that is true : mere glibness of tongue is sometimes a torment to the listener ; but some qualification is needed, as was discerned by Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, who, criticising this saying of Sir Edward's, observed : " True, freedom and facility of expression do not make an orator, but neither does their absence." His Lordship's own delivery is certainly neither free nor facile : its main characteristic is tediousness ; but as a rule the words are well chosen, and there is an individuality about their delivery that supply a worthy substitute for the charm of oratory. The fact is that in the passage from the old to the new state of things divergence has been made into a path ending in the slough of indifference. It has to be admitted that the old-time fervid state of oratory has gone for ever. There is no longer a demand for fine talking except in post-prandial speeches, on college prize-days, and at socialistic gatherings. A new demand has arisen. " The taste of this age," said Lord Russell of Killowen, " is not for florid declamation, but for clear, terse, pointed, and practical speech." Declamation is a lost art. There once lived a Scottish judge who, oppressed by the technical and dreary language of an advocate, testily said : " Declaim, Sir ! Why don't you declaim ? Speak to me as if I were a popular assembly." Only the other day, in the midst of the general election, a High Court judge resented being addressed as though he were a popular assembly. Thus is the course of evolution indicated. What is now invited is not oratory in the strict sense of the term, but clear and practical speech delivered with freedom and facility, and that, unhappily, is just what we very rarely get. Talkativeness is rampant ; the length of a speech is accounted more important than its quality. Judges themselves err in this respect. " The function of a judge," said Lord Halsbury, " is not to speak, but to listen. If judges only would appreciate what an invaluable assistance it is to their own minds to listen to those who have prepared their arguments and are perfectly familiar with the facts, they would recognise that initial listening, at all events, is most desirable." The interrupting habit is manifestly one of the greatest hindrances to elocution. Cicero knew that : " Judges," he said, " I beg of you not to interrupt me in my exordium, but when I have finished my peroration put such questions as you desire." Lord Justice Romer, of whose conciseness mention has already been made, cultivated his art partly as the result of a personal

experience. About the time of his elevation to the Bench he declared that he had been so wearied by the prosiness and interrupting practices of a certain judge before whom he almost daily appeared that he would never offend in the same way himself; nor has he. Would that others would make the same resolve.

But indifference has crept in, and it is a tenant difficult to eject. Among the first attainments sought by the student of law one would naturally expect to find that of lucid, grammatical, expressive speech, seeing that is to play such an important part in his future vocation. The student of divinity seriously practises elocution as part of his curriculum. Why does not the student of law? The age may be stolidly practical, but it is not yet tired of simple elegance. Perfect knowledge of the case in hand, familiarity with the law bearing upon it, full acquaintance with precedents, are all necessary; but the oral edifice when completed is all the more perfect if cultured speech has helped to raise it. One marvels often at the glaring absence of the trained speaker's art when opportunity invites it. In smallest matters the occasion arises. A simple narrative told with consecutive clearness and originality of phrase and expression wins golden opinions of the narrator. And who can say how the manner of telling affects a jury? It is not much that the age demands. The style has been set, and must abide until another takes its place. It has its merits, and suits a period when speed and compression rule omnipotent. Everything now we take in the form of essence, and the essence of modern eloquence is good reasoning clearly and tersely expressed. The day of strong invective passed away in the legal sphere with the dramatic aids that stood in place of written law. In the ancient days, we read, a trial not unfrequently presented all the pathetic contrivances of the drama, models, pictures, and so on; and language was needed in keeping with the environment. But statutes, rules, and precepts have now taken their place, and high-sounding speech, sometimes degenerating into browbeating, which once stood for eloquence, is discounted. The effeminate eloquence of tears, too, is not now essential, although the Supreme Court of Tennessee has decided that counsel's tears are legitimate, and even praiseworthy, so long as they do not impede or delay the business of the Court. I call to mind a very clever counsel, now deceased, whose eloquence was essentially lachrymose. His habit before addressing the jury was to indulge

somewhat copiously in spirits, without which the tears were hard to coax ; but that was a device always of doubtful effectiveness, and ultimately worthless. Lord Russell most surely laid down the true principles that mark out the course of eloquence to-day, and some few of our leading counsel pursue them with more or less success. Mr. J. Eldon Bankes, K.C., Mr. McCall, K.C., Mr. Duke, K.C., and Mr. Montagu Lush, K.C., may be taken as among the best exponents we have. But the aggressive fact remains that the bulk of the profession are indifferent, and adhere to the "old almanac" methods so objectionable to Mr. Justice Darling. His Lordship's stricture was opportune, but it might well have embraced others of higher rank within its scope. The Bench itself, however it may acquit itself outside the courts (and it does sometimes impinge upon oratory), is certainly not distinguished within them by an excess of silvern speech. The "gay rhetoric" of one of their number quite recently took the form of describing counsel's argument as "rot." If a judge of the High Court may indulge in such vulgarity, where is the justification for the admonition bestowed a few weeks ago by a County Court judge upon a barrister? This young gentleman said of an absent defendant that he had not "turned up." "Pray," remarked his Honour, "do not use such slipshod English." "I apologise to your Honour," was the retort. "These are high pressure days, and since your Honour's days at the Bar we have no longer time to indulge in perfect English." Before accepting this answer as even a partial excuse for forensic gibberish, it would have to be shown that the pursuit of the law suffers, like many other pursuits, from the ruling craving for speed. But above all other things the law is deliberate and slow, and, in its own set phraseology, some further and better answer is required to the question : why is forensic elocution so deplorably bad ?

FREDERICK PAYLER

MLULU AND HER HUSBANDS

IT is the policy of British Administration in Central Africa to interfere as little as possible with native customs and tribal laws. So long as natives abstain from human sacrifice, trial by ordeal, cannibalism, and a few other practices concerning the ethics of which it is unlikely we shall ever agree with current native opinion, tribal chiefs are still allowed to administer justice after the manner of their forefathers, British magistrates only interfering in cases in which the litigants are dissatisfied with their chief's decision. As the social constitution of most Bantu tribes is a queer mixture of feudalism and communism, and as native law in many cases differs fundamentally from our own, it is inevitable that British magistrates must often, after hearing appeal cases, give decisions of which their mothers and their aunts would probably not approve.

For an Englishman to decide a point of tribal law in a way that harmonises with the natives' sense of justice is by no means easy. More especially is this the case if he be new to his post, for in such a one innate principles and hereditary prejudices are so closely interwoven that he can at first hardly distinguish between what is essentially right and what is merely a matter of European opinion. Such a one was Roberts, Assistant-Collector at Punduma, a man strongly convinced of the superiority of all British institutions, and deeply sensible of his responsibilities as assistant regenerator of the Dark Continent. I met him first on a Zambesi steamer, when he was on his way to take up his duties for the first time as a magistrate in Nyassaland. We were the only passengers, and he improved the occasion by demanding information in general on the manners and customs of the Manganja. I tried to give him an idea of some of the more difficult cases with which a Collector must sometimes deal; I told him how, to prove themselves innocent of having caused a chief

to suffer toothache, whole families together will sometimes submit to trial by ordeal. I told him of the *mifiti*, the ghouls said to kill men by witchcraft in order that they may feast on their corpses, and explained how sometimes a community would hover on the brink of blind revolt, mad with rage and childish terror, because a Collector protected from its violence a man suspected of belonging to this vampire brotherhood. For my pains Roberts, whose ethnological knowledge seemed mostly to have been acquired from the pages of Ballantyne and Fennimore Cooper, accused me of "trying to pull his leg." "There can be no difficulty," he insisted, "in getting the niggers to see the absurdity of their superstitions if only one has patience, listens carefully to what they have to say, and takes the trouble to make them take a common-sense view of the case."

