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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES

NUMBER 2

VOLUME I

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DECEMBER 1905



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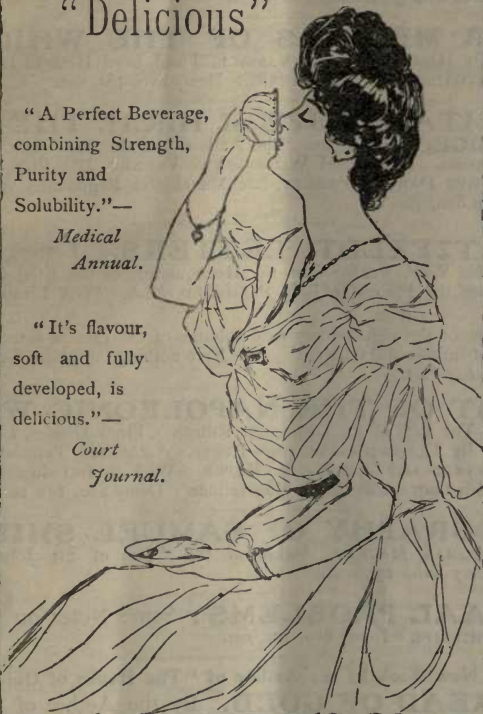
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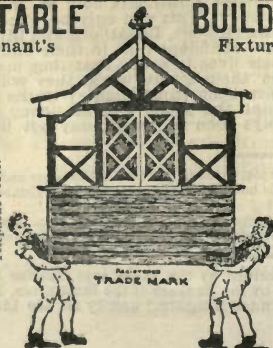
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December, 1905

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(No. 2. NEW SERIES, DECEMBER, 1905)

## THE ENEMY'S 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 manoeuvres 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 gamblers 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 réchauffés*." 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 owned 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 MATHÉMATIQUES 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 MATHÉMATIQUES DE FEU: TRADUITS LITTÉRALEMENT 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.

RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA.

## 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 Khirka, 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 in 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.

[No. 2.—NEW SERIES.

November, 1905.]

## MACMILLAN & CO.'S RECENT AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

*A Monthly List containing Descriptive Notes, a Classified List of Announcements, and a Classified List of the New Books published between October 26 and November 24, 1905.*

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED—LONDON: St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.; CALCUTTA: 309 Bow Bazar Street; BOMBAY: 44 Hornby Road; MELBOURNE: 8 The Block, Collins and Elizabeth Streets.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY—NEW YORK: 66 Fifth Avenue; BOSTON: 120 Boylston Street; CHICAGO: 378-388 Wabash Avenue; ATLANTA: Fourth National Bank Building; SAN FRANCISCO: 319-325 Sansome Street.

### Books as Presents

In the preparation of the Notes contained in the present list it has been thought desirable to include only books that would ordinarily be chosen for presentation. Works of a purely scientific or technical character have, therefore, been excluded from special notice, but some particulars of these will be found in the Catalogue Section.

It is hoped that the information here given respecting the more prominent of the new books that make their appeal to the general reader may serve as a useful guide to the public which regards an addition to the library as the most suitable memento of the Christmas season. The Notes supply details of important works of Biography, History, and Travel; on English Literature; and the most popular works of Fiction.

No. 2—VOL. I

### Lord Randolph Churchill

Mr. Winston Churchill's book on Lord Randolph Churchill will be published on the 5th of January next.

Mr. Winston Churchill has already made his mark as a writer of originality and distinction, and when it became known that he was engaged on a book dealing in an exhaustive manner with the brilliant career of his father, the liveliest anticipations were aroused in all circles where an interest is taken in the public life of the country. Lord Randolph Churchill occupied so conspicuous a position among his contemporaries in political life, and impressed his personality so effectively on the public mind of his time, that it was immediately recognised that a book dealing adequately with the subject must possess more than ordinary interest for English readers.

Here is a word-picture of the ancestral home of the Churchills, taken from the early pages of this book, which is indicative of the attractive style of Mr. Churchill's profoundly interesting narrative:—

“The whole region is as rich in history as in charm, for the antiquity of Woodstock is not measured by a thousand years, and Blenheim is heir to all the memories of Woodstock. Here kings—Saxon, Norman, and Plantagenet—have held their Courts. Here Ethelred the Unready, Alfred the Great, Queen Eleanor, the Black Prince, loom in vague majesty out of the past. Woodstock was notable before the Norman Conquest. It was already a borough when the Domesday Book was being compiled. The park was walled to keep the foreign wild beasts of Henry I. Fair Rosamond's Well still bubbles by the lake. From the gatehouse of the old manor the imprisoned Princess Elizabeth watched the years of Mary's persecution. In the tumults of the Civil Wars, Woodstock House was held for King Charles by an intrepid officer through a long and bitter siege and ravaged by the victorious Roundheads at its close. And beyond the most distant of these events in the dim backward of time the Roman generals administering the districts east and west of Akeman Street had built their winter villas in that pleasant, temperate retreat; so that Woodstock and its neighbourhood were venerable and famous long before John Churchill, in the early years of the eighteenth century, superimposed upon it the glory of his victories over the French.”

The publishers feel that they are justified in calling attention to this book as the most interesting and important publication of the present season, both by reason of its remarkable literary qualities, and also as an adequate appreciation of the character and work of one of the most striking

figures of the nineteenth century in English public life.

The work occupies two octavo volumes, and contains several portraits of Lord Randolph at various periods of his life, two portraits of Lady Randolph Churchill, and some other illustrations, which include a *facsimile* reproduction of a letter from Queen Victoria.

### *A Suggestion*

Although Mr. Churchill's work will not be ready before Christmas, its publication will follow so soon after that it is thought that the book need not necessarily be excluded from the consideration of those who prefer to present books to their friends at that season. It is suggested that, by means of a signed order to a bookseller to deliver the volumes on publication, the work may still be rendered available as a Christmas present. The order can be sent direct to the friend at Christmas-time, and the recipient will in due course claim the book as soon as it is ready. The booksellers have been provided with special order forms for the use of persons who desire to adopt this method.

### Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood

The many beautiful illustrations to Mr. Holman Hunt's work on *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood* form a distinctive feature of great interest. The first volume contains nineteen photogravure plates, and in the second there are twenty-one. These plates are reproductions of some of the

most famous and characteristic pictures of the artist, including *The Lady of Shalott*, *Lorenzo and Isabella*, *The Beloved*, *The Light of the World*, two versions of *The Hireling Shepherd*, *The Awakened Conscience*, *The Scapegoat*, *Isabella and the Pot of Basil*, *Christ among the Doctors*, and *The Shadow of Death*. Two portraits of Mr. Holman Hunt by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., are also given. Besides the plates there are over 150 illustrations in the text, mainly by Mr. Hunt himself, but Millais, Rossetti, Leighton, Ford Madox Brown, and other contemporary artists of note are also represented.