I was passing through the Punduma district six months afterwards, and on paying my respects at the Government-station found that Roberts was in charge. His chief being down with fever, in addition to his ordinary duties of forwarding Government stores and mails, keeping the high roads in repair, freeing the river from snags, and collecting hut-tax, he was called upon to punish offenders and settle local disputes. He was engaged in receiving the hut-tax when I arrived. The open space in front of his house was crowded with a noisy throng; wrinkled grey-beards sat in circles, passing snuff-gourds from hand to hand; at a respectful distance their wives, squatting on their heels, gossiped in shrill falsetto; young bucks swaggered about cracking their jokes at the girls; fat naked babies squealed and rolled in the dust; and lean, cringing curs, nosed hungrily in and out of the crowd in never ending search for anything useless enough to be within reach and tender enough to swallow. As hut-tax may be paid in money or in kind many of those present had brought lively mutinous goats, crates of loudly protesting ducks, or bunches of bedraggled fowls suspended head downwards from spears or walking-sticks.

"You're just in time to give me a hand," said Roberts, when I had greeted him. "I've got to hear a *mlandu* presently, a divorce-suit of sorts. It's my first case; you might just advise me if I get into any difficulty. I'll have finished with these tax-payers directly, and then we'll get to business."

It was kind of Roberts to pretend that he wanted me to be present in order that I might advise him, but I felt tolerably

certain that his real motive was a desire to impress me with his ability to expound "common-sense views." I took a seat and watched the scene. Roberts had established himself at a table placed under the shade of his verandah. Before him stood a tall, smartly-dressed native, who acted as interpreter and clerk of the court, and a dozen *askari* whose onerous duty it was to preserve order. The proceedings lacked the air of dignity which is associated with English courts, and occasional episodes occurred that reminded one of the "screaming knockabout farces" with which the Christy Minstrels used to delight our school-days. Many of the tax-payers, knowing that Roberts was comparatively inexperienced, were making scientific experiments to discover the exact extent of his forbearance. Some offered a number of fowls or ducks that just fell short of the number recognised as equivalent to the hut-tax, and others came into court empty-handed and pleaded that a series of extraordinary and unexpected disasters had just reduced them to a state of utter bankruptcy. Most of those who offered goats as their contribution towards the maintenance of the State, had brought animals that had long passed the commercially-preferable period of tender youth and had reached the days of tough and vigorous old age. It required the combined efforts of the owner and the *askari* to drag these up for Roberts's inspection, and as two or more natives cannot perform any task that requires combined effort without continually shouting directions to each other, and the goats expressed disapproval by planting their feet foresquare and bleating piteously, Roberts often had to shout to make his voice heard above the din. Occasionally a goat managed to snap the grass rope with which he was held and disturbed the majesty of the law by dashing headlong through the crowd, scattering the idlers right and left, pursued by its owner, the *askari*, half a hundred volunteers, and all the yelping curs that had the good fortune to be present. Then Roberts would sit back, swear, mop his forehead, and smoke till the court resumed its normal condition of unrest.

At last the collection of hut-tax was over, and Chiteema, the interpreter, announced that the *mlandu* would be heard. Next to a beer-drinking a law-suit is the most popular source of amusement known to the African natives. Excellent memories and a decided turn for oratory characterise a people who have the additional advantage of being utterly unhampered by any

ridiculous prejudices against perjury ; consequently a well-contested *mlandu* not only gives dialecticians an excellent opportunity of displaying their talents, but affords the audience a most enjoyable intellectual treat. Cleverly-expressed points are received with tumultuous applause ; ingenious lies are regarded as legitimate weapons, and their frequent exposure earns for their authors much good-humoured derision.

Chiteema's announcement caused a flutter of excitement. The various groups of gossipers broke up, the men crowded up to the verandah, and the women, suddenly missing the youngsters who had wandered away from their sides, ran up and down screaming for Chimpaapu or Mlesi, torn between anxiety for their children and the natural desire to obtain a front seat. The *askari* by a vigorous application of their sticks on chest and shin-bone cleared a half-circle in front of Roberts's table, and gradually the crowd settled down ten deep to an afternoon's enjoyment.

"Who brings the case?" cried Chiteema.

No petitioner appeared. As the question was repeated, a dozen spectators, anxious to render any assistance that involved no personal exertion, echoed the cry over their shoulders. Roberts, who seemed jealous for the dignity of the court, testily demanded silence, a demand that was echoed in stentorian tones by the *askari* and repeated lustily by all present. There followed a momentary quiet broken by an outburst of laughter and chaff as a tiny child squeaked, "Be silent, people," from the shelter of his mother's arm. The turmoil subsided into whispers, and presently a young man was pushed and elbowed into the clear space. He saluted Roberts and myself by scraping his feet backwards and clapping his hands, then squatting on his heels began a voluble harangue.

"What is your name?" interrupted Roberts, dipping his pen in the ink.

"Sir, I am of the people of Mikarongo, village of Marema."

"What is your name?"

"Sir, I am a hunter. In the season of hunger, when the grass is burnt—"

"What is your name?"

"I am a poor man. My wives—"

Roberts began to get impatient. "Box his ears, Chiteema," he cried, laying down his pen. On this the man shouted

his name and then holding out both hands to me exclaimed in injured tones: "Does the *Mzungu*¹ think that I wish to hide my name from him?"

"You wish to put away your wife?" enquired Roberts through the interpreter, after entering the man's name as petitioner.

"Sir, it is now the season for hunting. The grass is short and at a long distance one can see the buck—"

"Do you wish to put away your wife?"

"Who would mind my home while——"

"Have you, or have you not, a *mlandu* against your wife?"

"I, sir? No."

"You're on a false scent, old man," I laughed. "This is probably a friend of the family retained as counsel. Better start afresh."

After repeated enquiries the real petitioner, a grey-headed old man, was at last discovered. He scraped his feet with a fawning apologetic air and murmuring "*Baba, Baba* (father, father)" placed at Roberts's feet a pot covered with bark cloth. Removing the cover he disclosed about a quart of dark brown honey.

"What's this for?" enquired Roberts, turning to me.

"Bribery and corruption, I'm afraid."

Roberts leaned over the table and, in words carefully chosen to suit the intelligence of his hearers, delivered through Chiteema some highly improving remarks on the sin of attempting to bribe one of His Majesty's representatives. The theme was too lofty for the interpreter, who contented himself by saying that the *Mzungo* did not want the honey, though he did not translate to Roberts the petitioner's enquiry as to what would be more acceptable. After several false starts the man began to plead his case.

"Sir, I am not of this people. I am a stranger from the Ma-Yao tribe. I cannot return to my people. They have forgotten me and my mother's hearth is now cold. I came to this country three years ago carrying a load for a *mzungo* who followed the elephant."

"Is he going to tell us his whole family history?" asked Roberts wearily, when Chiteema had translated thus far.

"Probably; you had better let him go on in his own way or you will never get him to the point."

¹ A title applied to all Europeans, and, rarely, to chiefs and educated natives.

"The hunter of elephants encamped here for three weeks. I saw Mlulu and loved her. She is of this village. When my master went to his own people across the great water I returned here with my pay and married the maiden. *Wau!* was I not generous? The *kusemba* I paid for her was three pieces of cloth, two white and one blue, an axe-head, and five strings of beads."

"Better make a note of that, Roberts," I suggested. "He is coming to the point now."

"You don't mean to say that he is going to demand his money back?" said Roberts.

"Of course; what else do you suppose he is bringing the case for? He would not bother you merely for permission to divorce her. You must consider this case merely from a commercial point of view. He buys a wife; the investment does not please him, so he wants to send her back to her father and get in return an equivalent for the *kusemba* that he paid for her. All you have to do is to decide how much of it, if any, the father must refund."

"I'll see the old scoundrel shot first. I know of course that these people buy their wives like so much cattle, but I don't see that I am called upon to sanction it."

"Why not? It's an admirable arrangement from their point of view. You know that the cultivation of the fields is the women's work. So long as that is the case,—and I don't see how you can alter it—women will be a valuable asset, valuable to their fathers before marriage and to their husbands afterwards. Why should a man get for nothing a wife who will contribute largely to his support, and why should not a father be compensated for the loss of his daughter's services?"

"Well, go on," said Roberts turning again to the old man. "Why do you want to send your wife away?"

"Sir, she is lazy and careless. My food is not cooked, my hut is not swept—"

"*Wonama, wonama!* (liar, liar!)," screamed a fat, angry-looking woman in the crowd. "I rose every morning *cocoreeco*,—while it was still dawning. I worked in the early dew; I stopped not in the heat of noon; when the stars appeared I was still hoeing. He lies, he lies!"

"Hulloa! This is evidently Mlulu. What a vixen she looks! Tell her to be silent till her turn comes, Chiteema."

“Throughout the season for beer-drinking,” continued the old man, “when the crop had been harvested, she gadded about from village to village. Whenever there was a dance she went, and each time she went she took a pot of beer. I am old and I love to sit in the shade of my hut, but she is always away dancing and talking with the young men. Every day she brewed beer afresh, so that ere the first rains came there was left no corn in my granary and I am now hungry. Every day she behaved thus. Now when the season of first fruits is at hand my garden is not hoed, no pumpkins or sweet potatoes grow on my land, and I am hungry while others have plenty.”

During this speech the woman's anger had found vent in muttered ejaculations of “liar, liar,” till at last it reached boiling-point and bubbled over in a torrent of shrill invective that drowned Chiteema's demand for silence.

“There are lies in his mouth, indeed. *Wau!* Is it not wonderful to hear him? Daughter of my father! Does he not deny me even food? Did he not take all the goats to sell to the white man? Was he not away for a whole month and did he not return empty-handed, having spent their price on beer? By his hands and feet! The women by the river-bank at the filling of the water-pots in the evening mock me because I am the only wife of an old man. Why does he not buy another wife to help me hoe the garden? Am I naught but his slave that I alone should work for him? A good husband buys many wives, and the work is light among them.”

She subsided breathless and the man continued his tale.

“*Baba*, you hear how she talks? Thus every night does she talk, and sleep comes not to my eyes. I went away to earn money to pay *kusemba* for another wife, thinking to please her. *Wau!* one hews a wife out of the rock nowadays. One works for the *Azungo* [Europeans] and whole years go by before one can earn the price of a wife. When I was young it was not so. When we wished to marry, we of the Ma-Yao, we paid no *kusemba*; we sharpened our spears and made war on the Manganja.” The old man looked round with a sneer at the descendants of a tribe whose villages his forefathers had periodically looted. “Those days are not now. To earn *kusemba* I went to carry a load for the Government. Was not the load heavy? *Shee!* My shoulder is still sore from it. Three moons had died and a fourth was big when I returned. I returned and found the hearth cold

and my garden covered with weeds. She was living at another village."

"Is that the truth?" enquired Roberts, turning to the woman. She crossed her hands on her breast, curtsied low and replied. "May the dead rise and eat if I lie! I had but gone to the village of my sister because I was hungry. He came there and found me and beat me; he beat me with a stick so that I ran away and would not return."

Again the man continued. "She will not return to me,—to me who paid her father three pieces of cloth, an axe-head, and five strings of beads. The children laugh at me because I must sweep the hut myself, instead of sitting with the other men in the shade of the council-hut; they laugh at me and call me *nkasi* [woman.]"

Other witnesses were then called. Many of these perjured themselves so obviously that Roberts had them removed in custody, to be brought up later for punishment. It soon appeared, however, that were this policy continued the supply of witnesses would be exhausted before the case was over. Finally, when palpably false statements had been eliminated, it appeared that both sides were to some extent to be blamed.

On the one hand it appeared that Mlulu was a scold and too fond of society, but the worst charge proved against the husband was that he was too stingy to "add rafters to his house" by taking another wife. The woman's contention that he starved her fell to the ground, the provision of food being her own especial province. The disparity of their ages was largely responsible for their failure to agree, he being too old to sympathise with her social cravings, and she resenting at the hands of an old man the thrashing which from a husband more nearly her own age she would have received with equanimity.

"It seems as if both parties would be better apart," said Roberts, looking through his notes, "but that you say is not the point. I suppose I shall have to recognise this *kusemba* business that you seem to admire so much. She obviously wants to leave him, and it seems that according to the native point of view the man is entitled to compensation. We'll see what opinion the woman's father has on the point."

After some search Chiteema led forward an old man, bleary-eyed, white-haired, in the last stage of senile decay, imbecile from old age and hemp-smoking. Chiteema could extract little informa-

tion from him except that he was hungry. He had no goats or cloth, he wasn't altogether sure if he had a daughter; he was an old man, and especially he was hungry. Bystanders volunteered the information that he had gambled away his daughter's *kusemba* so soon as he received it, that he had no property, and that he would be destitute were it not that he had a wife young and strong enough to support him.

"You see that he cannot return the *kusemba*," said Roberts to the petitioner. "You must be content with sending your wife back to her father."

"Then will I keep her. Is she not my wife? How can I, an old man, live without a wife? Who will till my garden, and tend me when I am ill, if I have no wife? No, indeed, I will keep her."

"*Baba!*" cried the woman, "I will die before I go back to him. Am I a dog to be beaten by an old man?"

Roberts leaned back in his chair, and sighed. The case seemed to have come to a deadlock. I was strongly tempted to tell him to take a common-sense view of the case, but felt that a gibe would not be exactly seasonable. The man and the woman squatted in front of his table and glared at each other; the crowd became almost silent in the tense excitement of the moment; only the dogs, in endless quest of refuse, moved in and out among the crowd, and the only voice raised was that of the girl's father, who still mumbled to nobody in particular that he was an old man and that he was hungry.

"I can't make her go back to him," said Roberts to me; they would fight worse than ever after this. He'll just have to put up with the loss."

"It's your affair, of course," I replied, "but I warn you it would be a dangerous precedent. If it becomes known that you will support a woman who goes back to her father without returning the *kusemba*, men will think twice about marrying, and fathers will find it profitable to make trouble between their daughters and their sons-in-law."

Roberts swore under his breath, kicked a dog that sniffed at his ankles, and began drawing patterns on his blotting-paper. Just then we heard the rattle of cups indoors. He flung down his pen and rose to his feet. "There's tea, thank goodness!" he cried, "We'll adjourn the court for a bit. Come along, and we'll talk it over quietly."

"I'll tell you what you might do," I suggested over the second cup, shaking the biscuit-tin to make the macaroons come on the top. "The woman will probably soon find another husband ; if so the man would in any case have to pay *kusemba* for her. Make him pay it to the woman's present husband instead of to her father."

"Great Scott ! Do you know that I shall have to send in a detailed report of this business ?" he cried peevishly. "What on earth will they think at headquarters if in my first case, my very first case, I complacently arrange for the barter of a woman as if she were a goat ?"

"You'll do lots of funnier things than that before you get your pension," I replied. "You must either re-organise their whole social system,—which you can't do—or else recognise it."

"But what's the use of preaching an anti-slavery crusade if we sanction this sort of thing ?"

"Rubbish ! If a man is going to have the benefit of this woman's work why should he not pay for it ? That ensures at least that he isn't an absolute loafer."

"But why pay the *kusemba* to her present husband ?"

"Why not ? Poor chap, he paid for her and got a good deal more than he bargained for. Much better pay it to him than to that old reprobate, the girl's father, who has been compensated once already for the loss of Mlulu's valuable society, and who would blue the money in a week if you gave it to him."

Roberts rose to his feet. "It's a primitive way of looking at things," he said.

"Exactly ; and you are dealing with a primitive people. Look here. Some day or other these people will get mad with funk because they find that a grave has been disturbed, probably by hyænas or jackals ; they will at once come to the conclusion that *mifti* have been at work. If they have confidence in you they will come to you to talk matters over, and you will have the opportunity of telling them not to make idiots of themselves ; but if they think that you don't understand them and their ways they will call in a witch-doctor, who will resort to the ordeal-trial, and half the community will be poisoned before you know anything about it."