These particulars of the illustrations in Mr. Holman Hunt's work indicate that no pains have been spared to give an appropriate form to one of the most important books on English Art that has appeared for many years. It gives, for the first time, the true and complete history of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and corrects the manifold inaccuracies of previous historians and commentators. The interest of the work is not only professional, for the narrative will appeal to all who follow intelligently the intellectual movements of the time. It affords intimate glimpses of many of the most notable figures in the world of art and letters, as well as in other walks of life, and it will be found that the author is possessed of a very attractive and readable style.

The following quotation gives a vivid impression of Carlyle in one of his most characteristic moments:

"It was Carlyle's second visit to my studio that best revealed the inner nature of the man, when 'The Awakened Conscience' and 'The Light of the World' were just completed. He spoke approv-

ingly of the first, but . . . turning to the other, he spoke in terms of disdain. 'You call that thing, I ween, a picture of Jesus Christ. Now you cannot gain any profit to yourself, except in mere pecuniary sense, or profit anyone else on earth, in putting into shape a mere papistical fantasy like that, for it can only be an inanity, or a delusion to everyone that may look on it. It is a poor misshaped presentation of the noblest, the brotherliest, and the most heroic-minded Being that ever walked God's earth. Do you ever suppose that Jesus walked about bedizened in priestly robes and a crown, and with yon jewels on His breast, and a gilt aureole around His head? Ne'er crown nor pontifical robe did the world e'er give to such as Him. Well—and if you mean to represent Him as the spiritual Christ, you have chosen the form in which He has been travestied from the beginning by worldlings who have recorded their own ambitions as His, repeating Judas' betrayal to the high priests. You should think frankly of His antique heroic soul: if you realised His character at all you wouldn't try to make people go back and worship the image that the priests have invented of Him, to keep men's silly souls in meshes of slavery and darkness.'

We have not space to follow the whole course of a much lengthier criticism. It is interesting to know that it arose from a great disappointment, which these words explain:

"I'll tell ye what my interest in the matter is. I have a screen at home, and on it I have put portraits, the best I can anyhow get—often enough I have to be content with very poor ones—of all the men that ever were on earth who have helped to make us something better than wild beasts of rapine and havoc. . . . By the help of these effigies I can conjure each up to my eyes as though he were an old acquaintance, and I can call up more or less vividly many a man of the time that has come since; but that grandest of all beings, that Jesus of heavenly omens, I have no means whatever of raising up

to my sight with any accredited form. . . . I am only a poor man, but I can say in serious truth that I'd thankfully give one-third of all the little store of money saved for my wife and old age, for a veritable contemporary representation of Jesus Christ, showing Him as He walked about while He was trying with His ever-inevitable soul to break down the obtuse stupidity of the cormorant-minded, bloated gang who were doing, in desperate contention, their utmost to make the world go devilward with themselves."

### Mr. Crawford's Venice

With their many beautiful pictures by Mr. Joseph Pennell, the two volumes containing Mr. Marion Crawford's *Gleanings from Venetian History* are the outcome of a very happy combination of author and artist. As we have said before, Mr. Crawford has, in the varied and picturesque history of Venice, found a subject that appeals with peculiar force to his passion for Italy, the land of art and poetry, and his great gift of historic imagination has perhaps never been more strikingly exemplified than in the present work. His "Gleanings" have been made from the whole period of recorded history, and it may safely be said that since the time "when Europe rang with the cry of fear—"The Huns are upon us!"—on the day when the first fugitives, blind with terror, stumbled ashore upon the back of one of the sand whales in the lagoon, and dared not go back,"—since, that is, Venice began to exist,—no incident of first importance has escaped Mr. Crawford's notice and the illuminating treatment of his graphic pen. He is careful to point out to his readers that

"we are not concerned scientifically with the origin of the Venetian people or of

their name; we need not go back to the legendary days of the first great struggle between Asia and Europe, in the hope of proving that the Venetians were of the great Scythian race and took the side of Troy against the injured Atrides.

"Venice was Venice from the first, and is Venice still, a person in our imagination, almost more than a place. . . . She is a form of beauty, and must be looked upon as that and nothing else; not critically, for criticism means comparison, and Venice is too personal and individual, and too unlike other cities to be fairly compared with them; not coldly, for she appeals to the senses and to the human heart, and craves a little warmth of sympathy; above all, not in a spirit of righteous severity, for he who would follow her story must learn to forgive her almost at every step.

"She has paid for her mistakes with all save her inextinguishable life; she has expiated her sins of ill-faith, of injustice and ingratitude, by the loss of everything but her imperishable charm; the power and the will to do evil are gone from her with her empire, and her name stands on the subject-roll of another's kingdom; she is a widowed and dethroned queen, she is a lonely and lovely princess; she is the Andromeda of Europe, chained fast to her island, and trembling in fear of the monster Modern Progress, whose terrible roar is heard already from the near mainland of Italy, across the protecting water."

It will be seen from these extracts that the methods of the dry-as-dust historian have not been adopted in the production of this notable work. The story of Venice, as told here, is as full of fascination and vivid interest as the most exciting novel. In the matters, too, of typography, binding, and illustrations the volumes are sent out in a most attractive form.

## The Re-shaping of the Far East

Mr. Putnam Weale dedicates his new book, "To all Anglo-Saxons this message from the Uttermost East," and readers of his former work on *Manchu and Muscovite* will be prepared to find in its successor a narrative written in vigorous language, with opinions expressed freely and in plain terms, and, more valuable than all else, an account of events of the first importance that is based on an intimate personal acquaintance with the countries concerned.

Mr. Weale does not believe that the Portsmouth settlement will ensure a long-continued period of peace in the Far East. Writing a month or two before the agreement between Russia and Japan was arrived at, he says in his preface :

"Too many already conclude that if Russia is finally driven across the Amur, or even decides on peace at any price, everything will be quiet in the Far East for decades to come, without any other work being necessary than that which may be accomplished by the victorious Japanese armies.

"Such is not the case.

"Until China has become a powerful country, able to manage her own affairs, intrigues in which all will be concerned will never cease. That Japan can ever control China is a vain dream, for China is too big and has too much latent strength to be handled by any one country successfully. Should public opinion in England succeed in at last awakening the British Government to a sense of its responsibilities in China and to the necessity for instant action, there is no reason why the next thirty or forty years should not be peaceful ones. But if the matters herein touched upon are not properly understood and steps are not taken to deal with every

point which needs dealing with, there will be another war in a very few years. This is a point to which great attention should be directed.

"In support of all the strong and uncompromising opinions expressed in the pages which follow, I may, perhaps, state with some pardonable pride that almost every word in *Manchu and Muscovite* has been verified by the march of events in Manchuria, and that in no case have any of my statements, first received a little incredulously in certain quarters, been proved to be anything but the barest facts."

Mr. Weale's latest work forms a valuable summary of the political history of the last ten years in China, Manchuria, Korea, and Japan. He explains how these countries have become entangled with each other and with rival European nations in a manner that is probably without parallel in the world's history. The progress of the great war is very fully dealt with, and the whole work is copiously illustrated by photographs. We have previously referred to the remarkable character of those which depict war scenes. They were taken by Japanese military photographers, and have been lent by the Japanese Government for the purposes of this work.