Roberts hunted up the files in which the decisions of his chief were recorded, and after some search among similar cases returned

to the verandah and announced that the woman was to go back to her father, that no *kusemba* would be returned because the father was unable to pay it, but that if the woman married again the petitioner would have a claim on the *kusemba* paid by her second husband. Before dismissing the case, however, he sent for the witnesses who had been imprisoned and delivered an eloquent oration on the sin of perjury. His remarks were punctuated by interruptions from the delinquents, who murmured "master," "chief," "father," in tones intended to express reverence and deep contrition. These exclamations were inspired less by admiration of the maxims expounded than by the natural desire to propitiate an offended potentate, and would have been uttered with equal fervour if he had been advocating sedition or murder. Roberts, however, regarded them as gratifying evidence of a child-like penitence that to a great extent compensated him for the shock which his sense of propriety had received. He showed his pleasure by remitting further punishment and ordering the immediate release of the delighted hypocrites, who dispersed chanting extempore verses in praise of his benevolence and magnanimity.

Soon after breakfast next morning Chiteema introduced a deputation which included the principal parties to the suit of the previous day. They formed a half circle, clapped their hands in salutation, and then vigorously nudged a young man who had been among the witnesses imprisoned on the previous day. He stepped forward, saluted again, and announced that with Roberts's permission he would marry Mlulu.

"You're let in for more than you imagined," I remarked; "they look upon you now as the woman's legal guardian."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, you see, in ordinary circumstances the chief of a tribe is supposed to be the guardian of all unmarried women. This case went first to the local chief, and was then brought to you on appeal. You therefore take the chief's place and are responsible for the woman's welfare."

"For two pins I'll make you marry her," said Roberts savagely. Then turning to the woman he asked, "Are you willing to marry this man?"

Mlulu laughed coyly and replied: "Ehe! I am willing."

Roberts turned to the suitor. "Can you pay the *kusemba*?"

The man after remarking that he was very poor and that

the last harvest had been a poor one, stated that he could pay five goats.

"*Shee!* she is worth more than that," cried the woman's late husband, alive to his personal interest in the matter. "She is young and strong and—"

"Silence," commanded Roberts. "Tell the woman, Chiteema, that she is to go back to her father for a week. If then she is still willing to marry this man she can do so, and the *kusemba* must be brought here to me."

I stayed at Punduma for a few days longer to recruit carriers for the next stage of my journey. When eventually I went to take leave of Roberts I found him inspecting a piece of goat's flesh, a pile of dried fish that had just reached the stage of putridity most appreciated by native *gourmets*, and some lumps of dough smeared with honey, all piled into a wickerwork basket.

"This, I gather," he said, "is my share of Mlulu's wedding-feast. What shall I do with it?"

"Give it to Chiteema," I answered; "and if you want to do the absolutely correct thing send the bride and bridegroom a milch goat with which to start housekeeping."

R. A. DURAND

BETWEEN THE CATARACTS

(NOTES FROM AN EGYPTIAN DIARY)

I

AT last, after many weary waitings, our little neat stern-wheeler emerges from the last great lock of the Assouan dam, and passes out of Egypt into Nubia. Each of those three mighty gates has swung open and closed again to the swift turns of a handle, and the rising water has lifted us stage by stage to the summit of the great granite wall. Far off it stretches, that great barrier, right across to the distant eastern bank,—above, a lake, below, a scattered, broken, network of streams. On this side there is silence, but away to the east, through a dozen open gates, the January Nile of Egypt rushes through with the tumult and uproar of many waters.

Here flowed the famous First Cataract in the savage beauty of its utter freedom, tossing its crests of white foam between its islands of blackened granite, and swirling in its myriad whirlpools down from rugged Nubia into the green meadow-lands of Egypt. Its beauty is now a story that has been told. Tamed and girdled, its daily flow is appointed for it every morning by the man of quick speech and few words who now explains to us the working of the mighty machine.

Figure the Nile as a great artery, and the dam as a tourniquet. There, in a lonely white house of stone on the eastern bank, dwells the engineer from England who by a touch of the hand can tighten or relax the flow of Egypt's life-blood.

Every morning the message flashes across the wire to Cairo: "How much water do you want?" Back comes the measure, anticipating by ten days the needs of a whole nation.

According to that word a gate is opened or closed, a little more let through, or a little more withheld. Until at last, in May and

June, a great cry for water goes up from the whole land ; and then all the gates are opened, the stored water is let loose, and the Nile again flows free.

II

The little INDIANA, our small floating palace, speeds merrily across the great open waters, rejoicing to be free from the winding shallows and shifting sand-banks of the lower Nile. The great river seems full to the very brim. The checked waters, almost as still and currentless as a lake, have covered the strip of green on either side, and accept no banks save the rich orange and yellow sands of the desert. The fringe of palm trees is not quite covered, but the water rises half-way up the trunks, and the tall trees emerge from the flood rather woeful and forlorn, their beautiful crests bowing to the north wind and leaning towards the water as if smitten with a hopeless disease. In a few years all must go, as the trunks are slowly weakened with the action of the water.

The arable land of Nubia has been sacrificed to Egypt for at least a hundred miles. What has happened to the people ?

We scan the shores closely, sitting on deck in the warm sunshine, as we steam southward all the afternoon into the Tropics. The villages are still there, but they are now higher up, well away from the water, built on the waste desert itself. The mud-brick houses are new, and for the moment seem smart enough.

Our Dragoman, himself a Nubian,—long-robed, thick-featured, with the smile of a child and the carriage of a nobleman—stands at my elbow.

“What do they do ?” I asked.

“At present, nothing. Between April and July the Nile goes down with the opening of the dam. They can then sow and reap ; but now they can only sit and look on. The men go away to Cairo to be sailors or porters ; only women and children are left.”

“Did they not complain ?”

“Oh, yes. They wrote to the King [I merely repeat what he said], and he interfered. They got £25 to £30 for every cottage destroyed, and £1 for every palm tree. But their work is gone; their life is nothing.”

It seems a heavy price for the good of Egypt."

"What would you? It was the will of the Government. They are but poor people."

And his shoulders bow with the submission learnt of five thousand years.

Far away to the east we see groups of columns, the remnant of ancient temples, standing out above the water. It is what remains of Philæ. That exquisite island, the gem of the Nile, the holy place of ancient and mysterious rites, the green refuge of the oppressed, the Egyptian island of saints, has gone beneath the waters. The world has lost one of its most beautiful treasures. Now a boat will take you, gondola-wise, between the emerging pylons and capitals, and you can still see the delicate colouring and exquisite curves of the Ptolemaic capitals. But Philæ, the island of Philæ,—the island which Lady Duff-Gordon declared to be the "most lovely object" that her eyes had ever seen—that has gone for ever.

III

The country passes before us as in a moving panorama. How different it is from Egypt! There we were always journeying through a green land girt in with brown and grey cliffs, narrow indeed, but always brilliant in its emerald dress, and full of the sounds of life,—the shouts of men, the creak of the water-wheels, the cries of birds, and the plaintive roaring of the camel. But here all is silence and desolation. Even the desert sands, scorched and glaring in the sun, soon give way to shores of bare, precipitous rock, now rising from a scant margin of green, and then closing in on either side like the gates of another world. In a few hours we shall reach the Tropic of Cancer, but we seem rather to be heading north into some arctic region.

Just before sunset the throb of our stern wheel grows slower, and we drift into the bank at a patch of green. A cluster of Nubians, mainly women and children,—pitch-black, broad-nosed, the women gaudily decorated with silver rings in ear and nostril, the children almost naked—instantly gather, as if from nowhere, about the bank. There is much shouting and chanting of sailors,—*Allah! Wally Allah! Wally Allah!*—before our boat is effectively moored. Then we bustle ashore, our little party of seven, and press along a narrow pathway through the green crops

to where a half-ruined wall, the relic of an ancient temple, stands out against the violet sky.

For Nubia has her temples, too, as well as Egypt; and the Pharaohs, though but precarious conquerors of that barren land, often left their mark. But time has proved a potent despoiler. Nubia has ever been the great pathway of armies. There have been quick quakings of the earth, suddenly destructive of long labours; and ever there has been the slow, sure warfare of the desert sands, multitudinous messengers of oblivion, an unceasing stream of Lethe.

Here and there on the waste, where many more lie buried, a few fragments have been uncovered,—a pylon, a few lotus-columns, or a sanctuary, with its chipped and smoke-blackened sculptures, alone in the solitude, making the desolation more desolate.

We saw three such temples that evening. Out of all the memories of their sculptured walls, one stands out vividly. It is the frieze of the conquered Ethiopians on the walls of Bet-el-Wali.

The Egyptian sculptor,—let me say it boldly—is for the most part the slave of a wearisome convention. In nine out of ten Egyptian temples the sculptures and statues are the expressions of an art bound in the fetters of a double tyranny,—the tyranny of priest and king. The poor sculptors could not help themselves. Rigid laws were passed to bar them from nature. They were forced to represent Egyptian man, not as he truly was, but as the Egyptian Pharaohs and priests willed him to be. But now and again, very rarely, they escaped from the tyranny. Their great chance came when some new race of men rose into view. An Egyptian citizen, for instance, must be represented by a certain conventional figure,—in a statue, with left leg and arm stiffly put forward, in a sculpture, standing sideways, but with both shoulders impossibly prominent. A negro, however, “a vile son of Cush,” could be pictured as he really walked and lived; for the moment art was unshackled, the Egyptian Fra Lippo Lippi went free.

And thus, here, on the walls of Bet-el-Wali, we can see the curly-headed, thick-lipped, child-faced, gay, unlucky negro, just as he is to-day in Central Africa, sitting, walking, running, lighting his fire, fighting with bows and arrows. In another frieze we

can see all the rich produce of his wonderful country as he brings it to the Pharaoh,—monkeys, lions, tusks of ivory, ostrich feathers and ostrich eggs. All these sculptures are delicately and truly wrought, and prove to us beyond doubt that the Central Africans of four thousand years ago—the “blameless Ethiopians”—were precisely what they are to-day.¹ That frieze is a treasure more precious than rubies.

IV

We have been steaming ever since daybreak. Nubia smiles at us to-day. We have almost passed the flood region of the Assouan dam, and the palm trees are now often clear of the water. The green arable land is peeping up, still sometimes half-flooded, and here and there we can see peasants working. The merry water-wheel, the ancient *sakkyeh*, with that creaking melody which you hate at first and love ever afterwards, is always turning, turning; and as the patient buffalo goes on his ceaseless round, his driver shouts merry greetings from the bank.

Soon we pass into another region. On the west bank the sands of the desert,—dull gold with now and again a cross-current of red—have devoured the green land. Streaming on from the vast desert behind, they outvie the glacier in potency. Between them and humanity there is no truce; the land redeemed this year may be swallowed up by them the next. That beautiful desert, stretching its sleek length to the distant horizon, knows no mercy even to this poor narrow, green salvage of the Nile.

But it is the view on the east bank that arrests us. There, for many miles, stretch rows of low, black hills, volcano-like in shape, but with sharp summits; below them and around, as we found on landing, the desert is scattered with lava stones. At one time this must have been the scene of some great volcanic outburst. Fretting the blue sky, these peaks recall the form of the Great Pyramids at Memphis. May it be that the sight of those hills first suggested to the early Pharaohs the form of the Pyramids?

At sunset we climb the hill at Korosko, breaking loose from dragoman and captain, who croak dolefully of devouring hyenas. Looking down, we can see the whole great bend of the Nile at

¹ The sculptures date from the time of Rameses the Second. There is a coloured cast of them in the Egyptian section of the British Museum.

Korosko, in all the majesty of its enormous sweep. As we gaze, the southern hills change to purple, and then to utter blackness, outlined against the vivid glow of the sunset sky. The Libyan desert catches the reflection; the expanse of sand flushes red like the Alps after sundown, and passes through every shade of amber and orange into the dead gloom of night.

V

To-day we have seen Abu Simbel, one of the wonders of the world.

We had steamed for eight hours between banks far more prosperous than we have seen of late, groves of high palm trees, hedges of castor-oil bushes and henna trees, with always that margin of light green crops, barley, lentil, durrah, or lupins, which is the chief wealth of the country. The Nile is much lower and the current more rapid; the people are better clothed and housed.

The day has been very hot, and we are sitting on the upper deck, where the cool following wind from the north tempers the rays of the tropical sun. An English tea, with white napery, is laid out for us by our white-robed Arabs, while from below comes the beat of the tom-tom and the rhythmic chant of our happy-hearted crew.

The Arabian hills gradually draw nearer the river, until a big spur boldly thrusts forward to the very bank of the Nile. The INDIANA slackens speed, and, nearing the bank, approaches the bare face of these brown precipices.

Suddenly, out of the very rock above the fringe of palms and undergrowth, two great figures seem to be striding towards us with eyes looking beyond us to the east. These are the smaller of the rock-cut statues, and they stand in front of a temple dedicated by Rameses to Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, in token of his love for his favourite wife Nefertari.¹

The boat takes us swiftly by, and moors in front of another group, twice as great, and cut out of a greater cliff.² There are four figures in this group, all identical, seated, with hands spread out on colossal knees and open eyes gazing eastward. We

¹ They are thirty-three feet in height.

² They are sixty-five feet in height, and twenty-five feet across the chest.

have already seen that face so often in statues and sculptures that we cannot mistake it. It is Rameses the Second, Rameses the Magnificent, at once the Augustus and the Louis Quatorze of Egypt. He is here in the full prime and maturity of his strength, a picture of confident, reposeful, majestic power.

All the four figures are cut out of the living rock, and the southernmost of the four is still perfect. Across the face runs the grain of the red sandstone, seeming to give a flush of life to the cheek. The second statue from the south has been shattered from the waist upwards by some remote earthquake, and the upper half lies in chaotic ruin at the foot. To the north of this gapes the great door hewn out of the rock into the temple within. It is flanked beyond by the other two colossi, also somewhat shattered by time, but with their faces intact,—always the same face, calm and majestic. The shin of the fourth statue has but lately broken away, and the whole figure threatens to crumble. One knee and the seat of the fourth statue are shored up by little walls of stone. They were placed there more than three thousand years ago by the pious hand of Sethos the First, the grandson of Rameses. Travelling up the Nile to this outlying corner of his empire, he found his grandfather's temple already falling into neglect, and,—doubtless after much scolding of the priests—repaired it before returning to Thebes.

How have these statues, then, survived with so little loss from that day to the present? The answer is simple: they have been preserved, literally mummified, in sand.

Look up westward from the shore. Between the two hollowed rock-temples a great glacier of red sand runs down, perpetually invasive, from the Libyan desert. This was the sand-shroud that hid the statues when Burckhardt dug them out in 1813; this is the shroud that would soon hide them again but for the perpetual labour of man.

We climb the sand-hill and gaze at Rameses's face from the level of its sixty-five feet. It is a very living presentment. There is still the curve and smoothness of a human countenance at its best. With all their exceeding strength, there is little sign of cruelty in those eyes. There is even a certain benignity, or at least a serenity, as of one whose strength enabled him to despise the meaner acts of smaller rulers. Rameses may have been ruthless, and was certainly vain, but he does not look as if he could have ever been mean.

VI

In the afternoon and evening we explored the dim recesses of these hollowed mountains, these cave-temples floored and roofed and walled by the very earth herself.

A perpetual gloom lurks in their vast halls and aisles, and they have become the habitation of owls and bats. The bats are everywhere. As you grope your way in the gloom, with only the glimmer of your candle to break the darkness, you can hear the soft whisper of their wings, and feel every now and then the glancing touch of their flitting bodies.

Out of this gloom there gradually emerge definite pictured shapes. The temple of Nefertari is dedicated to the beauty of one cherished woman. On all the walls there winds a succession of beautiful forms, Isis, Hathor, and Nefertari; three exquisite women winding in and out as in some beautiful dance, slim, graceful, small-featured, gentle creatures, with the soft blue and yellow tints still on their robes and hair,—Nefertari offering gifts of the slender lotus flowers to the goddesses—the goddesses in their turn blessing Nefertari, or pouring over her a fountain of life and beauty as she stands between them, like Danae beneath the shower of gold.