## Mr. O'Brien's Recollections

Of his book Mr. O'Brien says: "These pages have no pretension to be a history of our times. They aim at nothing beyond recording incidents of which I have some personal cognisance." The author, nevertheless, brings a strong light to bear upon the inner working of the exciting times of which he writes, while the charm of his vivacious style makes the book

entertaining from beginning to end. He begins by telling of his childhood's days, and strikes the keynote of his character in his unbounded loyalty and admiration for his friends and country.

Describing the Fenian Rising in 1867, he says :—

“It was a crisis when Napoleon's aphorism, ‘In war, men are nothing, a man is everything,’ was especially to the point. . . . The Rising when it did take place was little better than a display of fireworks, where even the fireworks did not go off for want of gunpowder. . . . A couple of days before the Rising, my brother ” (he took an active part in the movement) “appealed to me for a few shillings . . . and confided to me that the money was required to release from the pawn office the Captain's topcoat, which he had been obliged in his pecuniary extremities to pledge ! ”

With the entrance of Parnell upon the scene in 1878, the book becomes still more engrossing. A note from Mr. O'Brien's journal thus describes him in the first days of their intimacy :—

“He has captured me, heart and soul, and is bound to go on capturing. A sweet seriousness *au fond*, any amount of nervous courage, a delicate reserve, without the smallest suspicion of hauteur ; strangest of all, humour ; above everything else, simplicity. As romantic as Lord Edward, but not to be shaken from prosier methods. In any case a man one could suffer with proudly.”

Later on we have a striking picture of the man “at the meridian height of his power as a leader of men.”

“After a few days' rest in his Wicklow

home, testing the gold-washings of the river that ran through his demesne, or pondering over his pet problems in trigonometry, he made a triumphant entry into Dublin, with a hundred thousand men all but tearing him and one another limb from limb in the paroxysms of their frantic allegiance. It was after midnight when he escaped from their frantic embraces. By the morning train he was on his way to a County Convention at Maryborough ; the next day he addressed the Central Branch of the Land League ; a night afterwards he was at the head of the multitude who welcomed Father Sheehy on his release from jail ; within the same week he was in the midst of the most exciting scene of all, among his own constituents of Cork City, of all the hot Keltic race the hottest in their ecstasies and the most bewitching in their clinging tenderness.”

A vivid impression is given us of the six months that Mr. O'Brien spent in prison at Kilmainham. Among the company there confined were Parnell, O'Kelly, Dillon, Brennan, Kenny, and Kettle, and we see them meeting together to discuss the Manifesto of the No-Rent Movement, a Movement which, we are told, was produced by “Forster's colossal blunder” in arresting Parnell. Also, says Mr. O'Brien,

“It was another of the singularities of the Forsterian tragi-comedy, that I was able throughout the No-Rent Movement to supply the journalistic stimulus and direction of the movement weekly from within the walls of Kilmainham Jail ; and that, while he was pursuing *United Ireland* in a fever from city to city of Ireland and of Great Britain, in at least ten of which it was published in turn, the writer of almost the whole of the perilous stuff that so weighed upon his bosom was all the time in his own custody.”



In the summer of 1882, Mr. O'Brien was advised by Parnell to stand as a candidate for the vacant seat of Mallow. He was successful by 161 votes against 89,

"which was for Mallow a majority more stupefying than one of thousands would be in a modern London constituency. The scene in the Court-house when the numbers were declared was the most extraordinary scene of universal delirium I have ever witnessed."

His election to Parliament is the last of these "Recollections." This book has not a dull page from beginning to end. It is full of wild adventures, of tender devotion, and fearless daring, besides affording intimate glimpses of the inner workings of Irish politics during a stormy period.

### Dr. Courthope's History of English Poetry

*Athenæum*.—"It exhibits . . . wide and accurate knowledge, a fine literary instinct, a lucid and interesting style. . . . We sincerely wish a wide circulation to a work of such excellent culture."

*Saturday Review*.—"A solid contribution to scholarship."

*Standard*.—"Will take rank as an English classic of the first order."

To the particulars furnished in the Notes of last month of the fifth volume of this important work we now append the headings of the fourteen chapters contained in the book:—

#### I. Effects of the Classical Re-

naissance on Modern European Poetry—II. The Whig Victory—III. The Whig Victory—IV. Reconstruction of the Social Standard of Taste—V. The Development of the Familiar Style in English Versification—VI. Alexander Pope—VII. Development of the Ethical School of Pope—VIII. Decline of Social and Political Satire—IX. Translations of the Classics in the Eighteenth Century—X. Philosophical English Poetry in the Eighteenth Century: Influence of Deism, Nature-Worship, Liberty, and the Arts—XI. Religious Lyrical Poetry in the Eighteenth Century: Influence of the Methodist Movement—XII. The Early Romantic Movement in English Poetry—XIII. The Poetical Drama in the Eighteenth Century—XIV. A Survey of English Poetry in the Eighteenth Century.

Dr. Courthope's Prefatory Note contains an interesting explanation:—

"In view of certain comments which have been made on previous volumes of this History, I would remind the reader that my design from the first has not been to furnish an exhaustive list of the English poets as individuals, but rather to describe the movement of English Poetry as an Art illustrating the evolution of national taste. The poets whose works are here considered are treated as having contributed something characteristic towards this movement; but I have not thought it necessary to dwell on the lives and writings of versifiers such as Ambrose Philips, Beattie, Aaron Hill, and others, whose names appear in collections like those of Anderson and Chalmers; their poetry having too little distinctive character for my purpose."

## Tennyson's "In Memoriam"

The new edition of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, with the author's own notes, which is announced for early publication, will naturally excite great interest among students of the poet. The poem has always attracted the ingenious commentator to an uncommon extent, and the curious in such matters will now have an opportunity of comparing many published interpretations of the allusive passages with the explanations of the poet himself.

## Canon Ainger's Literary Remains

With the two volumes of *Lectures and Essays*, Canon Beeching completes the task laid upon him by Canon Ainger's executors of editing his literary remains. An excellent choice has been made of what seemed best to publish. Of the Lectures, the greater number were delivered at the Royal Institution, and the Essays have been collected from *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *Pilot*, and other periodicals. Among the former there are three on Shakespeare and three on Swift; others on Cowper, Burns, and Scott, and such fascinating subjects as "True and False Humour in Literature," "Euphuism, Past and Present," and "Children's Books of a Hundred Years Ago." In connection with these Canon Beeching says:

"I have spoken of these lectures as enforcing lessons, and the description will, I think, be allowed as on the whole a true one. For with all his sensitiveness to beauty of form and expression, Ainger's interest in literature was in the

main ethical. He was the product of a time when our English poets and imaginative writers were largely concerned with ideas, and when critics were largely occupied in discussing the ideas of their authors. He belonged, that is to say, to the era of Tennyson and Browning, of Thackeray and Dickens. Our own age, being less creative, has pushed criticism further into detail, and has confined it within more strictly æsthetic bounds. But Ainger, having the happiness to live in one of the great ages of creative impulse, found his attention necessarily fixed on the larger aspects of literature, and so naturally restricted his attention to these in discussing other great literary periods."