But the best is yet to come.

Later in the evening, when the stars are out, we switch the electric power of our little motor on to the lamps now placed within the big temple of Rameses, and we are able to go within and see, as never man until this year has seen, this temple.

As we approach in the darkness, and see the light flooding from within the heart of the mountain, we seem about to disturb the priests at some great service of praise. And then comes a moment of awe and mystery. As one stands at the door the eye strikes down a vista between two rows of mighty columns, four on each side, thirty feet in height. The light falls on their capitals, and reveals once more the face of Rameses, strong, patient, serene. With folded arms holding the Osirian flail and crook of power, he bears on his Atlantean shoulders the weight of a mountain, as he has borne it for four thousand years.

The eye passes down the vista, beyond these columns, to dark shadowy spaces, where inner chambers and sanctuaries penetrate into the very bowels of the earth. Slowly, as the eyes grow

accustomed to the cloistered gloom of those recesses, there emerges out of the shadows a strange, shapeless, and yet human group. There are four figures, and they are seated on a stone seat in front of a low altar, both cut, like themselves, out of the living rock. There they sit motionless, and yet they seem to be gazing towards us. But as we come nearer we discover with a sort of horror that they are all blind and featureless, battered and bruised out of all facial semblance to humanity.

Then, as one gazes, the very ruin of these poor features lends a new touch of mystery. They seem to be looking at us through a veil. They look down the vista as through a thick, enwrapping cloud of darkness. They seem to typify some cruel, hidden power, waiting here, in the heart of the mountain, through long ages, for the tribute of some awful sacrifice.

To us it is the Twilight of the Gods.

But it is not so to Rameses; to him it is the welcome to the dawn, the glorification of the rising sun. For these figures are so precisely oriented that in certain weeks of the year, in February and March, the first rays of the rising sun strike through the great doorway, right athwart the great hall and sanctuaries beyond, on to the very faces of the seated figures.

Call it Osiris or Amen-Ra, or what they will, the real god of Egypt was ever the sun.

We go outside, oppressed by the heavy air within the mountain, and pass into the night. Above, the black vault of heaven glistens and twinkles with myriads of stars. Below, distinct in the silvery starlight, the great, mysterious river, mother of many empires, flows, dark and silent, towards the sea. We look back at the great rock. There, high above us, its outline looms black against the sky, massive, immense. Bright against that black background the light streams from the temple door, as if from a crowded cathedral; you almost expect to hear the strains of some solemn anthem or sacred chants. No sound comes. For thirty-five centuries the voices of those who hewed that fane have fallen silent; but the work of their hands endures, and will endure so long as the hills remain.

VII

Next afternoon we stood at the utmost limit of our journey, and looked southward from the summit of Abu Sir into the vast

desert of the Soudan. A hundred feet below us, at the foot of a sheer rock, flows the Nile, scattered and broken into a hundred streams. Now a rapid, and now a stagnant backwater, it forces a way through that vast waste of shining black granite rocks, tumbled and scattered like mighty pebbles, which forms the Second Cataract. The sun shone fiercely, and a glowing heat brooded over all. Beyond the blue river stretched the beautiful, illimitable waste of yellow sand, almost golden in the sunlight. The long horizon cut the blue sky, sharp and defined like the edge of ocean. There was only one break in that perfect round; far away to the south stood up two high peaks, clear and black against the blue sky, abrupt, solitary, remote.

The Peaks of Dongola our dragoon called them, and they mark the road to that distant land. They may be fifty miles away, but they seem to stand on the edge of the world.

Those peaks still call. As we turned slowly back to rejoin our little steamer at Wadi Halfa for the homeward voyage, they seemed to send to us from afar the thrill of that mysterious Nile-passion which has led so many on,—the passion to travel ever on and on, beyond the Cataracts, to those vast, far-distant river-wells.

HAROLD SPENDER

THE REPORT ON ECCLESIASTICAL DISCIPLINE

PROFESSOR POLLARD of London University, a follower of the late James Anthony Froude in method and spirit, with all Froude's love for England and with all his clear understanding of the English character, remarks in the preface to his Life of Cranmer that the Church of England continues to hold her own, not because of her claim to represent the Catholic ideal in this land, not because of her privileged position as the established representative of the nation's religious life, but because of the deep affection with which Englishmen regard the Book of Common Prayer.

For the last forty years or so, the English clergy have presumed upon that affection. They have used the prayer-book as the *corpus vile* whereon to make experiments in ceremonial, offering as a justification for the maddest freaks in adapting the customs of the decadent Churches of Southern Europe to the use of the hard-headed people of the North that famous little Ceremonial dictionary known as the Ornaments Rubric. The laity, it is true, have hitherto regarded the escapades of their spiritual pastors and masters with amused tolerance, being content to look on as upon children at their play. So long as there has been no positive interference with their own ways, no dislocation of their old-fashioned habits, they have put up with many things they have not liked, esteeming the clergy very highly in love for their works' sake.

But the laity have at last realised that the face of the Church of England is changing beneath their eyes, changing not only in the towns, where at all events, if the services of the parish church fail to please him, a man can find another to his taste, but also in the country, where men are helpless, and must attend a service which they may vehemently dislike, with no alternative save the local Dissenting chapel or complete abstention from public worship.

We have put up with, and are likely long to put up with, Puritan defects. The Englishman can but remember how much Puritanism has done for England, and however much he may dislike its eccentricities, not to say its irreverences, he does not feel that popular Protestantism is likely very greatly to impair the national ideal.

Of course, it is well to remember that there are two tendencies in the Church of England, each of them hallowed by the blood of martyrs. The school whose noblest representative, William Laud, laid down his head on the block on Tower Hill, to whose pupils and successors we owe our present prayer-book, has a right, and more than a right, to freedom in the Established Church. So, too, has that spirit of vehement protest against the Papal monarchy which has been burnt deep into English hearts by the Marian persecutions, when Englishmen learnt once for all the inevitable results of submission to the Western Church. But the question that has been driven home to our minds of late is this: is the Church of England to deny her past history, and to submit to the decrees of the Council of Trent?

The Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the matter and condition of Ecclesiastical Discipline has issued its report. An early paragraph of that report runs to this effect.

It does not follow that irregularities in the service of a church should be passed over because no habitual worshippers complain. Not only have all the parishioners a right to complain who might possibly attend if those services were differently conducted, but also the nation has a right to expect that in the national Church the services shall be conducted according to law.

They should be conducted not merely according to law, but in harmony with the spirit of the Church as revealed in her history since the Reformation and the Caroline Settlement. Now, it is quite clear that the mind of the nation has not been exercised by what the Commissioners call "non-significant breaches" of the law. The Commission was not summoned to deal with the slovenliness of popular Evangelical divines, nor even with curious fancy ritual of Bishops and Cathedral Chapters.

Here, of course, the High Churchman has some ground for complaint, for many of these "non-significant" practices seem to indicate a desire to go back upon the work of the Caroline divines. How can anyone, with a knowledge of the objections

of popular Protestantism to the ancient practice of fasting, regard as a non-significant practice the "disregard of the Rubric which orders the Curate to declare unto the people after the Nicene Creed what holy days or fasting days are in the week following to be observed"? Or that outrageous breach of Catholic tradition which consists in administering the consecrated bread and wine in silence, although the prayer-book definitely provides certain "words of administration," and makes no provision for their occasional omission on the ground of the prolonging of the service which inevitably takes place when there is a large number of communicants? This practice would seem to a High Churchman to be an effort to assimilate the Eucharist of the English Church to the Communion of the Dissident bodies.

But these instances, to name no others, are specimens of the judgment that a body of English gentlemen, chosen without any particular regard to their technical understanding of liturgical matters, naturally would pass on questions which do not seem to them of great moment. It must be admitted that some of the objections which they have considered seem to have been brought up by High Churchmen who were painfully anxious to cover their own shortcomings by setting forth the failings of their opponents.

We are surprised to find the Commissioners contradicting themselves in dealing with the practice of the omission of the Commandments and the collect (not, as they describe it, the prayer) for the King. They class it as a non-significant breach, and yet say that in certain cases "the omission is clearly suggestive of a desire to assimilate the service to the ancient form prior to the Reformation," and, we may add, to the modern service of the Church of Rome.

The marrow of the Report, of course, consists in what the Commissioners describe as "breaches having significance." Thirty-four in number, they are concerned with the teaching of those who are roughly classified by the ordinary Englishman as Ritualists.

It is to be regretted that a word of once honoured signification has been degraded into a party term. Of old the word meant one who was learned in the rites and ceremonies of the Church of Christ: Cranmer was a ritualist, and a very able one; Cosin was a ritualist; and Mr. Tomlinson of the Church Association, little as he would relish the term, is a ritualist of no small merit.

The present deadlock is very largely due to the fact that most of the clergy who have attempted to give a magnificent splendour to the services of the Church in England have not been ritualists in the old sense of the term.

The cause of the trouble under which we now suffer does not lie primarily with the clergy, who ought not to be regarded as a class of men so professionally narrow-minded as to be utterly careless of law and discipline. They are merely reaping the fruits of a long course of interference in ecclesiastical matters by the civil authorities.

For three hundred years the lawful and natural development of the Church has been hindered by the State, which has made ineffectual by its interference every effort of the former in the direction of uniformity. By the fact that episcopal appointments are in the hands of the State it has been frequently possible to direct the activity of the Church in accordance with the will of the civil powers.

The House of Commons, always hostile to the Church, was permitted to take upon itself to interfere in ecclesiastical affairs at a time when the Church gave the clearest indication of coming to some practical working arrangements,—that is, in the time of Charles the First—and this claim has been most unwarrantably maintained by the House of Commons to this day. Since the time of Charles the Church has always been hampered in every effort after an effectual and peaceable self-government, till finally every semblance of the right of legislating in her own concerns was taken from her by the action of the House of Hanover in the suppression of Convocation. The following hundred years did their work, and the English Church sank into a department of the Civil Service for the moral policing of the nation; her spiritual work became, as was to be expected, paralysed. When the new life of the Oxford Movement inspired her to burst her bonds, her activities were hampered at every turn by the dead conservative methods of the past.

Who that has the interests of the nation at heart would desire to see a return to the dark ages of the Church, however Protestant may be his sympathies?

But new life cannot exist without struggle and mistakes; the Church of the latter half of the nineteenth century could not continue on the lines of her palsied past, or rather on the lines of a very partial acceptance of the possibilities of the Book of Common

Prayer. Increased spirituality has its natural result in greater outward respect for spiritual things. The nation's increased spirituality enlarged the naturally lofty ideas of Englishmen as to reverence and beauty, with the result that the Church developed her outward ceremonial rapidly and decidedly to meet the results of her inconceivable spiritual advance. The Bishops, so far from exercising their natural leadership, were for many years opposed to all development. It was left to individual priests to take the initiative and to do the best they could for the furtherance of the influence of the Church on the souls of her people.

But unfortunately the English clergy have, with rare exceptions, ceased to be scholars for many a long day. *Clerus Anglus, stupor mundi* describes the learning of our priests no more.

The plain, practical men who first tried to gild the services of the prayer-book with the splendour which fitted them so well, had not the requisite knowledge to go back to the ancient ceremonial of the English Church, which for the most part had been lost or made impossible in the turbulent times when her rulers had robbed her of her ornaments throughout the length and breadth of the land. Ceremonial was a necessity, and they turned to a source which was near at hand,—the Church of Rome—forgetful or ignorant of the fact that in the ceremonial revival of Charles the First's reign men had turned their eyes to the Eastern Church when they desired to improve their own liturgical practice. They adapted the ceremonial of the Church against which their very existence as ministers of a Reformed Church was a protest. Some fitted Roman ceremonial in a simple way to the services it was never meant for; others tried to dress the stiff and stately prayer-book in the foreign costume of the Church of Rome. It was not done maliciously at first, for the older ritualists had a fanatic hate of Rome; it was done in simple ignorance and in good faith. The result is that the bewildered layman finds scarce two churches with services alike, and in practice the Church in this country seems to be in the impossible condition of not knowing what is her own ceremonial. Every individual vicar can do, and does, what he considers best, and the luckless assistants have often, for bread's sake, to conform to what they cordially dislike.

The clergy of the Established Church seem to be oblivious of the fact that they are as much bound by their ordination vows to

the use of a particular type of ceremonial as to celebrate the Eucharist and to study the Bible. They are bound to the ceremonial of the second year of King Edward the Sixth, not to the ceremonial of the Post-Tridentine Missal interpreted by the Congregation of Sacred Rites.

But the adapted Roman rite has been too long generally accepted to be put away suddenly. Whatever is to be done must be done soon, if this present state of chaos is to end in anything short of disestablishment, with all its dire results for Church and nation. The question with which the Commissioners have dealt is not whether coloured silk clothes, or sweet-scented gums, or so many feet of wax candles are to be used in the worship or not ; it is whether our worship is to be recognisable as that of the Church of England.

The position is a grave one. There are some who would commit us to the theory that the Reformation was one vast mistake ; that all the chaotic condition of English Christianity is due to it ; that the sooner we assimilate our services to those of the Western Church the sooner we shall arrive at a possibility of reunion with our Roman brethren, and so present a united front to the enemies of the Lord in this land. And thus we have forced upon us, in the name of a theory which the English Church has never known, not the unreformed doctrines and practices, after all of home growth, with which we parted company some three hundred and fifty years ago, but the darker developments of those doctrines, hardened and crystallised by clear Western minds,—errors, in a word, settled down into doctrines.

There are others who would assure us that they do not intend to teach Roman doctrine by the use of Roman ceremonial. Surely actions speak louder than words ; and when one sees distinctly Roman practices adopted without any support of authority, one cannot rid oneself of the historical connotation which they bear and suggest.

Some of the practices the Commissioners stigmatise are really things indifferent, which the common sense of Englishmen has long since preferred to drop. Others are practices which can be used in one way to express the doctrine of the Western Church, and in another need not express anything which is counter to our tradition. But there are also a number of practices on which the Commissioners have proclaimed war to the knife, as peculiar to the doctrinal system of Rome. These must go. No

doubt the Elevation of the Host is an august, though not very ancient, ceremony, but it symbolises a theory of Eucharistic Presence which the Church has repudiated. The widest-spread offence of the Ritualists of to-day is the interpolation of the prayers surrounding what answers to the prayer of consecration in the Roman rite into the service of the prayer-book. They are partly revivals of practices which the Church of this land definitely discarded at the Reformation, partly innovations copied directly from the modern practice of the Western Church. This is scarcely the place to go into them at length. Let us single out three practices of the Western school among the Ritualists: the august ceremony of the Elevation of the Host, interpolations from alien sources into the present Communion office, and the deliberate disuse of English custom in favour of that of the modern Roman Church.

It is clear to any man who has given the smallest study to the history of the changes which took place in the reigns of Edward the Sixth and Elizabeth that the Elevation of the Host was utterly disused. The first prayer-book of Edward definitely says that the recital of the Institution must be said, "turning still to the altar, without any elevation, or showing the Sacrament to the people." The Eighteenth Article of Religion states that "the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not, by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped." Elizabeth left her chapel when Bishop Oglethorpe of Carlisle refused to comply with her injunction not to elevate the Host. John Johnson, the author of *THE UNBLOODY SACRIFICE*, repudiated the accusation of this practice which a Roman controversial opponent brought against him in the seventeenth century. It is a custom which grew up with the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and was abandoned together with the doctrine it symbolised.

It is hard to find justification for the insertion of prayers from either the Roman or the Salisbury rite in the service of our prayer-book. Attempts have been made to justify it on the grounds that such interpolations are to be regarded as the priest's private devotions; or else it has been alleged that the present rite is inadequate, and must be supplemented from other sources.