One of the most delightful of the Essays, full of fun and drollery, is that on "Mr. Dickens's Amateur Theatricals: a Reminiscence," which goes back to the writer's schooldays, and which was written as long ago as 1870. Not inaptly the volumes close with an article on "Books and their Uses," written by Canon Ainger while he was still an undergraduate at Cambridge. It is included

"as a curiosity of literature, because it displays thus early not a few of the preferences, and perhaps a few of the prejudices also, with which a large circle of friends were presently to become familiar . . . and throughout there is a diffused feeling that literature, great as it is, must subserve higher interests."

## Mr. Kipling's "They"

This beautiful little story appeared last year in *Traffics and Discoveries*. It is now issued in a volume by itself, with fifteen illustrations in colour by Mr. F. H. Townsend, and forms a gift-book of a distinctive and attractive character.

*What the Reviewers say of a  
Group of New Novels of  
Exceptional Interest*

Soprano. A Portrait  
By Marion Crawford

SOME EARLY NOTICES.

*The World*.—"As a revelation of the life of the lyric stage, Mr. Marion Crawford's novel is highly interesting and curious. It leaves the outsider no illusions. The author gives us 'the opera' as the public does not see or picture it; he shows the apartness of it from the social rule; he treats it as a separate state, with laws and speech, conventions, *mœurs*, and manners, which must and do transform those who cross their own boundaries to enter it. The realism with which all this is put is very fine."

*Daily Telegraph*.—"Absorbing up to the close . . . a thoroughly attractive story . . . a story which holds us by its clever character-portrayal and pleases us by the manner of its telling, its frequency of epigram, its occasional cynicism, its interesting situations."

*Morning Leader*.—"In *Soprano* Mr. Crawford is at his best . . . One of the most amusing and interesting books of the season."

*Academy*.—"Always interesting, and told with the author's deep knowledge of human nature, and his unvarying charm."

Kipps. By H. G. Wells

*Spectator*.—"We have found *Kipps* in many ways the most human and sympathetic of Mr. Wells' stories."

*Daily Mail*.—"The readers of this engrossing story will be innumerable."

*Times*.—"An admirable and enchanting novel."

*Daily Telegraph*.—"For sustained humour, shrewd drollery, and quiet fun, we do not know a single book that is at all comparable to Mr. H. G. Wells' latest novel."

*Daily News*.—"The best story Mr. Wells has yet given us."

*Standard*.—"Alive to the finger-tips. . . . Really uncommonly fine."

*Academy*.—"The most amusing book, and at the same time the tenderest book, that Mr. Wells has ever written."

*Pall Mall Gazette*.—"It will be no more possible to omit consideration of *Kipps* in any study of social fiction, than it would be to omit consideration of *The Pickwick Papers*."

*Daily Graphic*.—"A fine piece of work."

*Westminster Gazette*.—"Brilliantly written. . . . It is a rare pleasure to come upon a book so compact with knowledge and experience, and yet wrought with so much art and skill."

*King*.—"It is a touching, yet constantly amusing book. . . . The most human, touching, and, in our opinion, the most amusing book Mr. Wells has ever written."

*Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*.—"In every sense the best of good reading."

*Observer*.—"The interest and humour never flag."

*World*.—"The whole book is highly entertaining."

*Globe*.—"A novel to be ranked among Mr. H. G. Wells' best work in his later style."

The House of Mirth  
By Edith Wharton

*Spectator*.—"A finished and illuminating picture of the quest for pleasure as carried on by rich and 'smart' New Yorkers of to-day."

*Globe*.—"It is always refreshing to meet with a piece of thoroughly good workmanship; and there is no question of Mrs. Wharton's literary ability. Her latest novel, *The House of Mirth*, is full of vivid and convincing pictures of character. . . . The novel is one of originality, force, and realism; extremely well written, and abounding in excellent dialogue."

*Daily Mail*.—"An admirable novel of modern life, which cannot be too highly commended."

*Morning Leader*.—"She has perhaps the most certain touch of any living novelist."

*Scotsman*.—"A powerful study of the wealth and fashion of New York. . . . Mrs. Wharton tells a story full of human interest with fascinating art and strength."

*Academy*.—"Mrs. Wharton has done many good things—she has never done anything better than this."

*Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*.—"A remarkably clever study."

*Outlook*.—"One of the most striking novels which the season has produced. . . . A remarkably penetrating and well-sustained study of certain phases of character and life."

## A Waif's Progress. By R Broughton

*Daily Mail*.—"Miss Broughton's sense of humour is masculine, for it is infused with delightful cynicism. No one but a humorist of the grand school could have painted this portrait of Bonnybell Ransome. . . . Miss Broughton's knowledge of the young girl is astonishing, and the triumph of her art is that while utterly disapproving of Bonnybell we like her. It is unnecessary to add that the other characters are handled with equal knowledge and insight."

*Standard*.—"This is an exceedingly clever and powerful story of Miss Broughton's. It is told with consummate art, and yet so deft are the touches, so excel-

lent is the medium the characters are worked in, that insensibly one drops all the conventional standards of criticism and reads it in simple enjoyment of a striking and fascinating novel."

*Daily Chronicle*.—"Miss Broughton has made a successful study of a curious and unusual character. There is feeling as well as cleverness in this novel."

*Ladies' Field*.—"The novel is brilliantly clever, and we shall be surprised if it is not one of the successes of the season."

*Pall Mall Gazette*.—"The book gives an impression of ease in the writing that one does not often meet in the days of laboured sentences."

*Outlook*.—"It cannot fail to be entirely satisfactory to the practised novel-reader."

*Queen*.—"Bonnybell is, of course, infinitely amusing in her audacity and naughtiness, and her surroundings and circumstances are treated with the same inimitable sparkle and freshness as were those of Joan or Nancy."

*Graphic*.—"It is the work of a master craftsman or craftswoman, and its brilliancy and audacity combine to make it most fascinating reading."

## The Toll of the Bush By W. Satchell

*Athenæum*.—"This is a colonial novel of remarkable merit and distinction. It has a rounded completeness, a full and broad humanity, which are by no means characteristic of contemporary fiction."

*Daily Mail*.—"There can be but one opinion about this book; it is one of the most powerful novels that have been written during the past ten years. Full of excellent dialogue, abounding in dramatic situations, it rouses the interest and enthusiasm of the reader and retains them to the last page. Life in the bush among the Maori people is the burthen of this remarkable story; the effects of its

loneliness upon man and woman, of its rare friendships and of its great temptations. Underlying all is a strain of serious thought which should secure for Mr. Satchell's last work a favoured place in memory's bookshelf; for it combines excellent workmanship with a knowledge of the essentials of speech and action all too rare in an age of hasty bookmaking."

*Bookman*.—"For the second time Mr. Satchell has achieved an undoubted triumph with a story of Maori-land. . . . The most striking feature of *The Toll of the Bush* is its freshness and aloofness from literary convention. There is nothing in it of the study and the lamp. From the first page to the last the reader is transported to a new world of enchantment. . . . The scenery is described with extraordinary power. . . . With his characters Mr. Satchell is scarcely less successful."

*Black and White*.—"Is an exciting and entertaining novel."

*Observer*.—"A fine and stirring story."

*Daily Telegraph*.—"The newcomer is, if anything, more absorbingly interesting than the author's earlier book."

*British Weekly*.—"There is not an uninteresting page in the book. . . . There is that in the book which will appeal to everyone."

*Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*.—"A most excellent story."

## Lone Marie By W. E. Norris

*Pall Mall Gazette*.—"The characters are all interesting, and drawn with that careful finish for which the name of Mr. Norris is a synonym."

*Speaker*.—"The characters in Mr. W. E. Norris's clever novel, *Lone Marie*, are done with a neatness and dexterity that makes manifest the immense advantage to a character of being brought to life by a veteran's hand."

*Athenæum*.—"The whole story, which is full of readable incident, is written with his usual care and finish."

*Guardian*.—"We have every reason to thank Mr. Norris for a delightful and delicate piece of work."

*Daily Telegraph*.—"A thoroughly enjoyable tale. . . . The interest is skilfully maintained up to the last page, while so cleverly are the characters drawn that the fate even of the least engaging at once becomes and remains the object of the reader's earnest solicitude."

*Daily News*.—"A pleasant, enjoyable volume, a kindly companion on a journey, or a welcome friend after a hard day's work."

*Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*.—"The best work Mr. Norris has done for some time."

*Daily Express*.—"The characters are unhackneyed, and the novel really charming."

*Black and White*.—"Lone Marie is a fine essay in subtle character-drawing."

*Outlook*.—"Mr. Norris's strength lies in his freedom from affectation, in the skill with which he unravels tangled knots, and in his power of making ordinary people appear interesting. He does not digress into long disquisitions upon morals or metaphysics; he always has a good story to tell, and he tells it straightforwardly. All these excellent qualities are to be found in *Lone Marie*."

*Literary World*.—"Lone Marie is a fascinating creature."

## The Household of Peter By Rosa N. Carey

*World*.—"Her novels are not remarkable for humour, but they are bright, pleasant, and not complicated, with the charm of thorough good-heartedness and never-failing refinement. It has been said of them somewhere that all the women in

them are gentlewomen, whatever their station, and this is quite true."

*Times*.—"Peter was a young country doctor with three sisters, and their quiet course and ultimate matrimonial planting out is given with Miss Carey's usual charm."

*Guardian*.—"In *Peter's Household* will be found all the qualities that have long made its writer popular with a wide circle of readers."

*Pall Mall Gazette*.—"There is a very real charm in the atmosphere which Miss Carey throws around her pictures of domestic happiness and in the pleasant types of girlhood which she can create with such facility."

*Athenæum*.—"Altogether this is a soothing and cheerful story."

*T.P.'s Weekly*.—"A story very well adapted for the family circle."

*Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*.—"To say that the book is a good one to give a young girl is not to say that it is at all insipid."

*Bookman*.—"An excellent example of Miss Carey's individual artistry. . . A safe and charming book."

## The Last Chance By R. Boldrewood

*Scotsman*.—"He overflows with knowledge of Australian life and character, and especially of the rough, daring, adventurous life of a new region and a mining camp, of the risks and glories of prospecting and speculation."

*Daily Mail*.—"Part I. is an admirably constructed story of life on a West Australian goldfield, with all the stir and slang of adventure which Rolf Boldrewood knows to his finger-tips."

*Bytander*.—"Is an extremely pleasant tale . . . lightened by a cheery optimism."

*Vanity Fair*.—"A pleasure to those who can still enjoy a rattling story of adventure."

*World*.—"Is very interesting. . . All readers who know the value of a romance which yet embodies a sound realism that teaches us to understand and sympathise with our race and kin all over the world will find it especially attractive."

*Times*.—"A very cheerful and simple-minded story."

*Scotsman*.—"The writing is always brisk and vigorous."

## The Fair Maid of Graystones By Beulah Marie Dix

*Manchester Guardian*.—"It gives the reader a rare pleasure to come across anything so much alive as *The Fair Maid of Graystones*. . . The adventures of its hero are brisk and briskly told. . . One may safely recommend the story to anyone who affects a good, rattling tale of adventure, intrigue, and triumphant courage."

*Pall Mall Gazette*.—"This excellent story . . . provokes an interest that is healthy and sustained. Miss Dix has grasped the spirit of the times, and all her characters are ably drawn."

*Scotsman*.—"It is told with sweet attractiveness, and the characters are consistently well drawn."

## A Maid of Burgundy

Mr. Charles Major's new novel, *Yolanda*, is the love-story of Maximilian Count of Hapsburg, son of Duke Frederick of Styria, and Princess Mary, daughter and heiress of Charles the Bold of Burgundy. The story is put into the mouth of Sir Karl de

Pitti, a Knight of the Order of St. John, and tutor to the young count. He loves the lad as though he were his own son, and conceives the idea that his pupil should eventually marry the Princess Mary. To this end he cunningly contrives that the young people should learn much of each other by means of his correspondence with Lord D'Hymbercourt, one of the Councillors of the Duke Charles. "Hymbercourt's letters to me," says Karl, "had extolled Mary's beauty and gentleness. Every page had sung her praises. These letters I had given to Max, and there had sprung up in his untouched heart a chivalric admiration for the lady, while there seemed to have been a reciprocal idealisation going on in the far-off land of Burgundy, for my letters to Hymbercourt came under the eyes of Princess Mary, and she also built in her heart an altar to an unknown god." Having thus prepared the ground, Karl persuades Max to leave his home and, as a mere soldier of fortune, travel to Burgundy, and there see if he cannot win the princess with whom he is already so much in love. So the two, as "true knights-errant," journey forth together. But it seems as if the object of their pains was to be overthrown at once, for, on arriving at Basel, they encounter a party consisting of a merchant and his wife, their daughter and their niece Yolanda, the last a most vivacious, fascinating little damsel, to whom, at first sight, Max loses his heart.

He has ample opportunity of improving his acquaintance with her, as he and Karl act as escort to the merchant, and they all journey together into Burgundy. It is soon apparent that Yolanda is not the simple burgher maiden she seems, and

Karl is the first to suspect that she is no other than Princess Mary herself. There are many charming love-scenes between the young people before Max acknowledges his identity to Duke Charles. By this time, as to marry a burgher maiden would be impossible to one of his rank, he has resolved never to marry at all. But the Fates are on Max's side. Charles goes to war with Switzerland, and is beaten again and again, until one morning his dead body is found frozen in the ice of a pond. Then, relieved from the bondage of a cruel father, Mary very cleverly manages to break the contract Duke Charles had made with the French king for her marriage with the dauphin, and so is free to declare her intention of marrying the son of Duke Frederick of Styria. But it is in her burgher costume, and as Yolanda, that she yields herself to Max as his affianced wife.