One may answer in reply to the first excuse that prayers cannot be regarded as private which are practically unvarying, whose actual words are known or may be easily found in certain manuals intended for the laity, and which are said in the official

attitude of the celebrant, accompanied by their proper ceremonial actions. With regard to the allegation that the service of the prayer-book is maimed by the omission of certain venerable prayers, and that the literal text of the Communion office is scarcely sufficient for a valid consecration, it is self-evident that the unauthorised action of private individuals cannot make up for defects in the worship of the Church. As a matter of fact, nearly all the prayers that many of the ritualists add to the public service are to be found in a more or less abbreviated form scattered through our office, so that the use of the Gregorian Canon seems to be little better than a vain repetition. If the only really Catholic office is that which is made perfect by additions from other rites, then the majority of masses said by Evangelicals and Moderates are of precarious validity.

It is difficult to conceive a more extraordinary assumption than that the validity of the services of a Church depends on certain prayers which are not to be found in her authorised books, and to which she makes no allusion whatsoever in her formularies. Either our office is sufficient for the Consecration of the Eucharist, or it is not. In the latter case, men who find that they cannot accept the prayer-book as it stands, without addition or subtraction, had better seek a Church where they will find what they regard as a valid mass, and where incidentally they will have to obey their superiors.

The Commissioners, not being liturgical experts, but merely a number of fair-minded English gentlemen of, for the most part, Erastian views, have failed to express clearly the vital cause of the mischief. As it is not a point whose significance appears at once to the average layman, we may be excused for labouring it at some length.

It is the question of Roman against English use. English use means simply an obedience to the Ornaments Rubric as it stands, an honest acceptance of the limits which it imposes on the use of the ceremonial of ancient time. It does not mean that we are at liberty to employ in our services any ornament which we can find mentioned in a sixteenth century inventory of Church goods, but only so many of them as are needed for the exact performance of the services of our present prayer-book.

At all times of their ministrations: that cuts out the monstrance or vessel in which the Holy Sacrament was carried during a

procession, probably the hanging pyx, as we have no provision made for the custom of reservation, certainly the stoup and brush for the holy water, the pax with which the kiss of peace was given in the older rites, the canopy for the Holy Sacrament, and many another forgotten piece of the craftsman's work.

However quaint it may be in its outward manifestations, the spirit which underlies this feeling is one of loyalty to the Church as she stands. The observance of the liturgical practices of the present Roman rite is justified on some such grounds as the following.

Roman ceremonial is simple, and better calculated to set forth Catholic teaching than the somewhat involved English rite. In observing it we can appeal to definite contemporary practice whenever we are in a difficulty as to what we ought to do; we are following not merely the results of the studies of a few liturgical scholars, but of the combined experience of many thousands of clergy in all lands; we are in visible agreement, not with a dead and buried rite, the adoption of which would put us out of harmony with the rest of the Western Church, but with the common form of worship enjoyed by more than one hundred and fifty millions of our fellow Catholics in Western Christendom. Its rules are clear and readily ascertainable, and as the English Church has lost its ceremonial tradition, owing to the confusion on the subject which has reigned in this country since the Reformation, it is best to borrow from the Church which has never lost its ceremonial continuity. For instance, the sequence of colour followed by the Roman Church is much clearer than the English, and much less expensive. It would take too long to develope this argument in detail, but we would wish to ask whether it is not true that simplicity can be sometimes bought at the expense of beauty and even of clearness. Why should the festivals of minor saints be kept in the same colour as the feast-days of our Lord? Why should no distinction in colour be made between Advent, with its note of subdued joy, and the sorrowful character of Lent? In Lent itself should it not be made evident to the eye that there is a difference between the first four weeks of fasting and the Passion and Holy Weeks which commemorate the Redeemer's death? The English rite does all these things; the Roman rite does no one of them.

But why should any deference be paid to the Church of which the Articles say : "The Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith" ? Surely it amounts to a virtual abandoning of the whole Anglican position. The Established Church has dropped the Roman connection, to put it mildly, and this modern spirit seems to be going behind the Reformation settlement. This is the tendency that the Report of the Royal Commission deals with, although it does not express it in so many words.

Is there, then, no remedy for this curious state of anarchy ? Have we or have we not a ceremonial law ? If it is the Ornaments Rubric, then the English school is absolutely master of the situation, and it is along the lines of a strict obedience to the Ornaments Rubric that a solution of our difficulties will be found. But it may be that a newer ceremonial is required, a ceremonial which will fit the altered circumstances of the Church ; for we cannot go on for ever with the law of our worship bound indissolubly to the state of things which was perfectly satisfactory three hundred and fifty years ago.

Who is to say what is right ?

It is not the place of the Government to claim authority in ecclesiastical matters. History has abundantly shown that any such interference would be more than disastrous, for the clergy would repudiate the right of the civil power to interfere, and would resist any such attempt to the uttermost. The present Government, if it try to bring about any such legislation as a result of the Report, will fail to produce any result.

Nothing, on the other hand, can be done by the Bishops alone. They have for these many years tried in an unorganised and disunited way to keep down the level on one side and to raise it on the other ; but each Bishop has acted by himself, and the grounds of each Bishop's action have been ill defined. In practice they have acted like so many little popes, and have claimed and expected on canonical grounds obedience to their commands whether lawful or not. In the first place, few of our Bishops are men of learning, and consequently their opinions on many matters, however interesting they may be, carry but little weight. The climax to action on these lines came when the two Archbishops gave an opinion on ceremonial, and expected an opinion to be regarded as a judgment. But Bishops are not law-makers ; they are themselves subject to ecclesiastical law,

such as it is. They are to administer the law, and are not a law in themselves. The Church of England is a constitutional Church, whose discipline is founded on the Canons of 1603 and the Book of Common Prayer, and the Bishops can no more override these authorities than the lower clergy can.

All clergymen take an oath at their ordination to accept the Canons (that is, of 1603) and the prayer-book, which joint authorities form the constitution of the Church of England and are in full force. But the two authorities are of a different character, and are not in agreement. The prayer-book is, of course, comparatively permanent in character, but the Canons of 1603 naturally bear the stamp of the times in which they came into existence. The prayer-book of 1603 has been revised, but the Canons have been subjected to no revision which brings them up to our present needs. To take the burning point: the Canons order the surplice in parish churches and a cope in cathedrals at the Holy Communion; the prayer-book of 1603 maintains the Ornaments Rubric ordering the older vestments, and in 1661 the Rubric was deliberately retained, though the meaning of it was pointed out to the Bishops at the Savoy Conference. Here we have a contradiction, the result being that obedience cannot be given to both.

The only successful method of dealing with the internal affairs of the Church must be a constitutional method. Let Convocation take the matter in hand and bring the Canons into accord with the times, making any necessary additions, and giving a wide but more or less definite statement of permissible ceremonial. It must be wide, it need not be vague; then we should have a use of the Church of England, permitting vestments or surplice, and making general provision for the employment of ceremonial on all occasions. The revised Canons would be proffered at ordination to all candidates. These they must and will accept, and obedience to them can be lawfully demanded and insisted upon. Much of the lawlessness of modern time is due to the fact that no provision has been made by authority for modern needs. Were there any, there would be no ground for complaint among the diverse schools of the Ritualists; if only the Church would say definitely what her use is to be, we should find that even the Romanisers would fall into line.

Obedience can only be required to lawful commands. Let the Church be quite clear as to her own laws, and the clergy will

gladly and loyally give the obedience which is truly and really canonical.

If Convocation is really to do its part as the Parliament of the Church, instead of being a sort of debating society for the higher clergy, the question of the proper representation of the clergy must come up. The assistant clergy, a class scarcely existing in 1603, now number thousands, and include many men of intellect among them. They must have the right to vote in the elections for Convocation. Thus would the Church be strengthened for her task. The Bishops would find such a Convocation a body of the utmost assistance to them in their exercise of a rule lawful, benevolent, and just.

Some measures should also be taken to restore a semblance of unity to the public services of the Church. Too long has the Establishment spoken in feeble and faltering tones. Anarchy is not the will of God, nor is it acceptable to the English people. We may find too soon that a Church which cannot fit herself to changed conditions of life and thought will meet the fate of that tree of which it is written: "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

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