### A Story of New Mexico

Mr. Emerson Hough's new book takes its name from the little mountain town in New Mexico that he makes the scene of his story. "Nothing," he says, "is more fit to linger in a man's memory than the imperious sun rising above the valley of Heart's Desire; nothing unless it were the royal purple of the sunset trailed like a robe across the shoulders of the grave unsmiling hills which guarded it round about." This was the home of "certain malcontents who sought oblivion, dreaming that Life can be left aside when one grows weary of it." For a time there was no Eve in this Eden, the population, numbering three hun-

dred, being "adult, male, and stern of habit." Presently, however, there arrives a family from Kansas, a mother, father, and two daughters, and close on these comes Constance Ellsworth, the girl to whom Dan Anderson, the most conspicuous member of the "malcontents," had aspired five years before in New York. But Anderson is poor, a mere student of the law and a "dreamer," by no means the kind of man, he has been told, to win the hand of the daughter of the rich Mr. Ellsworth. Now after these years Dan and Constance meet again, she having accompanied her father to Heart's Desire, whither he has been attracted by the glowing accounts that have reached him of the great mineral wealth that abounds not only in the immediate neighbourhood, but on the site of the straggling town itself. But Dan is the man in possession, and Mr. Ellsworth finds he can do nothing without his help. How nobly the young man behaves under strong temptation; how he has, as he thinks, relinquished all chance of ever making Constance his wife; and how, in the end, all comes right, form a charming story of great freshness and originality.

### Mr. Herbert Paul's History of Modern England

*Contemporary Review*.—"By far the best survey that has yet been made of the history of England during the last sixty years."

*Times*.—"The merits of Mr. Paul's work are many and conspicuous."

*Standard*.—"The whole work will certainly be one of our most popular histories."

*Westminster Gazette*.—"A book of great merit and interest, which ranks as a real contribution to history."

*Daily Telegraph*.—"Extraordinarily interesting."

*Morning Post*.—"The book is eminently one to be read."

The fourth volume of this popular work covers the period from 1875 to 1885, and deals with political events and movements of far-reaching importance. We give the titles of the twelve chapters:—

I. The Storm in the East—II. Lord Beaconsfield's Position—III. The Fruits of Imperialism—IV. The Storm in the West—V. The Policy of Reversal—VI. The Irish Revolution—VII. Egypt—VIII. The Soudan—IX. Lord Spencer's Task—X. The Franchise—XI. The Fall—XII. Church and State.

### English Men of Letters

TWO NEW VOLUMES

#### Sir Thomas Browne By Edmund Gosse

*Times*.—"This is very skilful biography; very intelligent criticism."

*World*.—"This book is one of the best of the series."

*Outlook*.—"A commentator with more charm and perception we could scarce wish."

*Academy*.—"The book is of great importance."

*Globe*.—"Mr. Gosse has written a memoir that is admirably in keeping with the personality of its subject, whose distinctive qualities as inquirer, critic, and philosopher are described with complete understanding."



*Daily Express*.—"Instinct with knowledge and sympathy."

*Morning Leader*.—"Mr. Gosse's criticism is as good as any can be. He has added a notable book to a notable series."

Andrew Marvell

By Augustine Birrell

*Daily Graphic*.—"Himself a satirist and a member of Parliament, no one is better able to form an accurate judgment of Marvell than his latest and, we think, best biographer."

*Daily News*.—"A delightful piece of work."

*Academy*.—"Holds its own successfully against any other volume in the new series of Messrs. Macmillan's 'English Men of Letters.'"

*British Weekly*.—"A sound and scholarly bit of work—work that was worth doing, and has been well done."

## Highways and Byways Series

The new volume, by Mr. H. A. Evans, deals with *Oxford and the Cotswolds*, and its author desires to make it clear that his work is not "another book about Oxford"—of the making of which, as a recent reviewer reminds us, there is no end. Mr. Evans describes it as an account of "a summer ramble in the hill-country that lies to the north and west towards the broad vale of the Severn and the Avon. But of Oxford and its Colleges our wayfarer is again and again reminded in the course of his wanderings: Oxford is at once his starting-point and the goal of his returning footsteps." The northern half of the basin of the upper Thames—the country, that is, which lies between the Cherwell on the east,

and the fringe of the Cotswolds on the west—is the district covered by Mr. Evans' explorations. He does not, of course, pretend to have exhausted this wide area, but he has endeavoured, in the space at his disposal, to write about those places and those passages in their history which may be justly regarded as of the greatest interest and importance.

Mr. Frederick Griggs is again the illustrator of the volume, and his extremely skilful treatment of the many architectural subjects is a notable feature of the book.

*Oxford and the Cotswolds* forms the twelfth volume issued in this successful series of books of road-travel. Devon and Cornwall, Donegal and Antrim, North and South Wales, The Lakes, East Anglia, London, Sussex, Hertfordshire, Yorkshire, and Normandy have been dealt with in preceding volumes, and the high order of excellence that characterises the several books, both on the literary and the artistic side, has been widely recognised.

*The Observer*.—"The most fascinating series of topographical books yet published."

*The World*.—"The fascinating volumes in the *Highways and Byways Series*."

*The Field*.—"Messrs. Macmillan are to be congratulated not only on the loftiness of aim, but also on the excellence of fulfilment that distinguishes these volumes."

*Travel*.—"An admirable series."

*The Pall Mall Gazette*.—"The excellent sketches with which these *Highways and Byways* volumes are illustrated."

*The Daily Telegraph*.—"The series is an admirable one, and leaves absolutely nothing to be desired."

"The latest addition to the admirable *Highways and Byways Series* is worthy to be placed by the side of the volumes

which have preceded it. Higher praise could not be given."

"One of the most delightful out-of-door series in course of publication."

## Two Gift Books. With Illustrations

Mr. Hugh Thomson's charming illustrations to Thackeray's *Esmond* make the book a perfect delight to the eye, and a worthy successor to the many volumes that have preceded it in the well-known *Cranford* series. Mr. Austin Dobson's lengthy preface is also an attractive feature of this latest edition of Thackeray's "noble story," as it was called by Landor.

*Daily Telegraph*.—"Sure of a triple welcome. The combination is perfect. Mr. Thomson has not his peer with the pencil in depicting the graces of the eighteenth century."

*Globe*.—"A book that will find many admirers both of its get-up and of its illustrations by Hugh Thomson."

Miss Evelyn Sharp's new book, *Micky*, for children of all ages, is another volume that is rendered additionally attractive by its illustrator. The sympathetic drawings of Mr. H. M. Brock seem to have caught with rare skill the spirit of this delightful writer of child-life.

*Outlook*.—"A delightful story for boys and girls, by a very clever writer."

*Daily Mirror*.—"A pretty story about real children who had plenty of fun in them and were not always good, though they are always interesting."

*Times*.—"Miss Sharp knows how children talk and act, and has a pleasant vein of sympathy and humour in depicting them and their elders which should commend the story."

## On Cricket

A few Press Opinions on *Great Batsmen: their Methods at a Glance*, by Messrs. G. W. Beldam and C. B. Fry:

*Sporting Life*.—"Of its kind the book is a masterpiece; it is the most precious gem that cricket literature has ever possessed."

*Standard*.—"The best book about England's game yet published."

*Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*.—"The best illustrated work on cricket ever published. Should be bought by all who take even a passing interest in the game. . . . If any proof of the cheapness of the work was necessary, it need only be pointed out that to purchase 600 photos of first-class cricketers at a penny each, the buyer would have to lay out £2 10s. Here, for less than half that sum, he gets 600 of the best photos of leading cricketers ever taken, together with admirable paragraphs and footnotes to each of them."

*Daily Chronicle*.—"A most fascinating book. Its success is certain, and (which is more to the point) is entirely deserved."

*Truth*.—"A book which will interest and delight every lover of the game."

## Captain John Smith

Mr. A. G. Bradley's studies in the early Colonial history of America are well known, and in selecting him to write the life of *Captain John Smith* in the English Men of Action Series no more fitting choice could have been made. In the space at his disposal he tells with admirable point and brevity the story of this son of a Lincolnshire yeoman, whose adventurous spirit first took him to the Turkish Wars (where he served as a Captain of

Horse, and suffered imprisonment) before he found his way with the early colonists to Virginia. Mr. Bradley does full justice to the man who took more than his share of the dangers and difficulties which beset the pioneers, and whose indomitable courage and determination saved the colony from ruin.

### By the Author of "The Faith of a Christian"

In the preface of his new book, *Conversations with Christ: a Biographical Study*, the author says:

"The four Gospels contain not one but many portraits of Christ. . . . We need to isolate the different portraits if each aspect of His varied personality is to produce its full impression. The following study brings before us the figure of Christ as the Prophet of Nazareth of the common people, who moved in and out amongst them in the closest intimacy, who was accessible to all and in sympathy with all, who dealt with them as individuals in the intimacy of private and personal intercourse."

The "Conversations" dealt with are twenty-three in number, and in each the personality of Christ and of those in talk with Him are so vividly described that the reader seems to see the group with their faces of varying expression and to hear the very words that are being spoken. This is done with a simplicity and directness that rivet the attention, and with an insight and subtlety that remove all idea of the artificial and mythical, and show us that the teaching of Christ was for all men and for all time. Especially remarkable is the analysis of Christ's conversations with women. We see how thoroughly He

understands their nature and how complete was the sympathy He gave them. A striking passage is the scene in the Temple when the woman who has been detected in the very act of sin is forced into the court and openly and coarsely accused. There is no narrowness in the author's views. He tolerates all opinions and gives them their just respect. In the chapter called "The Eclipse of Faith," which is devoted to the interview between our Lord and the disciples of St. John the Baptist, he says:

"In these days of critical inquiry and minute investigation into the records that have come down to us of the life of the Prophet of Nazareth, rumours often distorted and one-sided are brought as to the nature of His person and His work. Precluded from a personal investigation, depressed by the gloomy environment in which circumstances have placed them, those who in their earlier days recognised in Him the Saviour of the race, and heralded the coming of the kingdom, wonder whether they have not misinterpreted and misunderstood, and repeat the question of John: Was Jesus of Nazareth the One who must come if the world is to be saved at all, or must we still look for Another? To such natures the answer of Christ is the only one that carries conviction. The character of Jesus which first captivated their souls is the evidence of His fitness for the position they assigned to Him, and the work that He is still doing is the guarantee that He and He alone is the One for whom humanity has waited. Whatever the explanation of His appearance may be, whether an Evolution or an Incarnation, He still stands unrivalled in the history of the race. If He be an evolution, then human nature has apparently exhausted itself in His production, for there has been no second. It is the same with His work. If sin is to be overcome and man is to be saved at all, there is no evidence that,

apart from Him and His influence, redemption is possible."

The work abounds in such striking passages as this.

### A New Pilgrim's Progress

*Greatheart: Some Talks with Him*, by a Pilgrim, is the title of a remarkable little book recently published, the scope of which is indicated to some extent in the appended extracts from reviews.

*Times*.—"We have a discussion in the William Law manner of certain points raised by, or latent in, Bunyan. In all there are nine of these—good, self, time, life, symbols, humility, death, conscience, the last things. . . The book starts us on speculations of great interest, not the less valuable because all have a practical bearing on the life that now is."

*Record*.—"A great deal of deep teaching is conveyed in a very pleasant manner."

*Expository Times*.—"Some day someone will arise and write a new Pilgrim's Progress. One part of it has already been written. It is the part of *Greatheart*, and the Pilgrim's talks with him. The author is hidden as yet. The publishers are Messrs. Macmillan. *Greatheart* is very modern. He has lived after Darwin, after Spencer, after G. K. Chesterton. Or is it that he lives for ever, and is always young? Young and strong, he is here, full of consideration for the weak in understanding; and oh, how he can argue! It is a good instalment of the great work that is coming. It is true."

Dr. John Clifford writes:—"Please accept my sincere thanks for *Greatheart*. It is a message that will feed faith and patience, brighten hope, and bathe the spirit of the reader in quietness and peace. It is full of wisdom, and refreshing as the breath of spring."

### By Lord Avebury

*Notes on the Life-History of British Flowering Plants* is the title given by Lord Avebury to his new work. The following extracts from the Preface express the author's aim in writing the book:—

"Bentham, Sowerby, Hooker, Babington, and others have given us good, and in some cases excellent, works enabling us to determine and name our British plants, but they mostly confine themselves to technical details, with such additional particulars as enable the student to distinguish one species from another. To these, however, in the main they confine themselves, and, no doubt, in great measure, from considerations of space, omit other points often of great interest, nor does it fall within their intention to enter much into the economy and life-history of plants. . . .

"In the present work I endeavour to supplement the various excellent 'Floras' which we already possess, not in any way to compete with them: to describe points of interest in the life-history of our British plants; to explain, as far as possible, the reasons for the structure, form, and colour; and to suggest some of the innumerable problems which still remain for solution."

The book contains 352 illustrations and a glossary of scientific terms.

### Two American Books

*In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies*, by Mr. James Outram, is a very fully illustrated record of experiences gained in the exploration of hitherto untrodden peaks and passes, and descriptions, arising out of an intimate acquaintance, of the

grand natural scenery to be found along the chain of the Divide, from Mount Assiniboine to Mount Columbia. With the account of his own experiences of mountain climbing, Mr. Outram has combined some of the most striking narratives of others, and an especial feature will be found in the description of all the more notable "First Ascents." The work should prove of great interest and of very practical value to all intending visitors to the scenes of "beauty massed in the mountain fastnesses" of the Dominion of Canada.

The other book from America to which special interest attaches is Mr. W. S. Harwood's *New Creations in Plant Life*, which is an authoritative account of the life and marvellous achievements of Mr. Luther Burbank, "the foremost plant-breeder in the world." The book describes the general methods of work of this magician who creates new trees; removes ill-odours from flowers, or supplies perfume to those that are deficient; who claims to have transformed the thorny cactus of the desert into an edible fruit of delicious flavour; and who sees no obstacle, but, on æsthetic grounds, much objection, to the creation of a blue rose. It also discusses in detail some of the more prominent experiments that have produced definite results of far-reaching importance, and there are chapters dealing with the personality of Mr. Burbank, with the commercial aspect of his work, with his theories and conclusions, and, finally, one that supplies an estimate of "His Place in the World." It is a book that must be profoundly interesting to all students of the wonders of the world

of nature, and especially to those who are engaged in the scientific practice of horticulture.

### Brief Notes of some Famous Books

Mr. Morley's *Life of Gladstone* in its serial form is finding a large body of new readers, especially amongst the intelligent working-men of the larger manufacturing towns.

The success of the cheap edition at six shillings of Earl Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India* is a welcome feature of the present publishing season.

*Alfred Lord Tennyson, A Memoir*, by his Son, is another important work of biography that has just been issued at the price of six shillings.

An abridged edition of the *Life and Letters of Brooke Foss Westcott*, Bishop of Durham, by his Son, the Rev. Arthur Westcott, is on the point of publication. It has been necessary to omit some of the correspondence in order that the work may be brought within the compass of a single volume, but, on the other hand, one or two new letters have been introduced.

### Professor Gardner's Handbook of Greek Sculpture.

In the second edition the text has been carefully revised throughout, and, for the convenience of students, new material, such as the recent discoveries at Delphi and in Crete, has been dealt with in the form of an Appendix, which is supplied separately to those who already possess the former edition.

## CLASSIFIED LIST OF ANNOUNCEMENTS

### BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND TRAVEL

CHURCHILL. *Lord Randolph Churchill*. By Winston Spencer Churchill. In 2 vols. Demy 8vo. 36s. net.

[January 5.]

CRAWFORD. *Gleanings from Venetian History*. By F. Marion Crawford. With 225 Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. 2 vols. Extra Crown 8vo. 21s. net.

[Ready.]

#### HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS SERIES NEW VOLUME

EVANS. *Oxford and the Cotswolds*. By Herbert A. Evans. With Illustrations by Frederick L. Griggs. Crown 8vo. 6s.

[Ready.]

HALL. *A People at School*. By H. Fielding Hall, Author of 'The Soul of a People.' 8vo.

*History of the English Church*. Edited by Dean Stephens and the Rev. W. Hunt, D.Litt. In 8 Volumes. Crown 8vo.

Vol. VII. *The Eighteenth Century*. By the Rev. Canon Overton, D.D., and the Rev. F. Relton. 7s. 6d.

O'BRIEN. *Recollections*. By William O'Brien, M.P. With Photogravure Portraits. 8vo. 14s. net. [Ready.]

OUTRAM. *In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies*. By James Outram. Illustrated. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

[Shortly.]

TEMPLE. *Memoir of Archbishop Temple*. By Seven Friends. Edited by E. G. Sandford, Archdeacon of Exeter. With Photogravure and other Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo.

WEALE. *The Re-shaping of the Far East*. By B. L. Putnam Weale, Author of 'Manchu and Muscovite.' With Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. 25s. net.

[Shortly.]

WESTCOTT. *Life and Letters of Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L.* By his Son, Arthur Westcott. New and Abridged Edition. Extra Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

[Ready.]

### ART AND MUSIC

GROVE. *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. New Edition. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland, M.A. In 5 Volumes. Vol. II. F—L. 8vo.

HUNT. *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*. By W. Holman Hunt, O.M., D.C.L. With 40 Photogravure Plates, and many other Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. 42s. net.

[Shortly.]

### ARCHÆOLOGY

GARDNER. *A Handbook of Greek Sculpture*. By Ernest Arthur Gardner, M.A., Yates Professor of Archæology in University College, London. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Extra Crown 8vo. With Illustrations. Part I., 5s.; Part II., 5s.; complete, 10s.

[Shortly.]

\* \* Appendix separately. Extra Crown 8vo, sewed, 1s. net.

### ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

KIPLING. *They*. By Rudyard Kipling. With Illustrations in Colour by F. H. Townsend. Extra Crown 8vo. 6s.

[December.]

LEVER. *Jack Hinton the Guardsman*. Illustrated by Phiz. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

[Ready.]

LEVER. *Tom Burke of Ours*. Illustrated by Phiz. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

[December.]

FICTION

- HOUGH. *Heart's Desire*. The Story of a Contented Town, certain Peculiar Citizens, and Two Fortunate Lovers. A Novel. By Emerson Hough. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 6s. [Shortly.]
- MAJOR. *Yolanda*. By Charles Major, Author of 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall,' etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 6s. [Shortly.]

SIXPENNY SERIES

SIXPENNY SERIES. NEW VOLUME

- AVEBURY. *The Beauties of Nature*. By Lord Avebury. Medium 8vo. Sewed, 6d.

GENERAL LITERATURE

(INCLUDING POETRY)

- TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. By Alfred Lord Tennyson. With Notes by the Author. Edited by Hallam Lord Tennyson. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net. [December.]
- WYNDHAM. *Ronsard and 'La Pléiade'*. With Examples of Ronsard's Verse and some Translations into the Original Metres. By the Right Hon. George Wyndham, M.P. Crown 8vo.

THEOLOGY

- CARTER. *The Religion of Numa, and other Essays on the Religion of Ancient Rome*. By Jesse Benedict Carter, Professor of Latin in Princeton University. Crown 8vo.
- EDGHILL. *An Enquiry into the Evidential Value of Prophecy*. Being the Hulsean Prize Essay for 1904. By Rev. E. A. Edghill, B.A., Scholar of King's College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo.

SCIENCE

- A System of Medicine*. By many Writers. Edited by T. Clifford Allbutt, M.D., and H. D. Rolleston, M.D. Vol. I. Prolegomena and Infectious Diseases. Second Edition. 8vo. 25s. net. [December.]

- AVEBURY. *Notes on the Life-History of British Flowering Plants*. By Lord Avebury. Illustrated. 8vo. 15s. net. [Ready.]

- GEIKIE. *The Founders of Geology*. By Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S. New Edition. Extra Crown 8vo.

- GUPPY. *Observations of a Naturalist in the Pacific between 1896 and 1899*. By H. B. Guppy, M.B., F.R.S.E. Vol. II. Plant Dispersal in the Pacific. 8vo.

- HUGGARD. *A Handbook of Climatic Treatment, including Balneology*. By William R. Huggard, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P., H.B.M. Consul, Davos, Switzerland. 8vo.

ECONOMICS

- JEVONS. *Essays on Economics*. By H. Stanley Jevons, M.A., B.Sc., Fellow of the Royal Economic Society. Crown 8vo. [December.]

EDUCATIONAL

- BAILEY. *Elements of Quantitative Analysis*. By G. H. Bailey, D.Sc., Ph.D. Globe 8vo. [December]

ENGLISH LITERATURE FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS. NEW VOLUMES

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